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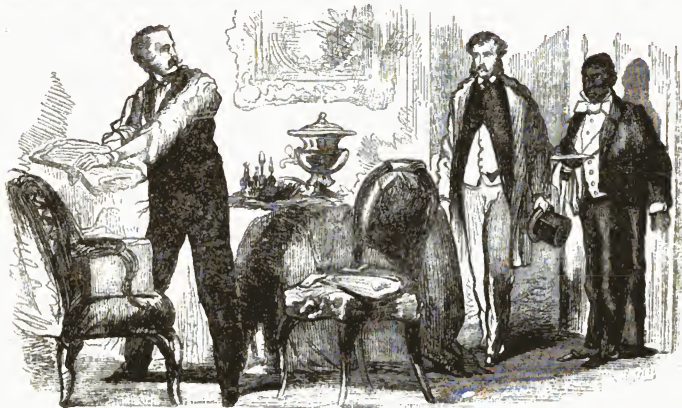
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CAPTAIN FULJOY AND WELBY DUNBAR.

## ASTREA;

OR,

## THE BRIDAL PAY.

(Written for the New York Ledger.)

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"THE HIDDEN HAND," "BOSS KILMER," "RUDORA,"

"THE DOOM OF PEVILLER,"

&c., &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

WELBY DUNBAR.

"His tall and well-proportioned form  
The sculptor's art might grace  
And his heart's glow, sincere and warm,  
Is beaming o'er his face."

WHEN Falko Greville was consigned to his cell in the prison of Lomingham, his first care

was to ask for writing materials to address a letter to his uncle. He paused long in thought before commencing this letter. He remembered that the kind friend to whom he was about to send it was now quite aged, was tenderly attached to Astrea and to himself, and would be shocked nearly into the grave by the sudden news of her death and his arrest; and that such a shock would leave him no in condition to travel. In consequence of these reflections, Falko resolved to write, dating his letter from Fuljoy's Island, as if nothing was amiss, and entreat his uncle to come down immediately. This was done in the fewest possible lines, and a messenger paid to ride in haste to Cornport and post the letter there, as at the usual post office of the family. At the same time he addressed a note to Major Burns, entreating him to keep a look-out for the next arrival of the "Busy Bee," and meet Captain Fuljoy, and break to

him as gently as possible the dreadful events of that fatal night upon the Island.

It was the morning of the second day after the despatch of this letter that Captain Fuljoy was sitting at an early breakfast in his private parlor at "Brown's," feeling very lonesome and depressed for the want of his pretty Daisy and his brave Falko, and blasting (he was going to say) "the new-fangled tom-fokery" that compelled a bride and bridegroom to run away from all their friends for a month or so after marriage, when the waiter entered with a letter on a silver tray.

The captain seized it with avidity, broke the seal and devoured its contents almost at a glance. Then he burst out into a good, jolly fit of loud laughter, rubbing his hands in the excess of his delight and exclaiming—

"The young monkeys, the spoiled children, can't be quiet even for a week. But it is little

Daney. I know it is little Daney. Can't be happy away from 'Grandpa,' husband or no husband! but must send and order him to come down immediately. Just as my delightful, affectionate, peremptory little Daney—what the devil (I was going to say) are you grinning at, you laughing hyens?—he broke off and demanded of the poor servant, who, in pure sympathy, stood, silver tray in hand, smiling at the captain's delight. "Go," he continued, "directly and call a carriage for me. I'll catch the train. I shall be in time for the boat—and hey! I say! tell them to make out my bill and send some one here instantly to take my luggage down."

The waiter hastened to comply, and the captain immediately began to pack his trunks—trunk, it is true, but not a trunk, as it were, do when they thrust shirts and boots, and pocket-handkerchiefs and shoes all in one mass into a box and make the lid go down upon the unequal hill of clothing by hard pressure and harder swearing. The captain's long sea-life had taught him neatness, order and compactness. And he was also a little bit of a dandy, as a woman could be. But to do it more effectively he took off his coat and dragged the trunks from his bed-room into his parlor, where he had more space. And he was busily engaged stooping over the largest one and trying to make a coat all right angles fold smoothly into an oblong square, and his short sleeves were rolled up, and his face was short as his hair, blousy, when the waiter re-entered with the silver tray and with, this time, a card upon it.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," said the waiter, as the captain looked up from his work. "Can't see him I can't see anybody! off to catch the train in ten minutes!" exclaimed the captain, without deigning to touch the card. "The gentleman is coming up, sir! he is at the door!"

"Blas! the gentleman (I was going to say)—what the deuce does —"

The captain's words were cut short by the entrance of the stranger, tall, stately, dark-complexioned, and very handsome young man, who stood bowing before him with grave courtesy.

The captain looked up angrily; but immediately burst out in a perfect shout of rapture, rushed towards the visitor, and seized and shook both his hands, exclaiming, amid peals of loud laughter—

"Well, you dog, here is a go. So you couldn't stay away from your old uncle even with a young bride to bear you company! But of course you have brought Daney with you. Where is my little Daney?"

"Daney?" repeated the young stranger, in a respectful tone of inquiry.

"Yes, of course she came with you, and you both must have come in the same boat with your letter."

"Boat? letter?" reiterated the visitor, with a puzzled look.

"Yes, I say, you must have come by the vessel that brought the mail with your letter—since you both arrive on the same day, nay, at the same hour! A stupid piece of business, too! Can't understand it at all! But there, I won't reproach you, you hand some puppy! Too glad to see you!" said the captain, affectionately clapping the stranger on the back. "But where the devil—(I was going to say)—have you left Daney?"

"Daney again! Really, sir, here seems to be some wide misunderstanding! Pray, have I the honor of speaking to Captain Fuljoy?" inquired the young man earnestly.

"Why, who the foul fiend—(I was going to say)—should you be speaking to? And pray, are you mad, or jesting, or what the mischief do you mean at all?"

"Captain William Fuljoy, of Fuljoy's Island?" repeated the young man, with respectful earnestness.

"Thunder and lightning, you! Do I look as

if I had changed to anybody else, since you left me, four days ago?"

"There is some mistake, sir. I never had the honor of seeing you before," said the young stranger.

"Now look here, nephew, if this is a joke let me inform you that it is a very flat one; and meantime you are keeping me from my little Daney!" said the captain, beginning to imagine himself trifled with.

At the moment a waiter appeared and announced:

"The cab, sir, if you please."

"The cab—(I was going to say)—they've come! The young folks I was going to see, I mean; and so I don't want the cab," said the captain.

At the servant's retired, the young stranger inclined himself most respectfully towards the old man, and said:

"Indeed, sir, if you take me for any other than I am, you labor under a strange delusion. Pray, may I ask you if you did me the honor to look at my card?"

"Oh, there was a fellow sent up his card to me, but I was busy packing my trunk to go down to the lake and see you and little Daney, (for I had just got your letter, you know,) and so I think I did not take time to look at the card! And, by the way, I wonder what has become of the fellow? He was on his way up stairs, they told me."

"I shall be the sender of that card. It bears my name," said the young stranger, lifting the bit of parchment from the table, where it lay, and respectfully handing it to the captain.

The old man took it, and read aloud the name,

"MR. WELBY DUNBAR."

The captain gazed at the parchment and gazed at the stranger.

"And do you mean to tell me that is your name?" he asked, in a sizzle of surprise, pique, and even fear.

The young stranger bowed.

The captain without more ado threw down the card, seized the left wrist of the young man and felt his pulse; muttering comments to himself as follows:

"Calm, cool, steady, no fever here, no delirium, no sign of madness whatever. Now let me see to my own—"

And with these words the captain dropped the wrist of his young visitor, and took hold of his own, muttering as before:

"Hum—good pulse, no faster than this project excitement might warrant, assuredly, no indication of phrency here."

Then, dropping his own wrist, he pointed to a chair, and said, more curtly than politely:—"Sit down there, sir."

The young man smiled and obeyed.

The captain squared himself around, placed his hands upon his knees, and looked the stranger full in the face, saying:—

"And now, Master Fulke Greville, if you are not quiet and rational, directly, I will send out for a physician to come in and decide the question which of us two is mad! It is not I, certainly. And I'll be dashed! (I was going to say) if whenever it is shall not pay a visit to Bedlam! So now, then, are we going to leave off playing the fool? Are we going to be sensible? Are we going to tell where Daney is? Or do we prefer the Lunatic Asylum?"

"Captain Fuljoy," said the stranger very gravely—"that you mistake me for some other person whom I must greatly resemble, is already bad to apparent. But that I can prove myself to be Welby Dunbar, is quite certain. I have just arrived from Paris, in company with the returning minister, whom you know was recalled for certain political reasons. We travelled the whole three thousand miles together. We arrived last night. He is still in this house, and can identify me as Welby Dunbar, and endorse me, I hope, as a gentle-

man not unworthy of Captain Fuljoy's confidence."

While Mr. Dunbar was speaking the captain was racing steadily at him. When he had finished speaking, the old man took hold of his own bare, fat arm, for he was still in his shirt-sleeves, and pinched it sharply—pinched it black and blue, and then sadly shook his head, muttering to himself:

"To know one is dreaming, and not to be able to wake! Well, I say, that is just the significant of apoplexy. Here, somebody! Here young man, I know I am talking in my sleep; but I mean what I say. Shako me smartly; about loudly in my ears. Wako me up quickly at all hazards."

The stranger smiled.

"How can I, sir, if I am a part of your dream? Come, Captain Fuljoy. My accidental likeness to some one you know, we will admit to be amazing; but let that suffice; and do not let your presence of mind be banished by an extraordinary resemblance between two persons. I tell you that I am prepared to prove my identity as Welby Dunbar, in any position as a gentleman, repeated the young man.

"And neither of us is mad?"

"Assuredly not!"

"Nor dreaming?"

"On the contrary, we are both of as remarkably wide awake at this moment."

"Well! All I can say, that it is just the most wonderful likeness that I ever did see! the very form, the very face, the very manner, and the very voice and—yes, by the Lord Harry—the very mole on the upper lip! Never heard of such a thing in all the days of my life! And—come to think of it, I would rather have you accredited by our minister, than by any other man, I have known for many years. We were together a great deal when I was at Paris. And he would not lead himself to any jest at my expense, I am quite sure. Therefore, if really you are not my nephew, if you really are not playing off a stupid joke upon me, and if you really are Mr. Welby Dunbar, I will allow me to ask you, Mr. Arnsfield, I must tremble you just to go and ask him to bring you here and introduce you to me himself. And while you are gone I will just brush up my hair, and put on my coat, and make myself presentable."

The young man laughed lightly, took up his hat, and left the room to comply with this request.

"Set fire to him! (I was going to say), he has made me lose the train, and, consequently, the boat! And now there will not be another boat for four days!" exclaimed the captain, in a tone of extreme annoyance, as he arose and proceeded to make his toilet. He had scarcely completed his dressing, when the young stranger entered, ushering in the late minister.

Captain Fuljoy advanced cordially to meet the latter, saying:

"You are welcome home, sir. I am as happy to see you as ever I was to set foot on my native shore after a long voyage."

"I thank you, sir. Allow me to present to you my young friend, Mr. Welby Dunbar, an English gentleman lately resident in Paris."

The captain and the young stranger bowed and shook hands as though they had never met before. The minister apparently believed that they never had.

After a brief desultory conversation, that has nothing to do with this story, the minister pleaded an engagement, bowed and withdrew, leaving Mr. Dunbar alone with the captain.

"And now, sir," said the latter, "I must apologize for the rudeness of my speech to you, when your extreme resemblance to my nephew led me to mistake you for that young gentleman, and to suppose him to be playing off a joke at my expense."

"No such apology was necessary, sir, believe me," replied the young man, with a bow.

"You mentioned to me that you had called

on important business. May I ask how I can serve you?"

"Thank you sir. Only the most important business could have warranted me in pressing my visit at perhaps an inconvenient moment."

"Never mind that! What's done is done, and can't be undone, even when it is murder! By missing the train, I have ruined the lead to Fuljoy's Isle, where my children are pining for my presence, and there will not be another for four days!"

"I am extremely sorry, sir; and yet so vitally important is my business, that I fear I still must have pressed my visit, even had I known it to be so inconvenient."

"By the Lord Harry, I admire your frankness, even more than I do your modest assurance! But this business, so important that an old gentleman must lose his train and, more than that, his boat, and be detained from his home four days to hear it, even though it is nothing whither to him—what is it?"

"I come to you, sir, on the part of the Marquise De Glacie—born Princess Astrea Carnacciolo."

"Eh! Marquise who?—Princess—what? Say that over again," said the captain, in an accession of excitement.

"I come to you, sir, on the part of Madame De Glacie, born Princess Astrea Carnacciolo!" repeated the young man gravely.

"And now of course writing herself Astrea De Glacie," said the captain, with growing agitation.

"Certainly, sir; that at least is the name signed at the foot of my page of instructions." "And did Madame De Glacie ever over—but go on! you had better tell me what she would have of me," gasped the old man, breathless with emotion, and wiping his flushed and perspiring face.

"She would have her only child, Mademoiselle Astrea De Glacie," answered Mr. Dunbar.

"There, I know it, I always knew it, or something very like it," exclaimed the captain, falling back in his chair, overcome with the contending passions of joy and grief—joy to hear that all his previous as to Astrea's rank were confirmed, grief to believe that in consequence he might lose her for ever.

Then having struggled with his emotions and regained a degree of composure, he continued, in a calmer voice—

"I always felt in my heart that the little child whose instincts led her to my door, was far other than she seemed. Those instincts were always so delicate. She did so shrink from all the coarse surroundings of her life, and tried with all her tiny might to escape from them, and did escape from them by coming straight to me. And she prattled to me in broken melody, half French and half English, of a chateau and a grandpère, and a flag-tower. I took her to my heart of hearts, and cherished her as though she had been my own and only child. She became the light of my eyes, the life of my heart, the angel of my home. She called her mother—Danev—the name which by her foster parents. Accident made known to me another name. I found among the rubbish of the cottage that had been occupied by the people, the lid of what had once been a strong casket. The plate of this lid bore the name of Astrea De Glacie, and when I had my darling obliterated and confirmed, I gave her that name, hoping that, even if it were not her own, it might some day at least be the means of discovering her friends."

"And so, indeed, sir, it proved; though we often wondered that the wretches who kidnapped her had not taken the precaution to change her name."

"You see that they did; they called her Jane or Jaany, and claimed her as their own offspring. And her melodious baby lisp softened that into Danev, which is her pet name even to this day. But pray tell me how it happened that the

name of Astrea De Glacie guided her friends to me?"

"You were in Paris with the young lady last year."

"Yes! I took her there on purpose; introduced her into society on purpose; so that her name, which I know to be one of the noblest in France, might attract the attention of her friends, if indeed she had any. I never told her story, because so little of it as was known to me, indicated an origin so humble, that to have it known would have injured her position in society. I therefore introduced her to our minister's family, and through them to the minister of Paris as my ward, mademoiselle De Glacie, trusting to the name alone to reveal her existence to any friends she might possess. But alas! the De Glacies had long been forgotten in Parisian circles, or remembered only as a family attached to the Bourbon restoration, out of favour at the Emperor's court, and resting, therefore, far away from Paris, in parts unknown. If I had possessed any surer clue than a name engraved upon the old lid of a casket, I might have gone in search of them, but having no other, I was not Quixotic enough to undertake the adventure! Therefore I am the more curious to know how it chanced, so many months after we had left Paris, that the name brought her to the notice of her family."

"Well, sir, in this way. You remember that, though bearing an old French name, the young lady was called 'La Belle Americaine.' And upon account of her marvellous beauty, her portrait was solicited by all the principal painters, the galleries in Paris."

"Yes, I recollect." "And that it became a chief ornament and attraction at every photographic house and show window?"

"Yes, I remember! And I recollect, also, that the world here connected to the general exhibition if I had not thought to myself: 'It may be one day seen by some friend of the De Glacies, and the family name and the family features, if she had any right to either, would lead them to make inquiries, and find out all about her.' Else you may depend upon it I never should have allowed my darling and child to be exhibited to all the rabble of Paris that might choose to stop and gaze upon it—no, not even though queens and princesses do so, as the example! And now I suppose it has turned out as I half hoped, and some relative of Astrea's has seen and recognised the name, and perhaps the face, if it bears any resemblance to that of her family."

"Again you are correct in your surmises, sir! Madame la Marquise De Glacie having returned to Paris after a protracted residence in Italy, happened to be promenading upon the Boulevard des Italiens, when her gaze became arrested by the photograph of a beautiful girl in that show-window. So striking was the resemblance of this picture to Madame De Glacie, that it might have been taken for a portrait of herself in her earlier youth, but for the difference in the costume of twenty years since and the fashionable dress of to-day. She hurried into the shop, and her heart beat quickly as she read the name of the beautiful mademoiselle whose photograph stood in the centre of the show-window."

"It is the portrait of Mademoiselle Astrea De Glacie, a celebrated beauty that turned all the heads in Paris last winter. Would Madame possess herself of one? It was a bijou for the time that aged!" cried the polite shopman.

"Madame could not reply at once. Her breath was gone. She was suffocating. The name uttered was that of Madame's only child, a lovely little daughter, sole heiress of her large estates both in France and Italy, and who had been stolen by gipsies some thirteen years before. The instant that aged, seeing Madame was gaping, gave her a chair and a glass of water. When she had recovered her voice she inquired—

"Who then was this Mademoiselle Astrea De Glacie?"

"She was the ward of an American gentleman. I know no more, Madame, except that she was the furore of Paris last winter. If Madame is interested she might obtain further information from the American Minister, replied the salesman."

"Madame thanked the young man; purchased a dozen copies of the beautiful picture, sent the obliging shopman out to call a hackney-coach, entered it and drove at once to the American Legation. She was so fortunate as to find Mr. Armfield within. Of him she made inquiries. And he promptly gave her all the information she possessed—namely, that Mademoiselle De Glacie was the adopted child of Captain William Fuljoy, of Fuljoy's Island, in the State of Maryland, United States of America; but that he understood her to be of French descent; and that certainly Captain Fuljoy, while in Paris with his ward, had made very diligent inquiries after the family of De Glacie; but that no one appeared to have given him any accurate or satisfactory information."

"Madame then gave her reasons for making these inquiries—telling our minister of the little daughter that had been stolen from her by gipsies some thirteen years before—and her firm belief that this young lady was that daughter."

"You may judge, sir, that Mr. Armfield listened with deep interest to this story of a mother's woes."

"And you never discovered a clue to her fate until you did?" he inquired.

"Never, Monsieur! I indeed traced the wretches from our children in Normandy to the town of Calais—thence across the channel to Dover, thence to London, but in the wilderness of London we lost them! Advertisements, offering large rewards, were inserted in all the English and French papers; and the most able police both of Paris and London were heavily fed; but all in vain! no intelligence of the lost child reached us! Three years of this fruitless search completed my despair. I left the chateau in Normandy, the scene of my happy married and maternal life, the scene also of my sorrowful but successful search for my daughter and child (for my husband, Monsieur, had died but a few weeks before my child disappeared), and I retired to my estate in Italy, there to wear out in the home of my girlhood my widowed and childless existence. Yes, Monsieur! at twenty-five, for I was even a few weeks younger than that, life had become a weary burden, the world a barren waste. Thirteen years have passed since then, and now again I find myself in Paris, brought hither by business connected with my French estates. I pass up the Boulevard des Italiens. I glance up at the windows of 'Danev.' My glance is instantly arrested by that portrait of my long-lost daughter, Monsieur, assured that she is my daughter. I hurry into the shop and ask whose likeness that is, and in reply I hear the name of my daughter. So, Monsieur, there can be no doubt of the fact, can there?"

"I should think not, Madame," was the reply of our minister.

"And where, then, has gone Monsieur le Capitain Fuljoy?"

"Back to America, Madame."

"Ah, miserable mother that I am—almost a stranger in Paris, enfolded by long sorrow, and not knowing where to turn for counsel!" moaned the lady.

"Take courage, Madame. Consider yourself fortunate in having discovered that your long-lost daughter is still living; that she has been carefully brought up by an excellent man; and that her beauty, genius and goodness make her an ornament of the best society and no honor to her kindred, and, as will make her, Madame, a sweet comfort to yourself," said Mr. Armfield.

"Yes, but mon Dieu! after thirteen years of

long to have found her, and lost her again in an hour! To discover her portrait and her name; to rush here to get her address; to expect to meet her in a day; and to be told that she is three thousand miles away, in some remote province of North America! Miserable mother that I am!

"Nay, but Madame, this is morbid. You are happy to have discovered your daughter; happier still to have found her the angel that is—let me speak from certain knowledge, having known Madeleine de Glacie during the whole period of her residence in Paris; and to her extreme resemblance to yourself, Madame, I can bear testimony," said Mr. Armfield.

"And what, then, would you advise me to do first, Monsieur?" she inquired, in eager haste.

"Engage a passage in the first steamer that sails for America, and go to Captain Fuljoy immediately on your arrival. So you will quickly embrace your daughter. You have, without doubt, Madame, some male relative who will gladly accompany you."

"Ah, no, Monsieur! I have no one but the younger brother of my late husband, he that is the present Marquis de Glacie. He lives at the chateau in Normandy. He inherited not only the title and estates of his elder brother, but also a large funded property that would have been Astren's had she not been lost, and considered dead for so many years. We are bad friends, Monsieur de Glacie and myself! I could not ask him to aid me in this search," said the widowed marquise.

"Then, Madame, I will counsel you to take a passage in the first steamer that sails for New York. Take with you, as your lawyer, the man who will understand both the laws of France and America."

"Ah! Monsieur, where am I to find such a one? I, who am a stranger in Paris, should not know where to look!"

"Madame, I can recommend you one—a young man who has studied in one of the best law schools in the world, at the University of Cambridge; who has also spent many years in America, but who has passed the last few years in Paris."

"And here, sir, our minister kindly named your humble servant," said Mr. Dunbar, then continuing his narrative, he said:

"Madame de Glacie took his advice, glad, in her state of mental and bodily weakness, to find some wise counsellor to guide her. I was presented to her by Mr. Armfield. And being even then on the point of returning to America, the country of my adoption, I very gladly undertook to accompany her. Our minister was about the same time unexpectedly recalled home, and became our fellow passenger to New York, where upon our arrival yesterday morning we took the express train to Washington, believing Fuljoy's Island to be most easily reached from this city."

"We arrived here last night, and came to this hotel. Madame de Glacie, greatly fatigued by her long journey, retired to bed at once; while I went into the bar-room, to make inquiries as to the best way of getting to Fuljoy's Island. And then I learned, to my surprise and pleasure, that Captain Fuljoy was stopping at this house."

"Late as it was, I think I should have intruded on you, sir, but upon inquiry, I found you had gone to the theatre. But this morning, so soon as I had learned that you had breakfasted, I ventured to present myself."

"During the narrative of Mr. Dunbar, the captain had listened with profound attention and without once interrupting it. At its close, he sighed and said:

"And so my little Daney springs from the princely house of Caracciolo on her mother's side, and from the noble one of de Glacie on her father's! Well, I am not so much surprised after all! No, from my man, I am not! Something of this sort my heart had always pre-  
sented I thought not, perhaps, that she was not

so very high rank! The chateau she vaguely remembered, poor child, was, I suppose, that one in Normandy; and the grand-père, whose visit was always honored with such parade of servants and flying of flags was doubtless—"

"The Prince Casario Caracciolo—yes, sir."

"And—Madame la Marquise de Glacie, the mother of my little Daney, is actually under this very roof?" said the captain, more as if speaking to himself than as addressing an observation to his visitor.

Mr. Dunbar bowed assent, adding:—

"As soon as Madame has left her chamber, I will inform her of your providential presence in the house, and bring you to an interview under this very roof!" he inquired when we can see Madeleine de Glacie?"

"Mademoiselle de Glacie is—But I had better reserve that information for her mother's first hearing, that being her right—Mado-  
moiselle de Glacie is quite well, and is at present staying at Fuljoy's Isle. We can see her as we will have to travel down there."

At this moment a servant rapped, and inquired if Mr. Dunbar was in Captain Fuljoy's room, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, said that Madame de Glacie, having risen and breakfasted, desired to see Mr. Dunbar in her parlor. The young lawyer immediately arose, and with leave to the captain, and retired.

The captain remained in deep and not altogether pleasurable thought for some fifteen or twenty minutes, at the end of which, the door opened, and Welby Dunbar re-appeared, saying:

"I have advised Madame of your presence here. She will be glad to see you, at your earliest convenience, in her private apartments."

"Oh, I will go now," said the captain, rising to follow his conductor.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE MARQUESE DE GLACIE.

Oh, her beauty is fair to see,  
But still and steadfast in her eye,  
And the softness of India's skin  
In her mild face is never seen  
Her symbol is the lily flower,  
Or else the white rose in a shower,  
And her voice the distant melody,  
Pinging along the midnight sea,  
And she loves to wear the lonely gown  
Kept only afar from the haunts of men.

QUEEN'S WAKE.

THE young man bowed, and led the way up stairs to the floor above, and to a spacious and elegantly furnished front parlor, where, reclining in a large arm-chair, sat a fair, faded, graceful woman, dressed in deep mourning.

"Madame, I have the honor to present to you Captain William Fuljoy, of the Isle—Captain Fuljoy, Madame la Marquise de Glacie," said Mr. Dunbar, formally introducing the parties.

The honest old sailor bowed down to the toes of his hosts.

The surprise arose and outcries gratefully. Their eyes met, and the lady, with an effusion of gratitude, suddenly held out her hand, exclaiming:

"Monsieur le Capitaine, we must not meet as strangers. I owe you more than life, the preserver of my dear child for so many years; how can I ever repay you?"

Down went the captain's brows again to his toes in acknowledgment to this compliment.

"Be seated, Monsieur, I pray you, and tell me how I may adequately prove my gratitude for your so great goodness?" said the lady, reaching out her hand and drawing a chair close to her own.

"Madame, you owe me no such debt of gratitude. The sweet society of my little Daney, I mean your little girl, was a great happiness to me—a great happiness that I only regret as having been enjoyed at the cost of so much pain to you," said the captain, in a grave, tender, and solemn tone, as he took the indicated seat near the lady.

"Pain! Ah, heaven! only know how intolerable were my sufferings. Daily, weekly, monthly, yearly, for so many, many years, to weep her loss, to yearn for her presence, and to tear for her fate; to follow her in sick imagination through all the varied scenes of war, too, perhaps, also, wickedness, to which her wandering life would lead her. To be awake at night after night for years and years, praying that she might be dead and safe! Ah, think how a mother's heart must be wrung before she can pray for the death of her child! But to judge how I have suffered, Monsieur, look upon me."

The captain turned a reverential glance to the lady, and then, as she lowered his eyes with a lowly bend of his gray head, saying:

"It is past, Madame, and you are still young, with many years of life before you, to be brightened by the love of your good and beautiful daughter."

"And that I still have that fair hope, that my child has been preserved to me, and that she is good and beautiful, I owe to you, Monsieur! Oh! how shall I repay you? I would, with my very life, if that could do you any good, my friend!" said the lady fervently.

"Madame, I am an old man, looking for all future rewards to heaven alone. And in this case, I repeat to you, I want nothing! I have been more than repaid in the delight I have taken from the society of my little Daney—your little girl, I mean! And I ought, rather, to beg you to forgive me for being unconsciously so happy at the expense of your sorrow."

"Monsieur, your great goodness makes all reply impossible. I will say no more, except to entreat you to speak to me of my child," said the lady.

"You wish to know the history of my adoption of her?" inquired the captain.

"I do," answered the lady.

"The old man" began at the beginning, and told the lady all the particulars of his first acquaintance with little Daney, his subsequent adoption of her, his happy companionship with her, his education of her, and so forth, up to the time of his taking her to Paris, on the speculation of finding some close to her friends.

When the captain paused in an embarrassed way, she was the most modest of all bashful old bachelors; he blushed to speak to a fair woman of love, courtship and marriage; he dreaded especially to inform this mother of the wedding of her long-lost, lately-found daughter; and so in the midst of his narrative, he suddenly fell silent.

"Monsieur has something that he hesitates to say to me? Alas; does any misfortune lurk behind my coming happiness? Is it well with my child?" said the marquise anxiously.

"Oh, yes, Madame; it is very well with her, extremely well indeed; she is very happy; especially happy; both she and the colonel; for do they not possess a newly married bride and groom, *deedle, deedle, happy?*"

"Newly married? bride? groom?" Monsieur, do you mean to tell me that my daughter is—wedded?"

"Madame," exclaimed the distressed old man, with the blood rushing to his cheeks and the tears in his eyes, "Madame, I beg your pardon, for my words were not intended to offend, but mean your accomplished daughter, to my nephew, without your consent. But just think, Madame! I knew nothing of your existence, ignorant old recluse that I was, and therefore I could not apply to you for your sanction of the nuptials. I beseech you pardon me!"

The old man, with a pale, sad, and convulsive, and admiration upon the simple, sensitive, earnest old man. She generously swallowed the sob of maternal sorrow that arose when she found it would not be a maiden daughter she would clasp to her bosom; and she took the captain's hand, earnestly exclaiming:

"Excuse me, then, and do not mistake surprise for disapprobation, or still worse, for re-

proach. What, reproach you for the crowning act of your goodness? You adopted, brought up and educated my little child, you completed your work of god-like beneficence, by giving her in marriage to the most honorable among men; for such, Monsieur, my bridegroom must be—being your nephew."

"Madame," said the relieved and delighted captain, "he is a well-looking young dog, without any reproach to his name, he comes of a good family; holds the rank of a colonel in our army; and lastly, he is devotedly attached to my little daughter! But still, Madame, in social position, not worthy to match with the daughter of the Marquis de Glacé!"

"But, pardon me, Monsieur, he is; he must be; being your nephew. And now speak to me of my daughter. When and where was she married?"

"At St. John's Church, in this city, five days ago."

"And where is she now?"

"At the Isle, with her husband, spending the honeymoon."

"And when can I see her?"

"Madame, if any other had asked that question, I must have answered, 'Not possibly for five days, for it will be four days before the next boat leaves Baltimore for the Isle; but your natural impatience has so stimulated my affection, that I have hit upon a plan by which you may see her sooner.'"

"Ah! how, Monsieur?"

"If you feel able to undertake a long ride, we can hire a carriage and a pair of horses, and travel by land to Cornport, which we can reach in two days. At Cornport we can hire a boat that will take us to the Isle in two hours!"

"Ah! Monsieur, how good you are!"

"Good! who? I? Why, I am the most selfish old ourmagedon in existence. I mention this plan because I am so impatient to see my little daughter as you, Madame, are to embrace your accomplished daughter!"

"You are all disinclined to goodness, Monsieur, and no one shall say otherwise in my hearing without contradiction. But now, let us start at once."

"But Madame will require some hours to pack," suggested the captain.

"Not an hour; not a minute. I have a few necessities not yet unpacked from a travelling bag; they will suffice. But, Monsieur, forgive me? I do wrong to hurry you. You will have some preparations to make for yourself," said the lady, deprecatingly.

"Nothing of the sort, Madame. I am an old man, who could fit out for the land voyage in half an hour. As it is, I have my portmanteau already packed, having been upon the eve of starting for the Island when the visit of your lawyer caused me to lose my train, and consequently to lose the only boat that will go for four days. And now I am very glad you thought of the land journey." The captain, rising and standing up as if silently asking leave to withdraw.

"Then, Monsieur, I will not detain you; Mr. Dunbar will do me the favor of ordering the carriage and horses that we shall require, and I will take care to have my bonnet and shawl on by the time they call at the door," said the marquise with her graceful bend of her head.

"And I, Madame, will be in readiness to attend you," said the gallant old captain, bowing himself out.

Mr. Dunbar followed to execute the lady's orders.

When they were gone, the lady called to her attendant in the adjoining chamber—

"Eliac—quick—get together everything we may need for a two-days' journey and a week's stay in the country. We must start in ten minutes."

In obedience to this summons, an elderly French "house" in a wonderfully high-crowned muslin cap, entered the parlor, and

glanced into the room, preparatory to packing them. "Oh! Eliac, Eliac! think of this! In two days I shall embrace my daughter and my son's nursing," exclaimed the marquise with delight.

(To be continued in our next.)

## JESSIE GRAHAM. A STORY OF THE HEART.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

I HAVE travelled much and seen many land- years have not passed over my head without bringing me my full proportion of experiences among all that is truly beautiful, both in nature and art, among the creations of this world, and in all my wanderings and sojournings in foreign climes, I have never gazed upon a scene which so thrilled my heart with silent gladness, and left there such an ineffaceable impression, as the simple one which now comes vividly before my memory as I write, and which I am about to describe.

The time, the place, the circumstances—I well remember them. It was a quiet, drowsy afternoon in October, in the midst of the glorious Indian summer; and the "red autumn's" sun had already wheeled half-way down from the meridian toward the western horizon. The shadows of the tall trees which thickly lined the wood upon either side were lengthened into gigantic, recumbent columns of shade, waving to and fro upon the grass; a rich, golden haze seemed everywhere to fill the air, and hardly a sound broke the dreamy silence which brooded upon the scene. I confess, I had almost fallen asleep in my saddle, amid the delicious reveries which thronged upon my brain—when suddenly the sound of my horse's hoofs striking on the planks of a rustic bridge which here crossed a tiny rivulet, roused me. Dismounting, I passed my arm through the rein, and leaning upon the milllog, gazed long and rapturously about me.

I may have been dozing before, but surely, I was not now. How well I remembered every familiar object upon which my eyes rested; and why should I not? True, seven long years had passed since last I stood amidst these scenes of my boyhood, but again pressed among them, recollections crowded thick and fast upon me. All, all seemed just as I had left it; here was the little brook, in the waters of which I had played and angled, a dozen years before; crossing it, was the little bridge, every plank of which seemed like a friend; beyond were the old familiar trees, the lawn, and the wood, with its picturesque windings; and still farther, and upon which my eyes rested last, with a long, an almost enraptured gaze, stood the little cottage-home, the centre of all my thoughts, for seven years of absence. It seemed a real Arcadian picture of peace and contentment; serene and white as the pale gleam, covered with rambling woodbine and jessamine, and embowered among the grand old oaks and stately maples which seemed clustering about as if to guard it with their branches.

I gazed long and ardently—and as I did so, tears of irrefragable emotion gushed into my eyes. I thought it not a vain wonder, rather the spontaneous tribute of my wearied heart to the gentle home-feeling which at that moment agitated it. Instinctively, as I stood for a while within the shadow of this beautiful home, I likened myself to the ship, which, ocean-tossed and storm-driven, finds at last its wished-for haven of peace and quiet. But—and my heart gave a sudden throb—was the similitude destined to be perfected with me? A few moments would decide—a brief interval of painful and anxious suspense.

Throwing the bridle over my shoulder, I walked forward toward the cottage. My agitation increased as my steps drew near, and now came to me. What changes might seven

stopped; the thought sent a quick ice-bolt to my heart. These were reflections which I dared not, could not pursue.

Entering at the gate, I walked up the gravelled path, and knocked tremblingly upon the door. It was opened, after a moment, by an aged woman, whose bowed form, half-blinded eyes, and sunken and withered features, I readily recognized. And she seemed to know me, too, for after she had grasped my hands, half-dreadfully and peered up inquiringly into my face, she exclaimed, in a voice quivering with age: "Why, Aubrey—Master de Vero—God bless you! Heaven be praised, that these old eyes have looked once more upon your dear face; the sight almost makes me young again."

"Yes, Barbara," I replied, "it is I, home again, and happy to be so. But tell me—" and I will know that my voice trembled and quivered as I spoke—"tell me, Barbara, where is Jessie—little Jessie Graham? Is she alive? Is she well?"

"Why, certainly, Master Aubrey, both alive and well; and happy enough she'll be to see you. But she's no longer little Jessie, you must know—she's a young lady, now, and a handsome one, too. But walk into the little parlor here, and I'll send her to you."

"Say a moment," I said, as the faithful creature hobnobbed off toward the kitchen. "Don't tell her I am here, Barbara; say to her that a gentleman wishes to see her."

She hurried away as I released her, and I entered the room. An antique mirror hung upon the opposite wall, and placing myself before it I looked thoughtfully upon the face which it reflected.

"She will hardly know me," I soliloquized. "This is not the face of the boy who was Jessie Graham's playmate seven years ago; it is a manly one, bronzed by the sun of the Orient, bearded and thoughtful. And she, too, must have changed. Old Barbara spoke truly, she is 'little Jessie' no longer."

A light footstep sounded behind me; I turned and stood with folded arms before the graceful figure which had just entered. An ardent greeting sprang to my lips—I longed to speak the name of Jessie, and reveal myself, but, as I had resolved to do, I stood silent, unmoved. She looked for a moment upon my face—the look of doubting recognition still over her own, and in a low voice she pronounced the words:

"Aubrey—Aubrey De Vero?"

"Yes, Jessie, I am your old friend and playmate," I tremulously replied; and with the words, I took her hand and pressed it warmly. I longed to clasp her to my breast, and call her "dear Jessie," as I remembered to have done in years gone by; but I hesitated—I dared not! I saw before me the same graceful, girlish figure, the same deep blue eyes, the sweet, thoughtful mouth, the glossy brown ringlets with which my young friend used to deck her; but now, there went to form the person of a woman, so lovely, so perfect within, that I stood before her, trembling with unexpected agitation, and well-nigh awestruck.

But this emotion was quickly subdued; and leaving her to her seat, I sat down by her side. This was a moment for which I had yearned long and often, and now as it had arrived, I strove to renew the congenial intimacy which we had held together in the years gone by. Perhaps I succeeded; at least, we talked in words which none but friends converse in, and gradually a spirit of deep gladness stirred my heart. I spoke of the days of our childhood, of long and happy hours of play and pleasure, how, beneath foreign skies, I had longed to see home and Jessie Graham.

"And now," I concluded, "I have returned—never, I trust, to wander again from those who love me. It fills my heart with deep rejoicing to meet you here to-day; and may we hope, dear Jessie, to meet again in many many days of happiness yet before us?"

floor in sudden embarrassment at my words. And just at that instant the sound of the closing of the gate came to my ear. It was a simple thing, and yet, at that moment, it forced harshly upon my brain. The outer door was opened without knocking, as if by one familiar to the inmates of the house, and a tall, handsome man entered the room. As Jessie saw him, she rose and greeted him warmly, which he returned with the easy familiarity of an intimate friend. Then she presented him to me as Mr. Edgar Wilton.

I bowed coldly—I could not find it in my heart to treat him with a pleasant frankness which I could not feel, and his salutation was still more cold and distant. And then immediately he remarked.

"De Vere—Mr. Aubrey De Vere? Ah—I remember. I have heard Jessie speak of you.—You were formerly a friend of hers, I believe."

There was nothing in the words themselves to excite unpleasant feelings; but the tone, the manner in which they were spoken, and the slightly sarcastic smile which curled the proud lips of the elegant stranger as he spoke, all conspired to give to the words a meaning which I could not rid myself. I fancied there was a hidden meaning to the words and manner of Wilton which was intended for myself. I glanced again towards him; he was bending over Jessie, whispering in a low tone in her ear, and as he did so, a sunny smile appeared upon her face. I turned from them—a sudden cold seemed pressing upon my breast, and a painful, choking sensation filled my throat.

A book—an album—lay upon the table, and with a careless hand I opened it. An open letter lay within it; and first, my eyes fell upon the words at the top, "Dearest Jessie," and then upon the signature, "Edgar Wilton." The book, with its confirmation of my half-formed fears, fell from my hand; I rose to my feet and stood for a moment leaning upon the table, weak, pale, and faint. My appearance excited the attention of Jessie, and she came to me with the question.

"You are unwell, Aubrey, are you not? What shall I do for you?"

"Nothing, Jessie," I faintly replied. "Yet stay—you can answer me one question. Tell me, Jessie Graham, and tell me truly, do you love Edgar Wilton, and will you marry him?"

A faint color reddened in her cheek; she made no reply, but looked upon me with confusion. It was enough. I knew the truth. Taking her hand, I filtered in the low voice:

"My emotion surprises you; listen, and you shall know its cause. We were playmates, Jessie, as you know; I loved you then with all the honest love of a boy's great heart; and even then, I held the boy that I loved in my arms, cold and passive; she had fainted. I dared not trust myself longer in her presence, and relinquishing her, then and forever, to her proud, laughing lover, I hastily left the cottage.

Her face was paler, paler far than mine. I pressed her hand; that too was cold; and then, moved by a sudden impulse, I clasped her to my bosom, and bade her adieu with one long, hot kiss. She lay in my arms, cold and passive; she had fainted. I dared not trust myself longer in her presence, and relinquishing her, then and forever, to her proud, laughing lover, I hastily left the cottage.

Again a wanderer—once more a self-outcast from home, friends, and familiar scenes. But now how changed my condition. Before, I had cherished a hope, a fond and enduring one. Driven abroad by the irresistible longings for adventure, of a boyish mind, I had, during the seven years of exile which I had allotted to myself,

fondly cherished the boyish passion which I had conceived for Jessie Graham; the thought of the heart which I was sorely awaited me at home, never left me in all my weary wanderings. The terrible reality which I had encountered—the place, the place, and the circumstances in which it had been met—were too much for a sensitive, wayward spirit like mine. Others might have turned away carelessly, and sought some other idol; myself, never. Forgetfulness was now my only object, and I sought it most assiduously, retracing all my former journeyings, and thus, in the course of the first five years more of my existence. The fifth year from the day of my second departure from my native land was rapidly drawing to a close, and I found myself in the great world of London. As I walked through its thronged streets and busy marts, an almost frightful sense of loneliness pressed on me. Among all the thousands whom I encountered in my daily walks, there was not so much as one familiar face.

Hermit as I was in my halidom, I could not so isolate myself that no murmur from the world around me might not reach my ear; and as reports of a terrible contagion which had spread over the remote corners of the metropolis thickened and became the subject of hourly remark, I began to grow interested, with others, in observing the progress of the pestilence. Reports first placed it, as I have said, in a remote quarter of the environs; but spreading with increasing power in its daily progress, it quickly reached the obscure street in which I had domiciled myself. Death followed surely in its track—hundreds, thousands were stricken down by the brief, mortal sickness of this fearful malaria, and the voices of lamentation and mourning were heard almost ceaselessly. London, in many of its basest localities, was depopulated; thousands fled from its limits in mortal fear, and continued to do so daily.

But for myself I had not the slightest apprehension; on the contrary, with a species of morbid recklessness, I freely exposed myself to the stroke of the contagion. Day and night I walked the thronged streets, the air which was perceptibly heavy with deadly exhalations, accustomed myself to all forms and stages of the disease, even visiting the most infectious wards of the hospitals, where the physicians themselves could be prevailed upon with difficulty to remain. Never did myself marshall up to the enemy to expose himself more recklessly to death, and, apparently, to certain death, than did I during the brief period of which I am speaking. Others shrank from the malaria, and then it seized greedily upon it; I boldly courted it, and it avoided me—for a time. How I, too, was stricken down by it, the equal to my former boldness, I will not now remember. The night of which I am about to speak; it was dark, damp, and gloomy, and I, as was my custom, wrapped in my cloak, was pacing the solitary streets. Walking on in this manner, I suddenly paused, fancying that my ear had detected the sound of a low moan near by. The sound was in a moment repeated, and, somewhat startled by the occurrence, I commenced a search for the cause.

This was quickly discovered. A street lamp stood near by, and the light of its expiring flame revealed to me the figure of a woman, sitting at the foot of the lamp-post, supported by it, and clasping an infant child feebly in her arms. At first sight, it struck me as being a touching picture of distress, and I moved nearer. My step aroused the sufferer—who looked up, recognized me, and in a feeble voice pronounced my name. Good heavens—was I dreaming? Could it be possible that the face before me, was and was not, the face of my unacknowledged wife? The woman was, yet beautiful, with all the loveliness which had enthralled my breast long years before—could it be possible that this was the face of Jessie Graham?

It was strange, but such was the truth. She recognized me; and while a faint but happy smile passed over her care-worn features, she sank back, motionless, lifeless. In an instant she was raised in my arms, and as her pale face rested upon my breast, my lips were pressed to hers. I cried not; at that happy moment, whether I thus drank in the contagion which had fastened upon her or not; I was again with Jessie Graham, and once again my heart rejoiced in the happy hope that she might be my own Jessie.

That night I slept in the arms of my mother (I knew she was still from the striking resemblance between them), and a closer examination quickly assured me of the truth of what I had suspected before. The little one was cold in death; wait, disease and exposure had too surely finished their work. With this discovery, my zeal and anxiety for my poor outcast in my arms were instantly stimulated; with hurried steps I bore her to an adjacent hospital, and committing her to the skill of a physician, I commenced my almost ceaseless watch by her bedside. From that moment until her final restoration to life, I hung over her incessantly, waiting, watching, and praying for her recovery. The fearful crisis of the fever, until at last its grasp was broken, and the sufferer was restored to me in strength and consciousness.

And hardly was this accomplished—scarcely had she opened her eyes, feebly pressed my hand and spoken my name, and the heartless physician, with cold, unfeeling words, turned from my lips, when a sudden reaction overwhelmed me. This far, the anxious excitement which possessed me had given me strength, even while I could feel the hot blood of the fever coursing through my veins; but now, with the life redeemed for which I had so earnestly prayed, I was again left alone, and the terrible suffering arrived; the delirium of the fever seized me in its iron grasp, and for weeks I writhed under it, in its most grievous tortments. Of what happened during this dark period, I have no remembrance—all was a blank and dreary void. They told me that the life which was preserved, and which I had so earnestly prayed for, was now mine, and that the terrible suffering arrived; the delirium of the fever seized me in its iron grasp, and for weeks I writhed under it, in its most grievous tortments. Of what happened during this dark period, I have no remembrance—all was a blank and dreary void. They told me that the life which was preserved, and which I had so earnestly prayed for, was now mine, and that the terrible suffering arrived; the delirium of the fever seized me in its iron grasp, and for weeks I writhed under it, in its most grievous tortments.

Sweet, blessed Jessie Graham—she was surely the angel sent back to charm my fluttering spirit from the vortex of that tomb. For five long weeks I had wrestled with the pestilence as with death itself; and when at last it was assuaged, it left me weak, emaciated, helpless as an infant. And slowly, yet with sure advances, did my lovely minister lead me back to life and health. Hour after hour through the days that followed, I lay upon my couch, and in that gloomy hospital-ward, I saw the one bright human sunbeam that threw its cheerful radiance about me—and with my thin, semi-transparent hand clasped in that of Jessie, we talked long and hopefully of the new and abiding love which had come to bless my life, and my hope and my foreign land.

Her story, the events of her life, those of our last memorable parting, as I received it from her own lips, confirmed in substance my surmises. Shortly after my departure from my native land, she gave her hand, at the altar, to Edgar Wilton, the proud, handsome stranger who had captured her girl's affections. For a time she lived happily, and in the fullness of her choice, but she had yet to learn his true character, in all its wickedness. At his instance, a voyage to Europe was taken; and here, amid the haunts of vice and dissipation in which he delighted, Wilton dropped the mask of deceit which he had worn for so long, and exposed himself to the gaze of his wife, as a low, profligate, and notorious delfel, and an adept in every species of profligacy and vice. Of the four long years of suffering, both of mind and body, which that



poor wife endured, or of the dastardly ill-treatment which she received at the hands of her husband, I will not speak. Enough to say that Edgar Wilton met his death in a duel, at the hands of one of his dissolute companions, and that thenceforward, until I providentially encountered her in the streets of London, the heroic Jessie passed through one long, heart-wearily struggle to maintain herself and her babe.

The latter sleeps with her father, in English soil; and sometimes, when I can detect a shade of sadness upon the still girlish face of my darling Jessie, I know she is thinking of those so dearly loved graves across the sea. But she has little chance for sorrow; she calls me husband, and in her beautiful country home we are living out our lives, happy, triply happy, in the pure and perfect love which at last unites us.

### THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.

BY M. STILINGBART.

"PERHAPS I never told you of an adventure that had and I had with a catamount, when I was a cub of fifteen, or such a matter?"

"No, I think not," replied one of his auditors. The two who had spoken, and some three or four more, were reclining in picturesque attitudes in a comfortable log-but in one of the logging saws in Maine.

"Wal, listen then," continued the first speaker, who was a tall, bronzed, and weather-beaten type of the genuine hickwood-smith, "and you shall have a chance to dream of the scraggy varmints, for they are the most stealthy and desperate critters alive. We used to spot 'em occasionally as long ago as I war a boy, though I war generally allowed it war better to give 'em a wide berth where you could."

"Wal, at the time to which I allude, dad and I had taken a tract of wild land about three quarters of a mile from the base of the mountains, where we soon cleared a couple of acres or so, and afterwards erected a cabin and cowshed, and such other improvements as war most needed."

"The governor was a regular old bruiser in the wilderness, and the chief of his stout ax laid the forest around him like a field of grain. He war a pioneer, in every sense of the word, though at the moment his place began to assume an air of comfort, which bore no other significance to him than the market value, he sold out to some less hardy adventurer, and swung his restless axe still deeper into the heart of the wilderness."

"Such war the characteristics of my father; and as a rolling stone is said to gather no moss, he died without possessing land enough to bury him, although he had owned and cleared, at different periods of his life, more than a thousand acres of the best."

"Wal, when everything was set to rights, and the cabin made comfortable and snug by the insertion of one small window, comprehending from six to eight squares of glass, father went down to Wild Cat settlement, and brought home mother and sister Doll, and the two younger boys, Jim and Sam, who once again we had the rude comforts of a new home before us."

"It war very solemn in the night time, with the great forest around us so dismal and dark; the 'to-who' of the owl, the barking of wolves in the distance, the shriek of the wild cat, and the mournful refrain of the whistling pine, but we were at home, 'under our own vine and fig-tree,' and so we didn't mind it."

"We hadn't been many days in our new home, when one evening, as we war all sitting around the fire, Jim and Sam playing horse on the butt of a big log, which the governor had introduced in for a back-log, while he sat smoking, and Dolly a knitting, and I, with arms slantingly poised, held out a great skin of yarn for mother to wind—it is plain

to me now as daylight just how we all looked—when suddenly Dolly, who was seated directly in front of the little six-by-nine window, gave a great scream of terror, and went down on the log floor as white as a sheet and as skinned as a young partridge."

"'What?' cried the governor in amaze; 'what has frightened Doll?'"

"Trip, who had been asleep in front of the fire, was here awakened by the noise, and raising his head from his fore paws, he glanced sharply round. In an instant he rose to his feet, and facing the window uttered a low growl."

"We all turned quickly in that direction, and saw a sight which made our hearts jump up into our throats. A huge catamount, now glaring in at the little window, as though he war singing out some particular one of us to pounce upon. A more terrific sight I never saw—a great red, bloodthirsty mouth, and gleaming eyes; and we could see in a moment, without any further telling us, that we were in it, with one movement of his great paw, he might have crushed in our little window, and leaped through before we could have so much as changed our positions."

"The governor saw all this at a glance, but he war one of those that war always cool in proportion to the danger; and after glancing up to be silent and not move for our lives, he glided cautiously to the door, followed by Trip."

"At first the dog recoiled, but when the old gent, opening the door cautiously, said, 'Sta,' boy! he sprang out into the darkness with a howl of mingled terror and defiance. The next moment a tremendous crash came from the window, and the next we heard a sharp yelp from Trip, which war as suddenly broken off, and then resumed again, as though he war being tumbled severely by his dreadful antagonist."

"The scene continued for the space of thirty seconds, growing faster and fainter, till they finally faded altogether, and we heard no more either of Trip or the catamount. The governor told us not to be frightened, for there war now nothing further to be feared from the varmint that night; but in spite of his assurance he took the precaution to split up the back log—that imaginary horse which Jim and Sam had been taking to the top up all the evening—into some cross-bars over the window, before he thought it quite safe to venture to bed."

"The next morning we found traces of Trip—bits of hair, and blood stains on the grass and leaves; so it war not very difficult to conjecture what his fate had been."

"Mother declared she should ne'er take a bit more of comfort in that place, and Doll, who war a couple of years or so older than I, and had had a sort of love fancy for a spruce young trader in the settlements, said we might just as well have built our cabin on the mountain as at the foot of it. But the governor said nothing, though he went out to the cow-shed pretty soon after, and spiked on some strong pieces of timber across the lintel-hole."

"There," said he, "I'll risk the varmint now, and sure as he shows his profile here to-night he don't get off so slick as he did before—mark that, Solomon, my boy."

"I knew that when the governor said a thing and put his foot down, to war there and no mistake, and I began to calculate we'd have an exciting time presently."

"I shall keep guard in the cow-shed to-night," he went on, after he had sent another spike home on its errand of security; "and it's a pretty pity if at this distance from the cabin I can't put a bullet through the head of one catamount."

"I war all of a tremble from fear of being refused when I asked him if I might stay and watch with him for the coming of the deadly varmint."

"I war sure you s'pose you could take a stiddy aim at the cantankerous critter?" inquired the old gent, carelessly.

"I can put a slug through his eye," answered I, bravely, "and give me a chance—try me, and see if I don't."

"The old gent fell in with my proposition without offering any opposition, for he war as anxious as I to give me an opportunity to try my skill and nerve in the coming emergency."

"Before supper he took down the muskets, and drawing the rail-charges, reloaded both pieces with the greatest care and nicety, taking the precaution at the same time to examine the flints and pans, and prick fresh powder in at the vent-holes."

"Shortly after sundown we crept into the cow-shed and took our stand at the lintel-hole, which gave us a fine side range at any object that approached the cabin."

"Mother and Doll were a little squeamish about being left alone to receive our expected visitor, but dad succeeded after a while in convincing 'em that nothing could get through the bars, or in at the door, and so we left to look after the varmint."

"Twilight had thickened into the deeper shadows of night, and shortly after we saw the light of a candle streaming out through the barred window, and knew by preconcerted arrangement that everything was secure on the inside."

"Wal, we took turns in watching, father and I, through the lintel-hole, and the two cows and the old wether war puzzled to see us lingering so long in their private quarters. Bye and bye a whip-poi! will streak up at a little distance, then we heard the peculiar cry of a racoon farther away, responded to by the sharp rattle of a fox—the sound of which we had never heard a dowsy owl or two, and then we thought we heard the barking of a wolf."

"Presently I heard a crackling sound among the dry brush near the upper corner of the shed, and glancing out—for I had just turned in to relieve the old gent on the watch—I saw a dark object creeping along the edge of the lintel-hole of the cabin. My heart began to thump pretty lively just then, I can tell you. I said nothing to the governor, however, who was sleeping soundly on a heap of straw, but kept my eyes fixed intently on the critter, and observed its cautious advance towards the light which streamed out from the window."

"Just as the catamount raised up on its hind feet and laid its huge paws on the window, I thrust my gun through the aperture, making a slight noise as I did so. The varmint, attracted by the noise, turned its face, glancing eyeballs in that direction. It was a splendid shot, and without being startled by the sound of what I did, I drew the trigger. The force varmint leaped at least fifteen feet in the air and fell motionless—stone dead. I had shot him through the eye, as I had promised, and my skill as a marksman was never afterwards doubted."

### DON'T WHIP YOUR CHILDREN.

It is our unshakeable conviction that it is almost wholly unnecessary for intelligent and right-hearted parents to whip their children, and also that corporal punishment, to any great extent, degrades and vitiates a child's nature. An unreasonable, stupid, or brutal parent may think it necessary and proper that he should log, and kick, and cuff his children as though they were so many dogs, but the truth is that he is the one that needs the chastisement and not the child. The mere fact that a man thinks it necessary to beat and abuse one of his children, and if they don't start right, he is himself at fault—that he is lacking in paternal love, in patience, in knowledge; in short, it is pretty good proof that he never had a call to be a husband or father. Sensible, loving, Christian parents, who start right with their children, will never find much trouble in governing them; and if they don't start right in they and not the children should be made to suffer for their criminal heedlessness.



NEGROES AT HOME.

## THE RICE LANDS OF THE SOUTHERN STATES OF AMERICA.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

ALL the world, Christian and Pagan, is familiar with the pearly product of the rice plant, as it is everywhere seen in market and upon the table; but few are they who know aught of the graceful grain, living, blossoming, and ripening into golden beauty in its native fields. Let us, oh reader, look at it thus, and henceforth and forever eat our dainty breakfast cake and our snowy dinner pudding with an added relish, for here it is wisdom and not ignorance which is bliss.

Rice, while the most beautiful, is, as it should be, one of the most hardy and the most abundant of the great family of grains. It is thorough cosmopolite, adapting itself, more or less readily, to nearly all the soils and climates of the habitable world—from the close vicinages of the tropics even to the edge of the Himalayan snows. The sturdy courage of the seemingly delicate plant, and its brave defiance of difficulties, alike in the dank swamp and upon the dry mountain side, well befit its high character as one of the great, universal sustainers of human life.

While luxuriant in the Old World, it is yet more so in both the great divisions of the New; but more especially in that portion of the United States which forms the coasts of Carolina and Georgia, where it has found a home more to its liking than in all lands besides; its chiefest home, at least in so far as its service in the commerce of the world is concerned; and to this quarter it is, inquiring reader, that, after a very brief consideration of the general history and character of the rice plant, we propose to call your attention, as that whence are drawn the observations and experiences which we now propose to impart to thee. Here shalt thou see the unique processes of the rice cul-

ture under the most interesting and the most favorable circumstances, and in a region, too, of romantic attraction in its vegetable, floral, climatic, scenic, and social characteristics.

The rice plant is a grain in general appearance not unlike wheat; of similar height, and with the same fibrous root and grassy stalk; the former, though, having numerous branched, which are all crowned with clustering coronals of golden grain, bending at harvest time in a curve of wondrous grace and strength. The seed, when dequailed of its rich brown husk, is revealed in the little translucent, oval pearl familiar to us as a dainty article of food, and as a valuable material of ornamental art manufacture.

Properly speaking, rice is an aquatic plant, thriving best and most naturally under water or on irrigated lands, though it is successfully grown, in many varieties, in the driest soils and in the coldest climates.

Rice readily adapts itself in course of time to great changes of soil and temperature, acquiring, where it is needed, extreme hardiness and powers of endurance. The grain is much cultivated in various parts of South America, and most abundantly in Brazil, on the rich, flat lands which lie at the base of the Organ Mountains. In no part of the world, however, is the culture of rice more successful, or the product so excellent, as upon the Southern Atlantic and the Gulf coasts of the United States, and especially that portion thereof comprised within the area of Carolina and Georgia. Here are the rice-fields of the South, from whence come not only nineteen-twentieths of all the product of the Republic, but the chief portion of all which is distributed through the great channels of European commerce.

Rice was at first cultivated, as it is at present in many kinds of the upland class, in spots of low ground, dependent for moisture upon the chance rains of heaven. But at this day the legitimate soil and scene of its production is the rich loam of the tide-water lands which lie along

the coasts; low enough, level enough, and near enough to the sea to be overflowed at the pleasure of the planter by the flood tides of the rivers, and yet far enough from the coast to be quite beyond the reach of the salt water, which would be even more fatal to the crop than would the absence of the tidal flows.

The coasts of the Carolinas and Georgia afford a stretch of fifty miles and more of this low swamp land, which, in its primitive condition is for the most part occupied by great, dense, cypress swamps and reedy marshes. The overflowing rivers are for ever enriching the soil of these low grounds with the deposits, which their waters bring down from the incrustations, of the organic remains of the great forests; and to all this there is added the siliceous wash of the neighbouring shores and the rich silt of the salt lagoons.

When these fertile swamp lands are cleared and graded, and so diked and embanked and supplied with flood-gates that the water of the rivers may be let on at the flood of the tide, or at the ebb withdrawn, as it may please the wants of the planter or the planter, these are rice-fields, and ready for the hoe and hand of the treader and the sower.

Thus to clear these rank, intricate wildernesses, is a toilsome and costly labor. The sturdy workman of the Northern forests might well shrink from the task when looking into the gloomy wilds and wastes of woods and waters trackless, and seemingly impervious in the lawlessness of the abundant and capricious vegetation, and repellent in their loathsome population of reptile life; where the richest floral beauty but hides the head of the venomous snake, or the slimy lair of the alligator. The negroes, however, being well familiar with, and free from the dangers of the fens, and their axes quickly upon the labyrinth to the unwonted sunshine.

Thus is the work performed. The trees and vines are cut down over a border of some fifty feet in width around the area it is proposed to clear—a ditch is then dug at low tide within this space, the earth thrown up in the process making the ordinary dikes, and so on, until strong to keep out the ordinarily returning water, and thus leaving the enclosure dry enough for the hands to continue their work. After this, a second and more substantial embankment is made upon the site of the first opened ditch—a barrier which will be ample defence not only against the ordinary dikes, but which will resist the heaviest floods that are likely to assail it. This great outer breast-work is carried above the highest water mark, and in its construction all roots and stumps are carefully removed, as they have previously been from the ditch in which it is formed. The wide excavation within the bank, so properly reserved from it, serves as a reservoir for the ditch to feed into, and ditches, and as a canal for the transport of the crops from the field. While a portion of the force employed is thus busy with the banks and mounds, others are cutting down the trees and the underbrush, and collecting it into piles to be burned in dry days of the coming spring. The large trunks and often gnarled, and their gaunt blackened remains stand for years afterward, like unhappy spectres patiently awaiting the hand of time to summon them to their kindred dust. Dreary and desolate to a degree do they look, and especially in the gloomy winter days when the scene around is all unadorned with the relieving green drapery of the rich summer verdure.

When the land is cleared it is next divided into fields or squares of suitable size by embankments, similar to, but smaller than the main levee, as their use is nothing more than to exclude the water from one section while it is desired only in another. The usual height is seven or eight feet, with a proportionate ditches of commensurate size always accompaning all embankments side by side. Each field or division is afterward furnished with a trunk and gate, by which to admit or keep out



NEGROES IN THE FIELD—PLANTING THE RICE.

the water, as may be required. As the surface of the earth gradually sinks, with the absence of shade, from the decomposition of vegetable matter and from the drainage of the water, other yet smaller ditches are dug from time to time, until the whole region is cut up into minute squares, which gives a novel air to the landscape in the absence of the all-covering grain.

The embankments and canals and ditches properly made, the needed flood-gates provided, each with its valve made both to let in and to keep out the water, the fields may be flooded to any extent, and for any length of time, except upon plantations too near to, or too far removed from the sea; in which cases the water may either not fall low enough to be wholly drawn off, or may not rise sufficiently high to entirely cover the field. For these variations the judicious planter watches, and provides as he best can; as also for the accidents of the spring tides and of freshets.

We come now to the chopping, mashing, and trenching of the ground, and to the planting of the seed. The time for this labor is usually from the middle to the end of March. Just before planting, the ground is first chopped or broken rudely, and then marked, or more carefully and nicely prepared for the seed. On old and well-cleared plantations this work is sometimes done with the plow and the harrow, but more generally, even on such lands, with the hoe only. With this primitive instrument the earth is made as fine and friable as possible.

Being now ready for the seed, drills of trenches are opened, still with the hoe, through which the rice is freely scattered. The rows are drilled some thirteen inches apart from centre to centre. The most expert hands first open leading trenches, between which the intermediate ones are made by the guidance of less trustful eyes. It is always surprising to witness the mathematical accuracy and precision displayed in the performance of this task.

Close upon the heels of the trenches come the sowers, generally women, who scatter the seed freely as they pass, using, in this way, from two to three bushels per acre. The seed is very lightly covered, as fast as it is planted, by other hands, armed still with the universal hoe.

The number of hands employed in drilling and sowing a field must always be large enough to finish the work on the day it is begun; so that at the next rise of the tide the flood-gates may be opened and the water admitted at once and alike to all parts of the ground.

The first flow which immediately follows the sowing, is called the sprout flow. It is just deep enough to entirely cover the ground. When too deep, the seed or the light covering of earth is liable to be floated away. This flow is left on the field until the seeds "pip," or germinate, when it is withdrawn and the ground kept dry until the young plants appear, and their delicate needle-like spires are just visible when the dew-drops which gather upon them are illuminated by the early sunbeams. At this period the water is a second time spread over the field in what is called the point flow. This is continued for half a dozen days or so, or until the plants are three or four inches high. The watery covering is at this stage of the culture an important defence against the depredations of the countless birds which inhabit the region.

The sprout and the point flows are united in the mode of planting known as the open-trench. This is to cover the seed with a thin coating of clay, in which state it is left on the drill or row without any further covering. The open trench method is much in vogue according to circumstances.

To the sprout and the point flows, whether used separately or united, as in the open-trench process, there succeeds the third or long flow, before which, however, the plant has been twice subjected to the weeding and bolsting of the hoe. At this time the rice

has three leaves, and has reached a height of seven or eight inches. The long flow is an important one. It serves not only to kill all the thousand and one weeds which affect the company of the young rice too well, but cannot, like it, live under water, and it floats all the rubbish off to the corners of the field, whence it is raked up and removed. The weeds which withstand the action of the water are carefully pulled up by hand at this and other stages of the growth of the crop. The long flow rises to a point just below the tips of the plant, and is so kept for the space of some ten days on the lightest lands, and as long as twenty days on the stiffest.

The fields present at this time, with their light spires of the daintiest green floating gently on the surface of the water, a charming appearance, whether seen in the direction of the rows or transversely, in which position the wide, level expanse seems to change magically from a quiet lake to the sunniest and most verdant of meadows. After the removal of the long flow the third *hoing*; and *lay-and-by* a fourth, is given; and again are the weeds, and especially the troublesome "volunteer" rice—the unasked growth of the previous year's vagrant seeds—most carefully destroyed. The volunteer rice becomes, by the water's exposure to cold and neglect, generally greatly deteriorated in character, and seems to have lost the advantages of artificial culture, and to have reverted to its ancient natural condition and habits. The anterior skin, or pellicle, of the volunteer seed is of a reddish hue, instead of the white of good and well-trained rice; and the union of the two decreases the marketable value.

To the long flow there succeeds the fourth and last, or the harvest flow, often called the "lay-by water," which is kept on until the rice is fully leaved and the blossoms have dropped; until just before the harvest, indeed. In addition to its four services, in its duration the weeds and in nourishing the plants, the water now helps to support the heavy crop and prevent its being prostrated or "laid" by wind, or by its own weight.

In the raising of the rice crop—as we have here described the process, from the sowing, about the end of March, with the first *hoing* occurs early in September—five months have passed, during the greater portion of which the plant has been under or in the water.

The harvest begins just as soon as the grain is—excepting, maybe, the few lowest on the stalk—are hardened, and while the plant is in color often still green. The lay-by water having been withdrawn the day or the two before, the reaping of the crop is begun. With the sickle in hand—the only instrument in use—the beautiful grain falls, and is laid in handfuls upon the stubble to dry. The reaper usually "carries" or takes a sweep of three rows at a time, cutting down to within a distance of the stubble grain cut by noon of one day is ordinarily cured enough by the next to be removed in sheaves to the barn or stack. The sheaves are of such size as can be easily tied by a stalk of the rice itself. The carrying of the crop to the barn upon the heads of the negroes—the usual mode of transport—is a disagreeable and temporary task to the milken spectator, but toilsome and dangerous to the workers under the hot suns of mid-summer, and amidst the malaria of the recently-drained soil. In some cases the rice is better removed in boats or flats, where the canals are large enough to admit their passage.

In the barn—yards the sheaves are temporarily stacked in small racks, and subsequently, when better cured, more carefully and closely, in larger stacks, long or round, as may be, after the style usual in the case of wheat and other grains. Thus it remains until it is wanted for threshing, which may be very early, or at any convenient time during the following winter.

On many plantations no better mode of threshing is in use than that of the venerable flail, an

no quicker way of cleaning the rice from the chaff than the toilsome and primitive one of dropping it from an elevation to be winnowed by the wind in its descent. At all the larger establishments, however, the labor, and the subsequent process of hulling and pounding, are quickly and thoroughly performed by machinery of the most admirable construction. Curiously-fashioned elevators and funnels successively take up the sheaves, beat out the grain, separate it from the chaff, and drop it into the bin in perfect readiness for the more curious and intricate process of milling. It is surprising with what thoroughness, and with what slight breakage, these great steam or water-worked mortars and pestles pound or sift the brownish coating or husk from the pearly grain. An equally interesting apparatus is that by which the rice, when thus hulled, and to all seeming, quite prepared for use, is actually rubbed and polished, like a time-honored "mahogany" to the freest and most sparkling whiteness and brilliancy.

The present custom is for the planter to send his crop to his factor in the city unhusked, or in the rough," as it is called, leaving that work and the finishing to the factor's hands. One reason for this is, no doubt, that the grain keeps better when newly pounded, and grows better also. Then it saves the heavy cost of the required machinery, where that is not already supplied. Rice "in the rough" is known also by the East India name of "paddy."

The general produce of the rice fields is from forty to sixty bushels per acre, though sometimes one hundred bushels are obtained. The value in the rough, in Charleston and Savannah, is from eighty cents to one dollar per bushel. The number of plantations in the Carolinas and Georgia is estimated at nearly six hundred, the greater part of which lie in the latter State. From what we have said of the great extent of the area sited to rice culture—most of it yet mere waste swamp and marsh—it will be seen how vast are the yet unemployed resources of the South in this element alone of its wealth and prosperity.

Many of the rice plantations are of great extent, sometimes covering from one to two thousand acres, and employing seven or eight hundred hands. The inhabitants make a large community of themselves alone. The mansion of the planter with his numerous out-houses, the residence of the overseer, and the long streets of negro cabins give the striking and most the aspect of a large and busy village or town. There, besides all this, each estate, being much isolated in its neighbourhood, has of necessity all the concomitants of wagon, tool, machine, and other shops—jail, hospitals, stores, and storehouses of all kinds—and still, in addition, maybe a church.

After the rice and its curious culture—perhaps even before this—the most novel and interesting study of the stranger here is that of the aspect and the habits of the laborers employed. The negroes, and negroes only, of human kind, met at every step and turn, present an individuality in the scene which is as striking as the most the special and unique vegetation in flower and tree.

To cultivate those lands by white labor, if practicable at all, would be, unquestionably, at an immense sacrifice of life. Even the African, who seems to be physically so well adapted to the climate, does not altogether escape. His health is not so firm on the rice lands as elsewhere, and his life is preserved, especially in infancy, only by unwearying caution. Such immunity as he does enjoy from the subtle poison of the malaria, which fills all the air around him, may be ascribed to his exemption from all but comparatively light labor, and to the great care, both preventive and curative, which is ever taken of him. The master never resides on the rice fields in summer time; he would as soon think, and very reasonably, of facing a rifle-shot. The

overseer, who is compelled to live through the dangerous season within daily call of his plantation, if he does not fall a victim to the all-pervading poison, at least, nomenclated and tough as he may be, suffers to a degree which endangers his constitution, and weakens it to a quick sensitiveness to many fatal complaints.

On most rice plantations a certain amount only of work is daily required of each competent person, men, women, and children, or youths; the "task" prescribed being graduated in accordance with age and condition, from the "quarter hand" of the youngest to the "half hand" and the "three-quarter hand" of older years, up to the "full hand" of mature and faithful adult strength; thence retrograding, in like degrees, toward declining force and years. Industrious performed, these tasks are generally finished early in the afternoon, and often by two o'clock, when the laborer leaves his field, and saunters homeward or whither he listeth. Perhaps it is to gossip in the smashine over his pipe, or, perhaps, if he be thrifty or short of funds, to raise vegetables in his own private garden-patch, or to look after his eggs, poultry, and pigs, for all of which his master will pay him the market price, as to any other trade. The tasks are begun at sunrise, and toward eight o'clock the day-larks have a good time for half an hour or so over the breakfast, which has been brought to them in the field. At noon those who please dine, riding home for it, if they are using the "quarter hand" brought to them, or waiting until the completion of their task.

Men and women all smoke habitually, whether at work or at rest. Near any aquad or gang a fire may always be seen, made for the double use of lighting pipes and as a rendezvous in gossip hours, for your genuine African will never be quite without the appearance of the negroes at work in their plantation rig is not very elegant, and not so picturesque as it might be with a little change from the inflexible regulation hue of hueless gray; though, to be sure, the handkerchiefs worn on the head by the women (they never wear hats, not even on a Sunday) and the "dolls" afford some slight relief. In the cut of coat and skirt there is always variety enough, and so in the fashion of the ever-changing hat. The conversation, though it seldom gets beyond the little current news and experiences of their own lives, the doings of their family and friends, and pigs, with sometimes a little talk about their master's household, is often gay and jolly enough, judging by the loud and hearty "Yah! yah!" sounding all about, *heat, and do.*

(To be concluded in our next.)

## A TERRIBLE MYSTERY.

A TALE OF BOSTON.

BY M. H. MACNAMARA.

A TERRIBLE Mystery! I have listened to and have seen many truly terrible things. But never in the whole course of my life have I discovered anything so strange, so wild and mysterious as that which I am now about to chronicle, and which occurred but a short time since in the quiet, peaceful and dignified city of Boston.

I had thought that, in this age, man's wisdom and the general absurdness of our people had reached so elevated a position, that anything like that which I am about to narrate, could not by any likelihood have transpired, or even be reasonably conceived.

I have been mistaken.

One night in the month of February, 1859, I found myself upon a certain street, which connects Roxbury with Boston. It was very late, or rather dark, for the bell had just tolled the hour one,—when as I passed a low wooden building, storm-worn, and with the accumulated mass of years upon its roof, a bright light flashed before my eyes, crossing the sidewalk, and as

swiftly and mysteriously disappeared. I paused confounded and astonished, and vainly endeavored to discern from whence it came. In this I failed, and was about to move onward, with the impression on my mind that it was but a flash of my own fancy, when again, as mysteriously as before, appeared the same bright gleam.

I knew that the old wooden building was tenanted and dilapidated. I knew that it had not been inhabited for years. I knew that a murder had been committed there, and that few dared dare to use it as a habitation. But to the low, murky, dirt-covered windows did I trace the mysterious light. It darted to and fro for an instant and then disappeared.

I approached the old building, and kneeling down upon the walk, looked into the cellar of the house, as was past midnight, and the place was dark as the void of night. Gloomy blackness stared me in the face, made more intense by the stillness by which I was surrounded. I was about to arise, when a faint, ghostly glimmer appeared in the cellar—a moment more and the same brilliant light shone out upon the walk; but it seemed a light carried by no human hand.

I am not superstitious, but [I must confess that a peculiar feeling was excited in my heart, and a gloomy moisture came to my brow, as I knelt and peered through those dark pines into that mysterious cavern.

"What had it be?" I mentally asked.

I was waiting for it, musing himself slowly and painfully along came an old grey-haired, and long, white-bearded man. His complexion was of a pure white. His face long, thin and bony. His eyes so bright that they seemed to me to give forth a lurid glance. He wore a long and faded dressing gown, and carried in his hand a small, old-fashioned cane. He was the most peculiar figure I ever beheld, and one I never expected to see in Boston.

He passed in the centre of the cellar and looked around him for a moment, and, as if seized with a sudden thought, he darted quickly to the opposite end of the room. It was a brick, glare, plain, and old. The floor was of a most peculiar figure I ever beheld, and one I never expected to see in Boston.

He passed in the centre of the cellar and looked around him for a moment, and, as if seized with a sudden thought, he darted quickly to the opposite end of the room. It was a brick, glare, plain, and old. The floor was of a most peculiar figure I ever beheld, and one I never expected to see in Boston.

I still continued kneeling. The old man paused at the distant end of the cavern and looked back over his shoulder. He had of himself, he raised, and holding his light down in his interior, he peered anxiously within.

In a moment he drew forth a round and quite flat piece of glass about four inches in diameter. It was a bottle made in coils; the last hollow circle slightly rising was plugged with a cork; it contained a thick red liquid. The old man looked at it mournfully for a few moments, and then kissing it, he laid down his lamp and carefully closed the box. As it pressed together, the sharp "click" of a spring was heard; then, seizing his lantern, he arose and moved painfully and slowly towards the table shrouded in black.

I had now, by dint of rubbing, cleared away the dirt from the outside of the pane of the cellar window, and could now obtain a pretty distinct view of all that was going on within. The old man paused for a moment

beynde the sombre covered table; then, bending over, he made several mysterious passes, and then suddenly dragged the dark coverlid from the board, and revealed to my horrified vision the body of a dead man. If this was the most fruitless form I ever gazed upon, the limbs were full and round, and as symmetrical as human anatomy could be. The face was superbly handsome, and my ideal of an honest, noble-hearted man. The eyes were closed in death, the limbs rigid. Loos, dark hair lay under his head in crumpled masses. I mentally quailed—

"It seemed as though all the gods  
Had joined their aid to aid me,  
To give the world assurance of a man."

A nobler form I never beheld.

The old man gazed on it to quiet rapture. His austere face was covered by a smile; and the lurid glare of his eyes resolved itself in a gaze of loving tenderness. What fearful mystery is this? I muttered. And why should the body of such a man be placed in so peculiar a situation? It couldn't be that the old grey-headed man on whom I now fixed my eye, was mad—a maniac surgeon. And yet it seemed probable. He gazed with rapture on the body, and he looked unmistakably crazy. I have seen young students of medicine gaze at subjects with a rapturous look to his own—they gloried in the noble work of nature before them, soon to be mutilated by their sacrilegious hands, and yet they were unmistakably sane.

The old man bent down over the body, and pressed a long kiss upon the forehead, cold nose and lips; he clasped his hands, his lips moved, and waving them over the body once more, he darted from its side over to the furnace in another corner. He took one of the crucibles from the floor, and into it he poured some of the circular glass bottle. The liquid contained in the crucible glowed redly, and he poured it out, an instant or two, and then he buried it down among the heated coals, and seizing a small bellows' handle, which was attached to the furnace, he began blowing rapidly the fire.

The lurid glare had returned to the eyes of the old man the moment he left the body; and now, as he gazed on the mysterious figure of blood, bubbling and hissing among the coals, his face assumed a woody, anxious expression, and he stirred the liquid with nervous rapidity.

It was a solemn and terrible picture to gaze upon; a fit subject for the pencil of a Rembrandt, dark, gloomy, and mysterious. The few sickly and quivering rays of the oil lamp, and the fierce and lurid light of the furnace, and the rigid and pale form of the dead, all surrounded by the grim blackness of the vast cavern, and the solemn stillness without, were powerful auxiliaries to a rich and enthusiastic imagination; and to the eyes of the old man, grand in mystery, formed a scene which I will never forget. In that cavern were the living and the dead. Strange contrast. A withered, aged man, wan and grey, moving painfully about and bending beneath the weight of many years, and the fine, and once start form of a man, whose years scarcely numbered twenty-four.

The dead and living! Youth and age—mysterious and fearful contrast.

The contents of the crucible boiled and hissed, and the nervous motion of the old man increased, until at length the tremor of his hand compelled him to withdraw the furnace bellows, and then bending low over the red glowing coals, he looked wildly into the crucible. At length he lifted his head, and seizing the pan from the fire with the aid of pincers, he laid it carefully on the ground. While he was doing this, his hands trembled so that the contents of the crucible were nearly overturned. He then threw his pincers aside, and seizing an old fan he waved it slowly over the burning liquid, until gradually it began to cool.

When it was reduced to a certain degree of

heat, he lifted it in his hands, and moving over to the old box, he again opened it, and selecting small tumbler poured the contents of the crucible therein, and then closing the box, he took the tumbler in his hand and moved painfully and slowly to the hard couch of his dead companion.

The bright light of the lantern fell upon his features. Ghastly pale, his eyes gleaming with madness, and his face wrought into an expression of even more than human anxiety, mingled with a ray of doubt, and hope, and fear, he bent over the body that lay upon the board. He kissed the brow thrice, the lips, the hands, the body, and paused as if some sign of returning life might be perceived. He shook mournfully, sadly; and then bending over the dead man, he placed the now cool liquid to the marble lips and poured the contents into his mouth.

He then stood like a statue and gazed upon the lifeless form. He placed his hand upon the heart of the dead, but no pulsation could be felt. He placed his ear close to the dead man's mouth, but no breath was wafted to his face. He breathed into the mouth and nostrils, he kissed again and again the dead man's brow, but no sign answered his anxious wishes. Then he convulsively clasped his shriveled hands together, and a low, wailing cry, distinct and full of unutterable woe, broke from his lips; the lurid light left his eyes, and he dropped for the time helpless in his seat.

I was now convinced that the man was mad; and my first impulse was to dart away in search of a police officer, but a mysterious murmur claimed me to the spot. I was bound as by an irresistible spell, and my gaze remained fixed on the murky window pane, through which I beheld this man of peculiar madness.

Immovable as a statue he remained for several minutes, his wild eyes bent upon the body of the man stretched before him. At length an expression of calm despair settled upon his countenance and he arose slowly from his seat. He moved for a third time towards the old box; again he opened it and took from thence the flat glass bottle from which he had drained the liquid administered to the dead, and gazed at it with a small case of surgical instruments. This he opened, and selected from among them a diamond-pointed lancet. He then closed the case and placed it upon the ground, and unrolling his sleeves, he dipped the razor-like instrument into a vein and received the blood that flowed therefrom into the flat glass phial I have mentioned. The lips of the madman were tightly closed, and the pallor of his face was heightened and the wild fire of his eyes for a time was tamed. The blood flowed slowly and sluggishly from the dry veins of the old man, and gradually the bottle filled. His hand quivered as he held it under the open vein, but at last the bottle was full.

With strange, methodical precision he closed the vein, bound up the arm, dropped the sleeves of his dressing-gown, and with a quiet chuckle, he advanced to another portion of the apartment. He staggered as he moved, and at last paused in front of a small cupboard, which he opened and from thence took a bottle, a portion of the contents of which he poured into a glass and eagerly swallowed. It was wine. He seemed invigorated and strengthened by the potion, and set himself down as if to rest. In a moment again he arose, and again moved to the old box.

Once again he went through the same ceremony, and kissed the face and form of the dead man with the fervency of paternal love. He reminded me of the story of the great sculptor and his masterpiece, whose statue was so perfect that he became crazed because it did not breathe.

The madman was endeavoring to infuse life, or to bring back life into the body of the dead. I thought of the great physician in George Lip-

part's "Nasareen," and wondered if the madman would accomplish his awful and sacrilegious designs so successfully as he.

Visions of crazy philosophers, deeply buried in the search of the mysterious philosopher's stone, the transmutations of metals, of Cagliostro and Mesmerism, came before my excited eyes, and I felt myself truly in the domain of mystery, where all things are possible and all things infinite.

The mad, modern philosopher moved his withered hands to and fro above the body of the dead, and seemed as if evoking the spirit of earth and air. Then he placed the phial of blood upon his own lips, and drank heart's blood, to the mouth of the dead, and poured its contents in. I was feverishly excited, and so thrilling was the scene, and deeply interested was I, that I expected the terrible devotion of that old man would be rewarded, and that the dead, the dead, would receive again that spirit which had been summoned away by the voice of God.

I pressed my face eagerly to the pane of glass, and gazed with mad intensity upon that mocking of the power of the Almighty; and so excited and forgetful of the world was I, that I eagerly prayed the dead might arise, and the power and majesty of man might triumph. That was not to be. The madman waited with a look of terrible expectation and aspen in his eyes for some sign to indicate returning life. He received none, and another low, smothered wail burst from him, and he tottered as he fell.

I watched him for a few moments to see if he would arise. Minutes passed, and he moved not. A spasm crossed his face, which was visible to my eyes. He moved his hands convulsively, and a mighty tremor passed through him. The tremor ceased, and I knew that the mad philosopher was dead.

I gazed drearily at the dead bodies, and gradually my excitement passed away, and I arose and pondered what I should do.

I soon decided, and moved hastily in search of a policeman. I soon found one and to him I stated what I had seen. He laughed at first; but when I insisted, he said he would come with me, he did so, and we soon reached the old wooden building.

The gate was closed and locked with a rusty bolt, which seemed not to have been withdrawn for years. I quickly mounted the fence, opened the gate, and let the policeman enter. We found ourselves in a large and spacious room, covered with grass and weeds, and straggling vines; everything indicated neglect and decay. The outhouses were falling to pieces—it was a mournful sight.

We passed up the back stair of the building, and found the entrance locked. A smart kick sent the rotten door flying from its fastenings, and we entered. Without much trouble we found the cellar stairs, and passed quickly down. In a minute more we stood in the cavern. At first we were stifled by the warm, close atmosphere; but we advanced to the body of the old man, which lay upon the floor face up. He was still as dead.

I moved to the body of the young man laid out upon the board, I gazed into the face, and with wonder, astonishment and dismay, discovered that it was a figure in wax.

I paused confounded. It was the most beautiful and lifelike piece of statuary I ever gazed upon. As I looked about the cavern and beheld the cold, the silent, the broken images and pieces, I knew it was the work of the madman's hands. Like the sculptor of old, he had become crazed at this magnificent work of his own genius, so I then thought, but I afterwards found that it was not so.

We did not touch the body of the old man, nor anything of the place, but looking rather fastening up the door we had broken down, we left the place; the policeman to inform his chief, and if necessary, to get a coroner



and I to return to my lonely chamber, to sleep and dream of—

#### THE MAD STAPPER!

Now comes the sequel of my story. The next day I called at the chief office of Police and learned the singular history of the old man. The chief had received notice some time prior to the discovery of the madman, that one Jacques Quintaine, formerly a highly respected resident of Bedford, had escaped from a Lunatic Asylum in which he had been confined, having become crazy on account of the death of his son, a fine noble fellow of twenty-four years of age. The old man was deeply wedded to his art—the making of wax figures—and his son had given undoubted evidence of great talent in the same profession. The old man loved him with peculiar ferrency; and he watched with pride his budding genius; but death struck him in the zenith of life, and with his death the old man's intellect was destroyed.

He became crazy, so that at length his friend had to confine him. He escaped, and cunningly made his way to Boston; and fate directed his steps to the old building where he was first so strangely observed.

For a time Jacques Quintaine recovered in a great measure his equilibrium of mind, and worked at his business; but, having accumulated a little money, he kept himself closely secluded in the old house; and his insanity having again returned, he devoted himself to the work of making a wax figure so strongly representing his son, that when it was placed in their sight, his friends and relations at once recognised it.

Into the figure the maniac vainly endeavored to infuse life; and for that purpose he devoted his own heart's blood, and died in seeking to attain his fearful and wild desire.

He was shortly afterwards buried, and the wax figure placed, as a memento, in the hands of his relations.

#### THE CRAZY TRAPPER.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

THERE never was a sentence uttered which contained more truth than the one, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Although romance writers, with wonderful imaginations, flock the land with their innumerable creations, detailing remarkable adventures, and omens, and punishments, yet the most wonderful of these narrations are either truth themselves, or are executed in strangeness and interest by established facts in history.

Ever since the first white man placed his foot upon this continent, there have been a vast and extended series of incidents and occurrences between our race and the aborigines, which has comprehended as romantic and startling incidents as ever graced the page of ancient history. Many of these have found their way into the record of our country; but, it is to be regretted, that the majority have perished with their heroes. Since the organization of the Hudson Bay Company, and many others of a similar character, and the penetration of the wilds of the far North West, there have been constantly transpiring the most thrilling encounters between the savages and the hunters of this region. A conversation with an experienced trapper may elicit one; but, as said, the hero often goes down to the grave with his own history. Now and then the papers give us an account of a rescued captive, or the experience of a Kit Carson, but such relations are few indeed.

During the past summer, there died in St. Louis, at the age of about sixty, a trapper by the name of George W. Ellis, for like all the Georges born since the days of Washington, his middle name was the same as the great Father of his Country. This person had one of the most singular episodes in his life that

ever befel a human being, and it is our purpose to give that remarkable incident at this time.

In the month of November, 1844, this person left Independence in company with Bill Biddon, a trapper some weeks younger than himself, for the great waters of the Yellowstone. It was their intention to spend the winter in the western part of what is now Nebraska Territory, and to return in the spring to the States with their furs. This region was then, as it is now, the Paradise of the hunter and trapper.

Each had a horse beside the one he rode, for the purpose of carrying their parties, and with their inseparable rifles they set out upon their journey. The weather was cold and windy most of the time, and just as they reached the confines of the "grainlands," they were overtaken by one of the most terrific snow storms that ever fell in the west. In a short time the snow lay several feet upon the prairie. Nothing daunted, however, these two brave men wrote collected a goodly quantity of fuel, secured shelter for their horses, and erecting a rude tent for themselves by the side of a large rock, prepared to enjoy themselves as well as they could have done in a civilized country.

It was quite late in the afternoon that they halted, after securing enough wood to last till daylight, at least, they cleared off the snow with their feet and started the fire. In a sort of ravine they cleared another space for their animals, and covered them with thick, warm blankets brought for that purpose. They also stripped off the annual coat of snow from the cottonwood trees that were growing abundantly around, and placed within their reach. This bark is relished more by the horse and mule than the softest and freshest grass that ever grew.

This done, they returned to their own quarters just as a night of the most intense and icy blackness was setting in. Their fire was burning vigorously against the black face of the rock, which reflected its genial warmth upon themselves. As it had now ceased snowing, they removed the doubtful shelter which they had erected for their own use. Their situation, for all this, was comfortable. They were surrounded by a high bank of snow upon every hand, except in front where was the friendly rock; and, as there was no wind, they experienced no inconvenience at all. They were hardly and well warmed, and could have stood it well enough without any fire at all, had they chosen to do so.

"This air is warmer," remarked Biddon, as he whiffed away at his pipe. "I'll make tramping possible for some time. Lucky we got so far up before we cotched it."

"Yes," grunted Ellis, who was stretched upon the ground, and also smoking; "I'll be snuffed if we don't get it a few days ago. Better if it had waited till we got further on yet."

"I say, you George, there ain't no likelihood of rods nosin' round to-night, eh?"

"In course not. They're all snowed under in their harts, and won't stick their noses out till they hev to. I ain't ticklish on nothin' but a tickle in the thinking of a snow-mountain from a mountain wolf's paws."

"That's a dog-gone fact. They'll be howlin' round, and we must look out for the horses, or they'll be down among 'em before we know it. We must moosee looker-to-night."

"Then ceased sneaky as allers 'bout. 'Twas jest sich a night as this there, on thousand come down on me and Dumpy Dick. Poor Dick! he went under that night."

"Who war Dumpy Dick?"

"He war some, he war. Dick had done some talk 'bout raisin' in his time. He could lift a grasser's hair as easy as he could chew tobacco, and he was as sure as how he could do that. You see, me and Dick war on our way to the States when we got overtook by jist such a storm. We couldn't get a stick of wood to save our skins, so we jist kivered up, looked into each other, and

bore our way down into the snow, when we went to smoozin' beautiful. Long in the night, I happened to open one of my peepers, and well thar, if I didn't see eight ten skin me, that's all. There war thirteen thousand foot hundred and ninety-seven wolves in, come down on us at a 'Quick Bill,' says I, 'we're in for it and party thunders' soon, 'cause we're treed.' Bill didn't need no hurryin', 'cause he hurried things. But we's sich fols both on us that we didn't bring our blankets or shootin' irons with us.

I made far a tree and got inter it, without waitin' to look for a better place, and I was as snug as a nut, just as we hard the blasted skunks' jaw snapping like steel traps below us. Wal, that was a desprit night. Woght! 'was awful! We soon found we's goin' to freeze to death. I knowed Bill'd have to go under, as he's tenderer nor I. I tried to keep him talkin', but he stopped pretty soon, sayin' as how he's sleepy. I knowed he'd goin' then, and I shook him and bullied, but he couldn't be spoke; and the first thing I knowed, over he rolled, like a log, and tumbled down. I tried to catch him, but like to fell myself, and couldn't do it. Ten minutes after there war nothin' left of Stampy Bill but a few bones, and the wolves was all over him, and quarelin' 'bout it. I stood it this morning when the wolves left; I then let go, and dropped like an icicle. I commenced beatin' the tree and tramin' summersets 'till I got my blood clyptin'. The wolves had made a clear thing of it. They'd eat up the horses, 'cludin' the beaver skins, and I had to take home on foot about the greatest fool as ever tramped from the States."

"Hope them wolves won't be 'round to-night," remarked Biddon.

"We kin keep 'em off with the fire if they does."

This was all that was said at this time. A few minutes afterward Biddon replenished the fire, and wrapped himself up in his blanket, and lay down for the night. Ellis did the same, and in a half-hour they were both asleep.

Although, as has been seen, they were both experienced hunters, they had committed a sad mistake upon this occasion. About midnight, when both were sound asleep, and the fire was nearly extinguished, a band of savages, with appalling yells, rushed over the embankments of snow and fired at them. Both were wounded—Biddon mortally. Ellis, with an almost supernatural quickness of movement, sprang clear over the snow wall, and made off in the darkness, before the savages could divine his intention. Pursuit was useless, as the darkness was impenetrable; so the inhuman wretches turned and scalped the miserable Biddon while he was dying. This done, they remained on the spot until morning, when they departed with the animals of the ill-fated trappers.

The particulars of Ellis's adventures after this night he never knew. There were portions of it that sometimes presented themselves like the dim shadows of a dream. He remembered the night surprise, after which followed a long dark period.

When the Indians fired upon him, one of their bullets glanced over his forehead in such a manner as to break a small portion of the skull, causing it to press inward upon the brain. This sudden dart of pain was probably the cause of his making such a remarkable leap and escaping in the darkness. Be that as it may, the wound made him crawl.

And now comes a long, and dark, and dismal experience. Like a wild beast he wandered over the prairie, as strong and fleet as the buffalo. He took a fearful vengeance upon his enemies. Guided by the unerring instinct that seems to lead the dumbest, he appeared to walk a danger without any suffering the least consequence. Several times he appeared in the villages of the Crows, and slow numbers, and then made off to the mountains, where it was certain destruction, to

follow him. Many Indians, in that vicinity, came to regard him at last as a supernatural being; whom it would be vain to attempt to destroy. Sometimes his stalwart form would be seen gliding as swift as the wind over the prairie; and then for weeks nothing would be heard of him, until he would suddenly make his appearance carrying death and terror with him.

Paul was traced nearly a year ago, in the Fall of 1844, a company of adventurers on their way to Oregon, discovered on the open prairies what they supposed to be a wild man. He hovered near them for two or three days, when a couple agreed to capture him. So, one morning they mounted their horses, and made a dash at him. He was several hundred yards distant; and, as soon as he saw he was pursued, he made off with the swiftness of the wind. So fleet was he of foot, that, for a long time, the pursuers, urging their horses to the utmost, lost ground instead of gaining. But they determined to run him down, and kept up the chase for a number of hours. At last he gave out, and fell to the earth completely exhausted. Upon their coming up, he gave himself up without the least resistance, and accompanied them passively back to the camp.

His captors enquired him to be a wild man, until one of their number remarked that he had seen him in St. Louis. This led to a closer examination, and they soon saw he was crazy. But the most singular part of his story remains to be told. He accompanied his friends to Oregon, where one day, as he was wandering through Oregon City, he suffered a fall, and in the fall the priestly wound upon his forehead was re-opened. Upon its healing, his reason returned to him, and he was the man who attended gave it as his opinion that his aberration had been caused by a fragment of bone pressing upon the brain. His fall removed this, and in a short time his reason returned.

After his recovery, Ellis returned to the States. He engaged in trapping again, and continued it until a year or two since, when having amassed quite a sum, he settled down in St. Louis, where, as remarked, he died a short time since, having afforded in his history one of the most singular and remarkable experiences that ever befell a human being.

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, OCTOBER 25, 1862.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

Original and Selected.

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THERE are few indications of a happy home within, more certain than the flower-decorated window and neatly kept garden; and there is no occupation for the leisure hour more adapted to soothe the mind and satisfy the heart than the cultivation of flowers.

#### GET MARRIED.

Young ladies! you will never be satisfied until you do. It is the surest road to a long life and a happy one. If there is a thorn in the flesh now and then, there is a silver always hard by. Marriage is the balm of life, it is the natural condition of human kind; hence, Divinity has ordained it.

#### MAN AND WIFE QUARRELS.

It is often said that the most serious discussions between married people take their rise in the most trifling and inconsiderable circumstances. The more refined and the better educated the parties are, the more extended will be the effect of their quarrels. The same impropriety that a pair of vulgar people would

scold with two smooth-tongued and a broad-skinned, will so estrange a gentleman and a lady of refinement that nothing but a divorce can reconcile them, either to themselves or to society.

#### PROPAGATION OF CRIME.

Is virtue hereditary? Is a love of truth, justice and goodness transmitted from parents to children? Facts appear to answer these questions in the affirmative. It has been ascertained that out of one hundred criminal children, sixty were born of dishonest parents; thirty of parents who were profligate, but not criminal; and only ten of parents who were honest and industrious. The rule is, virtuous parents raise virtuous children. Not more than one out of every ten criminals has been born of honest, religious parents. The characters of parents and children are nearly as much alike as their features.

#### MENTAL INDEPENDENCE.

Every man and every woman is brought up from the cradle with a bias. The mind is never set out into the world's life unfettered. It carries with it always the heavy chain of habit. The politics of the father are usually the politics of the son; the religious character of the household is the seed of many more households of like faith. It is a strong and admirable bond indeed, which, nursed in error, has the courage and heroism to begin its own emancipation. It requires more courage to think differently from the multitude, than it does to fight them. The first hero, therefore, was not he who made the first conquest, but he who uttered the first doubt.

#### HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Everybody possesses abundant resources for happiness, if they only knew it; and not only the means for making themselves, but others, happy. And just here lies the secret. If we would be happy ourselves, we must love to diffuse happiness—as the sun diffuses warmth and light. He who seeks to clutch happiness for himself alone, and to hoard it as a miser hoards his gold, will never secure it; it comes not to such natures. In a word, our happiness depends altogether on our goodness, and he who would be happy must first be good. The consciousness of good deeds done, and sufferings meekly borne, and of wrongs nobly forgiven, are the pearls of happiness which Providence strings on our memory, and which grow brighter and brighter for all time.

#### LOVE IN BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD.

The love of a boy differs from that of a man in this—it is the wanton enjoyment of a present imperious feeling, from which all serious consideration of the future is excluded. It is more blind activity of newly-awakened emotions. Hence the rashness of early loves. The boy wants to love; almost any woman will suffice. Hence he is violent, capricious, inconstant, because he only seeks an excitement, and tries his young wings. The tender feeling of *providence*, which enters so largely into the love of a man, is the serious thoughts of the duties he owes to the girl who gives up her life to him, and to the children she may bear him—those, and the thousand minute but powerful influences which affect the man, are unknown to the boy.

#### FEMALE TEMPER.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Oh, we can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a woman go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and find no soothing in a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling

on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life retains all its freshness and power.

#### A WARNING TO BELLES.

A belle may be undelivered by many accidental causes. Marriage in particular, is a kind of counter-poison, or a tonic, or a stimulant. When a man becomes familiar with his golden, she quickly sinks into a woman. Old age is likewise a great decayer of your belle. The truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy being than your superannuated belle, especially when she has contracted such airs and behaviors as are only gauds of the world. These superiors are about her. Considering, therefore, that in these and many other cases the *woman* generally outlives the *belle*, our fair readers ought to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired; in order to obtain which, they must endeavor to make themselves the objects of a respectful and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, dress, or fashion, but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are best acquainted with them.

#### A DISINGENUOUS MANT.

It is no mark of a gentleman to swear. The most worthless and vile, the refuse of mankind, the drunkard and the prostitute, swear as well as the best dressed and educated gentlemen. No particular endowments are requisite to give a finish to the art of swearing. The basest and meanest of mankind swear with as much fluency and skill as is in use among the nobles; and he that wishes to degrade himself to the very lowest level of pollution and shame, should learn to be a common swearer. Any man has talents enough to curse God, and imprecate perdition on himself and their fellow-men. Profane swearing never did any man any good. No man is the richer for being wiser, or happier for it. It helps no one's education or manners. It commends no one to any society. It is disgusting to the refined, abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; reprehensible, needless, and injurious to society; and unwisely to profane His name, to call His vengeance down, to curse Him, and to invoke His vengeance, is perhaps of all offences the most awful in the sight of God.

#### MAN AND WOMEN—THE DIFFERENCE.

Women in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more highly volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very soul, we shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not grow too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy—women by a thoughtless gaiety. When these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fastidious. Taking

these facts as a basis for our premises, we may conclude that men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good humor of the wife. When these are rightly tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.

## YANKEE NOTIONS.

ARMY ARITHMETIC.—"Division," and "Practice."

A WOMAN'S FAIRIDE AND A SAILOR'S GUIDE.—The needle.

WHAT IS MOST LIKELY TO BECOME A WOMAN?—A little girl.

WHAT you are sure to get if you upset a hive?—Bees' whistles!

WHY is rained bacon like an angry man?—Because it cures up rusty.

WHEN are kisses sweetest?—When they are surreptitiously obtained.

BY A FRENCH SAILOR.—"Pas do grog? Cela fait des grognards!"

IF a lodger weighs fourteen pounds, how many stamps does it require to post it?

NO person can look handsome or interesting when sucking an orange.

WHY is a four-quart jug like a lady's side-saddle? Because it holds a gal-*on*.

WHY is an orderly schoolmaster like the letter C? He makes ladies into classes.

THOSE who eat eggs don't think of the pain of the hen in laying them.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The homeliest of all the African races are the Bunney tribe.

ONE of the recruiting tents in New York has this motto: "Come in out of the Draft."

WHY are fixed stars like wicked old men?—Because they scintillate. (Sin till late.)

WHY is a woman living up two pair of stairs like a goldfish?—Because she is a second *Floira*.

WHY is the circulation of the blood sometimes suspended? Because it attempts to circulate in *coin*.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.—Since the United States Army charged its Base the Press has changed its Tenor.

WHY does a person who is poorly lose his sense of touch? Because he don't feel well.

WHY, in moving from a house, ought you to leave the washhand basins behind? Because they are not ewers.

SENTIMENT BY A CITY ALDERMAN.—"We can put up with Mock Turtle, but Mock Auctioneer is rather too strong for us."

USEFUL.—To support shirt collars during the present run of hot weather, a genius down East has invented a set of pulleys which pass over the ears.

ADVICE TO CINCINNATI, THE PORK CITY.—Should any of the rebel crew succeed in effecting an entrance into your city, Pork their eyes out.

TO NATURALISTS.—What smaller birds does a swan, while feeding, recall to the mind of the "mash gazer"?—"End of swallows."

CEMENT AT SEC.—"I drink champagne when I want to write," said the poet; "I can always get Rhymes from champagne." And champagne from Reims," said X.

A DOGGY CONJURE.—What sort of dog reminds one of a bird? A Sky-terrier—because when you play with one it's a sky-lark.

PATRIARCHAL.—A very precocious young man in Boston, blessed with the name of Isaac, says that "if he is drafted, Abraham will be offering up Isaac as a sacrifice."

QUAKERISH.—A quaker said to a gauner, "Friend, I counsel no blasphemy; but, if it be thy desire to hit the little nut in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower."

HARD ON M.D.s.—A Western editor speaks of the circumstance of a bird building its nest upon a ledge over the door of a doctor's office, as an attempt to rear its young in the very jaws of death.

HALF-PRICE NIGGERS.—The slaves in the South when they wish to be severe on each other, say: "Go along, half-price niggers, you wouldn't fetch fifty dollars, and I am wot a thousand."

NO DANGER.—"Mr. Engineer, is there any danger?"—"Of what, madam?"—"Of the steam's bustin'?"—"No, marm; the only thing that 'busts' on this locomotive are the boiler and engineer."

GREASY.—Have you Goldsmith's Greece? asked a gentleman on entering a bookstore. "No, sir, but they have some excellent bear's oil in the next door," replied the counter boy.

IS HE?—Is a wheelwright necessarily a good spokesman? Is he the friend of good fellows? Does he ever tire at his work? Is he in business up to the hub?

LYING.—The medical journals treat of the evil of lying too much in bed. The habit of lying out of bed seems to us the greater evil. This world, however, is given to lying any how.

THE STICKING POINT.—We have just heard that the "Zouaves d'Afrique" are fed chiefly on gum-Arabic, with a view, no doubt, to bring the courage to the "sticking point." Curious, isn't it?

THE DIFFERENCE.—Nothing was so much dreaded in our schoolboy days as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah, the force of education. In after years we learn to submit to such things without shuddering a tair.

WANTED.—A thin man, who is used to the business of collecting, to crawl through key-holes and find debtors who are "never at home." Salary, nothing the first year, to be doubled each year after.

THE FURLONG.—"Your son is coming home, is he not?" "Yes, he is." How is he coming?" "On a furlong." "What kind of a thing is that?" "Don't know," kept they say it will travel faster nor a horse."

PATHOLOGICAL-CULINARY SENTIMENT.—Corn and tomatoes make an excellent soup, and why not? Is not the word Corn inseparably connected with our idea of a Toe-martiny?

DIFFICULT.—"Tom," said a man to his friend a day or two since, "I think it highly dangerous to keep the bills of small banks on hand nowadays." "Tim," said the other, "I find it far more difficult than dangerous."

AN EXEMPT.—"An Israelite" asks the Brooklyn *Daily Times* why his fellow-Israelites should not be exempted from the draft. Pork, which constitutes a large part of the army rations, is forbidden to them.

NOT "STRAINED."—The following is from an Illinois paper:—"For sale at the 'Red Store,' two hundred pounds of honey. To prevent mistakes, the subscribers may as well state that 'Like the attributes of mercy, it is not strained.'"

DIETETIC.—"You seem afraid to eat nothing," remarked the landlady, as the lodger helped himself thrice to cucumbers. "Yes, madam," replied the lodger, "when I can get something!"

CIDER V. WATER.—"Mr. A., I understand you said I sold you a barrel of hard cider that had

water in it." "No, no," was the reply, "I only said you sold me a barrel of water with a little cider in it."

ANTI-SPIRIT.—A Western editor has such an antipathy to the new doctrine of spiritualism, that he will no longer have his paper printed on a sheet of "medium" size, his objects to having it enveloped in "wrappers."

SECOND LOVE.—"Do I believe in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? and when it's gone don't he want another pound, and isn't that sweet, too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love."

RIGHT.—A Western exchange threatens that if all the old bachelors in the town where it is published do not get married in three months, it will give a list of their names in its columns. These are war times, the bachelors should remember.

HANDY.—The editor of the *Boston Post* says that a newly invented dozen-bladed knife has been made by a Yankee out of which, in addition to its blades, a corkscrew, a bodkin, a hair brush, and a bootjack, besides a season ticket to the theatre.

BREAD STUFF.—An invention is reported by which may be obtained "a very sweet bread, full of eyes, and extremely light." Bread "full of eyes" would, we judge, serve as the spectacles no less than the "staff of life."

TRAPPING.—A Canadian paper tells us how one Miss Philbrick set a trap for a bear, and how the bear badly carried the trap away. We have heard of cases of worse fortune; in which a lady, in her illness, not only set a trap for a beast, but absolutely caught him.

FROM THE RURAL DISTRICTS.—A "Pastoral Belle," writes to a New York paper and says that she "lives, and moves, and has her being in old English poetry." To inquire whether "Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy" is subject to a Draft. Belle, be, Miss—of buttermilk!—says the Editor.

CHETING ORDERS.—A jailer in a Western State has received orders not to keep his prisoners in solitary confinement. Once, when he had but two in charge, one escaped; and he was obliged, in consequence, to kick the other out of doors, in order to comply with the regulation.

PIE-PLANTS.—A horticulturist advertised that he would supply all sorts of trees and plants, especially "pie-plants of all kinds." A gentleman thereupon sent him an order for "one package of custard pie seed, and a dozen of mince-pie plants." The gardener promptly fulfilled the order by sending him four goose eggs and a small dog.

A CHARACTER.—Practice says: "A chap sometimes comes in our office and sits hour after hour without telling a word of truth during the whole time. He can outwit a hen, and outdo the devil." He must be one of the telegraph reporters for the Associated Press.

THAT'S SO.—"There's a great variety of honors in this life," remarked New York Jones, sentential, "but just now, the one in particular that strikes me as being especially noble, and deserving of success." "What's that, sir?" asked the bystander, dreamily. "The permit of the Hebel Invaders!" replied J.

THE GRAYINGS OF MIGHTY THIRSTER.—It is interesting to trace the studies thirtered after by great minds. Our heavy daily writers, who are not so much, dive deeply into Lexicography. Louis Napoleon, who has a talent for suppressing words, finds an occasional solace in the study of Mexicography.

"SOME" FEET.—A poorly young friend of ours the other day contemplated for some minutes the ponderous dimensions of a bystander's feet, and then, in a tone of utter



wonder, said, as he surveyed the man's upper works: "You'd have been a mighty tall man if they hadn't bent you off so far up."

**BARNUM.**—The greatest curiosity in his collection is the beautiful fat girl—Miss Jant Campbell—but, eighteen years of age, and weighing "six hundred and twenty-eight pounds." She is still growing, and, if she keeps on, bids fair to rival the redoubtable Lambert himself.

**WANTED.—A DOCTOR.**—The Government of Australia is said to be in want of a man "who would come out with the latest light on the treatment of lunatics." We think we could name other governmental officials who stand in need of the same leech. Australia is frank. Will the good example be followed?

**Dr. ANG.**—Mankind have called the various great eras of history by such names as the "Golden Age," "Iron Age," "Brass Age," etc.; etc. entitled the philosopher New York knacker: "I wonder what they will call the present age?" "The Post-age," answered the judge, handing him a ten-cent "currency" note.

#### A COOL OPERATION.

"Hello there, capting!" said a Jonathan to the captain of a canal packet on the Erie canal "what do you charge for a passage?"

"Three cents per mile and boarded," said the captain.

"Well, guess I'll take a passage, capting, 'seels' as how I'm kinder gin cont walking so far."

Accordingly he got on board just as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began to demolish the "fixins," to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all this fine eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably.

"How far is it, capting, from here to where I came on board?"

"Nearly one and a half mile," said the captain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four and a bit cents. But never mind, capting. I won't be small; here's five cents, which pays my fare to here. I guess I'll go ashore now—I'm kinder rested out."

The captain vanished for the cabin, and Jonathan went ashore. The captain did not take any more "way passengers" the remainder of the summer.

#### LOVE AND TOBACCO.

The following is a copy of letter that was picked up in the street.

"DEAR SWEET—Oh, my love of love, clarified honey and oil of citron, white loaf sugar of my hopes, and molasses of my expectations! you have been absent from me three whole days. The sun is dark at mid-day. The moon and moon and stars are blackened out at absent."

"Thy step is the music of the spheres, and the wind of thy gown when you pass is as a zephyr from the garden of Paradise in the spring-time of early flowers. I kissed you when we last met, and my whole frame was filled with sweetness. One of your curls touched my nose, and that curl was transmuted to lost sugar. Oh, spices of spices—garden of delights, send me a lock of thy hair—send me anything your blessed fingers have touched, and I will go raving mad with ecstasy. One look from you would transmute me into the third heaven. Your words are motion, pearls dropping from your mouth—my heart beats to lost sugar. Oh, of thee. My brain is an everlasting fire. The blood burns and scorching my veins and vitals as it passes through them. Oh, come, most delightful of delights, and breathe upon me with thy scrap breath. When you come, be sure and bring that two shillings which you borrowed of me as I want to buy tobacco."

## DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL.

### WILMINGTON.

In the county of Washington, and State of Maryland, is a post-village on the north bank of the Potomac river, at the mouth of the Conococheague creek, and nine miles south-west of Hagerstown. It has the advantage of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal passing through it. It contains a bank, several churches, a respectable number of stores, and some very handsome private residences. Its population may be computed at 2,000 inhabitants. Whatever its business disadvantages may be in the present conflicting condition of the country, it will evidently gain in historical importance.

### HAVRE DE GRACE.

is a flourishing village of Harford county, in the State of Maryland. It stands on the west shore of the Susquehanna river, and at the head of the Chesapeake Bay. The Susquehanna canal terminates here, connecting the Chesapeake Bay with the canal of Pennsylvania. The Wilmington and Baltimore railroad passes through Havre de Grace, crossing the Susquehanna by fine large ferry boats, with passengers having to change cars, or get out of their seats. The town has very much improved since the construction of the canal. It contains several churches, stores, one printing office, and several elegantly constructed residences. This place is noted in American history as being burned in 1813, under admiral Cockburn. The present population of Havre de Grace may be estimated at 2,500.

### ANNAPOLIS.

is a city and capital of the State of Maryland. It is a port of entry in Anne Arundel county. It is situated on the right bank of the Severn river, and in the Annapolis and Elkridge railroad about two miles from the entrance of the Severn into the Chesapeake Bay. The city has three principal buildings in three separate parts of the city: the State House, the St. John's College, and St. Anne's church, which may be considered the three centres. From these centres the streets radiate, as a radius from the centre of a circle. Here are the Government-house, Episcopal, Methodist, and Roman Catholic churches. A seminary, a bank, and, of course, printing offices. A naval academy was established here in 1845. It derives its name from Queen Anne, in honor of whom it was called. Here it was that the Senate Chamber witnessed the oblong sweep of the revolutionary drama; and here, the immortal Washington resigned his commission to the Congress. This Senate Chamber is still preserved unaltered, in memory of the "Father of his Country," who, having done his work, was desirous to withdraw from the busy scenes of national to the quiet life of domesticity. The United States Naval Academy at Fort Severn has several professors and a large number of naval students. The tonnage of the port is about 3,000. Population about 5,000 inhabitants.

### CUMBERLAND.

the capital of Allegany county, in the State of Maryland, is a flourishing town. It is situated on the left bank of the noble Potomac river and on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It lies 179 miles west by north of Baltimore. It is the eastern terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, extending to Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, and enjoys an extensive navigable trade. It is not surpassed in any city in the State with respect to population, except Baltimore. It has many very fine and substantial buildings, displaying both elegance and comfort. It contains the public buildings and churches for a great many denominations. Several newspaper offices, several banks and saving institutions. In the vicinity of the town

are several flourishing mills, and large quantities of stone and coal are mined in the mountains, and but a few miles west of the town. All the anthracite coal from the Cumberland Mountains comes from here, and the quantity is very large, and the quality exceedingly good. The coal trade alone, gives a great impetus to the business of the town, and very considerably aids its importance. Like most of the towns of Maryland, Cumberland is surrounded with many lovely attractions, which please the eye and charm the heart of those who love to contemplate nature in her verdant beauty. The population is about 8,600. This town, too, among the many of the State, may become more interestingly known to the world generally, in consequence of the eventful scenes which always follow rapidly on in the march of civil war.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

### CANNING AND PRESERVING FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

To insure success in canning fruit and vegetables, but two things are necessary—that the fruit should be perfectly ripe, and well placed in the cans, and that these should be perfectly sealed. As far as our experience goes, we have found nothing superior to tin cans, soldered up by the tinner; but the tinner cannot be had by persons in the country; and there is often much vexation in attempting to have him at the exact hour and moment when wanted. There are various jars and cans which are self-sealing, to be obtained, and where it is certain that these are what they profess to be, it is easiest to use them; but not much should be relied upon uncertainty. Some kind of earthen jars and jugs are so porous as to be incapable of being rendered air-tight.

It is highly desirable that fruit and vegetables to be preserved should be *fresh*—that the process of decay and fermentation should not have commenced in them. Fruits are kept in better condition by adding as much sugar as is required to sweeten them for the table. Never use water in heating up fruit, unless it is little to make a syrup of the sugar. It renders them tasteless and insipid.

Tin cans should be opened by placing live coals upon the solder; it will melt in a few moments. A warm flat-iron may be used to soften the cement of the self-sealing cans.

**FRUITS.**—Let them be stewed with sugar for five minutes, and sealed up hot. It must always be kept in mind that the quantity of sugar used has no bearing upon the preservation of the fruit, beyond the quantity necessary to prepare them for the table. The damson plum, stewed with a small quantity of sugar, makes a very delicious sauce for meats. Damsons were preserved last summer by expressing the juice from a quantity, heating it up to the boiling point, pouring it over the fruit, and sealing it at once. The juice, when it grew cold, formed a thick jelly in which the fruit was imbedded.

**STRAWBERRIES.**—Sugar the strawberries, using about half-a-pound to a pound of berries, and let them stand ten minutes; then put them into a wide, shallow, preserving-pan, so that they may become heated as quickly as possible, and let them boil three or four minutes. Fill the cans or jars, and seal them while the vessels shall be scalded immediately before the fruit is put in, so as to heat them thoroughly. For flavoring ice-cream, &c., take fine ripe strawberries, mash them with an equal weight of sugar, put in the preserving-kettle and boil up once. Then seal while hot.

**BLACKBERRIES.**—It is more important that these berries should be fresher than any others, except strawberries. They are simply to be stewed with sugar ten minutes, and sealed up.



# THE SCRAP BOOK

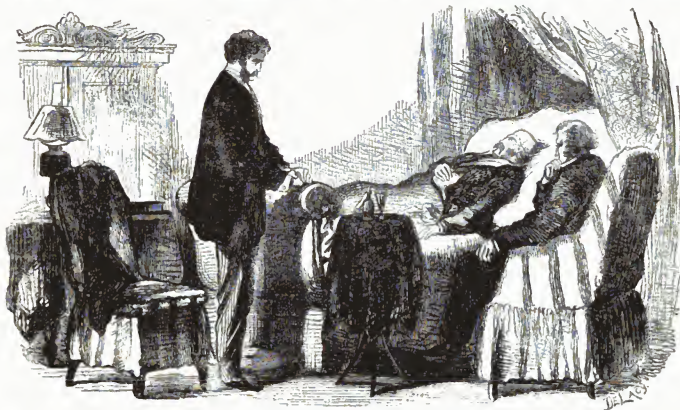
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ONE PENNY.



RETURNING CONSCIOUSNESS.

## ASTREA:

OR,

### THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the New York Ledger.)

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"THE HIDDEN HAND," "DOGS BLENDED," "ETIOLOGA,"

"THE DOOM OF DEWILLY,"

&c., &c., &c.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE MOTHER'S JOY.

I feel within my soul a springing joy!  
A rapture which no language can express!  
An ecstasy, that mothers only know,  
Plays round my heart and brightens up my sorrow,  
Like gleams of sunshine in a lowering sky.

PHILITE.

MONEY does so well lubricate all the wheels  
and pulleys of civilized life, that by its liberal

application all the arrangements for the journey  
were satisfactorily completed within an  
hour.

A handsome and commodious travelling car-  
riage, drawn by two strong roadsters, stood be-  
fore the door.

Madame De Glacie, in a black silk dress,  
mantle and bonnet, attended by her maid,  
carrying a carpet bag, came down and was  
handed into the back seat by Captain Fuljoy.  
Madame Elise was placed in front of her. Captain  
Fuljoy and Mr. Dunbar then mounted two-saddled  
horses that were led around for the purpose,  
the order was given and the carriage started,  
the two cavaliers riding in attendance.

It was a fine day, and the freshness of the  
air, the motion of the carriage, and, above all,  
the expectation of seeing her daughter, so ex-  
cited the spirits of Madame De Glacie, that she  
became agitated for the first time in many

years, the gay, witty and fascinating Italian  
woman. In the innocent hilarity of her heart,  
she so often summoned the captain to the  
carriage window, and so flattered and be-  
wildered the honest and susceptible old sailor,  
that he scarcely knew whether he rode upon  
horse-back or stood upon the quarter-deck.

And ever after one of these sallies from the  
fair marquis, the simple old bachelor would  
fall back into the rear of the carriage, furiously  
blushing, and saying to himself—

"Egad, I must remember that I am a married  
man with a wife waiting for me up in Heaven,  
or I'll be dashed (I was going to say) if I do  
not fall over head and ears in love with my  
little Daney's mother before I know where I  
am!"

"Little Daney's mother?" Yes, that was  
the charm the lady possessed for the honest old  
man. He "didn't care a bottle" for the fair,



"What bridle and groom?" inquired the major, with his teeth audibly chattering.  
 "Oh! I didn't hear their names; but some bridlegroom has been behaving badly to his bridle—doing something for which he ought to be hanged. As far as I could gather from the conversation of the men in the bar-room of the 'Whetstables,' the delinquent bridlegroom had gone to sleep in his arm-chair on the first night that he brought his bridle home; and it is really odd that I find lavaging a very mild punishment for such an inexcusable brute. Do you know anything about it?"

"Nothing whatever," answered the major, with his teeth going like a pair of castnets.

"Oh! see here, you know, this won't do! It will turn to a consequence again! You must take something immediately! Miss Elms, I dare say you have some lady in your travelling bag. Will you be good enough to dispense some of that water-of-life to my friend here?"

"The femme-de-chambre, with a 'Certainement, your plénitude, Monsieur! produced a fairy flask, which Major Burns unhesitatingly applied to his lips."

"You feel better now?" said the captain.

"Butter," echoed the major.

"Ah! it was only the night air. Old coves like you and I should be careful of ourselves."

"Now tell me, have you seen my little Daney since her marriage?"

"I have not," said the captain.

"Yes, I have seen Colonel Greville."

"How long since?"

"On the day before yesterday."

"It was well?"

"And Daney was also well, of course?"

"I did not see her."

"Butler, man! you inquired after her, I suppose? and can tell how she was?"

"The major did not reply."

"And the captain suddenly turned upon him again."

"See here, Major Burns! here is something wrong! Is my little Daney ill, that you do not reply?"

"Upon my word and honor, I do not know. I never heard she was ill; and I have no reason to suppose that she is," said the major, telling a literal truth, but a spiritual falsehood.

"Humph! I am sickly, I believe," commented the captain, settling himself to compose.

"All is well, Monsieur, I hope," said the lady, who had overheard a part of the conversation.

"Oh, yes, Madame; except that I am an irritable old bachelor, heaven help me!"

"And now observe, Madame; how peacefully the little green wadded loo reposes upon the calm bosom of the water, while the fire-fringed shores of the mainland seem to encircle the whole scene with an embrace."

"Ten minutes more and we shall reach that lovely lake, and your daughter will be in your arms. Think of the surprise and joy for her."

"Her daughter!"

"The captain had been betrayed into speaking out the truth. Major Burns heard and wondered—but did not venture to ask an explanation of what appeared to him to be inexplicable words."

"The little boat sped onward, and soon ran up into the tiny cove, the usual landing place at the Isle."

"The captain sprang upon shore lightly, as though he had been but eighteen instead of eighty—handing out the machine, leaving the boat to the civilities of the young lawyer."

"I hope you will do us the pleasure of coming up to the house and spending the evening, Major Burns," said the captain, without, however, the most distant idea that the major would accept his invitation.

"I must, I suppose," answered the miserable

little magistrate in a reprehensive tone, and to the infinite astonishment of the old sailor, who again muttered to himself—

"Something quite wrong about Burns—very wrong—can't think what's the matter with him—going crazy, I'm afraid."

But the moment was too interesting upon other accounts to allow the honest old man's mind to dwell much upon the supposed caprices of his own companion; and so, taking the arm of Madame de Glacie within his own, he respectfully conducted her towards the house.

The evening was still beautiful in its green and dewy summer freshness; the moon was still flooding woods and waters with her pure and radiant light; the island was always quiet and peaceful in the extreme, and especially so at night, but now it was more than usually so; an air of awful stillness and solemnity seemed to overhang the scene; everyone felt its influence. The captain sought to break the spell, by calling out cheerfully to his companions—

"How astonished they will be to see us. How little people ever know what is about to happen to you next!"

"How little indeed!" cried the major.

"There you are again, you old killjoy. I'll tell you what, major, you are suffering under a very bad attack of indigestion. You're been eating soft crabs, and water melons, and curds and whey, and dence knows what else, and they've all fermented together, and filled your brain with foul vapors. But, never mind, you come up to the house, and the night of my pretty Daney and my brave Falke will disperse them," said the old man, heartily.

"Um-m!" moaned the major. "Captain, as soon as you reach the house, consign the lady and her companion to Miss Elsie's care, and then come away with me into the library; I wish to have a private interview with you."

"What, before I have embraced my little Daney, or shaken the hand of Falke?"

"Yes."

"I be dashed, then (I was going to say), if I do."

"Um-m-m," groaned the major.

"I say it, and I stand to it, that soft crabs are bad things to take! Just see how they oppress you now!" growled the captain, who, having arrived at a satisfactory theory of the major's indisposition, firmly cherished the theory.

"A few steps further brought them to the house."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE OLD MAN'S GRAVE.

He looked the very statue of despair.  
 As if the lightning blast had dried him up,  
 And had not left him moisture for a tear! MARTIN.

"Why, it is all shut up and darkened! And there is not a soul to be seen. Take us we sit out the moon at this hour!" said the captain, impatiently springing upon the door-sill and sharply ringing the bell.

Twice or thrice he rung it before it was answered. At length the door was opened, and Mandy appeared with a single candle, and a scared visage. The hall was all in darkness except for that one candle.

"How do, Master? All well? Why are you in the dark? Where is your young master and mistress? Sitting at some back window, I suppose, gazing at the moon. Show us into the drawing-room, and let them know I am here!" said the captain, hurrying question upon question, and without waiting for them to be answered, leaving order upon order.

But Mandy stood gazing upon him in bewilderment and great sorrow.

"Well! why the devil (I was going to say), don't you go?"

"Oh, Marso, oh, my poor, dear old Marso! I go all Miss Hittable," cried Mandy, rushing away with a perfect host of distress.

"Now, what the demon (I was going to say),

is the meaning of all this? Madame, let me lead you to the drawing-room. There will be lights in a moment! I suppose the lights are out in these remote regions, or I should soon have an illumination." And the old man, as he respectfully conducted the lady into the saloon, and guided her through the darkness to a sofa,

"Seat yourself, Madame, and I will go and see if I can find anyone. These lovers, you know, are mooning somewhere or other, and our cousin you had frightened that negro girl out of her wits. She is but a rustic!" explained the captain, as he felt about among the cushions, and arranged them comfortably for his guest's repose.

"Captain, captain, for the love of heaven console away with me somewhere. I have something to say to you privately," urged the major.

"Presently, presently, my good friend! I must see to the comfort of my visitors first."

"Captain, for Heaven's sake—"

"Now, don't be irritable! It is all from the effects of the soft crabs; take care you don't indulge in them again somewhere or other."

"Oh, heaven! you are a man who will not hear reason! It is you who will not take advice! It is you who will pull down an avalanche upon your own head, that might otherwise be broken in its descent. And before strangers, too! Heaven help you!" cried the major, in a voice of anguish.

"What the devil (I was going to say), do you mean? What business can you have with me that cannot wait until I have made my guests comfortable and embraced my little Daney?"

"I will tell you if you will come with me into the library," urged the distressed little fishman.

"To the demon with you for a sturdy beggar (I was going to say), can't you comprehend that I can not leave Madame de Glacie until I have presented her daughter and son-in-law to her? Yes; that is the relationship, if you must know. You are aware that I always said that my little Daney belonged to some noble French family, and so it has turned out. There, now, that is the reason why I cannot go with you to talk politics—or whatever it is. I must wait here to present my little Daney to her mamma. And, by the way, where is my little Daney. And why the deuce don't she come?" said the captain in good-humored impatience.

"Oh, heaven! she will never come again!" burst in desperation from the lips of the major.

"Eh! what?" exclaimed the old man; but before he could answer another word, the door was burst open, and Mandy appeared with a red and a flaming lamp, that filled the room with a murky light, followed by Miss Elsie, who, rushing past everyone else, ran and threw herself upon the captain, shaking with agitation, and crying out with anguish—

"Oh, captain! captain! oh, my poor, dear old friend!"

"What—what's the matter?" gasped the old man, for the first time, and trying to stand up against the mountain of Miss Elsie's weight.

"Oh, Daney! Daney!"

"Where is Daney? What abut Daney? Is she ill?" cried the captain, growing suddenly pale in the red glare.

"Oh, she is dead, dead! oh, murdered, my dear captain! murdered!"

"Murdered! NO," wailed the poor old man, in a voice perfectly indescribable in its blended expression of consternation, wonder, horror, and extreme anguish.

"Yes! yes! yes! murdered, and in her bed-chamber, and dragged away and cast into the sea."

"NO! I say NO! I cannot, it shall not be true! Where is her husband? where is Falke Greville?"

"Oh, it was himself that did it. He has been brought home to his door. He has been committed to prison to wait his trial!"

"No, I say! not it is as false as h—! Daney is alive and well. Folke Greville loves her as his own soul. They are away now somewhere, billing and cooing. Daney, my little Daney, answer me, child: where are you?" screamed the captain, throwing off Miss Hit, rushing from the room, and leaving the whole house with his agonizing cries.

"Miss Hit, you're a horrible fool; you always were, and now you're a great deal worse. Those late events seem really to have deprived you of the little sense you ever had, and to have cast you into your dotage. To go and overwhelm him in that way! I should drive him mad. Listen to him now!" fiercely exclaimed Major Burns, rushing out in search of his old friend whose sharp, agonized cries of "Daney, Daney," were heard ringing through the upper chambers.

"Help, Help! Madams has fainted," called out the lady's maid, in great alarm. "A glass of wine, for heaven's sake; quick, the lady seems dying," said Mr. Daubar, bending over the swooning form of the marquise, but speaking to Miss Hit.

"Go, Maady, and get it; I'm dying myself, I believe," sobbed the poor old body, sinking helplessly into a chair. "Mandy can and brought it, and Mr. Daubar knelt by the side of Madame de Glacis, and tried to force a few drops between her closed lips."

"Daney, Daney," sounded the piercing tones of the old sailor's voice, afar off in the attic above.

It was there Major Burns found him.

The major, who had been very much agitated in anticipation of the effect this blow would have upon his old friend, now that it had fallen became composed. He came upon the old man rearing wildly through the attic chambers, and calling in a voice of piercing anguish.

"Daney! Daney! where are you hiding, you little witch? It is very cruel of you to play such a trick on your poor old grandpa! Daney, Daney, my child, come out. They are making a jest here of the old man. Come to me, my dear. I am old, I am childish, I cannot bear jesting. Daney, Daney, I say!"

"Captain, what, captain, old friend!" cried the major, throwing his arms around him, and trying to stop him in his wild run—"what captain, old friend, recollect yourself, compose yourself, be a man!"

"Let me go, I want my Daney, I am famishing, freezing with cold, they have—Daney, Daney, where are you, Daney?" he cried, breaking from the little major, and running madly down the stairs.

At the foot of the lowest flight of stairs he was stopped by Mr. Daubar, who threw out his arms to arrest him, and said earnestly:

"Captain, for heaven's sake, try to calm yourself. If this be indeed true, for the sake of all who depend upon you in this awful crisis, be yourself!"

"Stand out of my way, or I will knock you down. I want my Daney. And I will have her—yes, I will have her, though the earth or the sea has swallowed her. Stand out of my way, I say. When I fell a man I finish him, I cried the phrenised old sailor, hurling the youth from his path, and rushing down into the lower regions of the house, where his voice was soon heard reverberating through the cellars in wailing cries of "Daney! Daney!"

"I must go after him. Bless heaven's sake, send for a doctor. How is this poor lady?" eagerly spoke the little major.

"Her maid has got her into bed; she is very ill. I have already sent to Comport for a physician. And I will go now and help you to lock the captain; you cannot manage him alone," said the young man, following Major Burns down into the cellar.

But the captain had already traversed their whole extent, and hurried up the back stairs, and out into the grounds, still calling out the

name of the night with agonizing cries upon the name of his lost child. They followed him at a short distance behind, to see that he came to no personal harm. As to restraining him, no two men could have done that with the iron frame of that vigorous old octogenarian, while nerves were so strong to their highest pitch of tension by a phrensy of excitement. Through and through, over and over, round and round the island they followed him, as he strode about, calling in ear-piercing anguish upon the name of his child.

For hours they followed him thus, until at length they noticed that his voice grew weaker, and he reeled in his run. Then once more they attempted to lead him into the house. They came one on each side of him, and took his arms and placed their hands soothingly upon his shoulder, the major saying:

"What, captain! what, old soldier! you that have faced a thousand foes; you that could fight a thousand fields; will you yield to the mere affliction of his misdeeds! How would he send? Because yourself, old sea-lion! Think no more of your child; she is at rest! Think of vengeance."

But their touch seemed only to sting him into new strength; breaking violently from their hold, he ran on, calling as before. But his strength was far spent, he reeled and frayed staggered as he ran, his voice quavered and faltered as he called, and finally, when near the house again, he fell forward on his face, breathing forth, in an expiring voice, the incoherent words:

"Daney, Daney, I can seek you no more, my child; I am dying, and coming to you, my little Daney."

They approached him very cautiously; he was lying quiet still. They took his hand; it was cold and pulseless. They raised him gently in their arms; he was quite insensible. They carried him into the house and up into his chamber, and laid him on his bed, where he remained like a dead man.

"Shall I open a vein? I have some skill in bleeding a patient; and always carry a lancet about me," said the major.

"No; I would prefer that we should leave him to nature until the doctor's arrival," answered the young man.

They sat, two anxious watchers, by the sick bed, until the doctor was shown into the room.

He took the very measures that had been previously recommended by Major Burns for the recovery of the patient. He bled the old man; and as soon as he saw symptoms of returning consciousness, he prepared and administered a composing draught that quieted his nerves, and he sank into a restoring sleep. The two anxious watchers remained in the room; the major extended upon the sofa, and the young lady seated upon the arm chair.

Meanwhile the doctor visited the bedside of the lady. He found her sensible, though very weak, and attended by Miss Hit and her own cousin, Madame Elise. He gave some careful directions for her treatment, and then retired to the parlors below, with the intention of remaining in the house until the morning.

Of the two sufferers, the lady was the first to recover the possession of her faculties. There were many good reasons for this. In the first place, she was younger and more elastic in constitution; next, she had been insured to suffer less; she had never since the infancy of her child been accustomed to her society; therefore her grief partook of the nature of a severe disappointment rather than that of a cruel bereavement; finally, she was not without hope; and that is a great moral support.

And thus it was that when she had taken the nervous stimulant prescribed by the doctor, she felt herself stronger and calmer, and turned to Miss Hit and said:

"Madame, it was you, I think, who spoke of my daughter's fate, for she was my daughter,

and only child. Will you now be so good as to tell me all the particulars?"

"Ma'am, it seems to me I never can do right, do what I may. You heard how that old brute of a Major Burns blowed me up for telling the captain."

"No, I did not."

"Oh, no, no, you didn't. I was faint, Well, he did, then; he called me a horrible fool, and said that I had driven the captain mad. And now, you see, if you should be taken were through anything that I should tell you, the blame would be laid on me."

"I shall not be worse in danger of the first shock is past; the rest may be very cruel, but it can be borne. Tell me all you know of my child's fate."

The major had told the truth of Miss Hit, in one respect. The tragic events of the week had precipitated her to the borders of dotage, she also would never have ventured to relate to a fragile, nervous, invalid woman the horrors of that fatal morning in the bridal chamber. It was well that she did so, however. "Fools rush in where angels dare not tread," and often the fools are in the right of it.

The lady lay and listened calmly to the whole of the narrative, not only of the supposed discovery of the murder, but of Daney's whole life at the island, as far as it was known to Miss Hit herself—including Daney's infancy, childhood, and youth; her love, courtship, and marriage; her arrival at the island, her supposed murder and its discovery; and the circumstances which had pointed out her bridegroom as the assassin; his examination; and his commitment to prison.

"And you really assume Monsieur le Colonel Greville to have been the assassin?" said the lady, with wonderful coolness.

"I do, ma'am."

"Then I do not, madame!" said the Italian lady.

"But why, ma'am?"

"Simply, madame, because I do not believe that there has been any murder committed."

"But, ma'am, consider! the blood upon the floor! the violent disorder of the furniture! the general appearance of desperate struggle!"

"Those seeming evidences could have been easily arranged for the very purpose of misleading investigation. Whereas, if such a desperate struggle as they seem to indicate had really taken place, it must have been heard by every person in the house. Therefore, you see, it could not have taken place. Consequently, my child could not have been violently murdered; no—she was quietly drugged and abducted. Her unhappy husband was, no doubt, also drugged into that deep sleep of which he spoke," said the lady with marvellous calmness, that was, no doubt, to the powerful nervous she had been brought to.

Miss Hit began to gasp for breath.

"If I thought—if I thought," she said, "that there was any chance of little Daney being alive, I should break my heart for pure joy."

"She is alive," said the lady, with confidence, "and now we must see Monsieur le Capitaine as soon as possible."

"The captain is very ill; the shock has nearly killed him! he is sleeping now under the influence of an opiate, and the two gentlemen are watching with him," said Miss Hit.

"Nevertheless, as soon as he awakes in the morning, I must be admitted to an interview with him; for I have what to suggest to him which will restore him more effectually than all the doctor's drugs!"

"Ma'am, I think you had better try to go to sleep yourself, if you wish to be able to talk to the captain to-morrow. Here is your second draught; it is time to take it, and really, if you wish to be well, you must lie still and not speak for I have what to suggest to him," said Miss Hit, presenting the potion.

"I believe you are right," replied the lady, swallowing the liquid, and then composing her

self upon her pillow. Madame Elise was already asleep. Miss Hit resolutely settled herself in the large arm-chair, and closed her eyes.

Her deep, sonorous breathing soon assured the listener that she also was in the land of dreams. It was long, however, before Madame De Glacière's active brain yielded to the power of the drug, and she likewise fell asleep. Under the influence of the powerful opiate she slept tranquilly and unconsciously it was very late in the day when she awoke. The composing effect of the drug was entirely past off, consequently with retreating consciousness and memory came back the bitter pangs of cruel disappointment and terrible anxiety. But, after all, sleep had recuperated her physical powers, and thus she felt strong to bear her mental troubles. She looked around herself. Her attendance was changed. Miss Hit and Madame Elise had both disappeared, and a cheerful-looking colored girl waited beside her. She sat up in bed, and feeling quite equal to the effort of rising and making her toilet, she called upon the girl to assist her.

But Mandy, for it was herself, only ran out of the room and down the stairs, and presently returned, accompanied by Miss Hit, and bringing a strong cup of coffee.

"How do you find yourself this morning, ma'am?" inquired the old lady, sitting down beside the patient, while Mandy offered the cup of coffee.

"I am better, thank you, and quite ready to rise. But how is Monsieur le Capitaine?" inquired the lady as she received the cup from the negro girl and quaffed its contents.

"The captain is quite composed; he seems to have come to himself; he appears to understand it all now, and he is sitting up in his chair; to-morrow he is going to visit Mr. Fulkerson, I mean Colonel Greville, in his prison; the doctor will not consent for him to go to-day."

"Will you send and inquire when he will receive me?"

"He will see you as soon as you please, ma'am. He asked for you the first thing when he came to himself this morning, and your doctor would not allow you to be disturbed."

"Then send and let him know that I can be with him in ten minutes, if convenient to himself."

"Maudy, you go and tell your master that Madame De Glacière is awake and will visit him almost immediately," said Miss Hit.

Mandy disappeared to do her errand. Madame De Glacière made a hasty toilet, and had quite completed it by the time that Mandy returned to say that her master would receive the lady at once.

"Will you be so good as to attend me, madame?" inquired the marquise.

Miss Hit got up, pinking and blowing, and prepared to comply. They went together to the captain's apartment, which was a spacious front room on the right-hand side of the central hall, and of course, directly opposite to the fatal bridal chamber, which, by the way, had been the temporary sleeping apartment of Madame De Glacière. They found the captain seated in his large arm-chair at the open window. He had just breakfasted, and was smoking a pipe, and stood by his side. He looked fearfully broken since the night before. He tottered to his feet to greet his guest, but immediately sank back exhausted into his chair. Even that little effort had been too much for his exhausted nervous system.

But the lady approached him with looks full of sympathy, compassion, and respect, saying, as she took both his hands—

"Courage, my dear and good friend, your little Dany is not dead. There never was any proof of her death; nor even any good reason for supposing her dead; therefore, she still lives; I feel sure of it; I, her mother, who cannot be deceived."

"Ah, then, madame, if such be the case, if

she has not been basely murdered, what then has become of her?" moaned the captain.

"She has been abducted, just as she was before, by the same parties, and for the same purpose. I feel well assured of that; but courage, Monsieur! we shall see her again. She is no longer a baby, as she was in the first instance. She is a young woman with memory, judgment and will. If I read her portrait aright, she will not suffer herself to be wronged; she will find means of escape, or of making her situation known to her friends. In the mean time, we must advertise in all the papers of the country, stating the facts of her abduction, describing her person, and offering large rewards for information respecting her. Come up, Monsieur le Capitaine. I have not found my long-lost daughter, after so many years of separation, to lose her again so soon forever. I have more trust in Providence than to believe that. We shall recover her soon. She will be safe. Be sure of that. Courage, old friend."

(To be continued in our next.)

### THE ESCAPE OF THE FUGITIVES. AN EPISODE OF MORMON LIFE.

BY M. SILLIMAN.

AN ordinary one-story cottage was pointed out to me as the residence of my old friend Brown. Years before, we had lived side by side in a quiet New-England village; but quiet New-England villages are not always exempt from the inroads of superstition. Mormonism found its way into our quiet precinct, and our old friend, John Brown, then a young man of five-and-twenty, and his amiable young wife, the daughter of a Baptist deacon, were carried completely away by it. In spite of the friendly remonstrances of neighbors, and the pious horror of a few rigid churchmen, John Brown followed his interest in the paternal cause, and started with his infatuated brethren on their pilgrimage to the "City of the chosen."

Since that time we have heard from them only at rare intervals, and then through the medium of a private correspondence between Mr. Brown and his sister. For the season, indignant from the first, had steadily refused to enter into communication with one so entirely lost to a sense of religious rectitude, as this lost member of his domestic flock had proven. As to John Brown, he steadily ignored him, and was angered even at the mention of his name. He would never forgive the religious turncoat, nor. It was against the dictates of a fervent Puritanical conscience.

In the spring of 1850, on my way to California, across the plains, I had prevailed on my companions to come nearly a hundred miles out of their way through "Pratt's Common" into Salt Lake City, for no other ostensible purpose than that of trying to obtain a look at my old friend Brown.

By dint of much search and inquiry, I at last found the street in which he resided, and his abode was shortly after pointed out to me. It was a one-story cottage, with a tiled roof, as were indeed nearly all the houses I have seen, an exclamation of joy, and firmly I hugged me in my arms. Mr. Brown (and I looked in vain for the plurality) was less altered than her husband, but was equally gratified at the sight of an old acquaintance from her native Iowa.

In five minutes I discovered the secret that John Brown was no longer a Mormon, at least, in the sense of those whom he could trust; and I made bold to ask him what were his opinions now of the faith he had chosen.

"I think," said he, to use his own expressive words, "it's a damned nuisance; and you could find it so, had you seen one tenth part the iniquity that I have."

During this and subsequent visits—for our stay in Salt Lake was somewhat protracted—he gave me a great number of facts and incidents, all bearing with especial force upon the evils of polygamy, one of which, on account of its remarkable character, and as an illustration of the difficulty that young men in humble circumstances sometimes experience to their love affairs, I shall attempt in a somewhat homely fashion to relate:

"About two years ago," said my friend Brown, "a brickmaker named Barber—not a manufacturer, albeit, but a rough journeyman at day labor—was known to have suddenly disappeared, and as he was known also to be a disbeliever in the Mormon faith, from the bitter denunciations which he liberally heaped upon the saints whenever he happened to be under the influence of a very unsteady nervous system, it soon grew to be a current surmise that the Tribe of Dan had made away with him. However, that may be—and more satanic acts than this have been perpetrated in Salt Lake—he disappeared, and that very unaccountably, leaving a wife and one daughter, fourteen years of age, just as the inclement season was coming on.

Fuel was scarce—almost impossible to obtain; and the widow being, as I have stated, in destitute circumstances, she entered into an arrangement with an energetic young fellow named Bates, to give him the daughter at the end of two years, on condition of his supplying them with certain necessities of life, fuel included, during that time. Bates was a steady, likely young fellow—also a brickmaker by trade—and after working all day for his employer, he used to go back into the canons at night and cut wild sage enough to last the ensuing day. This is the only way so commonly resorted to by the poorer classes—and in this way the young brickmaker contrived to support the widow and her pretty daughter, Margery, and that with the utmost cheerfulness, till about three months ago, when one of the saints chanced to observe the increasing charms of the girl, and, as a very unsteady nervous system commenced working upon the weak points of the mother for the ostensible purpose of adding a new wife to the list which already adorned his harem. Learning how matters stood, he readily volunteered to furnish the money to buy off the previous claimant; but the young lover indignantly refused all overtures, and insisted on an immediate fulfillment of the contract. This, at the instigation of the saint, the widow peremptorily refused, and the young brickmaker forthwith brought an action against them. After considerable dillying, it was finally decided that a verbal agreement of that nature should not hold in law against the parent or guardian, in case the nonsensical parent or guardian be willing to refund to the prosecuting party a sum equivalent to that already received in consideration of such verbal agreement or promise.

Such was the ruling of the judges; and from that there was no appeal. Fortunately for the young brickmaker, the girl Margery had become sincerely attached to him, and had remained firmly upon his side through the whole transaction.

The morning after the decision, the young brickmaker came to my house in a great flurry, and begged me to accompany him a short way into the mountain.

I know all the circumstances attending his case, and had often sympathized with him while the trial was pending.

Without asking for explanations, I threw on my coat and followed him. He led the way down a steep, rocky, and very unfrequented canon, from whence we ascended higher up the mountain, till we came to a snug little cave



among the rocks, which was hidden from observation as we approached it by an abundant growth of wild sage. The interior was not far from the size of an ordinary room. In one corner I observed a heap of bark, which he informed me he had backed up there at night during the last three or four weeks.

"I shall wall up in front," said he, "all but a small aperture for a door and window; and there is a hole overhead, you observe, which looks as though it were put there on purpose for a chimney—I shall put one there. And here is my door and windows," he added, pulling aside a quantity of wild sage, and revealing a miscellaneous collection of articles almost efficient to set up house-keeping; "and Margery, the dear heart, knows just about the size of the furniture to spare. We didn't get to-night, if ever, far to-morrow is the time her mother has engaged to surrender her into the charge of the hypothetical villain who is at the bottom of all our troubles. And this, you understand, is all our hiding place till we can do better. I wanted something to put in the cupboard, purchase our provisions, and keep us generally posted. On casting about me for such a person, I could think of no one but you whom I dared trust; and so you see, Mr. Brown, I have resorted to let you into our secret. I have money, so you will be paid for all the trouble you are put to on our account. As soon, however, as the march is over, and no opportunity presents, it is our intention to appeal to some of the overland parties for protection, and accompany them to California. Once past the limits of the Mormon country, and we are safe. That, of course, is our only hope."

It was really interesting to see the fortitude of the young and persecuted couple, and so I determined to do what I could for them consistent with my own safety. That night the lovers disappeared, and the next day a good deal of excitement prevailed. The country was scoured for miles around, but fortunately no clue could be obtained. I then called on my friend one evening, with a basket of provisions on my arm, I picked my way through the dark canon to the cave where my young friends were secreted.

Two walls had already risen in front, a door had been neatly hewed, and the proposal window so adapted as to throw a sufficient light into the interior. A snug little fireplace, with a flue to carry off the smoke, had also shot up through the aperture above, and on the hearth a jolly fire was crackling, and tossing gigantic shadows of the young brick-maker and his mistress on the angular walls which surrounded them. I saw all this through the little bit of window before I tapped at the door. The fugitive sprang from his seat and immediately opened it.

"Come in, come in!" he said, relieving me of the basket, and leading the way. "The world never presented a more acceptable visitor, I assure you. Take a chair, and tell us all that has happened since our escape."

I did so, and then they thanked me, and were both very grateful. I am sure, for the visit. They talked over their affairs in the most cheerful and encouraging way; and the young fellow said he had been keeping a sharp look out all day, and should every day till consummation came.

"And by the way, Mr. Brown," said he, "you must procure us some disguise. We shall want some rough coats, and a couple of patched hats, for as those fellows wear on the overland journey, one must be large enough for me, you know. The other is for Margery. She has fitted her hair to pass by taking in a pair of mine; but she will need boots—my dress. She can stuff leaves in the feet if they are too large. We have talked it all over, and I, just now, we shall do it, you know; and I shall in the disguise equal our expectations, we shall have little to apprehend as our enemies."

I promised to obtain what was required, and he gave me a sum of money for that purpose. Two days afterward, I carried them the different articles which they mentioned, and a fresh supply of food.

"I am sure," said the young fellow, "there will be an overland party through the mountains before long. It is ten days since the last one came through, and that is a long time. Yes, a long time," he repeated, "when we consider they are coming in sometimes almost every day."

Two days later I started on my last visit to the cave of the fugitives (it would have been all my neck was worth had the sainted misanthrope I was up to), but just as I passed out of the city limit, I observed a tent pitched in the desert at a short distance to the right. I remained standing a moment to look at it, and while this occupied I heard the sound of footsteps approaching from one of the numerous paths that conducted into the mountain. I turned, and found myself face to face with a rugged customer, to appearance, as one might expect to find in a desert trail. He was attired in a coarse slough coat, and his features, particularly concealed by a heavy, black beard, were not the most prepossessing I imagined.

"Are you a Salt-Laker?" he demanded, sharply eyeing me from head to foot.

I answered in the affirmative, wondering what he would say next.

"I am glad, sir," he went on, "that you are willing to admit that fact. Now, sir, your name is Brown, is it not?—John Brown?"

I was bewildered, but gave an affirmative answer.

"Well, then, your object in this secretly visiting me is to discover me, Bates, and the girl have been found, and secretly removed from their hiding place."

I started with a visible look of alarm. Was it possible that my movements were secretly known to the Tribe of Dan? Yes, it was possible, and not only possible, but very probable; for was I not a Mormon? I was one of their secret emissaries? Certainly I had every reason to think so. But while this remained, trembling (I acknowledge it) with apprehension, my tormentor burst into a hearty laugh, and dropping his gruff tone and brazen manner, exclaimed in anything but an unfriendly key: "Well, Brown, I think there is a poor prospect of my escaping the clutches of the Philistines, since my friends don't know me."

"Good heavens!" cried I, starting back with surprise, "is it you, Bates?"

"Ay, you have guessed it! But you thought me—"

"One of the secret agents of Brigham, as I live. Your own mother would not mistrust you in those whiskers."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Brown."

He then went on and explained to me. He had discovered a company of emigrants that morning in Pratt's Canon, and on laying his eyes upon them, they had struck him as the fugitive lovers along with them. The whiskers he had procured of one of the party for a trifling consideration; and two days later, to make a long story short, I had the satisfaction to see the lovers safely en route for California.

Thus ended Mr. Brown's story; and before I left Salt Lake I had the curiosity to pay a visit to the cave of the fugitive, which, though now deserted, may, at some future time, serve as a palace for some of the Digger kings—if they have any.

## SALLIE BUCKLIN'S CHOICE;

### OR, THE VAIN HEART.

BY MARGERY VANCE.

The moonlight tangled the white skirts of its radiance across the fields, sowing the shadows together with threads of silver, fluttering in and out of hazey coils like a sweet, red-robed spirit, and changing the bands of dew upon the leaves

into tremulous pulses of white fire. It bent its soft, luminous tie against the green shore of the hills, and wrapped itself like a scarf of jeweled light about the gasp of autumn woods—blurring on the fiery crests of the maples—slumbering over the pale golden foliage of the elms, and turning the leafy emerald of the aspen, as they trembled in the night-wind, into swinging wreaths of silver.

It stole over former Bucklin's broad fields and rippling meadows, and broke at intervals in a thousand rivulets of light through the thick canopy of oak boughs which shaded his brown, low-roofed cottage. It sparkled over the pale face of Sallie Bucklin as she lingered in the narrow doorway, and crowned her upturned face with a halo. Even thus illumined and glorified by the celestial light, it was not a beautiful face. But there was a troubled expression coming and going in the dark, clear eyes, crossing the white brows like a shadow, and trembling about the red curve of the mobile lips, which for a moment made the unpraised countenance, in its soft setting of lambent light, like the face of a coming storm. It was the face of a woman, and not a divine presence which made her look and unlock with such rapid volence the slight hands she had clasped across her heart. It was an earthly shadow which clouded her young face and settled cold and dark about her heart. The involuntary "God help me!" which came from her lips, as she looked over the illumined landscape, was rather the forced cry of a tortured heart than the involuntary prayerful utterance of a loving and trustful one.

Ay, God help you, Sallie! for your woman's soul is weak, and within it the strong force of Love's delirium is at work, and the night wind against each other. The great needs of your life are very near you now—so near that the hem of their golden-white garments trails across the threshold of your troubled heart, as purely as the snowy drift of the moonshine across your forehead. It is the soft sleep of their guardian arms waiting for you, yes, look down into the holy depths of their serene and mournful eyes, and be guided by the mate prophecies which you read there, or your better may be the Calvary on which your bitter nature suffers crucifixion, and the lacrima of an unholiness is left to wander forever—no secured, through the life whose only saving influence it has been.

"And for bonnie Anne Laurie,  
I'd lay the down and die."

The tender melody of the old Scotch song floated to the young girl's ears as she stood there. Perhaps it was the words—perhaps it was the music of the mellow, manly voice, drifting nearer and nearer to her through the moonlight night, which wrought such a transformation in her whole face and figure. Her head was bent forward for an instant in an eager, listening way, and then thrown up suddenly erect, while a glad light gleamed into the crystal brownness of her troubled eyes, and a beautiful tenderness struggled up through all the sadness and pallor of her face.

"God help me!" she said, "I'd lay the down and die."

It was a tremulous whisper, inaudible save to her own frightened heart, yet it called a quick rose-bloom into the oval cheeks, and made the full white lips drop as with sudden shame. As if in reply to the tender summons, the next moment another shadow fell on the green—like a leaf from a tree—leaving a sudden, new face come between her and the moonlight. Ah, if it could only have come between her and temptation as easily!

"God help me!" she said, "I'd lay the down and die."

"You have been waiting for me, Sallie!"



The words were half assertion, half inquiry, and, unimportant as they seemed, Waverly West's whole heart hushed itself to listen for the answer!

"Yes," he had stood here ever since the moon came up."

"Rise up, my darling. That assurance argues well for the result of my visit. If you had not desired my presence, you would not have waited for me."

He caught both her hands in his as he spoke, and lifted them to his lips. They were red with kisses when he took them away, and he longingly held them forward in the moonlight, watching the little crimson stains which his kisses had left, as they faded away to their natural veined whiteness. For a little instant after he loosened his hold upon them, the soft hands lingered in his. Then they were quietly withdrawn, and a look, as if she had withdrawn her heart with them, came over Sally's face.

"Yet, last night at this time I was watching quite as anxiously for Mr. Webster."

Had she struck him in the face, he could not have turned upon her with a quicker, darker glance.

"Sally!" The bitterness of a passionate reproach was concentrated in that low, husky pronunciation of her name. She gave him a smile for answer, but it was a forced, unnatural one—without a glimmer of the heart's sunshine in it.

"Do you know what I have come here for to-night?"

"Yes, you have come to tell me that you love me—maybe to ask me to marry you!"

No blush accompanied the words—only that cold, constrained smile again. Women are not apt to forestall their lovers so, and the woman's heart beside her, chilled and depressed by her strange manner, was yet too true to its instincts not to understand that level of delicate machinery was all disarranged and out of order.

"How strangely you speak, Sally. I have heard market-women beat down their customers with that same hard tone with which you talk of love and marriage. But you have been so frank in stating the supposed object of my visit, that perhaps you will be equally communicative in regard to Mr. Webster's."

"Certainly. You come on very similar errands."

"You are so strangely confidential this evening, may I ask what answer you gave him?"

"If there was a little sarcasm in the query, his companion did not seem to notice it, as she replied:

"I have given him none as yet. I bade him wait until to-morrow."

"And if you cannot tell me what it was, tell me what it will be!"

"The opposite of the one I shall give you."

"He would have the night before questioning with him only for the dignity and fragility of her manner. The moon was not colder or calmer than she. So he could only follow out the tantalizing clue she gave him.

"And what will that be?"

"Do not answer questions until they are asked."

She half averted her head as she spoke, and stood with her ear inclined toward him, as if waiting. Nothing could have been more graceful, more suggestive, or more provoking.

"You are in a capricious humour to-night. You take a man's love from him whether he will or no. I am not sure but it is you who are making the proposal instead of me, after all."

She knit her brows impatiently. Evidently in spite of her trifling, she gave him no right to treat the matter lightly. He noticed the sign of displeasure, as it was, and it gave him a hope—there was a certain success.

"If I marry you? As God hears me, I will be a true and tender husband to you always, Sally. Will you?"

"No!"

The prompt, cold answer staggered him like an electric shock. He took a step backward from her, and stood with his face flushing and darkening angrily.

"You do not ask me why," she said, after a moment's silence.

"Nor shall I. I have finished my catechism. If you wish me to know, you can tell me."

"Very well. Listen. It is because you are poor, and Leonard Webster is rich. Because I have always from my childhood longed for just such a life of luxury and splendor as the one which now waits my acceptance; and I am not disposed to let the romantic dream of an short answer outweigh the yearning of a lifetime. That is all."

"If that is true—which God forbid, Sally, though you do not seem in jest—then you are a selfish, hard-hearted, unwomanly woman."

"I know it. I am selfish, and hard-hearted, and unwomanly, and yet you love me!"

There was tenderness, pride, exaltation in her voice. Her listener heard only the latter, and the hot, proud blood rushed up to his brows like a torrent.

"Yes—I will not deny it in the face of your shameless boast. I have loved you with all the strength of my soul, and I believe the day will come sometime to your life when you will comprehend what a heart it is you mock at so idly. I love you, you so well that, had you been one of those poor fallen women whose names are a by-word and a reproach, I could have braved the world's derision for your sake, and asked no reward but an affection one half as enduring as my own. Had you loved me as I have loved you, I would have taken you from the lowest pit of despair, and defied all beings to wrest you from me."

The young girl turned toward him with a world of tenderness flushing her face and burning through her humid eyes. With a quick, impulsive movement, she threw her arms about his neck, and let her soft cheek drop against his.

"I do love you, Waverly! better than anything in heaven or on earth. But for this wretched pride which God made a part of my nature, I would give my life to have your lips call me but once by the sweet name of wife."

She pressed her lips in one long, passionate kiss to his, and then struggled away from the close embrace in which he had clasped her.

"No," she said, when she saw the false hope her action had aroused kindling in his face.

"No—do not misunderstand me. I was too selfish to let you go away from me, till I had known one moment's happiness in your love. But the play is ended now. With that kiss I severed my life from yours as completely as death. I do not care if you live or die, and I would not have dreamed of this; yet the purposes of Heaven are not more irrevocable than this one of mine."

Stunned and speechless, Waverly West stood before the proud woman who had so wronged him. How like a marble statue she looked to him, with the moonlight on her pale cheeks and robes. A moment or so, and he had been free and dew—a woman with a woman's yielding heart beating against his own. Now she was snow and ice—hard, cold, passionless. It was well that he could not see her tumultuously the wild tempest in her soul was throbbing and panting against the thin barrier of death. He had a right to die, or he might have mocked himself by another and still more delusive hope. As it was, he realized on the instant how completely her pride—her selfish, wilful pride—would build his love. He knew that even if he crept like a leprosy to the cold door of her heart, and pleaded for entry, she would not yield it, and he would be crushed of soul or of warmth, to save it from eternal desolation. He knew that he could no more melt her heart with prayers and tender importunings, than the soft flow of the

moonlight could dissolve the grand old hills which it enfrosted.

"We will be friends, at least."

The tone and the face were both softened this time, as though, the irrevocable words once spoken, she could afford to relax from her severe, queenly coldness. She reached out both her hands to him with childish familiarity and grace. He did not touch them—only dashed a look into her face which made her drop them with a start, as if of pain as though they had been struck down by a blow. She shrank away, shocked and startled by the voiceless passion which convulsed his face. The white, unsmiling lips, the purple veins, swollen and knotted on the handsome forehead—the force score of the dilating nostrils—the hard glow which smoldered in the dark depths—even her armor of forced calmness was shivered by the terrible change which the storm of anger and disdain had wrought in the manly countenance of her lover. She clasped her hands instinctively across her eyes as to shut out the sight.

"The consequences of this will be on your own head, if you like best."

The hoarsely spoken words echoed and rebounded through her heart like the voice of an avenging fate. When she dared look up, she stood alone. For a few moments she watched the tall, lithe figure of Waverly West as he stride across the bright, dewy fields; and then, with a shudder of something akin to fear, turned and went into the house.

In the old-fashioned sitting-room a grey-headed, pompous-looking man sat reading. He glanced up from his paper as she entered, and seeing who it was, dropped it upon his knees, and reached out his hand to her. A single instant's passionate rebellion against the fate she had chosen, darkened the girl's proud eyes. Then she dashed her hand haughtily across them—waved a moment in her place, and with a firm, quick step, passed through the room.

"I trust I have not kept you waiting long for my decision, Mr. Webster. I will be your wife." And her cold hand dropped mechanically upon the one outstretched for it.

Heaven pity her—and pity all who like her beat back the protesting wings of God's good angels, and thrust their unbelieved heart into the darkness and danger of worldly paths. Heaven pity her and all who like her force their feet defiantly into forbidden paths, and find out too late that the poverty is a continual remorse.

The next morning a strange, fearful report came like wildfire through the little village—that Waverly West had been committed suicide by drowning! Of all who heard the fatal news were so outwardly calm and self-poised as the woman whose poor ambition had goaded him to self-destruction. The curious and prying looked on and were puzzled. They found nothing about which to gossip. But one All-Seeing Eye penetrated the mask of impassive to him who visited and read the fatal secret with which his guilty heart was torn and crushed. (One eye saw how her soul crouched and writhed under the blood-red horror of that unrequited murder! God was just, and the consequences were upon her head!)

She married Leonard Webster, after a long delay which only she knew the meaning of. All who knew her said she was a tamer and devoted wife, and many wondered why it was that she gave so prematurely old—so wan-faced and pale—as though a broken heart was looking through her eyes. But none solved the mystery or guessed what having found it was which played early violets, and sought the summer roses to wind the crimson garlands above the mound which covered the fatal victim of Waverly West.



A PLANTER'S MANSION.

**THE RICE LANDS**  
OF THE  
**SOUTHERN STATES OF AMERICA.**  
BY T. ARDENSON BISHARDS.

(Concluded.)

The authority of the rice plantation is vested in the overseer, by whom it is re-delegated in parcels to the more enterprising, intelligent, and reliable of the blacks. These subordinate officers are called "drivers," and their office is to apportion the tasks and direct the labour of the gang placed under their care, to administer reproof and correction when needed; and to be responsible for conduct and work to the superior officer.

Each family of negroes has a house or cabin of its own, generally with sufficient garden ground, piggery, hennerly, and so forth. These cabins are often made of logs, but sometimes are neat and cosy frame buildings. They are usually placed, at suitable intervals, in rows, or double rows, with a wide street between. When it pleases the occupants to keep their homes so, they are pleasant enough, surrounded with neat palings and well protected by the beautiful shade trees of the country. Here, as in old Albion, their home is their castle; and rarely does even the master know anything of their domestic affairs except when bad conduct or sickness makes it necessary for them to be looked after. They are constitutionally joyous and insouciant; and it is often pleasant to witness their glad, thoughtless recreations, as the twilight and the evening hours set in.

They are supplied, even under the requirements of the law, with a reasonable amount of clothing, and ample rations of food are served out every week. These consist chiefly of meal, rice, vegetables, and molasses, bacon, fish, and coffee, according to their wants and occupations. Most of them have a surplus of these staple articles of diet, which they exchange at the nearest store for sick-nacks more to their liking. The law forbids the sale of liquor; but they manage, in some way, when so disposed, to get quite enough of it.

Sunday is the great gala day of the negroes, always excepting the annual festival at Christmas. At this time they intermix sociably with

relatives and friends on neighboring plantations, generally bearing with them some present or other; most often of an edible character, as a turkey, a chicken, a goose, a cake, or a confection. Whether at home or abroad, however, on Sunday, they are pretty sure to repair to the church when an accessible one is open.

The churches—the country churches we mean—are never very accessible, and not very often open. Most people have to ride (the negroes walk) many miles to the nearest, and not more than once a month or once a fortnight at that. The plantations clergy walk, each, several flocks, which they visit in rotation—one this week, and another the next. These "meeting houses" are mere log-huts, or at best plain frame buildings, with or without paint, just as the worshippers chance to be ornate or gathered in friendly gossip and in their many-colored holiday tawdry, in the broad, cool shade of these ambrosious oaks and tangled vines and fragrant flowers. The sight, too, is made additionally striking by its contrast with the more soberly-attired knots of white people collected in other parts of the ground. The church porch is here, as in all rural neighborhoods, the great periodical social exchange of the population. In Carolina the chit-chat continues until the sound of singing within doors gives the signal to all outsiders to enter.

The whites occupy the front seats, while the blacks fill up the rear, the two classes entering by different doors. If the Sunday costumes of the negroes is a rainbow, pot pourri, that of the masters is an extreme *neglige*, and so, too, is the preacher's discourse; both being alight-shed to the last degree—the most curious jumbling possible, of odd toilets and odder rhetoric—the latter having always far more of the imaginative and emotional than of the logical element. This is a religious church, and the religious services of the blacks when by themselves, and

especially in the informal assemblies which are held on some plantations, in little huts appropriated to that use under the name of "prayer-houses." As a people, they seem to have a genius for piety, and in a pretty close ratio to their need of it, the greatest scamps being usually the most devout worshippers. Strange to add, there is no hypocrisy in this contradiction. The same unreflecting impulsiveness which prompts them to steal any desirable thing within reach, also leading them to mourn briefly over their sinfulness in sackcloth and ashes. They are fond of preaching, and the ministerial office among them is seldom wanting in candidates. Every plantation is, more or less, well supplied in this wise. To be sure they make strange work in their confident ignorance, often weighing anchor with but half of an idea on board.

The state of excitement and exaltation to which their impressionable natures are so easily wrought, especially in religious matters, is manifest in their singing even more strangely than in their praying. These performances, though, are, with all their grotesqueness and absurdity, often very effective and beautiful.

Not seldom has it been our pleasure to listen to impromptu music, wondrously sweet and wild and weird, which, well counterfeited on the lyric stage, would bring fame and fortune. Perhaps the most remarkable of these performances are those which are wont to occur on occasions of funeral solemnities, celebrated, as they generally are, in the deep night-darkness of some dense old wood, made doubly dismal by the ghastly light of the pine torches and the phantom-like figures of the scarcely visible mourners.

We pass on now to a hasty peep at the special traits in the social life of the whites on the rice plantations, and then, with an equally brief glance at the peculiar vegetation of the region, we shall relieve your patience, good reader.

The climate, moderate in this head, which will first strike the stranger, and, for awhile, most disagreeably, is, perhaps, the general disregard and disdain of order and comfort in the style and appointments of the residences even of the wealthiest of the people. He will wonder when he visits friends here, whose accounts to speak of, no trace of the rich almost shamed the elegance of his lavishly-adorned drawing-rooms at the North, to find them living in the hamlet of wooden, perchance of log, houses, only half-finished outside and not at all within; either carelessly even in the parlors, and seldom with any other furniture to speak of, no trace of the rich curtains, the sumptuous sofas, the gorgeous picture-frames, or of the thousand and one dainty household gods so carefully gathered and treasured, and so great a part of the pleasure of his own home in the North. He may be disposed at first to set this peculiarity down to the ignorance and indolence, or to the providence of the people, and perhaps some of it may go that way; but by-and-by he will more truly account for it by the nature and circumstances of the case. As he begins to feel at home, to discover the new pleasures at his command, and to fall into the way and spirit of these bordering manners, he perceives the wants of one social condition and climate may not be the wants of another and very opposite one; that on the rice plantations the people "live out of doors," that their very houses, ever wide open, are themselves "out of doors," and consequently, but little more cared for than the self-caring lawns and woods around them.

When the few cold days come, and the stormy days, this provision for summer and sunshine only may prove for the moment inadequate. But then books, though not showily exposed, are forthcoming for indoor entertainment, and the best of pianos may be opened to good purpose, while your hosts, old and



urehin who is occupied in swinging to and fro above your head the big feather brush, by which the mosquitoes and other winged insects are kept at bay. Mosquitoes for the most part served at such hours as may chance to suit the engagements of the family, or the pleasure of the creek.

The natural attractions of the rice district, with its envying flatness of surface, are to be looked for, of necessity, only in the character of its vegetation. This is varied and beautiful enough when the country is seen in the verdure of the spring and summer time, instead of in the stark bareness of the colder months, when strangers are most apt to view it. Still, even at this most inauspicious season, the abundance of evergreens, in tree and vine, give a peculiar and charming aspect to the landscape. The towering cypress of the swamp has then, to be sure, quite lost its graceful and gleeful crown of fringed and tasselled verdure, and its gaunt and ghostly form is wrapped, as by a winding sheet, only in the folds of the long trailing moss, "the death's banner" of the region; but its beauty is not lost, only changed, which is in close contrast with the yet vigorous life of the always verdant holly, and myrtle, and mistletoe, and magnolia, which here and there the more massive foliage of the laurel, the hawthorn, and spruce, or of the live and water oaks.

Of all the trees of the South the live oak is perhaps the most remarkable, leading the unobtrusive beauty of the country no less unobtrusively, and commanding attention less than that of the New England hudspears, and with the additional value of perpetual freshness. Its foliage falls in dropping masses, more luxuriant and more graceful than those of the elm, while its branches have the magnificent proportions and the vigorous strength of the old English oak. It is frequently of immense size, spreading between its trunk and its outer limbs, space and verge enough for a mass meeting. Apart from the swamp vegetation, no tree is so richly draped as the live oak in the festoons of the wondrous moss of the vicinage. It is often seen in solitary grandeur in the heart of the great, the solitary fields, or looking down from the crown of some early lifted into the floods of the quiet rivers; or protecting the cabin of the negro from the summer sun; or in great groves around the century churches and the rural metropolises; or, most beautifully, in the grand avenues leading from the distant road side to the planter's home-stead. A hundred years or more ago, they were planted on a marvellous estate near the city of Savannah, numerous wide avenues of live oaks, which have since interlarded their spreading branches in grand Gothic-looking arches, and now, in venerable and moss-covered age, cast their solemn shade upon the graves of the monuments of the dead. This remarkable spot is the famed Bonaventure.

The water oak is scarcely less beautiful than the live oak, though a mutually different character. Its branches, beginning higher up the trunk and standing more erect, give it a taller and more sprightly appearance. It has the same narrow, waxy leaf, but of a much more brilliant line.

The magnolia is in size, and in the color and nature of its bark, not unlike the birch. The branches, however, are more drooping, and the foliage more scant. It can hardly be called beautiful in form. Its charm lying in the size and color of the leaves, and especially in the magnificence and fragrance of its flowers.

The palmetto—which is the most unique feature in the landscape—is very abundant on the ridges of the marsh lands, and may be seen in all directions, either in social or in single blessedness.

But time would fail us to paint the wonders of all the wonderful vegetation, in the infinite variety of tree, and flower, and vine, of the balmy South.

## HORATIA;

### OR, THE POISONED FOUNTAIN.

A ROMANCE OF NEW ENGLANDS.

(From the "Wide World.")

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE DUE-entrain of one of the most popular theatres in the Crescent City had just risen, revealing a picture which riveted every eye with its wild beauty. The scene represented a broad plain, as dull and desolate as a barren prairie, or a certain stretch of the coast, with a line of black mountains cutting sharply against the grey-blue sky; a few dwarf trees, and scattered tufts of coarse grass, and strange flame-colored flowers, that looked as if they had burst into bloom beneath a Zulu spell, luxuriating amid the tall reeds and dank green moss on its margin; while in the distance rose the spires and domes of a city which any traveller would have known to be Munich. The landscape was lit up into weird splendor by the glare of a Gipsy camp-fire; and around it, basking in its glow, and roasting chestnuts for the children, who were at play with their gaunt wolf-dogs, might have been seen three or four men, with their swart faces and fierce eyes, which bespeak Zuluist blood.

A knot of Hussars had grouped themselves near, to watch the perilous feats of a beautiful Bohemian rope-dancer; an old hag was telling another soldier's fortune, and in a secluded nook, a couple, from the encouragement of the star-atractor who permeated the Gipsy Queen, was watching, waiting, listening for the signal of her Hussar lover.

What a magnificent creature she was. Dusky, grey, raven-tressed, and scarlet-lipped, with teeth that gleamed as if sculptured from alabaster, and cheeks burning with a glow which mocked the blush of the ripe apricot, she was indeed a fitting type of the darkly beautiful Zingara, while the royal grace of a hundred queens seemed concentrated in her bearing.

Her costume, too, had been well-chosen—the black velvet bodice, embroidered with gold threads, and trimmed with gold-encircled lace, and a black shawl, with a blue and white mantle, were all in keeping. She wore her turban, with its single cluster of jewels, like a crown; and the golden serpents coiled about her neck and arms, with their glittering scales, ruby fangs, and diamond eyes, heightened the effect of her strange but superb physique.

Time wore on; the Hussars dispersed and went out to their barracks; the Gipsy Queen, who hurried long; the children fell asleep beside their dogs, and the old crane sat nodding over the day's gains. At length the light faded from Petronilla's dusky eyes, the smile from her lips, and she began to take the brink of the train in keen excitement.

"Why, why," she murmured, "does not Clifton keep his promise? Can it be he has grown weary of these meetings?"

Even as she spoke, she heard the well known signal, and exclaiming, "Oh, Clifton has come!" darted away almost with the speed of wings, but took care to keep in the shadows, that she might not be observed by her people.

In a few moments she stood face to face with a young man, whose complexion and cast of features bespoke his English descent.

"Petronilla!"

"Clifton" were the only words exchanged at first, but the Hussar lover drew the Gipsy girl to him in a close embrace, and showered kisses on her cheek, and brow.

"You are a legend, to-night," said Petronilla; "I have waited long for you, but since you are here, I cannot find it in my heart to upbraid you."

A minister smile curled the young Englishman's lip, as he said:

"I assure you, the time of my absence cannot have seemed longer to you than me, dearest Petronilla, for on this meeting my fate hangs. You are to tell me now, my part, what sacrifices you are ready to make for me, and follow me, you can leave your people, and follow my fortunes."

"I—I have decided, Clifton. The curse which hangs over howso has dared to love one of the hated Hussar, will be terrible; and should the Chief ever find me, I shall be stoned to death;—but I cannot go, for you say—your men will leave Munich without me—I will go with you to the world's end!"

The lover professed himself in ecstasies at her decision, and when they parted, the girl's faith in him was as steadfast as her love was deep. But as she retraced her steps to the camp, she met a tall, stern, dark-browed man—the gipsy chief.

"Hark ye, Petronilla," he whispered; "the Hussar is false! He is but deluding you; winning your heart, which I would give worlds to call my own, to trample it beneath his feet like a broken toy."

"Hush!" cried the girl; "you shall not revile him!" and she drew a poniard from her girdle.

The Chief wrenched the weapon from her grasp, and proceeded to tell her that the treacherous Englishman was already betrothed to Emmeurgarde Vernet, a Munich belle and actress; my more, that the wedding was to take place within a week.

Warily, like a tigress attacking her prey, Petronilla followed Clifton St. Clair to Munich, and satisfying herself of the truth, returned to the camp. Stalking into the midst of her people, she confessed her sin and its punishment, and said, "I have been deceived, and for false love. Men, women, and children spring to their feet; swart faces flushed—dark eyes glazed, and fearful odors were breathed. The wild Zuluist blood clamored for vengeance, and terrible was the plot they framed.

The next scene represented Zaira—the old hag who had been the Hussar's fortune teller—engaged in a fiendish task. A brazen sickle arched above her, and the lurid sun hung low in the horizon. She was bending over a crucible, and distilling, with eerie incantations, a fatal poison. On one hand lay a heap of mystic plants, and on the other, Petronilla, the Gipsy Queen, stood with pale lips and cold, brought on a diseased which was so similar to the plague, that many of the leeches could not detect the difference. For a short time it baffled all their skill; thousands died with it, and were flung into their graves without prayer or chant, to prevent contagion."

Petronilla smiled bitterly, and the old crane went on:

"Take it, and go forth; taint the waters of Meinberg Vernet's well with the subtle liquid, and Francois Emmeurgarde will be the bride of death!"

Thus they parted; and when the curtain again rose, the Gipsy Queen was once more surrounded by the actresses, as with long curls and dishevelled hair, she stoled to and fro on her murderous errand. Clinging an incantation, she dropped the fatal liquid, not only into

Oslo Veroot's well, but those of all the Basco inhabitants. The scene then changed to the Cathedral where St. Clair and his bride were standing at the altar. Her face was already red, plaguespots had begun to appear, and her eyes had a strange, wild glitter. Suddenly a cry, which sounded like the voice of doom, rang through the church:

"Look you, St. Clair! The Black Death is in Munich—it has fastened on your bride!"

Dumb with horror, the bridegroom gazed at the plague-stricken girl, the bridesmaids and the witnesses stood aghast, and shrieks, sob and moans mingled in the utmost confusion.

In her white, bridal raiment, with the orange-flowers crushed and her golden hair, Ernengrude was at length borne to the Cathedral, followed by the young Englishman, her parents and the wedding guests, and she sunset, she was, as the hag had predicted—the bride of Death.

The next day she was buried in the family tomb, and that night-fall, Petronilla found Clifton St. Clair lying on the margin of the town, apparently dead. He too, was a young man with his position, and while fleeing from the doomed city, had sunk down senseless.

In a paroxysm of frantic grief Petronilla bent over him; she pilloved his head on the dank moss; she loved his brow in the stagnant waters, and applied every restorative in her power. Finally the blood shot, eyes unsealed, the purple lips pleaded for forgiveness, and the false Breese died in Petronilla's arms. With her own hands she scooped a grave for him on the spot where they had first met; daily at dawn, at noon, and at night, she made a solemn pilgrimage to it, and there her people found her one morning, pale, cold—dead.

Through the white tracery of the star-actress appeared to lose herself in the part she was playing, save that her eyes ever and anon wandered to the dress-circle, where sat a group in whom she felt a deep interest. One was a tall, grave, intellectual-looking man, in life's most vigorous prime; another, a handsome young man and officer; and the third a girl, who could not have been more than eighteen summers—slight and delicate in form, and a face which, in contrast with the impassioned beauty of the actress, seemed pale and fair as our dreams of angels. Soft, gold-brown hair rippling away from the low, white brow, a pair of tender, brown eyes, a red, ripe mouth, and a cheek tinted like the sea-shell, made up a lovely person. With what varied emotions these three persons had witnessed the play. On the rising of the drop-curtain, Lieutenant Delmaine had grasped his friend's arm, and exclaimed—

"Look, look, Cleveland! did you ever see anything so striking as that scene, or so superb as the new star?"

As he spoke, he once more levelled his long-goggles, and Percy Cleveland turned from his chit-chat with Edith Grey, to the stage. At sight of the actress he started, and involuntarily one word broke from his lips:

"Horatia!"

Thus he lifted his glass, and surveyed her long and critically. Soon her deep, rich tones fell upon his ear, and he added:

"I—I thought I could not be mistaken, and her voice is even more familiar than her face!"

Clifton too playfully, Delmaine I have not yet glanced at, and when you turned me to come and see the new star, you did not tell me, nor did I ask her name."

He took the bill, and as his eyes wandered over it, saw that the role of Petronilla, the Gipsy Queen, had been assigned to "*Horatia, la grande tragedienne*."

Turning the paper into Delmaine's hand, he continued,

"Well, she is Horatia—the actress I supposed her to be."

"And so her acting will be no novelty to you," said Delmaine.

"No; I have seen her many times when I

was in England; she was at the Drury Lane Theatre then."

"What a pity that your guardian is a Frenchman," observed the lieutenant, with an expressive shrug; "he can enjoy nothing as we unsophisticated young people can."

Edith Grey smiled as she rejoined:

"I am sure if I had over met her in public or private, I should not be likely to forget her. How beautiful—how beautiful!"

Her smile indeed as Delmaine has called her, a superb woman," observed Cleveland, and during the play he scarcely withdrew his eyes from the stage.

After the tragic death-scene, he turned to his fair ward. She had sunk back against the rich cushions of the box; the soft bloom had left her cheek, and as Delmaine said, she was almost as rigid as if she had been chiselled from marble.

"Why, Edith!" cried Cleveland, "you look as if every drop of blood were frozen in your veins!"

"So I feel," replied the girl, uplifting her white, wistful face, and forcing a smile as she added:

"You forget that I was never at a theatre before, and to me the whole seemed real."

"By Jove!" said Delmaine; "I don't wonder, it was a splendid piece of acting."

"Yes, and her triumph has been complete. There can be no greater compliment to an actress, than the breathless silence in which the audience have to-night followed every glance, tone, and movement of Horatia. But the tumult of applause can no longer be restrained. Hark, how the houses ring! See, the crowd is rising en masse. We must not stay, however; my pale little girl must go home." And he began to draw the opera-coat about Edith's slender form.

The poor girl dared not trust herself to speak, lest she should betray what she would not for worlds have had Cleveland suspect. His sudden start, as he caught a glimpse of the great actress, in the vicarage of the name, form, and the eagerness with which he had consulted the play-bill, all combined to arouse suspicions that his interest in the new star was of no ordinary character. The rage and agony of the Gipsy queen, when satisfied her Basco lover was false; the howling of the subtle poison; the throaty scene as Petronilla stole from well to well on her deadly errand; the fate of the hapless Ernengrude, and the last hours of Clifton St. Clair and the Zircani girl, had thrilled her strangely; but the wrapt attention in which Percy Cleveland had watched and listened during the whole play, had sent a keen pang to her heart. That night was an era in her life, for the weight which settled upon her, convinced her it was no friendly regard she felt for her guardian. The year she had passed under his care, had been like a secret, sweet dream; and it was bitter to awaken to the knowledge that she had lavished upon him a love which could never be returned. Her naturally high intuition had not failed to mark the glances interchanged by Cleveland and Horatia, in certain passages of the play, and long ere the tragic finale, she felt assured that Horatia, the superb, the gifted, the dazzling Horatia loved her guardian with all the wild fervor of her impassioned nature. It was this thought which, combined with the stranger's wonderful acting, drove the blood from her cheek, and made her hitherto glad heart seem a mountain of ice.

Mechanically she obeyed Cleveland, and they were leaving the box, when Delmaine cried:

"Stop, stop—don't go yet! There, she cannot resist the repeated cries for Horatia—the *grande tragedienne*!"

Percy Cleveland and Edith paused, and both gazed earnestly at the stage, where the actress had again made her appearance. Flushed, smiling, radiant, she stood behind the foot-lights, like a Queen receiving the homage of her subjects. Bouquets were showered around

her, and amid the fragrant mass gleamed brooches, bracelets, and earrings, all ablaze with jewels. Cleveland had a knot of lilacs in his button-hole, and the lieutenant, in the moment, he flung them at the actress's feet. Horatia was already laden with floral gifts, but with childish eagerness she lifted the lilacs from the stage and wreathed them amid her coal-black hair, while her dusky eyes kindled with new light, and a richer glow shot into her cheek. With a last, long, yearning look at Cleveland, she glided a ray, and once more he turned to his fair ward. They were passing through the crowd, when an usher came hurrying up with a slip of paper, which he thrust into Cleveland's hands; he smoothed it out, and read as follows:

"The actress who has to-night played the role of Petronilla, believes she has recognized a former friend in Mr. Cleveland, and would be happy to see him in the green-room."

As Percy Cleveland finished the perusal of the note, he wound it round his fingers, and addressing the usher who was waiting to conduct him to the actress, said:

"Please give my compliments to *la grande tragedienne*, and tell her I am much obliged to her for her kind invitation, but I cannot accept it now, as I have a lady to escort home. On the morrow, if agreeable to her, I will do myself the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance."

"Ifs, ha! there's self-sacrifice!" exclaimed Delmaine.

"You see, *ma cousin*, Horatia, the beautiful, bewitching Horatia has recognized him, and sent a messenger to invite him to the green-room. He has refused for your sake, but I am sure you will excuse him."

"Oh certainly," would not have him decline on my account."

Never dreaming how much it cost her to speak thus, Percy Cleveland left his ward in the care of the young lieutenant, and followed the usher to the green-room.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE TRIPLE REVENGE.

BY COUSIN JAMES.

Who does not love to sit beside the great, crackling, country fire, and listen to the tales of danger and bloodshed, as they are related by some aged pioneer, whose grey locks and scarred face give evidence of the many trials and dangers through which he has passed.

The following thrilling story was related to me one stormy winter's night, by Sam Brown, one of the actors in the tragedy:

"Before the bottom of the lovely Ohio was ruffled by the prow of a steamer, my father lived about forty miles below the Falls, on the Kentucky side. His house was situated some two hundred yards from the river in a little open space, formed partly by nature, and partly by the hands of father and myself.

"Our family consisted of father and mother—who both were very old—my sister and myself.

"Sister Lizzie was in her sixteenth year, and as fair a flower as ever blossomed upon earth, or was borne home to Heaven on the wings of angels.

"One lovely day in the summer, as the sun was peeping his great, red face above the hills, Lizzie came running up the path that led to the river, and announced that two Indians were paddling down the stream in a canoe.

"Father once had a brother who was killed by the Indians, and he never lost an opportunity of revenging his dead brother, when an Indian came within rifle range.

"When father heard from Lizzie that Indians were descending the stream, he took his rifle from the wall and started directly for the river. When he reached the cotton-wood thicket on the bank, he saw two Indians not more than



a hundred yards from the shore, paddling swiftly down the stream.

"Deliberately he raised his rifle to his shoulder, and took aim. Suddenly the silence was broken by the sharp ring of his rifle, and one of the Indians plunged beneath the water to rise no more.

"Again father loaded his rifle and fired; but by this time the remaining Indian was too far off, and the bullet splashed in the water far behind.

"After standing and gazing for a moment at the retreating Indian, he went back to the house, and the scenes of the morning were forgotten in the labours of the day.

"Not so with the Indian who was brother to the one slain; a desire for vengeance was burning in his heart, and when he turned the point which hid the river below from our view, he drew his canoe within the bushes, and awaited the coming of evening to carry out his designs.

"When the trees began to cast long shadows on the ground, the Indian arose from his seat, and started off swiftly and silently for the place from which father fired in the morning; and when he reached it, he again concealed himself in the bushes.

"After supper that night, father took the pail and went to the river for water. I took the gun and, accompanied by the dogs, went into the woods to hunt.

"When father reached the bank, he stood for a moment gazing on the moonlight splendor of the fair Ohio. How beautiful were the little silver-tinted waves as they rolled gently shoreward to kiss the little pebbles. Little did he think he was gazing on that lovely river for the last time.

"While he stood there lost in a pensive trance, two glaring eyes within the thicket close behind him were watching him with intense hatred as they silently approached behind him. It was the terrible Indian approaching with uplifted tomahawk. Silently he glided within a few feet of father; then his tomahawk flashed in the moonlight as it swiftly descended deep into his victim's head, and he sank down to the ground without a groan.

"When the Indian had taken the scalp from father's head, he bounded off swift as the antelope toward the house. Mother met him at the door, but before she could utter a scream she sank to the floor with a deep cut in her forehead; but before he reached sister, she gave a piercing scream. That scream reached my ears far off in the woods, and it pierced my very heart, for I knew it came from my sister. Swiftly I flew toward the house; but, oh! how slow did it seem to me then, that I approached it. When I rushed into the open space that surrounded the house, my eyes met a sight that froze the blood within me. Lizzie came rushing out of the door, uttering screams of terror, and close behind her came the Indian, uttering yells of vengeance. For a moment I lost all presence of mind; but just as he was lifting his arm to strike, I sent a bullet crackling through his brain. Then I rushed toward the house, but the bleeding corpse of my mother met my gaze, lying close beside the door; and when I asked Lizzie for father, she said, 'He is dead, and yet returned with the water. Again I turned to fly toward the river. When I reached it my worst fears were realized—there lay my father, bloody and lifeless.

"Soon Lizzie and I carried them into the house and laid them on the bed; and all that long terrible night we moaned and wept beside them. Early next morning we placed them side by side in our grave.

"That day Lizzie was taken with a brain fever, and on the third day she, too, was placed beside my parents.

"Since that time I have spent most of my life in a deadly warfare against the red men of the forest."

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

#### Original and Selected.

A CHILD is never happy from having his own way. Decide for him, and he has but one thing to do; put him to please himself, and he is troubled with everything and satisfied with nothing.

#### THINK OF IT.

A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying through the world, some hasty greetings and abrupt farewells, and our play will be "played out," and the injurer and the injured will be led away, and ere long forgotten. It is not worth while to hate each other.

#### LOVE.

Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man, when all the rest had failed. Reason, he parries; fear he answers blow for blow; future interests he meets with present pleasure; but love, that sun against whose beams winter cannot stand, that soft, subduing summer, which warms the world, the great—there is not one human being in a million whose clay heart is hardened against love.

#### TO BE REMEMBERED.

Reader, did you know that every column of a newspaper contains from ten to twenty thousand distinct pieces of metal, the misplacing of any one of which would cause a blunder in the printing of the paper, and a typographical error? With this curious fact before you, don't you wonder at the general accuracy of newspapers? Knowing this to be the fact, you will be more disposed, we hope, to excuse than magnify errors of the press.

#### WORTH REMEMBERING.

A thousand things not worth half so much have been patented and elevated into a business. It is this. If you cut off the back legs of your chair so that the back part of the seat shall be from one to two inches lower than the front part, it will greatly relieve the fatigue of sitting, and keep your spine in much better shape. The principal fatigue in sitting comes from your sliding forward, and thus straining the ligaments and muscles in the small of the back. The experiment will obviate this tendency, and add greatly to the comfort and healthfulness of the sitting position.

#### MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

The house will be kept in turmoil where there is no toleration of each other, no lenient show to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and it will burn; and half a dozen, and you will have an effective blaze. There are other fires subject to the same condition. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is left alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But opposite to it, if ten, twenty, or thirty, are answered by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will envelop them all in its burning heat.

#### ON RUNNING IN DEBT.

One would think it impossible that a man who is given to contract debts, should not know that his creditor has, from that moment in

which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to, his debtor's honor, liberty, and fortune. One would think he did not know that his creditor can say the worst, the irreparable of him, to wit, "that he is unkind," without defamation, and can seize his person without being guilty of an assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men's minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and still go on to increase the cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile condition, than to be ashamed or afraid to see any one man breathing? Yet he that is much in debt, is in that condition with relation to every friend upon whom he has preyed.

#### IMPROVE YOUR MOMENTS.

Many people are in the habit of mourning over their ignorance, and complaining because they have no opportunities for study. If they would spend the time which is consumed in making these complaints, in studying useful books, they might become comparatively well educated. One of the best-informed men we ever knew was a mechanic, who had devoted only twenty minutes a day to study, and who, reflecting over his reading, as he best could, while working at his trade. Any person who really wants to become well informed, will gain his wishes, no matter what difficulties may beset his path; while those who only desire to clutch the honors which learning give, but are merely fond of the name, will remain in ignorance, though surrounded with abundant helps to education.

#### SOMEbody MUST RILE.

The husband is sometimes treated as "the man who draws the checks,"—the money-finder for wife and daughter.

#### —Reckless paper.

That is a fact: but it is invariably the husband's own fault if he allows himself to be so treated. "Self-respect, common respect," and if a man knows enough to keep his own place, there will be no danger of his "wife and daughters" regarding him in the selfish light of a mere money-finder. We detest that class of men who permit their wives to monopolize the "panta's"; and we know that all sensible, right-thinking women detest such a man. If a woman desires her husband to so conduct himself that she can look up to and esteem him; but if he declines doing so, it is more than probable that she will take the reins of the family government out of his hands;—and who can blame her? Somebody must rule.

#### QUESTION FOR A WIFE.

Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, in, and over will be your evil genius! It is the temper which labors to destroy your peace, which does its best, your evil delusion that your husband deserves your anger, when he really most required your love. It is the cancer which feeds on those unpleasant emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip. Never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be fulfilled; your peace, which alone you wish, your example of patience will elude as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desecration. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.

#### LET THE CHILDREN PLAY.

Many fathers seem to have adopted a theory—that piety is sinful, and that their own whims and conveniences are to govern their families, at whatever cost of comfort to the latter. If such a father wishes to take a nap, or read a



CONSTITUTIONAL.—Billy Larkins, who is what may be denominated a "preering fellow," once shook hands with Abe Lincoln. "And," says Billy, "I put him a piece of advice at the time. Says I, 'Now, Abe, we've elected you, I hope you'll take good care of the Constitution.' Says he, 'I'll try; and I hope you'll take good care of yours.'"

DARK WEATHER.—"Good morning, Sambo; berry hot wedder, Sambo. Dey do may dat it is so hot down east, dat dey is obliged to take de tops off de houses to let de air in." "Well, Cuffy, it can't git no hotter in our house, any how, 'cause de frenometer's got bang up to de top; dat's one comfort, Cuffy."

MODEL CERTIFICATE.—"Dear Doctor—I will be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For ninety-four years I have been an invalid, unable to move except when stirred with a lever. But a year ago I heard of the Granular Syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve miles and a half an hour, and throw nineteen somersets without stopping."

HE DARE NOT VENTURE.—An old bachelor, who had procured a marriage certificate for friend, while gleaning over it, was heard to soliloquise thus:—"Can't do it—would like to, but won't—want a wife—would like to have a wife, but must do without so expensive a luxury—wives are expensive—money is scarce—provisions are high—won't consent to give any one authority to spend money for me—can't do it."

“ANYTHING TO PRODUCE ‘CHANGE.’”—“This medicine,” said Doctor Squills, “after having been taken for a few days, will produce the change desired.” “What?” exclaimed the thunder-struck patient, “you don’t say so, doctor?” “It’s a fact, sir,” said the doctor. “The science of medicine has now reached—” “Well,” said the patient, interrupting him, “it is wonderful! If you’d said ‘postage-stamps,’ doctor, I wouldn’t have said anything; but the desired change, doctor, it seems impossible!” The doctor took that patient in hand.

**MYTHOLOGICAL MIXINGS.**—We are told by the poets that "Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove," but they have neglected to inform us whether Rhadamanthus sent him to prison for doing it.

Was the nectar quaffed by the gods a sparkling beverage or a still? We incline to suppose that it must have been the latter. At least, were the gods to bloom out again upon us, we think they would like it still.

It would be a curious and interesting subject for the dog-fancier to trace the descendants of Cerberus. Might not the animal known as the "double-nosed pointer" prove to be from the stock of the dog with three heads?

**PRINTERS' LANGUAGE.**—Every profession has its technical terms, and of course the printers have no smattering, which is only intelligible to the craft. The following is a specimen. I don't mean, however, as much as it would seem to the uninitiated.—"Jim, put Gen. McClelland on the galley, and then finish the murder of that nigger you commenced yesterday. Set up the ruins of Ginyandoot; distribute the small caps; you need not finish that putting; put the pumps in the paper this week. Match that pimple hell, now then go to the devil, and he will tell you how to dispose of the dead matter." Not much wonder that Dr. Faustus was burnt for inventing such a satanical art.

**AN IMMENSE CHICKEN STORY.**—The following chicken story our readers can credit, if so disposed:—"A farmer out West was greatly annoyed by the scratching of the chickens in his garden, and concluded to experiment a little with them. He procured a Shanghai rooster and the result of the cross was a brood of chickens with one long and one short leg."

When they stood on the long leg and attempted to scratch with the other, they couldn't touch bottom; on reversing the order of things, a digging with the long leg while the short one supported the body, the first stroke would result in a grand series of somersaults. The consequence was that the hens soon became 'a-weary' of that fun, and left the garden, and the farmer's goodwife rejoiced greatly thereof.

#### ASTEMUM WARD'S TOAST.

Artemus Ward being present at a celebration and exhibition, was called upon for a speech when he replied in "a toast to the plair terch"  
"Ladies," said I, I thank, to the beautiful femalls whose presents was perphum'd the fair ground, "I hope you're enjoyin' yourselves on this occasion, and that lema'nd and ice wotter or which you are drinking, may not go agin' you. May you allers be as fair as the sun, as bright as the moon, and as beautiful as any army with Union flags—also plenty of good clothes to wear."

"To yure sex commonly kawled the phis-  
sex, we are indebted for our hartin, as well as  
many other blessins in these lo grown o  
sorrow. Sann poor sperotted fools blaim yur  
sex for the difficulty in the garden: but I know  
men are a doctinel sex, and when the appeal  
had becum plum ripe, I have no doubt but  
Adam would have ragged a cyder press, and  
like as knot went into a big bust and beendr  
off unwarno. Yure list mather was a lady, and  
all her dawters is ditto, and now but noll  
kins will say a word agin yur. Hlopia! that a  
waive of trouble may ever rido akross yur  
peaceful breast, I konklude these remarks with  
the following centunty:

AMERICAN AMATEURS' ADVENTURES AFTER  
AFRICAN ANTELOPES.

Arthur Abbott, Alexander Ames, Alfred Arden, Albert Amiel, and Amos Arnould, ambitious and anxious after applause, advance audaciously afoot, across Africa after Antelope. Antelope, as all are aware, active, agile animals, and so they follow her, and she leads them on an amazing expédition into archery, and are accordingly armed and accoutred as archers. Arrived at Africa, all alight, and after advancing awhile afternoon arrives. All are ashamed and angry, as, although, apes and ants are abundant, antelopes are absent apparently. As Albert allows no missing appetite; and all are anxious to get some food, they give up, and return to abundant ascentment, and attack. Ale, apple, almonds are appropriated as almost augurie. Appetite amply appeased, Albert, adroitly absconds, and, ambushed, awaits antelope's arrival. Aimless alone again, humiliated and almost acrimonious argument ensues, and all are angry, and angry, and Amos, arguing against Alexander and Alfred, accuses him and addresses Alexander and Alfred to an audience, and adduces an admirable argument—and, adroitly avoiding all arrogance, appeases all anger. All agree an adjournment advisable. All amicably adjusted, amicably appeased, Arthur, after annihilating himself, and utterly exhausted, appears, and operates, and upon seeing, or on an allotment, attempts angling after newtorn. A awful arcanum, ascending an aged asperity arrests Alfred's attention; and all, apprehending no assent, orange crisis and amphibious Alfred appropriates an axe, and adventurously approaches and attacks. All are alarmed at his audacity, and he is so, and he is actually not about abounding and abundant, all attempts at abortive, and all absolute.

## SCIENTIFIC DISCOURSE.

By Professor Julius Cesar Hornibal,  
D.U.Y.

CHOSEN CHILDREN,—As I hab heretofore un-  
heretohind 'spined de natur an' costume o  
de beets ob de feeld. I shall on dis great 'casi-

spoke to you 'bout de beests an' manners ob  
de deep, an' as I allers 'tuek de biggest end ob  
de joke fuss, I shall lectur dis elinin' on de big  
codfish, none 'mong de saylers na

## DE WILF

Do whale, my frens, am seldom found in  
enny odder place dan do Middletomain, and  
do Specific Ooluns, aldo dar was a yung  
Dauern gemman, named Hamlet, dat do 'peole  
Shakspear slew'd in a dewel, an' an ole foky,  
named Pelonius, dat tort dey seed sunfin berry  
like it in de clowds; but it turned out to be a  
narnel.

De peepie dat ge arter de whales am called whalers. Now, my ole skoolmaster was a whaler; but he neber was to see in he life-time. But I'm off de truck ob my diskoree like a spil'd lokomotiff.

De whale am 'mong de fishes what de elem-  
fint am 'mong bendesses; de biggest lofer ob  
dem all. A fisherman, named John, swallowed  
one once; but it oberloided he stumuck to dat  
degree dat in tree daya he leff 'em up agin. It  
war too much ob a muchness for him.

When yon fussa acene ob dees fellows an' see,  
Yen see amfin' 'trow' soein', as he'll an' spurtin',  
De water put true hee nose, like de fella' spurtin',  
De water put true hee nose, like de fella' spurtin',  
Main chains see him true hee apyglass, hee sings  
at an' ceo to de man dat got charge ob de  
seller dore dat awings on hind de ship, "Luff!  
luff!" Den de cap'n kemes on de poop deck  
an' hee see de fella' spurtin', hee see de fella'  
ovalation. Den yon hear his voice: "Take  
in a reef ob de bowsprit, an' unlash ob de hatch-  
way ob de henkpoor for axion. Put out yon  
jib an' tackle, an' take de keribone house up  
an' take de keribone house up an' take de  
roun' like kittens, up an' down de miza-  
bord. Den yon har de mule sing out true a fro  
horn. "Ebery man take tyee bitches at hee  
browes an' a chaw' ob taccoo, an' be darnin'  
yout' 'fella'!" Den de fella' spurtin', hee see  
an' luff go de rudder. Splice de main-brace,  
Down wid de jib-boom, an' up wid de still  
yards, an' put on de pot." Now de c'timent  
begins, kuse de ole whale an' amfin' him to de  
ship. Den de fella' spurtin', hee see de fella'  
bravely draws his line, an' hee see de fella'  
ginboston agin. Take down de longitude,  
lasserated an' a class ob brandy. Den he get

rod in do de wate w'it do 'cietment, an' chills to 'sore  
men. Boys, man de botes an' b'ok out do  
'sore. 'sore. 'sore. 'sore. 'sore. 'sore. 'sore. 'sore. 'sore.  
bote, an' 'bout fyke de harpoon wid detty,  
tied to 'bout fyve miles ob beel cew,  
an' 'way dey row to de whale. When dey  
long side ob do monster, he look as big as  
Cooney Island, an' den an' ole whale in white  
paw, 'straw hat, an' a long black 'sore, 'sore,  
'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore,  
he he, an' feels for a soft spot, which, as soon  
as he find, he sticks de harpoon in an' swims  
to de bote. Den de ole whale dries rite down  
to de bottom ob de sea, an' de man in de bote  
pays out de line dat's fast to de harpoon, as a  
man. 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore,  
Arter do ole whale gets de 'sore ob de bottom,  
to get de harpoon out he he, an' he sees he  
can't do it, he get mite mad, an' kums up an'  
make fise wid de ship, an' hits it a crack wid  
he tail, which an as big as a full-grown bur-  
do. Dat make do cap'n 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore,  
'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore, 'sore,  
Dis an soon dau de krew, an' de poor whale  
kums wate from de loss ob blood, an' he tem-  
per an' gibe up hn ghost.

Sometimes he hits de little bote, when a  
de men am in it, an' stakes it all to tunder, an'  
way frys de men up in de air, like man kite,  
an' kum down agin kerswat in de water. Well,  
arter de whale am ded, dey cut him up in  
chunks an' hawl him on borde, an' sich stakes  
you neebef did see. Sturgeon am no suckin  
stance to 'em. Why dey am muf to mink  
codfish balls for all ole King Cole's army.  
When he am all cut up, de slayers 'pear to feel  
bad 'bout him, an' give all sort of *hubbies*



Dey bile de lo out ob de ment, jis de same as dey do de grouse out ob de mammys at de Museum, an' put it up in bar'ls. De bones dey put down de hole. De one an' used for feedin' de luminary apparatus, an' de odder for makin' de ladies' korrats wid when dey ribe home to Nantcoctel.

De whale an' de big fish—de codfish aristocracy ob de sea, de same ob de big bux an' de codfish aristocracy ob de lan'; bot de former hab got de 'wantage ob de latter, kane, notwithstandin' de whalewouers a good deal, he produces sumfin, but de lan' codfish aristocracy dewours eberything, an' produces noffin'.

Dad all I like, boy, de whale, an' I read de Pilgrim's Progress rite true, an' it didn't say noffin' 'bout it.

Mr. Dr. Felix, M.D., Esq., will have de honor of puseen de masser dis 'caasion only.

## THE STORY OF LIFE.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY JOHN G. FAIR.

I.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born;  
A helpless Being, to greet the light  
With a sharp wail, as if the noise  
Fortified a cloudy noon and night;  
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,  
With noisy smiles between; and then?

II.

And then space the infant grows  
To be a laughing, playing boy,  
Happy, despite his little woes,  
Were he not conscious of his joys?  
To be, in short, from two to ten,  
A merry, mellow CHILD; and then?

III.

And then, in coat and trousers clad,  
To learn to say the Lord's prayer,  
And learn it, in unthinking care,  
With north and south and east and west;  
To tramp off by field and fen  
To explore butterflies; and then?

IV.

And then, increased in strength and size,  
To learn to say the Lord's prayer;  
And learn it, in unthinking care,  
With north and south and east and west;  
To tramp off by field and fen  
To explore butterflies; and then?

V.

And then, at last, to be a Man;  
To fall in love, to woo and wed;  
With wifery here to scheme and plan;  
To gather gold, or toil for bread,  
To see far come with impure or pen,  
And grin and howl the price; and then?

VI.

And then in gray and wrinkled skin  
To scorn the speed of life's delusion;  
To praise the secret's youth he held,  
And dwell in memory of Long Youth,  
To dream awhile with drenched ken,  
Ten drop into his grave, and then?

## DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL.

ALL the gold coins in the world, if melted down and cast to a solid mass, would make a column no more than ten feet square and eighty feet high.

THE number of sewing-machines annually manufactured in this country is seventy thousand. Twelve or fourteen establishments are engaged in the business.

MALES AND FEMALES IN AMERICA.—There is, according to the census, 733,255 of an excess of males over females in the United States. This fact is noteworthy, and ought to quiet the apprehensions of those who feared the war would cause an undue preponderance of women after peace was declared.

MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOATS.—Before the war commenced, no less than 1,600 steamboats ran upon the Mississippi river and its tributaries. The total value of these is estimated at 1,300,000. The Mississippi drains an area of 1,200,000 square miles; within the slopes of twelve States, and from the Gulf of Florida to the source of the Missouri, it is 3,400 miles in length, its average depth thirty feet, and its width over half a mile.

GOLD IN MAINE.—Prof. George L. Goodale, of the scientific survey of Maine, writes to Dr. De Laski that he had the "pleasure of discovering (on the 25th ult., in the town of Calais, twelve miles or twenty miles west of Calais) in a ledge of great extent, not only a good chance to find gold, but gold of much purity. The gold is like that of Taogier's locality, and promises well. The land, formerly worth 35 cents per acre, is to-day worth \$10 per foot."

MANUFACTURE OF BOOTS AND SHOE TRADE.—The manufacture of boots and shoes employs a larger number of operatives than any other single branch of American industry. This fact is proved by the census returns. In the New England States, in 1860, there were 2,554 manufacturers, employing 56,039 males and 24,978 females, who produced boots and shoes of the value of \$51,767,077. The State of New York returned 2,770 factories, with an aggregate production of \$10,878,797; and New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey together produced \$57,674,940 worth of these articles. The largest production of any one town or city was that of Philadelphia, in which it amounted to \$5,338,987; the next, that of Lynn, Mass., was \$4,807,209; the third, Haverhill, \$4,130,500; the fourth, New York city, \$3,869,008.

PERRYVILLE.—Perryville is a port village in Cecil county, in the State of Maryland. It lies opposite Harre to Grace on the Susquehanna river and on the Philadelphia and Baltimore railroad. It is situated about 40 miles east-north-east of Baltimore, 60 miles north-west of Annapolis, and 75 miles distant from Washington, and 61 miles south-west of Philadelphia. Like all the villages of America, the customary number of churches, hotels, stores, mechanics' shops, and other buildings, constitute the town, and the indispensable newspaper office is always in existence. The population may be reckoned about 1,000. The Susquehanna river, at this place, is crossed by large ferry-boats, the upper decks of which come up even with the track on shore, and the baggage cars are rolled on the boats, and carried to the opposite shore without trouble, when they are again placed on the track. Passengers change cars here, and cross the ferry, taking another train on the opposite side.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

SOLVENT FOR OLD PUTTY.—In removing old glue, spread over the putty, with a small brush, a little nitric or muriatic acid, and the putty will be at once soft.

HOW TO MAKE CALICO TRANSPARENT AND WATERPROOF.—Take six pints of pale lime-wood, two ounces of sugar of lead, and eight ounces of white resin; the sugar of lead must be ground with a small quantity of oil, and added to the remainder; the resin should be incorporated with the oil by means of a gentle heat. The composition may then be laid on the calico, or any other such material, by means of a brush.

HOW TO MAKE FIRE KINDLERS.—Take a quart of tar and three pounds of rosin, melt them, bring to cooling temperature, mix with as much sawdust, with a little charcoal added, as can be worked, spread out while hot upon a board, when cold break up into lumps of the size of large hickory nut, and you have, at a small expense, kindling material enough for a house-

hold for one year. They will easily ignite from a match and burn with a strong blaze, long enough to start any wood that is fit to burn.

VENTILATION OF CELLARS.—A correspondent has called our attention to the following simple plan for ventilating damp cellars. We cannot do better than give it, as it is given: "Sir, will you kindly point out to those occupiers how easily and simply thousands of damp, musty and dark underground coal cellars may be rendered sweet and dry, by drilling a few large holes in the iron coal plate (costing a mere trifle) thus admitting light, and pure air, also allowing an upward current of air to pass unobstructed, effluvia and stinks which often penetrate into the dwelling, to the injury of the health of its inmates.—Yours &c., PIERCE AND VENTILATION."

THE SWING AS A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

—A medical correspondent of an exchange writes as follows:—"I wish to say a few words to 'whom it may concern,' on the use of the swing—our old system of exercise, as a preventive and cure of pulmonary disease. I mean the suspending of the body by the hands by means of a rope or chain fastened to a beam at one end, and at the other a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick, with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first—perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak—and gradually increase, as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be used from three to five times daily. The connection of the body with the body (with the exception of the clavicle, with the sternum or breast bone) being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs and enlarge the chest; and as nature allows no vacuum, the lungs expand to fill the space, increasing the volume of air—the natural purifier of the blood—thus opposing the congestion or the deposit of tuberculous matter. I have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs and threatened consumption, for thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to five inches within a few months, and always with great safety. But especially as a preventive I would recommend this exercise. Let those who love life cultivate a well-formed capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the sedentary, the young of both sexes—ay, all, should have a swing upon which to stretch themselves daily; and I am morally certain that if this were to be practiced by the rising generation, in a dress allowing a free and full development of the body, thousands, yes, tens of thousands, would be saved from the ravages of that opprobrious medicine, consumption.

LIQUID CEMENT.—Put gum shells in 70 per cent. alcohol, put it in a phial, and it is ready for use; apply it to the edge of the broken dish with a feather, and hold it to a spirit lamp as long as the cement will simmer, then join together evenly, and when cold, the dish will break in another place first, and is as strong as new.

TO MAKE A BAROMETRE.—On board the Mexican steamer, writes a traveller, "is a barometer of the most simple construction, but the greatest accuracy. It consists only of a long and very thin strip of cedar, about two and a half feet in length and an inch wide, cut lengthways of the grain and set in a block of feet. This cedar is first dried and backed by one of white pine cut across the grain, and the two are firmly glued together. To bond these, when dry, is to snap them, but on the approach of bad weather, the cedar, at times, curls so as to touch the ground. This instrument is the invention of a Mexican ship-maker, and such is its accuracy that it will indicate the coming of a 'north' full 24 hours before any other kind of barometer known on the coast."



# THE SCRAP BOOK

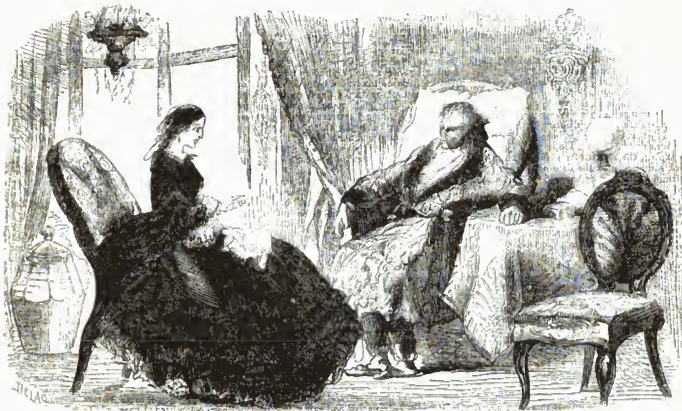
AND  
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MY FUNNY HUMOR. FAMILY MATTERS.

No. 55.—Vol. III.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 8, 1862.

ONE PENNY.



MADAME DE GLACIK AND CAPTAIN FULJOY.

ASTREA;

OR,

THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the New York Ledger.)

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

AUTHOR OF  
"THE WINDING HAND," "BOOM FISH," "EUDORA,"  
"THE ROOM OF DEVILS,"  
&c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOPE.

Hope, of all passions, most betrays us here;  
Passions of prouder name befriend us less;  
Joy has her tears; and transport has her death;  
Hope, like a cordial innocent though strong,

Man's heart at once inspirits and soothes;  
Nor tasks him pay his wisdom for his joys;  
'Tis all our present state can safely bear;  
Health to the frame and vigour to the mind!  
A joy stemper'd! a chaotic delight,  
Like the fair summer evening calm and bright,  
Tis man's full cup, his paradise below.

YOUNG & NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BUT hope is slow to return to the ag'd. The old man looked mournfully at the fair speaker, saying, sadly,—

"Madame, Major Burns has just left me; he prevaricated at this inquiry of this mystery; he has told me everything; and he leaves me without a hope in the world."

"I also have heard all, Monsieur, and I remain full of hope!" said the lady, firmly.

"What! have they told you all?" exclaimed the captain, in astonishment.

"Everything!"

"The—the state of her bed-chamber on the morning of the discovery?"

"Yes, Monsieur!"

"The facts brought out in the investigation before the magistrate?"

"Yes, yes, Monsieur!"

"And—and—the—the—strong circumstantial evidence against my nephew?" inquired the old man, in a deeply agitated and quivering voice.

"Yes, yes, yes, Monsieur le Capitaine. I know all that is known to any one in this house."

"And you still hope?"

"And I still hope?"

"Ah, Madame, you so galvanize this dead body, that I am back to life again! But give me the grounds of your hope. How do you get over the desperate struggle for life, in her bed-room?" eagerly inquired the captain.

"Simply, by knowing that no such desperate struggle, with its attendant shrieks and groans, and falls, could possibly have taken place without having aroused the whole house! No one in the house heard a sound that night; therefore, no such struggle could have taken place; and therefore, the false evidence of this imaginary struggle was artfully produced for the purpose of misleading investigating shrieks, and easily be done by quietly overturning a few chairs, drawing away a few tables, and rending a few draperies—"

"But the spots of blood, Madame?"

"Dripped, probably, from some one's finger, cut for the very purpose."

"But the facts brought out during the magistrate's investigation?"

"All these facts were manufactured by the kidnappers."

"And—the circumstantial evidence against my nephew?"

"More coincidences."

"Then you do not believe that Fulke Greville could have had any hand in this murder?" breathlessly exclaimed the captain.

"NO!" emphatically answered the lady—"how could he have had—being your nephew?"

"God bless you for those words, lady; for I know that he could not have had!"

"Besides, I repeat, no murder has been committed! This is a case of kidnapping; and the kidnappers, to conceal their own crime, have artfully arranged all these false signs, to produce the impression that they, in fact, have produced, namely—that the bride has been assassinated by her bridegroom! Listen, Monsieur le Capitaine: to explain the reason of my belief, I must go back some years to the life of my daughter's infancy. My attorney has told you of her first abduction by supposed gipsies?"

"Yes, Madame."

"But he did not pretend to assign any motive for the abduction?"

"No, Madame, he did not."

"No for no other except myself ever suspected the motive, but a mother's instincts are not to be deceived! I knew the instigating motive and the instigating man. I could have put my hand upon the man and laid bare the motive!"

"And you forbade to do so, Madame?"

"Yes; for moral conviction, however strong, is not legal evidence. I never breathed my suspicions, or, rather, I should say, my certain knowledge of the criminal, to any human being. To have done so would have been to show my cards before I had an opportunity of playing them in other words, it would have put the criminal on his guard, and I told you, Monsieur, I feel that I can safely impart no knowledge."

"Indeed you say, Madame! The vital interest I feel in little Madame would teach me discretion even if I had never possessed that virtue," said the captain earnestly.

"I am sure of that, Monsieur, and so I will go on with my explanation. The criminal, then, of whom I speak, is my brother-in-law, the younger brother of my husband, the present Marquis De Glacie. I am certain that he was at his instigation that my child was first stolen."

"Good Heaven, Madame! the child's own uncle! the orphan's natural guardian! He who should have stood towards her in the place of a father!"

"Even so, Monsieur, for he was a bad man."

"An unnatural monster, and no man! But the motive, Madame! the motive!"

"It was sufficiently obvious, Monsieur! it was to get possession of her vast wealth, for my darling, though she could not heir her father's large landed estates, yet inherited a vast fund of

property, which, in case of her dying unmarried, fell to her father's younger brother, the present Marquis De Glacie!"

"Oh, lady, lady, be sure of what you say, before you accuse a human being of as black a crime!" cried the old man, receding in horror from the tale that had been told him. "Monsieur de Glacie, Monsieur de Glacie! though I may not have legal evidence to prove it. Listen further. When my husband died, and the present marquis succeeded to the title and estates, he, the last mentioned, was very poor, and very deeply in debt. Nothing but an infant girl stood between himself and a vast funded property, which he could have sold, and which he also supported his new rank with great magnificence. When he came down to the Chateau De Glacie to superintend the funeral of his brother and to take possession of his estates, he pressed us to remain his guests for as long a time as we might find it agreeable to do so. I, though instinctively shrinking from him, yet did not see a rational cause for my aversion, and, above all, magnetized to the spot that held my dear husband's remains—for he was laid in the family vault under the chapel attached to the chateau—consented to remain for a while. Well, Monsieur, three weeks after that my child disappeared under circumstances that lead every one to the conclusion that she had been drowned—"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the captain.

"It was lovely summer weather, and she had been permitted to walk out in the grounds, attended by her nurse, my poor Elise. They wandered down towards a beautiful stream of water, where those banks were the most verdant. The child rambled about, pulling wild flowers, filling her straw hat with them, and bringing and emptying them in the lap of her nurse, who remained seated under a tree. At last the little one was gone longer than usual. The nurse arose and called her, but she did not answer; ran and looked for her, but she did not appear. Elise became alarmed, and rushed through and through the shrubberies, crying aloud upon the name of her nursing. But no response came from the thick green bushes. She ran down to the stream; the banks of the stream were well protected by thick growths of intertangled bushes; there recurred not a possibility that the child could have passed where a man would have found a great difficulty in breaking through. And yet down one little place the bushes were lightly pressed and broken as if something had rolled down them to the water; sheets of black berge, such as had formed the orphan's morning dress, fluttered on the waves, as if run off past her. More than all, her little straw hat, with its black ribbons, was floating on the water. Poor Elise went distracted on the spot, and rushing to the house, spread consternation and horror through the family with the news that little Astra had tumbled into the stream and was drowned! The nurse, who had justly gaped for breath, as if suffering under some overwhelming memory."

"The deepest sympathy is always dumb. The captain could make no comment. His impulse was to draw her silently to his heart, as he would have drawn his little Daney in her arms, or his little Elise, had she possessed one. But he did not dare even to take and press her hand, so his sympathy seemed dead as well as dumb."

After a little while the lady continued:—

"I cannot—no, I cannot dwell upon the distress that followed! You can figure to yourself how all the household rushed down to the stream, how the poor little, downy head, was picked up from the spot where it had lodged against a ledge of rocks; how all the neighbourhood was aroused; how the stream was dragged for the body, and no body found; how it was, next, at a great cost of time and labour, drained, and still no body found; and how at last it was

demonstrated beyond all manner of doubt that no body had ever been drowned there; for you see the stream was narrow and deep, and the current strong; and below the spot where the child was supposed to have fallen in, the stream was crossed by a high ledge of rocks, against which everything that was carried down the stream would lodge. If the child had fallen in, her body must have been found either at the bottom of the stream, when it was drained, or else lodged against the ledge of rocks. It was found neither at one place nor the other; therefore it had never been in the stream; and all these appearances of the shrouded child, the floating hat, the sheets of black berge, for the purpose of producing the impression that she had been drowned. All these investigations had been made, and all these conclusions arrived at without my assistance, and while I was still prostrated with grief. But as I recovered from the first shock of great sorrow, and understood the position of affairs, I set on foot the most diligent inquiry. I soon learned that a fair-haired child had been in the possession of some wandering gipsies on the road to Calais. I followed them in person. I traced them to Calais, thence to Dover, thence to London; everywhere, when I inquired, hearing of the fair-haired child, with the gang of wandering gipsies; but in the wilderness of London I lost them."

"That is easily understood, Madame; for the kidnappers must have only passed through and gone down immediately to Liverpool, and taken passage for America," said the captain.

"Yes, Monsieur, and that was the reason why all my future efforts to discover child, efforts which I have continued to the full extent of what I never even heard of her again until I saw her portrait in the *Boulevards-des-Italiens*. I never returned again to the Chateau De Glacie. I could not endure the place. A strong conviction had taken possession of my mind, that the Marquis De Glacie had instigated the theft of the child. I spent some time in Europe, and during that long time I secretly watched him; I saw enough to deepen and confirm my conviction of his guilt, though not enough to prove it upon him. I saw also reason to suppose that he—a peer of France—was connected with a band of desperadoes, composed of both males and females, whose head-quarters, these desperadoes, exist in every large city in the world, and in every grade of society; whose profession it is to prey upon their fellow-creatures, both at home and abroad, both upon land and sea; whose existence is known to the police, yet whose art has hitherto shielded them from punishment."

"Madame, all this is very shocking," said the half-stupified captain.

"Monsieur, it is true. It was through the agency of this fraternity of evil, the abductions of my daughter were in both instances accomplished. And now to return to the point from which we started, to prove that no murder has been committed, I must call your attention to the similarity of artifice in the first abduction and the last one. In both instances it was an abduction attempted to be disguised as a death—in the case of the infant an accidental death by drowning, in the case of the bride a murder by her bridegroom."

"But, Madame, I do not understand how it was that, in the first instance, you spared the life of the child, or afterwards of the lady, when it was in their power. Surely it is but a short step from such a crime as theirs to that of murder."

"Monsieur, I have heard that this fraternity of the dead stop at bloodshed—that the rules of their order forbid it except in defence of their own lives, and only to carry it out in it. It is only a rumour. Paris is full of rumours concerning this decided, secret, yet all-pervading band. You see, however, by what I have told you, that all those seeming signs of assassination were only arranged to deceive. Astra has been carried off. But for them to accomplish this, they

must have had confederates, who dragged the wine of the bridal pair, and afterwards opened the doors to the abductors. Monsieur, now that we see on the true track, believe me we shall find our lost one."

"Heaven grant it, Madame! This hope gives me more strength than all the doctor's drugs. But—confederates in this house! a house full of old and tried family servants!"

"And no strangers, Monsieur?"

"Ah! stop! let us see! Ay, to be sure! there is a French *femme-de-chambre* who came over with my little Dauncy from Paris, and also a *chef-de-cuisine*, that I was so foolish as to engage in Washington."

"Monsieur, one or the other is a confederate of the kidnappers! have both detained!" said the lady eagerly.

"Madame, if you think that, I'll be dashed (I was going to say, and I beg your pardon for it) if I do not have them both before me immediately!" said the captain, violently ringing the bell.

It was answered by Mandy.

"Send the French maid and the French cook to me directly," said the captain.

"Please, ma'am, they're gone, sir," said Mandy.

"Gone!" exclaimed the captain.

"It is a confirmation," said the lady.

"Yes, sir, they are gone. After Marse Fulke Greville was 'rested, they towed how they couldn't demand themselves by staying in the arms of gentlefolk as got themselves murdered, or took up for murder, and how they'd rather lose their quarter's wages first! An so they told Miss Hitt; and they packed up and tuk their selves off in the *Beag Bee*, as she passed the day afore yester-day."

"But it is confirmation," said the lady once more.

"To the city of Baltimore, one of our largest seaports."

"Then they have escaped us. So now let us turn our attention to the one enterprise of recovering our lost one. My attorney, Mr. Dunbar, has business that requires his presence in New York almost immediately. He will leave to-morrow, returning with the carriage and horses that brought us down. We will draw up advertisements, and charge him with the duty of having them inserted in all the papers. We, Monsieur le Capitaine, had better remain for a few days in this neighbourhood, and pursue our investigations here. I can perhaps find fitting lodgings in Cormort."

"Madame, yes, it is better that we remain here for the present, not only to pursue our investigations into this mysterious affair upon the spot where it occurred, but also to afford comfort and support to one who is suffering at once under an unparalleled bereavement and an unjust accusation. I refer to Fulke Greville, my nephew."

"And my son! You are right, Monsieur."

"But, Madame, I hope you will not wound me by thinking of any other lodging while you remain in this neighbourhood, than this which shelters my own grey head! My house is poor, lady, compared with your mansions in Italy and in France; yet it is perhaps more comfortable than any lodgings you could find in Cormort. I am an unfortunate wretch of an old bachelor, it is true; but then I have at the head of my household a lady of advanced years and immaculate reputation. Madame, I beseech you therefore to do me the honour of making my poor house your home."

"I thank you, Monsieur le Capitaine. It only needed that I should know it would be agreeable to yourself to make it very pleasant to me."

"Could Madame la Marquise doubt that?"

"And, Monsieur le Capitaine, I will leave you to repose for a few hours, while I go and have a consultation with my lawyer," said the lady,

rising and slightly curtsying as she withdrew from the room.

The Marquis de Glacie went directly to the library, where she dispatched a servant to summon Mr. Dunbar.

The young lawyer came promptly.

#### CHAPTER XXXI. THE PRISONER.

Thou shalt not see me bleed  
Nor charge my countenance for this arrest;  
At least unspotted is not easily daunted.  
The next spring is not so free from mist  
As I am clear from treason.

SHAKESPEARE.

Early the next morning two departures took place from the island. The young lawyer retired to Washington City as usual to the North, and the old captain, accompanied by the fair marquise, set out for the town where Fulke Greville remained in prison.

We accompany the latter.

They went in an open carriage, for the road lay through the deepest shades of the forest. The distance was twenty miles on the mainland, and thus it was high noon before they entered Lexington.

The prison was a commonplace, square, brick building, of moderate size, whose grated windows alone proclaimed its character. It stood in the principal street of the city, with the court-house on the right, the market-house on the left, and a large hotel on the opposite side of the street. It was not within ten-minute nor market-day; its countenance was in season nor the farmers in town; the streets were nearly deserted.

Captain Fuljoy drew up before the jail, sent in his card, and was immediately admitted. He left the lady in the carriage, and followed the turnkey to the cell occupied by Fulke Greville, and then, as he went to see you," said the turnkey, opening the door, ushering in the captain, and locking him in with the prisoner.

Captain Fuljoy found himself in a narrow cell, lighted by a grated window opposite the door, and furnished with a cot-bed, a wooden table, and a bench.

Fulke Greville was standing at the window looking out. At the entrance of the captain, he turned around, and in an instant was locked in the arms of his uncle.

"My poor friend!"

"My poor boy!"

Those were the first words, uttered simultaneously, that passed between them.

"This visit, and especially this greeting, assures me that you do not believe one word of the mad charge made against me!" said Colonel Greville.

"Believe it? no!" exclaimed the captain, indignantly. "Burns was no better than a Dagberry, and has ineffectually written himself out of existence, by signing this committal! But let me look at you, my boy! you have been here four days—four days of imprisonment upon the most insane charge that could be conceived!" And the captain raised the young man's head from his shoulder and gazed in his face.

How changed it was in those few days! how pale his cheeks, how long laggard his eyes!

The captain slowly shook his head, saying—

"I will not do you the injustice to believe that all this misery is caused by your imprisonment, or by the infamous charge under which you suffer, or even by the impending dangers of your approaching trial. My brave Fulke does not grope thus for inducements to flight."

"No! the Lord knoweth that. But—my wife! my wife! Oh! sir, are you aware of all?"

"Of all that you know, and a great deal more besides—"

"Ha!" gasped the young man, "has any news been heard of her? Speak! speak! Has she been recovered? Are the assassins discovered? Oh! speak."

"Sit down, Fulke. Compose yourself, and I

will tell you. First—there is hope that she lives!"

He need not have said "sit down." The shock of this announcement struck his wife like lightning. He sank upon the wooden bench, clasped his hands together, and strained his eyeballs upon the old man in the mute agony of suspense; for his voice was gone.

"Now, be a man, a soldier, a CHRISTIAN, Fulke! and listen calmly to some explanations I have to make. And that you may do so with the more ease, I tell you in advance that my little Dauncy lives," said the captain, seating himself beside the young man, and commencing his strange narrative, from the moment of his receiving the visit of Mr. Dunbar to his interview with the marquise; their land journey to Cormort; their arrival at the island; their sudden shock in hearing of the disappearance of the bride and the arrest of the bridegroom; the story told by the marquise; the hopes entertained of the safety of the bride; the measures taken for her recovery; and finally, the presence of Madame de Glacie in the carriage below.

Colonel Greville had not listened to this narrative in calmness and dispassionate interest. His estimate was not like the disinterested affection of the mother or the guardian. The thought of his bride's abduction was more terrible to him than the certainty of her death. He had interrupted the narrator many times with groans, exclamations, or gestures of desperation. Now, at the close of the story, he sat striding up and down the narrow limits of his cell, with the fierce, quick pantings, and the sharp, short turns of a tiger pacing his den.

"The lady waits below. Will you see her?" inquired the captain, arresting the young man's desperate strides.

"See her? yes, no, just as you please! Oh, Heaven, where is my mind! Is she free from insult or offence? Can she defend herself? It were better that she were dead! Oh, sir! do you call this well? Do you call this good news, when you tell me that she is not dead, but in the hands of lawless men? Orest Heaven! I had rather she had been dead, even though I myself should be doomed to die a prisoner! Oh Dauncy! Dauncy! not dead! not safe in death! but in more than deadly peril! in the hands of evil men!" shrieked the distracted husband, tearing the hair from his head.

"Fulke Greville, she is in the hands of God. No harm such as that you fear can happen to her! A woman, innocent in thought, word, and deed, as she is, is fenced around with an inviolable guard of angels! Any man offering her the insult you dread would fall dead at her feet! I do not mean that her life may not perish; but I say that her purity is safe! I wonder you do not feel that this *must* be true! I know it in my interior. Do not doubt it. I am a soldier, a knight, a profane bly, and pray Heaven to forgive the blasphemy of your doubts!"

The earnest, fervent, inspired words of the old man fell like a peal of power upon the stormy passions of the younger one, raiming him, with deep reverence he spoke, as the word of Christ emptied the raging sea. He came and sat down again upon the wooden bench, saying—

"You told me the mother of my love was waiting; we must not keep her so any longer; indeed, I am anxious to receive her; will you be so good as to bring her at once?"

"Why, that is as it should be; yes," replied the captain, rising and going to the door to open it.

"The devil! (I was going to say) they're locked me in! This is rather disagreeable!" he exclaimed, trying in vain to open the door.

"Knock loudly; the turnkey is probably at the other end of the passage," said Colonel Greville.

The captain knocked, kicked, and shook the door, and called aloud; but all quite in vain. No notice whatever was taken of his uproar.



## A DESPERATE LEAP.

BY S. COMPTON SMITH, M.D.

Two travellers floating along the placid current of the Upper Ohio, in those splendid and luxurious steam-crafts of modern days, will, if he possesses an eye for the picturesque and beautiful in nature, find enough objects of interest to occupy his attention during his entire journey. At every bend and turn of the river, too, is pointed out to him some point, or fact, or piece of news, with which is connected some remarkable historical incident, or some legend of former times.

During the earlier wars of the country, the Ohio river was the scene of many chivalrous and daring adventures and exploits; and many were the sanguinary struggles which took place upon its banks between the brave pioneers of the new settlements and their red enemies, who were justly jealous of the growing encroachments of the restless whites.

On the southern bank of the river, and a little below the mouth of the Kanawha, where now stands the village of Fort Pleasant, is a high precipice well known to the natives by the name of "Ulin's Leap," from the following incident which occurred there.

During the Revolutionary war, the present site of the village above named was occupied by a small stockade fort, as a protection to the surrounding settlements against the attacks of the agents in the interest of the British on the people, on the alarm of danger, would leave their fields, and gathering up their families and stock, would seek shelter in the fort, where was always stationed a small force of militia. Here they remained till the threatening danger was removed, when they would again return to their occupations.

One day, in the spring of 1782, Colonel Boone, who was in command of the stockade, missed one of his saddle horses, which had strayed from the enclosure, and called to one of his men to go out in the direction of the river, and bring the animal back to the fort.

This man was Benjamin Ulin, a non-commis-sioned soldier. For several weeks there had been discovered no signs of hostile Indians in the vicinity; and, contrary to order, the man left the stockade without arms, not deeming it necessary to go beyond the corner of the place in search of the missing horse.

But on coming to the margin of the Kanawha, he found, by the creak upon the logs, that the horse had crossed over to the other side of the stream. Procuring a boat, Ulin crossed the river and followed the tracks, which led down a little path along the high bank of the Ohio. This he followed for some distance, till at length he came upon the animal, quietly feeding upon the scarcely unfertilized waters of the little bushes growing along the margin of the bluff.

He now cautiously approached the runaway, with bridle in hand, and had almost laid his hand upon his mane, when a fierce war-whoop, accompanied by a discharge of fire-arms, hurst upon his startled ear, and caused the frightened animal to spring from him and disappear into the forest. The next instant Ulin found himself surrounded by a party of Wyandotté Indians, who, knowing that some one would be out in search of the horse, had laid in ambush, awaiting his arrival.

The savages were occupying the thickets on the south and west; and being entirely without arms, the white man, of course, could not enter the forest, and sought by flying in the direction of the Kanawha to elude them. But scarcely had he run a dozen yards in that direction than he perceived the path filled with his enemies, who again opened a fire upon him from that point. The bullets whistled about his ears, and several lodged in his clothing, but without wounding him.

Thus surrounded by his enemies, Ulin saw no possible mode of escape; for to fall into their

hands alive, was worse than to be killed upon the spot. In that event, as he had killed several of the tribe, he knew he would have to suffer the most fearful torture.

He therefore determined upon the only alternative left to him, which was to throw himself over the precipice into the river below. The distance was frightful, and there was not the least possibility of his surviving the desperate leap. "Just at all events," as he said, "when afterwards relating the adventure to his comrades, 'I thought the least I could do would be to cheat the cursed red-skins out of my scalp, and that would be some satisfaction.'" So bracing himself for the terrible death which he was certain was inevitable, the brave fellow sprang upon the verge of the cliff, where he could look down the dizzy depth beneath him, with the shivering river breaking softly at the rocky base. Scarcely a trock or brush intercepted his vision for nearly fifty feet; but at about that distance a scrubby and gnarled ash tree had found a foothold in the crevice of the cliff, and reached out its ragged limbs over the rocky margin of the stream, while below this he could dimly discover one or two rough ledges, which must receive him before his body should find its final grave in the deep waters of the Ohio.

The time occupied in this desperate survey was scarcely a dozen seconds; and the laborious breathings of his pursuers, who were close upon him, warned him of the greater danger in his rear. But before taking the awful leap, he stooped to the edge of the precipice, and detaching a stone, turned upon his foes. A stalwart savage had reached him, and with eluded rifle, was in the act of striking, when Ulin, collecting all his strength, dashed the stone against the breast of the Indian, and brought him to the ground; and then, as swift as the spring of a tiger, he leaped upon him, and dragging the body of the stunned red-skin to the edge of the cliff, hurled it upon the rocks below. The fellow recovered his breath just as he had reached the fatal spot; and, with last dying yell rang wildly over the quiet waters, and was echoed from the neighbouring cliffs.

At this moment the Indians, who had witnessed the fierce death-struggle of the white man, were upon him; and he would have been riddled with bullets had he not sprung far out over the rocks, into the deep chasm below.

Down—down he shot through the yielding air, while a thousand strange noises seemed to rush and roar about him. Yet the brave man retained all his thoughts, and with wonderful presence of mind managed to keep in a perpendicular position. As he struck into the top of the ash, he clutched at the yielding limbs, which kindly broke his fall to the first ledge, some fifteen or twenty feet below. Here, fortunately, he fell upon his feet, upon a bank of crumbling shale, which again partially breaking the shock of the fall, let him down to the next ledge, eighteen feet further, from whence he leaped, first six and then twelve feet, to the edge of the water; making in all so almost perpendicular height of about one hundred feet! The brave man was now in the Ohio, Drayne, and some other officers, the day after this extraordinary performance.

Finding himself still able to move, although seriously injured by the terrible shock his spinal column had received, Corporal Ulin threw himself into the river, with the intention of swimming to the opposite side, but finding the current too strong for his weary over-taxed limbs, he drew himself up against the shore, and being captured by the Indians, kept along under the cliff, till he reached the mouth of the Kanawha, and then along the beach of that stream, till he again fell in with the canoe in which he had crossed before, and safely reached the stockade, carrying with him the scalp of the Wyandotté he had hurled over the precipice before making his own desperate jump.

## HORATIA;

OR,

## THE POISONED FOUNTAIN.

A ROMANCE OF NEW ORLEANS.

(From the "Wide World.")

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

(Continued.)

The actress advanced to meet him, and they clasped hands.

"Horatia!"

"Percy—Mr. Clerelaud!" were the words interchanged as they met, and then Clerelaud added,—

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure. Of late I have fallen into quiet habits, and it's seldom I go to the theatre, but a gust of mine coaxed me into coming to see the new star, what was my astonishment when, as I glanced at the stage, I perceived Horatia!"

"And so you knew me at first sight?"

"Yes, though I could hardly credit the evidence of my own senses. What has brought you to America?"

"Some people will tell you that actresses go wherever fame and gold can be acquired," replied Horatia; "but I confess, and a blush surged over her face, 'the thought of meeting you, the friend of my youth, was a strong inducement for me to make a contract with a New Orleans manager.'"

Clerelaud bowed his acknowledgments, and she went on:

"I flattered myself, that if you saw the name Horatia on the bills, which had been placarded about the city, curiosity, if not friendship, would prompt you to come and see whether I had improved or not."

"You have improved—your acting exceeds my most sanguine expectations—in short, it so thrilled the lady in the box with me, that she almost fainted."

"Ah! I saw her—a slight, fair-haired creature. Pray, is she your wife?"

"No; oh no!—Miss Grey, my ward."

"Light laughs broke from Horatia, and she said, gaily,—

"What! a bachelor like you have a lady ward! If you had been guardian to a groat, overgrown schoolboy, I should not have wondered; but a girl—how—how did you happen to have a young girl committed to your charge?"

"I will tell you. She was intrusted to my friend Lorrain, and when he died, she transferred her to me. She has been at boarding school till within a year, but is at present one of my household. My widowed sister presides over the establishment, and we have quite a pleasant family circle."

Horatia's eyelids drooped for an instant, and therefore he could not restrain the most sage gleam which flashed into the lustrous orbs beneath. Adroitly she changed the subject, and made some graceful allusions to the past, but they did not produce the effect she had anticipated. It was evident that the man before her was a far different person from the young enthusiast who, when fresh from college walls, had worshipped at her shrine; and when they parted she watched his receding figure with a bitter sense of disappointment. When he had disappeared, she darted into the dressing-room which had been appropriated to her, and, closing the door, burst into tears. Janet, the woman who had been her waiting-maid and confidant for years, rose from a slumbering nook where she had been sitting, and moved to her mistress's side.

"Horatia," she said, "I had not thought you would weep the night of your *début* in New Orleans—why these tears?"

"I, I weep," moaned the actress, "at the fading of my dreams."

"What new dream?" cried Janet—"I was in the stage-box at the theatre, and Percy Clerelaud



land's gaze was riveted on you from the first scene to the last."

"Ah! I know it, but it was the actress and not the woman, who held him enthralled. I have just had a brief interview with him, and his plain enough I have lost my power over him. I may away his interest, I cannot help it, heart." And she wrung her hands and sobbed aloud.

The waiting-maid did not reply: with her keen insight of human nature, she knew she could not soothe Horatia's grief, and she kept silent. At length her mistress started from the lounge on which she sat sunk, and almost fiercely dashed away her tears.

"I will not despair," she exclaimed—"I have had Percy Cleveland at my feet, and he shall be there again ere I quit New Orleans! Come, come—take off my stage-trappings, Janet—I must have rest! He is to call to-morrow, and I must look my loveliest, if I would win him back!"

"Thank fortune, you are yourself again!" rejoined Janet, and she disrobed her beautiful mistress, put on a quiet street dress, and soon after followed her into the half-Spanish, half-English chateau, which was to convey Horatia to the hotel where she had taken lodgings.

#### CHAPTER II.

A month had passed since the events narrated in the preceding chapter, and Horatia Remond was still in the Crescent City. She had indeed proved a star, drawing crowded houses night after night, and establishing her claim to the title of "*La Grande Tragédienne*," by such personations as *Petronilla*, *Lady Macbeth*, and *Medea*. Ladies copied her style of dress and *coiffure*; gentlemen sonnetized and serenaded her, and some of the most enthusiastic even talked of taking the place of the spirited *blond-haired* which drew her to the theatre, and her triumphs. Many suitors flocked to her shrine, and went away wondering why her heart had not been moved by their professions. In the meantime she often met Percy Cleveland, and every fascination of which she was capable was brought into play to win him back.

Darling beautiful as she appeared, gifted as *Aspasia*, bewitching as *Circé*—why, why could she not bring him to her feet? Again and again she asked this question, and at length it was answered, and the dream which had been the mirage of her life swept away.

One night she and Percy Cleveland met at a ball given by a New Orleans millionaire. His home was a palace, and as she never realized the fabulous splendour of Aladdin's halls. Marble floors gleaming lustrous in the blaze of light; graceful Moorish pillars; elaborate stucco-work; gilded and inlaid panelling; minie fountains, with their jets of perfumed waters, and their basins of jasper and verd *salpêtre*; long Creses, and *salpêtre* draped with clouds of lace, and opening upon a garden which was a "wilderness of bloom and beauty," leaps of velvet cushions; gorgeous divans; urns and vases of rare spar, veined with cornelian and agate; groups of statuary in all their white, still loveliness; paintings each of which was a masterpiece; every eye that turned about the fragrant oil, and mirror which reflected this magnificence—recalled the wonders and the luxuries of the East.

Music from an unseen orchestra swelled through hall and bower; dainty feet trod the mazes of the dance, and amid the guests might be seen the Creses, and the *salpêtre*, dark, slender eyes, the *salpêtre*. From the bosom of the bewitching daughter of Spain, with her mantilla and fan, and the ladies of the South, pale, dreamy, languid, and yet with something of that charm which hangs about the magnolia and Cape-jessamine, sleeping in their white and tranquil beauty beneath the moonlight sky.

Among the throng, however, there were none

who could compare with Horatia, the actress, for excitement had lent a warmer flush to her cheek, a deeper light to her eye, a more bewitching smile to her lips. Her robe of wine-coloured velvet, with its falls of black lace, the rubies and diamonds which lit up the night of her hair, and the blush on her breast, and blood on the round arms, formed a costume which a queen might have coveted, but no crowned queen could have worn it more royally than Horatia.

She and Edith Grey had both entered the drawing-room with Percy Cleveland, and nothing could have been more striking than the contrast between the two. One was a gorgeous and brilliant, the other the delicate snow-dew; one a radiant bird-of-paradise, born to bowdler and dazzle, the other a golden oriole, building her nest in the peach tree by the cottage door, and content if she could but charm the home circle within. Edith looked more ethereal than ever that night, for the heart anguish which had tortured the young heart had wasted her strength and bloom, and in her gossamer lace robe, with water-lilies wreathed amid her gold-brown hair, you might have thought her a stray Undine. She had begged to be excused from attending the millionaire's *fête*, but her guardian had insisted that she should accompany him, and as the like the Spartan boy, she conceived the grief which was gnawing at her heart-strings, and joined the revellers.

Hours wore on, and Horatia had been satiated with honour, but in the midst of her triumph, a bitter reflection forced itself upon her—she had not as yet brought Cleveland to her feet. Had not she the then, the angel, the star of her engagement; he had called at her hotel, and she had been invited to his house; he had dined with her on Lake Pont Chartrain, ridden at the bridle-rein, and leaned over her as she sat at the harp or thrummed her guitar—he had treated her with courteous politeness, but nothing more. "The lady had been despatched," and so the pretensions to be expected from a gentleman under whose escort she had come, but he had not, as she had wildly hoped, declared a love as deep, as absorbing, as her own. Weary of the song, the laugh, and the jest, she had stolen forth into the grounds alone, and pausing beside a marble basin, drew her hair wide and dipped it in the fountain, with her jewelled hand. Suddenly she heard voices, and drew back into the shadows. Meanwhile, Percy Cleveland and an acquaintance of his stopped on the fountain's brink, and Belmont said—

"By Jove! you are a fortunate man!"

"Fortunate! Why, what do you mean?"

"The lady you need not fear, Horatia; you know to what I refer. It is no light thing to be the favoured lover of Horatia, when we are all singing in vain for a smile. Pray, now, be confidential, and tell me when the wedding is to take place."

"If you are in sober earnest," replied Cleveland, "will you give me a serious answer? I confess that years ago, when I made a tour through Europe, I fancied I was in love with Horatia. She had just appeared on the English stage, and the almost electrical effect of her acting even then, together with her dark and brilliant beauty, drew me into the circle of her admirers. I smile now when I think of the letters I wrote her, the bouquets I sent, and the hours I wasted in watching for the carriage in which she took a daily drive through St. James's or Hyde-park. I even went so far as to propose to her, and grew fierce and desperate when she told me that though her heart was mine, ambition tempted her to accept a baronet, who was considered one of the most eligible of the scores of the young, handsome, and rich. Since she has been in New Orleans, I have heard from her own lips, that she could neither bring herself to marry him, nor others who had rank and wealth to recommend them."

"She has been waiting for you, I'll wager."

"It is scarcely generous to say so," continued

Cleveland, "but if your assertion were true, the knowledge could not thrill us with the wild joy I should once have felt at the slightest token of her regard—she has lost her power over me! The spell is broken, the charm gone. Belmont, it was not long ago that she was engaged to me, for love is eternal; it was a young enthusiast's worship of her genius."

"A single question more—has she a rival?"

"Percy Cleveland smiled as he said—

"Yes, Belmont, since I am at the confessional, I will own this too. You have met Edith Grey, my ward, and I think it would be singular if Belmont nodded assent, and he went on—

"For a year she has been an inmate of my household, and to me she seems the concentration of all that is lovely in woman. Horatia can hold me enthralled for an hour; Edith is the bride-select of my soul, the wife, with whom I could go through storm and sunshine."

"And have you proposed to her?"

"No; there have been times during our acquaintance, when the memory of my youth's dream has come back to me, and I have felt that it might be unjust for me to link her heart with mine. Of late I have thought I would give worlds to meet Horatia once more, and see if she still had the old charm which so long ago has sent her across my path, and I realize now that the homage I paid her genius is a very different thing from the love with which Edith has inspired me—the strong, deep, abiding love of manhood. I have taken my resolve: ere I am a day older, Edith shall know the truth!"

"Drawing himself up, he exclaimed Belmont, turning to leave his companion—

"Hold! hold!" said Cleveland; "I have trusted you; promise me on your honour that you will not betray what I have told you in confidence."

"I give you the word of a Belmont!" and he moved away.

Edith Cleveland stood for a moment like one wrapped in a sweet dream, and then leaned forward to catch a glimpse of a slight figure flitting through the shrubbery, with the light of the parti-coloured lamps which starred the foliage, ever and anon striking across her gold-brown hair.

"There, there is Edith," he murmured, and springing from the fountain, he joined the girl.

Stealthily Horatia followed them along an avenue, leading to a mimic Moorish mosque, gleaming through the dark, glossy leaves of some fine old orange trees. By the steps of this fairy-like structure, Percy Cleveland paused, and said, softly—

"Sit down, dear Edith, I have much to say to you."

The maiden trembled, for she supposed he was about to communicate his love for and betrothal to Horatia. What then was her wonder and delight, when he repeated what she had already told Augustine Belmont.

Her fair cheek blushed, her large, tender, brown eyes were uplifted with a confiding glance, the red lips murmured the words which Cleveland had so yearned to hear, and as he clasped Edith Grey to his heart, he indeed felt what he said, that he was the happiest man in the wide world.

It would be impossible to describe the storm of passion which had swept over Horatia, as she listened; and when, leaving them to frame plans for the future, she emerged from her hiding-place, she looked like an "enraged pythoness." A plague-spot burned on her cheek, and there was something terrific in the expression of her mouth and eyes. But when she remembered the fatal fact, and recalled herself a consummate actress; never had she been more brilliant, and never had her admirers been more infatuated with the beautiful siren.

It was late when she reached home, but Janet was still awake, and as her keen glance fastened on her mistress, she said—

"You are in trouble—I can see that. I de-



clear your face almost frightens me! Can it be you have lost the game you have been playing?"

"Yes," and her voice sounded hollow and unnatural. "Listen, and I will tell you what I have seen and heard at the file."

Sinking upon the sofa, she revealed the facts with which our readers are already familiar, but when Janet would have answered, she laid her finger on her lips and muttered,—

"Hush, hush! I don't speak; a word of sympathy would be torture. Leave me—leave me!"

She was alone. The woman knew her imperious disposition too well to dispute the point; but she remained, even she would have been startled by the paroxysms of frantic rage and grief which convulsed her mistress. When they met between eleven and twelve on the following day, Horatia's face seemed rigid with a stern purpose, but Janet dared not question her, and she kept her revenge in the far, far depths of her own soul.

The next night "*la grande tragédienne*" played the rôle of *Petronilla*, the Gipsy Queen, and completely electrified her audience by her impassioned acting; but as they sat spell-bound by the vivid power of her gesture, they did not dream she had chosen that character to fire her blood for some desperate deed. When the tragedy was over, she went alone to her dressing-room, and donned a nun's garb, and thus disguised, stole from the theatre. Flitting through the streets, she kept on till she had reached "Summerwood," the home of Percy Cleveland. The grounds had not yet formally laid out, but had a wild beauty which bespoke the poetic tastes of the owner, and through thickets of roses, laurel, and aloe, tangles of passion-flower, jessamine and bignonia, and by-pools, on whose waters grew, slumberous lilies, spots, and wild-fowl sailed, Horatia made her way, her eyes gleaming, her breast coming in and out as she snuffed the air. Finally she met a slave, the most desperate negro on the estate, and something in his stormy face told the astute woman that his spirit was akin to hers. She stopped him, and with the heavy purse she offered him, bribed him to show her the fountain which supplied the house with water. In the shadow of a cedar tree, she bubbled up pure and clear as crystal; but as Horatia bent over it, she started back in terror at the image reflected there. She soon, however, regained her composure, and poured the contents of a phial into the fountain.

"Ah!" she muttered fiercely, "I am a second *Petronilla*, and Edith and Percy another *Edith*, as gentle and St. Clair! As for the slaves, poor things, Jupe will see that they do not drink of this water!" And like a grim ghost she glided through the night and disappeared.

The next day Percy Cleveland had left his betrothed for a brief business errand, to a neighboring plantation, and on the morning when he perceived one of his own servants riding towards him at his utmost speed.

"Oh! massa, massa!" he cried; "Miss Edith an' your sister is both dyin', we 'raid'!"

"Dying!" and Percy Cleveland's blood chilled in his veins as he spurred on to Summerwood.

On reaching the house, he found both lying side by side on his sister's couch, and suffering acutely. "A physician was summoned, and the symptoms declared to be those produced by poison. But with God's blessing the remedies administered proved effectual, and Edith and Mrs. Lyndhurst recovered."

Shocked by the strange event, Cleveland left no means untaken to fathom the mystery; but though the slaves were questioned and cross-questioned, no else could be obtained for several months. One thing was certain—Jupe had fled; and it was supposed he might have had some agency in the daring deed, as he had quarrelled with the overseer, and sworn he would have his revenge.

In mid-winter, as Cleveland was riding through a swamp which he had thought inhabited only by herons, copper-snakes, and crocodiles, he saw a

pitiable object crouched at the foot of a dead tree. The next moment Jupe confronted him: pale, emaciated, and with a pair of great, hollow eyes, he looked like a shadow of his former self.

"Oh, massa," he exclaimed, "I am dying—see!"

And he tore open his red flannel bound, and disclosed a swollen and inflamed wound.

"That," he added, "is a pistol-shot from the slave-catchers! But they could not take me—I shall free free! Still, I cannot go into your world as I am now—unconscious." And he proceeded to relate the particulars of his meeting with Horatia Remond.

Cleveland had not before suspected her, and he listened in surprise and dismay; but as he thought of her strange and hurried departure from New Orleans, he felt almost sure Jupe had told the truth.

When he had granted the forgiveness for which the slave begged, he rode homeward; but as his young bride sprang to meet him, he resolved that her sunny brow should not yet be clouded by the knowledge of Horatia's guilt.

It was not till three years afterward, when a long and painful letter, which had been treasured

Horatia Remond's death-bed, unfolded the dark pages of her heart-history, that Edith Cleveland knew how fierce had been the hate, how terrible the revenge, of the *Tragic Queen*!

## THE DEAF AUNT AND DEAF WIFE.

I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness which I perpetrated towards my wife and my ancient relative.

"My dear," said I to my wife on the day before my aunt's arrival, "you see Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow; well, I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She is very deaf, and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do everything in your power to make her stay agreeable."

Mrs. R.—— announced her determination to make herself heard, if possible. I then went to John T.——, who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, and told him to be the boss at wringing letters, on the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad depot with a carriage next night, and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said, "My dear aunt, this is one rather annoying infirmity that Anna (my wife) has, which I forgot to mention before. She is very deaf, and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in her ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. I am very sorry for it."

Aunt Mary, in the goodness of her heart, protested that she rather liked speaking loud, and so to do so would afford her great pleasure.

The evening drove up; on the steps was my wife; in the window was John T.——, with a face as utterly solemn as if he had buried all his relatives that afternoon. I handed out my aunt—she accented the steps.

"I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife, and the policemen on the opposite sidewalk started, and my aunt nearly fell down the steps.

"Kiss me, my dear," howled my aunt, and the hall lamp clattered, the windows shook as with the fever and ague. I looked as the window—John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage, and went into strong sympathy. When I entered the parlor her wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cape.

Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife like a pistol, and John nearly jumped to his feet.

"Rather disquieting," was the response in a war-whoop, and so the conversation continued.

The neighbours for blocks around must have heard it: when I was in the third story of the building I heard every word.

In the course of the evening my aunt took occasion to say to me, "How loud your wife speaks; don't it hurt her?"

"I told her that," the neighbours talked loudly, and that my wife being used to it was not affected by the exertion, and that Aunt Mary was getting along very nicely with her.

Presently my wife said softly, "Alf, how very loud your aunt talks."

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You're getting along with her finely; it's hours every word you say." And I rather think she did.

Elated by their success at being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs, till everything on the mantel-piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt, being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding whether the exertion of talking so loud was not injurious to my wife. So, "Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?" said she, in an unearthly whoop, for her voice was not as musical as it was when she was young.

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife. "Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you can't hear if I don't," squealed my wife.

"What!" said my aunt, fairly rattling a railroad whistle this time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises; and looking round and seeing John gone, I stepped into the hall, and there, and he lay, day on his back, with his feet at right angles to his body, rolling from side to side, with his fist poked into his ribs, and a most agonising expression of countenance, but not uttering a sound. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think that from the relative positions of our feet and heads, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must have inevitably ensued, if a horrible groan, which John gave vent to in his endeavour to suppress his risibility, had not betrayed our hiding-place.

In rushed my wife and my aunt, who, by this time, comprehended the joke; and such a scolding as I then got I never got before and I hope never to get again. I know what the end would have been, if John, in his endeavors to appear respectful and sympathetic, had not given vent to such a groan and a horse-laugh, that all gravity was upset, and we screamed in concert.

I know it was very wrong, and all that, to tell such falsehoods, but I think that Mrs. Opie herself would have laughed if she had seen Aunt Mary's expression when she was informed that her hearing was defective.

THE man who is resolved to keep others fast and firm, must have one end of the bond about his own breast.

AFTER upon your own conviction, or it may be the sheriff's duty to act upon your conviction before you are much older.

A SMILE is ever the most beautiful with a tear upon it; the tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.

HE who takes a cup of water may well feel joyous, for he swallows what has, in its various forms, made man more wretched upon the earth than the greatest musician that ever lived.

DON'T send for an advice with the new view of being confirmed in your own opinion. You might as well send for a doctor and prescribe to him what medicines he ought to order.



MAKING A CLEARING.

### THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI AND THE NORTH-WESTERN STATES.

MORE than three centuries have passed away since Ponce de Leon attempted to find, in this New World, the "magic fountain of youth," and failed in his attempt. But a few years later (1541) De Soto, a bold Spanish adventurer, landed on the Florida coast, and pushed out westward till he struck the banks of a wide and turbid river. He was searching for gems, and gold, and barbaric cities, but found them not—only tangled forests, wide morasses, and solitary villages. He crossed the broad river, and sought farther, but found suffering and death, and his body was sunk in the depths of the Mississippi he had discovered.

A century later French Jesuits penetrated the wilderness west from Canada, seeking to convert Indians; and in the year 1071 formal possession of the North-west was taken by the French. Two years later (1673) two birch canoes, with seven men, started from Michilimackinac, in which were Marquette and Joliet. These missionaries had been told of the great river, on whose banks they would find savage Indians, fearful monsters, raging demons, and parching heats; but 'tired on their souls after their method, they went forward with the name of God on their lips and a contempt of danger in their hearts.

They passed through Green Bay and down

the Fox River, till, in a village of Kickapoos, they found signs of civilized man. There Allouez had preached, and there, in the midst of an Indian town, was standing "une belle croix," covered with offerings of skins and belts from grateful hunters to the new God. In June they left these friendly Indians, and crossed the prairies to a new river (the Wisconsin), through which they hoped to reach that more wonderful river which lay to the west.

On the 17th of June their small barks entered the Mississippi "with a joy which I cannot express," says Marquette. Besides the wish to Christianize Indians, there was burning in the hearts of these men a longing for adventure and discovery which could not be controlled. The swift current carried them along, and they saw deer, and buffalo, and wingless swans, and great fish, which nearly destroyed some of their canoes. Then they came to the towns of the handsome and well-mannered Illinois; they passed the "Pictured Rocks," and the mouth of the muddy Missouri, and the "Devil's Tower," and the "Devil's Bake-oven," of whose dangers they had been warned, and then the mouth of the Ohio; and were fiercely attacked by mosquitoes and Indians, but their lives were saved, says Marquette, "God touched their hearts." They appear to have reached the mouth of the Arkansas, when, after being feasted on "corn and dog," they once more turned their faces northward.

La Salle and Hennepin followed in 1678, but

were baffled. In 1690, however, Hennepin was sent by La Salle to explore and discover northward towards the sources of the river. He was seized by Indians and carried away captive, till, in the month of May, he reached a great fall, which he named St. Anthony's Falls, in honour of his patron saint (a common luxury in those days), which name they now bear. Above these falls spring those thousand lakes, clear fountains of eternal youth (which Ponce de Leon did not find), that feed the laughing fall and make the broad river which hurries down to the Gulf.

The river is divided here by an island, but the western channel, through which the greatest water flows, is some three hundred and ten yards wide, while the perpendicular height of the principal fall is but seventeen feet.

When the friar discovered the fall, it was resorted to for fish by roving tribes of hunting, fighting Indians—Sioux, Sacs, Foxes, Ojibways, Crows—few of whom yet remain, the prey of crafty traders who sell rum for pelts. Then, as now, they lived and suffered in miserable huts or lodges, an insufficient shelter from an inclement climate. Their occupation is gone—deer and buffalo have disappeared—and work is irksome to the "noble savage;" those left see the white workers in full possession, and their race nearly extinct; they possessed the continent, but left no mark upon its history, and are remembered as a curiosity of the past rather than as a part of the development of mankind.

Notwithstanding the filth and destitution of the real savage life, it still has charms for some who have not tried it; and when compared with the wretchedness and degradation of the "Devil's Acre" in London, or the "Five Points" in New York, it is to be chosen. Cooper and Ruxton have given us two glowing pictures of the ease, and plenty, and excitements of the wilderness life; but who would not rather fly from the taxation and prolonged misery of the European serf to the quicker death of the arrow or tomahawk?

The early hunters and trappers came very near to the savage life—now at peace, now at war with the Indians, with whom, however, they almost always intermarried. Many a wild adventure and hair-breadth escape has enriched the page of the story-teller, but the white proved stronger and wiler than the savage.

A quarrel grew up between a trader and some of the Indians, and the Indians came to his cabin to attack and murder him. He opened the door, holding a brand in one hand, and they entered. He said,—

"You see this barrel of powder, and you see this hand; go home and bid your squaws goodbye, for if you move one step nearer I will blow you to atoms!"

They were awed and cowered.

A curious question has often been discussed, though pretty well settled now, as to the endurance and strength of the wild compared with the civilized man. Marvellous stories were once told and believed about the powers of the savage: he could travel day and night, could live without food for days, could see the toughest lion second impossible, yet his wounds would heal, and immediately he was well; his sense of smell was wonderful, and those of sight and hearing incredible; he was believed to be able to start from any one point, and go readily on a bee line through tangled forests and over treacherous mountains direct to any other point, even hundreds of miles away. Every boy has read with profound interest the story of "The Last of the Mohicans," and has believed in the startling escapes of Le Maynard Subtil, and the mysterious honesty and sagacity of Uncas, the friendly Delaware. Their powers to outdo and to outwit the more civilised white man are in that book wonderfully recorded, and the keen "Leather Stocking" is no match for them.

No it is in that admirable story, and in many another story; but so it is not in fact. A more careful examination of the question has shown

such slight provocation, let us look for a moment into that new West, to which men tend.

The sun goes down in the golden west, but possibly it is not more golden than the spot where we stand to see it. So we may conclude every place has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. When the New England pilgrims came to their "West," they found land, but nothing more; they were obliged to send to England for "drums, tarkeys, bells, books, powder, primers, madder seeds, and ministers." All the conveniences and comforts of an old settlement are wanting in the new; all has yet to be done. Taverns? None. At nightfall you see parties of emigrants making their way in slow lines across the rolling prairie (or "param," as the borderers like to call it), in search of the convenient banks of some stream where they can find water for their cattle and wood for their fires. As the eye

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

comes, and where are the cradles in which they have been rocked to rest—where the peaceful beds full of peaceful sleep? It is known that the solitude of the prairie are often startled by the fearful wail of many a wretched child, whose bed is at last found among the bundles of household "plunder" hidden in the recesses of the wagon-top. When the animals have browsed, they are gathered into the inclosure made by the wagons, and tethered, to protect them against a prowling wolf or Indian, occasionally to be met with in Iowa or Minnesota, and then men and women find what repose exhausted nature insures.

To woman pioneer-life is hard, for she is tender, though tough; she wants and should have, more comforts and conveniences than man, but in this new life she has less. She must work hard, and live a life of the commonest reality, without the solace of cheerful gossip over steaming cups of tea, the comforting voice of her accustomed minister, or the assurances of her long-tried friend and physician—without those thousand little aids and appliances of taste and grace, and neatness and dress, which help to smooth the onward and upward path of life.

She, too, must rough it—she does not like to rough it—and she is hurt and demoralised if the roughing is too rough or too long continued. Is it not so? Does any one love to see a woman with uncombed hair, shabby clothes,



FOREST SKETCHES.—A STARTLING ADVENTURE.—See page 42.

that the white man is the superior of the red, even in strength and endurance. Captain Franklin and other Arctic voyagers found that the Indian guides succumbed under hardship, labour, and privation sooner than the whites. He, and many others too, found that sailors, who it was supposed were much stronger than officers, gave up before them. From this we learn that mere body is not all, and that MIND, too, goes to make up the physical man. Notwithstanding this, it is a right royal instinct which leads us away from the pale-faced counter-jumper, and the weak-eyed student, and the trembling miser, to the rough, untrimmed, out-of-door man of the fields and forests. To the fields and forests we must for ever look for new, fresh blood; to them return when our own gets thin, and our nerves begin to tremble. We cannot forget our double nature—that combination of body and mind, of material and spiritual, which goes to make the true man. The Indian seems to have been a failure—he was a body—but he was not a greater failure than the philosopher who aspires to be pure mind.

It is a mistake, too, to suppose that the Indian was sure of good health, one principal condition of which certainly is plenty of open air. That he had, but he lacked almost everything else; and out of the many bora, the few who lived were commonly subject to diseases, such as rheumatism, tooth-ache, and fever. The charming stories of Paul and Virginia and Typoe are not, therefore, to be relied on.

The continent is changed; savage nature in man and forest has disappeared; the forest has fallen, and the Indian's path is trod by the wheel of the untiring locomotive.

Where the Indian and the red deer once roved free, their feet have departed; the sound of the war-whoop and the ring of the rifle have given place to the clip of the axe and the shout of the teamster; the laughing waters turn the busy mill, and the cry of the wild drake is silenced by the "pough-pough" of the steamer

which breasts the stream to the foot of the falls. The broad prairies are now cut by the wheels of daring and doing emigrants, who seek good spots for future homes. Wives, sons, daughters, and babies are piled up with loads of goods, and New England and Old England spread from the far east to the far west. The bold spirit of the Northman still lives—not to filibuster the world, but to convert the wilderness into peaceful fields, and to extend that freedom which includes blessings and duties too, which makes every man a king over himself, a prince in his own house, and a man upright before the Lord.

But why is it that people emigrate? Why do so many thousands turn their backs upon their homes, tear up by the roots those associations and sympathies, the growth of a lifetime, which have fastened themselves upon every spring, and tree, and chamber, and corner of the old homestead? Why do they leave old nations, too, with a past and a history? and, above all, why do they leave old friends, to go out to unknown places, to unknown dangers and hardships, and to begin among strangers a new experiment? Whoever now reads this by the side of his cheerful fire, in his accustomed seat, will shudder at the prospect of leaving it, and going forth to grapple with untamed nature. But before another year be too many go; and why?

It is the law of God. The world must be occupied and subdued, and civilised man must occupy and subdue it. It is for this reason that men go, not only because they are restless and impatient of present evil.

Why should we be content with a bare existence? Our people believe in comfortable houses, decent clothes, churches, school-houses, pianos, magazines, newspapers, silks, laces, and hoops—and they will have them. The moment population begins to get strained for room, and the means of living begin to be subdivided, that moment they push out into new lands, happy in the consciousness that there are new lands to push into. But as we go out upon

and ragged shoes, with an overworked and wearied look? I trust not; no one—not even her own husband. But woman can go through this all, and well, too, as Mrs. Kirkland once showed us, in her clever book called "A New House." Who'll follow?" She can do all, and more, strengthened by love, if its fire can only be kept bright on the home altar. Let men remember that. But women do not like tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking, and growling, dirty men—not they.

Settlers should go out in companies whenever it can be done, for mutual help and comfort; organised settlements made up of farmers, mechanics, surveyors, schoolmasters, and shopkeepers are sure to succeed. The first work to be done is to put up some kind of a house sufficient for present needs, and in doing this the advantages of working in companies is evident. In a country of trees these cabins are built of logs; in prairie countries, of boards or slabs; these often stand for years, all the while being improved and added to, until, by-and-by, constant industry and rich lands reward the farmer with bountiful crops and full barns; and then good houses start up over the country. Work is sweet to him who sees that he is to reap where he has sown; and when the farmer of the Northwest drives his strong ploughshare through the tough sod, and turns up the fat, black soil, he enjoys his labour, for his mind's eye sees those lands waving with yellow grain which he is sure to reap. It is best that emigrants should be sanguine, but not over-sanguine; and we, therefore, venture to suggest that there are some slight drawbacks even in the teeming West. It is not pleasant to have one's spleen torn with the talons of "fever and ague," and the foundations of health and enjoyment thus undermined. Possibly this cannot be escaped, but let the man who knows the values of health avoid night and morning rain, strong coffee, hard work, cold chills, and drowsiness. There are districts tolerably free from this scourge; they are most eagerly sought for; time alone and superior methods of life and diet will rid others of it.

Another evil which presses heavily upon the farmer of the Northwest is the long and severe winter; both man and beast must be fed, and the six months of summer must be devoted to severe toil to secure the means of subsistence during the six months of winter. Notwithstanding this, the fruit of civilisation—well developed men and women—are more common in cool and temperate climates than in warm and luxurious ones.

The growth of these Western towns which now stand upon the river's bank is surprising, almost incredible. Our old friend "P. W." tells of a brief conversation he had with a young man who reported himself as coming to New York from Davenport, where a few years ago Antoine le Claire lived, but where a city had then neither log-habitation nor name.

He said he came to New York to buy goods.

"What goods?"

"Music and musical instruments."

"What? for Davenport, where the stumps are hardly dug out?"

"Yes, sir; I sell music and musical instruments."

"Only?"

"Yes, I sell those two things to the amount of five thousand dollars a year." P. W. turned away and marvelled at the words. It was highly probable that at this time Mr. Morrison sells them to the amount of twenty thousand dollars a year.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## FOREST SKETCHES.—No. 1.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP,  
AUTHOR OF "THE HUNTED LIFE," &c.

### A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

I don't profess to be a writer. I like a rifle better than I like a pen, and had rather fish for dainty fates in a trout-stream than for ideas in an inkstand. Yet I have seen something of life in my day, and perhaps some of my adventures may be as well worth a little ink-spilling as many that are already "in print." I have wandered over the Western prairies, and camped in the deep forests of the Sierra. I have pulled a canoe through the turbid waters of the jangled bayou, and made my hat in the dark recesses of the timber swamp. And, in the forests nearer the Atlantic bend, I have seen something of adventure, too; for be it known that the wild "varmints" are not all exterminated from New England yet. So my first sketch shall be from the land of the pilgrims.

In the summer of 1842, a small party of us took a jaunt to the White Mountains, well supplied with implements for gunning and fishing. We had tried our luck along all the principal trout-streams, and about the best pickered ponds, and had barreled up a great deal of powder for a very little game, having amused ourselves by popping at old-eyes upon a pine-board when nothing else offered itself.

There were three besides myself in the party. First, Ben Gilroy, "rare old Ben," next Ned Hobson, then Harris B. Horne, and last, but by no means least, came your humble servant—a very fair specimen of the present generation, looking for all the world like a colonel of infantry on a pleasure trip.

The summer was drawing to a close—so near it that one or two nipping frosts had been experienced upon some of the intervals—and we had come as far as Conway, N. H., where we stopped with Col. Hill at the Pennawaukee House; said house having been long known to travellers for some years on account of the erection of a larger, and in every way better, hotel. Bears are generally plenty in that section late in the season, and on the present occasion our number of bear-skins had been increased by them. So we determined upon a bear-hunt.

One bright morning we took our trap and guns, and started off for a corn-field where we had been informed these black varmints had done considerable mischief. The question was upon a high piece of table-land—or, rather, a long, wide swell—in the town of Albany, which rises upon one side from Swift River. We reached the spot a little before noon, and found the old farmer just in the act of setting the "infernal creosote." When we told him the object of our visit, he was highly delighted, and offered us all the assistance in his power. With him we went out to the corn-field, which we found to be a piece newly cleared, upon the edge of the forest, and surrounded by a common bush fence. We easily found the place, upon the wood which the bears had entered, and here we made arrangements to set our trap.

For the benefit of those who do not understand this sort of thing, I will explain the method of trapping the black bear. When they have gained entrance to a corn-field they will, upon all subsequent visits, follow the original track, unless such change is made in the state of affairs as to excite their suspicion. They are fond of the tender corn when it is "in the milk," but unlike the 'coon, and other animals that prey upon the grain, they not only eat much, but they destroy much, with an intense desire of mischief, as they invariably thresh about, and tear up and ruin a vast amount of corn which they cannot consume.

The trap is shaped like a fox-trap, with jaws from ten inches to a foot in height, and about

spring-iron on both ends. These jaws are armed with sharp teeth, or spikes, from two to three inches in length, which are firmly riveted upon the under side, and when closed stand about an inch and a half apart. To this trap is made fast a stout chain, long enough to allow a fair sweep, upon the end of which is an iron ring some six inches in diameter. Into this ring is driven a "clog," a stick of strong wood some three feet in length, or longer or shorter according to the nature of the path by which the bear will make his escape. If the trap were made fast, so that it could not be dragged away, the bear would be sure to either tear himself out or break the trap. Upon finding himself in such a "fix," and fast at that, his rage would know no bounds. But by driving in the stout stick with a wedge he secures enough. The moment he finds himself free the bear starts off. We will be sure, if the fence be not far off, that he can get over that. When he reaches the woods he will ere long find himself fast. The clog has got across two small trees between which he has passed. Now he has gone that way with a view to insure instructions, and he naturally figures that he has blundered into faint; so he carefully begins to study his way out. He knows the trap is not absolutely fixed, because he has already dragged it a long distance, and hence he will not make any effort to tear himself out. Perhaps he frees himself from this trouble, and, once more jugs along. But very soon he finds himself in another "fix." The trees are thick, and he can pass where the transverse clog cannot. May be in this effort or in the next one, he gets the chain fixed about a tree. All his ingenuity is at fault. His leg has become inflamed and sore, and every effort now gives him the most excruciating pain. He lies down and finds that he feels easier; and there he is likely to lie until his trappers find him—when powder and ball put an end to his life.

We found the place where the bear entered the corn-field to be an excellent spot for the trap, as a quantity of fine boughs had been trodden down directly in the path. The farmer cut us a clog from a small beech bud, and having fixed it within the ring, we hid our trap under the brushwood, and then fixed everything as nearly as possible upon the same plan. After this we returned to our host's eat, where we made a late dinner upon bread and milk, enlivened by the frank smiles of a pretty "darter," who expressed herself as "plaguey glad" when fellows had come to ketch the ternal bears what had been raised 'sich a muss in dad's corn-field."

After this we set the "gal" to watch the trap occasionally to see that no one disturbed it, and then we took our fishing rods and followed down a small brook that wound its way through the pine and woods back to the house. The result was, that we had a delicious supper of trout, and left enough on our host to keep himself and family in fresh fish for several meals. We had supper rather earlier than usual because one of the boys wanted to go "down to the corner" on some important business; and he was anxious to be back in season to see the "fun," as he called it.

As soon as supper was over, which was very near sundown, the eldest "darter" and a younger brother started off after the coon. The former was seventeen years of age, and though unpollished with water, yet he was unusually pretty. Could he have removed the fat from her plump cheeks, and been rigged up in "cooly array," she might have caused envy in the bosoms of those who were already discomfited beauties and belles. Her name was Mary, and I had not observed her long ere I made up my mind that she was going to be for a wife would get a Mary worth having.

Her brother was eleven, and answered to the name of "Lant," and "Lanty." His real name I found to be Elanson. The son was some three or four times its own diameter above the tree-tops when they started, and they calou-

A GREAT fortune is not infrequently made by a man simply because he is too mean to enjoy a small one.

INDIGENCE without wealth is very common, and wealth without indigence is probably even more so.

lated upon finding the "critters" in ten or fifteen minutes, as the dog, which always went with them, was good at hunting them out among the thickets. This dog was a medium-sized animal, a cross between the "bull" and the "spaniel," with considerable squint, but with little cunning.

Mary and her brother had been gone some fifteen minutes, and we were all out in front of the tree, smoking, when we were startled by a quick, sharp yelp of the dog. It was not a bark; nor was it such a cry as the dog gives when angry at tree dogs; but it was a perfect yell of anger and fear combined. We instinctively started to our feet, and as we did so a loud, quick, agonising shriek from Mary's lips came breaking through the silence.

"Mersey!" screamed the hostess, who had hastened to the door upon hearing the cry of the dog. "Sumthin' 's the matter with Moll. It may be the bear's!"

The same thought had come to my own mind; but if we had hesitated as first we did as no more; for, hardly had the echoes of the maiden's voice died as the dog began to bark furiously, and the cries of both Mary and Lanty were joined in chorus. We sprang for our rifles, which were all loaded, only Harry waiting to get his flask and shot-pouch, and at once started for the scene under the guidance of the host, his wife keeping pace with him.

The pasture was to the northward from the house, the corn-field being to the westward; but as the cattle had the range of some twenty acres of woodland, they could run around beyond the corn patch. The direction of the cries was in a direct line with the fence between the pasture and the corn, and along by this fence we took our way. At the distance of about a hundred rods we came to the woods, and some twenty rods further on we had to descend into a deep ravine where, at some former time, a stream must have run. This was thickly wooded with heavy beech; and as we reached the bottom of the run, the cries of the children were near at hand. The dog had been barking and "yelping" by turns; but just as we arrived at the edge of the ravine his noise ended in a sharp cry of pain. We heard his voice no more; but the others were still crying for help.

"Help! Oh! help! Father! father! Oh! Murder! murder!"

Such were their cries; and as they came piercing on very soon we hurried to a place upon an opening where a broad, flat, ledge-like rock made out like a platform into the ravine, which became abruptly deeper here. Our host was the first to reach it, and as he did so I saw him stop suddenly—throw up his hands in terror—and then cry out in the most agonising manner "ever lived in!"

"Oh! my God!"

It was all he could say, for on the next moment he had to seize his wife to prevent her from leaping off amongst the rocks below. When I came up I saw a scene that made my blood run cold, and caused my heart to leap to my throat.

Upon the rocks below us, which were at a depth of some fifteen feet, I saw the mangled carcass of the dog and a dead cub. In a low brown ash tree, which grew out from the side of the bank, and hung over the gorge, were the two children, one mere cub, and an enormous black she-bear. The cub had run up the body of the tree, and was now clinging there with his back hanging downwards. Mary had taken to the tree also, and was upon a stout limb which ran out parallel with the ravine; while Lanty had found a perch upon another limb nearer to us. The old bear was just making her way to the limb upon which Mary was seated when we came up!

—What was to be done? The dog had evidently made the first attack upon the cub, and having killed it had himself been killed. The second cub had taken to the tree; and Mary,

while the dam had been engaged with the dog, had leaped up the tree, hoping that the dog might over-run her enemy. Sue had heard that a person should never attempt to run up a hill when chased by a bear. But she had exercised little reason. She had seized the first thought of safety that presented itself, and hence we found her where we did. The boy had simply followed her example, being himself too much frightened to think of anything else.

Of all the fiercest and fiercest animals none can excel in those respects the she-bear, while her young are in danger. The mad beast was bent for Mary, and in a few moments she would be upon her! We, standing upon the rock, dared not stir, for both Mary and Lanty were in a line with the bear, the boy being closely between us and the brute, and his sister beyond. The agonised mother shrieked like a maniac, and the loud cry of Mary for help came upon us with startling force. I saw that the dam took no notice of us new comers, save once to turn her head and see where we were, but was only aiming at the girl. She had already placed her fore paws about the limb, and had one hind foot raised with which to lift herself on!

We all saw that not a moment was to be lost. We called to Lanty to drop from his perch, but he did not understand us. The shrieks of the mother drowned all else. On the next instant I resolved upon a hazardous movement. To reach either bank of the ravine, which was here very wide, made it necessary to go back some distance. Of course that would not do. One more cry from Mary, and I hesitated no longer.

"Look sharp!" I cried to my companions, and then, aiming for the body of the dog, I gave a leap down into the rocky gorge. I struck both feet upon the soft mosses, and fell forward upon my left hand, but was instantly sprung up. This momentary indisposition, my intent of mine, was evidently the means of the result which followed, for it attracted the bear's attention, and gave me time to level my rifle. Had not the brute turned her head, she would have hit her fatal paw upon the poor girl or another effective movement could have been made. Brain saw me—she saw me—she was upon the rocks—and then turned once more towards her intended victim. On the instant I raised my piece and fired. I had aimed just behind the shoulder, but missed the heart.

"Down! down! Drop!" I cried out to Mary, as the bear leaped. The hope of escape had given the girl new strength, and while the bear yet made another angry shout towards her she slipped down the limb by her hands, and dropped upon the rocks, with a few unimportant bruises.

With a snarl—a half growl—of rage, the bear leaped from the tree, and turned her head towards me. At that instant the report of Harry's rifle rang out upon the air, and the huge brute rolled over with a slug through her heart!

Mary sank down utterly powerless, and even Sue, who had helped her to the tree, as his fright had taken away all his strength. But we got them on the rocky shelf at length, and for a while I feared we should have to bring the mother to her senses also, she was so completely overcome. Ben Gilroy put a ball through the head of the remaining cub and the mother lay motionless, the sun having risen from night a few minutes before I leaped into the gorge, so that now the shades of night were fast creeping on.

When the elder son returned from "the corner," we took the horse and lantern, and went out to the place where we had left the bear. We passed her where she lay motionless, but we were sorely repaid for our trouble. The skins were taken off, and the dam was found to weigh three hundred and eighty-nine pounds all dressed—a heavy brute, surely!

From Mary we learned that the first notice they had of their danger was the presence of

the cub, which the dog attacked at once. She and her brother were then both in the rocky ravine, and when they saw the old bear coming, they started for the tree without noticing that another cub had gone up ahead of them. They could not climb up the sides of the gorge without a risk of losing footing, and the only easy avenue of egress was occupied by the approaching bear.

The feelings of the parents, and of the brother and sister, may be imagined, and the reader will not wonder that at midnight we took up our empty trap without the least regret. Yet we meant to set it again, and in the same place too, for we knew there were more bears in the neighbourhood.

## KATE WESTPORT'S LOVE AFFAIR;

### THE LADY OF ASHLEY HALL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Tun train has been gone just four minutes, sir!"

If our tracks have ever been jolted two or three hours over country roads, in a country stage-coach, to "connect" with a railway train that stops precisely three quarters of a minute among the lonely hills, and then whizzes away like a steam-pottered clown—and if they have ever found themselves too late therefore—they can perhaps appreciate the dismay that overspread the countenances of the little party of travellers, as they stood on the steps of the solitary station! If Frank Westport had been alone, he would probably have sworn rigorously—as it was, not even the presence of his sister and wife could repress the muttered "Confound it!" which contained the essence of half a dozen naughty words. For men will be men—and there are some things which human nature can't resist!

"And the next train don't pass under three hours—how provoking!" ejaculated Mrs. Westport, looking dolorously down at her dust-bespattered attire. "How on earth are we to whine away the time?"

"Dunno, ma'am," said the official, who stood with his hands in his pockets, aparently indifferent. "There's a middlin' good tavern a piece up the road."

"A country inn!" exclaimed Kate Westport, a pretty girl of seventeen, whose short, golden-brown curls were daintily topped off by the overshadowing plumes of a straw gipsy. "No, indeed, Frank, we've had enough of that sort of thing! I sn't there any pretty place within walking distance?" she said, turning to the man. "We might just ramble around until the time is due."

Luke Smith scratched his head with a puzzled air.

"There's Dr. Jones' Seminary for Young Ladies, just over that hill, and there's Deacon Smart's great old, and there's a picnic ground with new wooden benches painted pea-pod colour, and—"

Frank Westport interrupted him with,—  
"Thank you, sir, but I fear none of these places will prove interesting to the ladies."

"Well," said Luke dubiously, "there's Ashley Hall just on the end of the road—you see the top of the chimney from here, if you are near-sighted. It's the prettiest place in the county—and when you get to the big iron gates you canpeep through, and see some of the statuary."

"Can we not go in?" asked Westport.

"No, sirree," was Luke's emphatic response. "They don't never allow nobody to go over the grounds; they're particular about it, now Mr. Ashley is in Europe."

"Does nobody reside there?"

"Nobody but the housekeeper and the garden-folks."

"Frank," said Kate mischievously, "I feel

an irresistible desire to penetrate those Blue-bard fastnesses—let's try!"

"My dear! not if it is against rules and regulations!"

But Kate tossed her curls defiantly, and looked the very personification of reckless adventure.

"Let's try, at all events!"

"You can try as much as you like," said Luke Smith graciously—"there ain't no law agin tryin'—but you can't get in: the gardeners are as stiff as a stick."

How long those grounds looked to the three weary travellers, as they plodded along the dusty road that skirted the iron fence enclosing them! The cool glitter of diamond-bright fountains here and there, seen dimly through feathery acacia boughs and green willow-nesses of shade, the white gleam of marble groups of fauns and maidens, bright masses of flowers glowing vividly on velvet-green slopes of lawn, and the cool windings of a musical brook, overarched by rustic bridges under the shadow of blossoming trees—Kate Westport had an eye for the picturesque, and she actually longed to be within the forbidden domain.

Frank had gone on to the porter's lodge, to request permission to walk over the grounds, but he presently returned shaking his head ominously.

"No use, girls," said he. "The man says he has positive orders to admit no one! Even a bribe is vain!"

"How cheerful!" exclaimed Mrs. Westport, pouting.

"Why, I don't see that it's so very unreasonable, after all," said Frank. "The fellow says they would be overwhelmed with sight-seers, did they once break through the rules, and—why, where's Kate?"

Where indeed? The little lady had discovered a wicket-gate, half hidden among glossy-leaved laurels, with the key temporarily left in the lock—but unfortunately it was *inside*, and no reaching or twisting of Kate's arm through the iron-work could get at it. One thing she was very certain of—once in herself, she could quietly, almost downy and natter, and set the Cerberus of the porter's lodge at defiance!

"Where's the harm," said saucy Kate to herself. "It would be such fun to climb over that fence! I've done it many a time when I was a school-girl. What hurt can it possibly do the Grand Mogul of Ashley Hall for us to look at his pretty grounds? He can't shut us up in prison for it!"

Kate Westport was one of those impulsive ladies who never stop long to think—and she slid up the iron bars as easily as a chipmunk might have done, balancing herself, squirrel-like, with reckless, sparkling eyes on the top. "Kate! Kate! come down this instant!" cried the dismaying brother, who had just perceived her position.

But Kate only flashed a laughing glance at him full of mischievous defiance, and sprang lightly from her elevation.

Naughty girls never do prosper, in stories or out of them, so it might easily befall the Miss Westport, instead of nightingale as she had intended, upon a green border which followed the serpentine windings of the gravelled walk, was abruptly catching in mid-air by the drapery of one sleeve catching in the ornamental crest of the iron fence, and proving just as secure a bond as rope or chain!

Poor Kate! she was too much frightened to scream, and, after all, it would have done no good, for before she had time to open her lips, she felt herself lifted in a strong arm, her sleeve unfettered, and herself deposited safely upon the wall.

"One of the gardeners," thought Kate, as she raised her eyes, brimming with frightened tears,

and saw a tall man with bronzed complexion, dark, dishevelled curls, minus his coat, which hung over the drooping bough of an ash tree close by, in companionship with a spade, one or two upturned shovels, and a straw hat.

"Did you see anything?" asked the stranger, apparently very much puzzled to account for his strange visitor.

"Yes," said Kate, boldly, although her eyes were yet humid, and her cheeks on fire. "I wanted to come and see the grounds—and I want to open that wicket-gate for my brother and sister to come in too. I know your master has forbidden it, but—but—"

The stranger smiled; he earnestly had a very strong inclination to laugh, but repressed it.

"Who told you it was forbidden?"

"The man at the depot, and the porter at the lodge."

"You will wait till I can resume my coat and hat, I shall be happy to open the gate for you," said the stranger, after a moment's pause.

"And if there is any part of the grounds you wish to see, I will show you over it."

"Oh, that will be splendid!" exclaimed Kate, clapping her little hands gleefully. "You are one of the gardeners, I suppose."

Her new acquaintance was stooping to unfasten the gate, and did not reply; perhaps it was because he did not hear.

"Will you walk in?" he said courteously to Frank Westport, who, with his wife, was anxiously watching the course of events.

"Not unless we are quite certain that we shall not get you in trouble with your master, my good man," said Westport. "My sister is too impulsive, sometimes."

"There is no danger at all," returned their guide, drolly, as he held the gate open for them to pass through.

The grounds were indeed exquisite. All that stately wealth, aided by the most refined and cultivated taste, could accomplish, had been done. In reply to Kate's eager questions, she learned that Mr. Ashley's own suggestions had been followed out in everything.

"But has he no sister, no wife, whose taste has aided him in the adornment of this lovely spot?"

"Neither. Mr. Ashley is a single man."

"He must be a very disagreeable person," observed Kate, musingly.

"Why?" asked their guide, the slightest possible smile curving his grave lip.

"To go off and live in Europe, like a hermit, and refuse chance travellers the opportunity of seeing his grounds," said Kate, earnestly.

"Would you like to look at the house and the conservatories?" asked the stranger, pausing at the foot of the superb flight of marble steps that led up to the door.

"Oh yes, of all things!" said Kate; and the guide, drawing a small key from his pocket, unlocked the massive door, and led them into the entrance hall, lighted by a dome of coloured glass from above, and floored with mosaic work. Kate uttered a little shriek of admiration.

"Kate—my love!" reproved her sister-in-law; but the little lady was in the most buoyant spirits, and bounded from window to window, singing gay songs, and bursting into a madcap sort of girlish laughter, until her curls were all blown about, and her cheeks glowed with crimson colour. Kate had never looked prettier, and her total unconsciousness helped the effect amazingly.

"I think this was worth climbing over the fence for," she said, merrily, as though it was at the risk of hanging, like Mahomet's coffin, midway between heaven and earth! And now, Mr. Gardener, show me the conservatories. By the way, what sort of a man is Mr. Ashley? Is he handsome?"

"N-no-no," returned the person addressed, rather reflectively. "Although I naturally admire him very much, I can't call him hand-

some. He is tall and dark—something in my style."

"Indeed?" said Kate, surveying her companion with innocent, curious eyes. "Is he handsome?"

"Passably so," was the answer, in a tone half-amused, half-embarrassed.

"I think," said Kate, demurely, "he must be a better sort of person than I gave him credit for at first. Mary, do you know I'm very much inclined to fall in love with the man whose taste has devised this lovely retreat? I do wish I could see Mr. Ashley!"

"Kate!" said Mr. Westport, with a warning glance towards their circumspect, who was leaning against the trunk of a giant orange-tree, carefully balancing the conservatory key upon his finger.

Mr. Westport glanced at his watch.

"Twenty minutes more, and we shall have but twenty minutes to reach the station in," he said. "We shall have to hasten our pace considerably, girls."

"I can show you a shorter path through the park," observed their companion, "if you are in a hurry to catch the train."

Frank accepted the offer with much relief, for he had begun to accommodate the possibility of another verdict of "Too late;" and the travellers found themselves at the depot in very good time.

"We are very much obliged to you, sir," said Mr. Westport, hesitatingly proffering a gold piece as their guide bowed a salute at the platform steps. The stranger flinched deeply, and bit his lip as if annoyed—the next instant he smiled good-humouredly.

"I assure you it is quite unnecessary," he said, turning to the ladies, as he waved the money carelessly aside. "The next time you visit Ashley Hall, ladies, I hope to make it pleasant."

And he disappeared among the bushes.

"Well!" ejaculated Luke Smith, who had greedily surveyed the scene through the round aperture in the ticket office, behind which he had posted himself. "I s'posed he was in Paris. Why didn't you say you knew the square?"

"I was a little out of my wits," said Mrs. Westport, shortly, advancing to receive his ticket, while Kate, whose eye had followed the tall stranger, asked,—

"Which of the Hall gardeners is that man? Or perhaps he is the steward."

"Nary one nor t'other," said Luke, opening his mouth and eyes as wide. "It's Mr. Ashley."

"Mr. Ashley!" ejaculated Miss Westport.

"Mr. Ashley!" screamed Mrs. Frank.

"Well, Miss Kate," said Frank, coolly. "I rather think you've got a lesson which will last you one while! Here is the train—look after your slawls, girls!"

And the half a dozen miles away ere Mrs. Kate had fully realized that she had spoken her mind in an exceedingly plain manner respecting Mr. Ashley, to no other than that gentleman himself! Ah, poor little Kate! She had laughed away other scrapes—*this* she could not laugh away; so instead, she cried quietly behind her veil the way home.

"What must I do of me?" she sobbed, when Mary tried to comfort her. And Frank, heartless Frank, said that he thought it served her right."

What Mr. Ashley did think of the matter may be conjectured by a fragment of conversation that took place in Mr. Westport's drawing-room about three months subsequently, between Mr. Ashley and his wife. "Poor Kate Westport, who was pricking her fingers desperately in making believe to embroider."

"I couldn't help it, Kate; indeed I could not. After you had all made up your mind that I was the gardener, I could not well undeceive you; and I did not think then how vitally important the matter would one day become to me. Do

not be odorous, dearest Kate; say you are not angry."

"Well, then, I'm not angry," said Kate; "only."

"No only, if you please. You are vexed to think that you expressed yourself so frankly. Love, I have been sick and weary of artificial society for years; it was that very innocent openness that stole my heart away. Now tell me when I may get the Hall ready for my lonely little wife."

"I suppose, Kate," said Frank Wortport, who couldn't for the life of him resist joking, "that the next time we enter Ashley Hall it will be in a more covert and manner than the last."

"Behave yourself, Frank," said Mary, authoritatively; "I shall always be at the luckiest time in the world that Kate climbed that iron fence!"

### IS WAR WRONG?

War is always barbarous, but may sometimes be just. In the New Testament there are frequent allusions to war, in which as conquerors is implied or expressed. The trumpet, the weapons, the armour of war, are often employed as images to illustrate the Christian warfare. Certainly the analogy is that the Christian is a spiritual warrior in a good cause against an evil adversary. Thus the apostle Paul speaks of Epaphroditus and Archippus as his fellow soldiers. If war were only and absolutely chimerical, the analogy would be unsuitable. How could the Christian apostle have said, "My fellow-robber," or "My fellow-murderer?" It is, to say the least of it, remarkable, that although the Saviour drove the money-changers and sellers of doves from the temple, he never found fault with soldiers for their occupation, but commended the centurion's faith.

### ATHEISM.

How any man having full possession of his senses can be an atheist is surprising to us. The longing after immortality is universal. There is no man, whatever he may profess to believe, who does not at times, in the midst of his doubts, long for immortality, and Nature never implanted a feeling in the human breast which could not be gratified. Besides, who has not felt at times that there was an influence, lingering about him and regulating his actions, for which he could not account? What man is there, who, looking back upon the lapse of years, cannot remember, in his experience, some time of rescue from temptation and danger which seemed inevitable? None—none! All have felt this mysterious power, and therefore, but one way to account for it. We are attended by our guardian spirit.

### CORRECTION OF CHILDREN.

Whenever a mother is obliged to exercise her authority, she should be careful to be very calm; her countenance ought to express "more of sorrow than of anger," and if she feel rightly, it will wear that aspect. How should one who can control herself hope to control her child? How can she expect more from an infant than she herself practices? They are trying moments, for it is painful to see an innocent face overclouded with anger, or expressive of any evil passion; but we must remember that those germs of evil we lament are a part of the inheritance we here ourselves bequeathed them; that they are indeed inherent in their very nature; that it is only by unwearied patience that we can hope to train them to virtue; and we shall feel sympathy and compassion, rather than anger, and seek earnestly to subdue in our own hearts every sinful emotion and desire, and thus to "overcome evil with good;" for by such means we shall best promote our children's happiness, both here and hereafter.

### AUTUMN.

"The sweetest, saddest, season of the year" has come again. Nature has exchanged her robes of green for ones of russet and gold. The beauty of bloom is superseded by the dignity of maturity, and the luxury of luscious fruitage takes the place of graceful growth and rounded softness. The period of watchfulness and hope is followed by the season of harvest and realization, and far advanced are the preparations for the cheerless reign of Winter over the exterior, which drives mankind back into the interior, and kindles the fires of sociality and domestic enjoyment. Nature is growing tired and drowsy, and will soon don her robes of peerless white, and shiver and shudder and tremble till she shall break upon her again, and wake her to the life and beauty of another laughing and tearful Spring, blooming with flowers of loveliness and promise. In the meantime we are plodding

onward towards a season of rest, a winter of sleep, that has no earthly waking till the morn of the resurrection. May our slumber be as peaceful and sweet as that of life, and may our waking be as happy and glorious.

### COUSINOUS SINCERITY.

Some modern writer advises men to praise their wives, because it costs nothing and will make them happy! Now, we do not believe a wife was the author of such an idea; if she was, she was a very shallow and foolish wife. Praise, merely as praise, is a downright insult, and cannot fail to disgust, if it does not offend, any sensible woman. There is an old adage which says, that "praise to the face is open disgrace," and the adage is right. An acknowledgment of the real merits of another, however, is quite a different thing, and should be made as readily as the receipt is given for money received. It is but justice to acknowledge the mental and moral claims of others as well as their worldly ones. But more praise, which is flattery, shows that either you are a fool or suppose the one on whom you bestow it is one. In either case, it is no compliment to your own good sense and is insulting to the object of it. Then why should a man so belittle himself and degrade his wife as to praise her with the idea of pleasing her? It appears to us that the relation of husband and wife implies a confidence and respect that forbid all insincerity and deceit for any purpose whatever. While it imposes charity and forbearance, it also makes it a duty to gently correct the faults as well as commend the virtues of each other. Those whose intimacy is not close enough to admit of frankness and honesty on both sides are either unfortunately mismatched, or else should strive to get better acquainted. There are many unhappy unions simply because the parties are strangers to each other in soul when they are married, and civilities and education prevent their ever getting thoroughly acquainted. We say to all husbands, be candid and upright in everything, and strive to get as well acquainted with your wives as possible. You cannot make them happy, nor he happy yourselves, until you do.

### WALKING.

Walking is not the most natural, but the most healthful of exercises. Almost the first independent act of life is walking. When the child first totters across the room on his little legs, he makes his first declaration of independence, and a new phase of life dawns upon him. Henceforth, all around him assumes a new relation, and forbidden things must be kept out of his reach, or the faint curiosity inherited from the "first pair" will make him a thief. Walking is a natural way. He pushes his investigations into every nook and corner, and gradually strays beyond the threshold to explore unknown realms. Soon his sphere is found all too narrow for him, and he walks forth into the world and begins in earnest the journey and battles of life. At first, walking was a suffering, a new sensation, and a pleasure to him, and, when tired, he could sit down at will, and rest his weary limbs. Now, walking has become a serious, if not a painful duty, and he is often compelled to keep moving when every muscle is tired and every joint is sore. He devises ways and means—stomach-bombs and salt-water, make his legs weary, and he needs the necessity for so much walking. But, he does not escape—he must walk for exercise, and he must walk from point to point, however short the distance, whether his time be devoted to business or pleasure. He grows old and stiff, rheumatic and gouty, and still he must walk, and most miserable is he if he cannot walk. And now, near the summit of life is walking. He does not heavily and painfully along, tottering as he did when he made his first tiny effort in pedestrianism; but unlike then—laughing and shouting, with his face flushed with the enthusiasm of

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 8, 1862.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

ONE can never be the judge of another's grief. That which is a sorrow to one, to another is joy. Let us not dispute with any one concerning the reality of their sufferings: it is with sorrows as with countries—each man has his own!

### BE CHEERFUL IN COMPANY.

If we go into company, we should take with us our full proportion of good-will or good-humour. Care, distresses, diseases, uneasiness, and dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our associates. If we would consider how little of this vicissitude of motion and rest which we call life, is spent with any one else—we should be more considerate of our friends than to bring them little sorrows which do not belong to them.

### MERIT WILL MAKE ITS WAY.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and idle is all fear of remaining unknown. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of the acknowledgment of the fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment-days, and in every assembly that man enters, in every action that he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. "What hath he done?" is the divine question which searches men, and transpires every false reputation.

### SOLITUDE.

Our lives would be longer, our thoughts richer in results, were we to devote a few hours of each week to solitude. The constant strain which business imposes upon the mind and body sooner or later degenerates both—often inducing or developing the most dangerous maladies. Dr. Zimmerman understood this well, and in his delightful volume, the "Pleasures of Solitude," lays it down as an indisputable axiom that no man can be exempt from disease who does not retire at stated periods, to contemplate, not the vicissitudes of life or trade, but the harmonies of Nature. Great minds have often felt the necessity of solitude. It is "when most alone they are most with themselves;" forgetting the hurly-burly of life, the promptings of ambition, they are refreshed, re-energized, re-enters the arena and do battle with a vigour unknown to them before they sought seclusion. The bow that is never relaxed becomes in time worthless, and the mind that knows no repose relapses into idleness.



triumph—he now goes sad and groaning, sighing for the end of what in the beginning filled him with so much joy and hope. Finally, he walks to his bed for the last time, the limbs grow motionless and cold, the chest ceases heaving, and the rolling and flashing eye becomes still and faded. His walking is done! And now, as his mother in his infancy took him up and carried him to his cradle when he had fallen asleep over his toys, unsympathising neighbours carry him to the common cradle of all mortality, and, ere long, the careless world goes walking thoughtlessly over his scattered ashes.

## YANKEE NOTIONS.

REASONING FOR ARMIES.—*As-sault.*

SEASONS THAT NEVER CHANGE.—*Thomson's.*  
AN ABSTRACT DEED.—*Having your tooth drawn.*

OPHTHALMOLOGICAL.—*Is the mind's eye ever affected to tears?*

"ABUSE OF MERCURY."—*Precipitate use of precipitate.*

WHY is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Because he's an ex-planer.

A COAT out at the elbow may be buttoned over a generous breast.

YOUNG ladies should not be too sweet, else the insects will annoy them.

WANTED to purchase, a little of the starch with which they make "stiff winds."

PEACE gains her victories with spears of grain and blades of grass.

AN inquisitive Yankee is an interrogative point in the book of human nature.

STREETS often need improvement; those who walk them often.

WHY is a newspaper like the blood of a healthy man? Because it very much depends on the circulation.

WOMEN are apt to make darlings of their ugliest thoughts as they do of their deformed children.

"SAY, Jack, can you tell us what's the best thing to hold two pieces of rope together?" "I guess knot."

How can it be proved that a horse has six legs? Because he has fore legs in front, and two behind!

WIDOWS have been compared to greenwood, which, while it is burning on one side, is weeping on the other.

WHICH of your parents is your nearest relation? Your mother, of course—but the other farther?

MANY a philosopher who thought he had an exact knowledge of the whole human race has been miserably cheated in the choice of a wife.

WITH "A" DIFFERENCE.—The market gardener in one respect is like the policeman; he has his regular beats.

THE following is an Irishman's description of making a cannon: "Take a long hole, and pour brass or iron round it."

IF you wish to win a high-strung woman, feed her with romance. The more mysterious you can make yourself, the more dearly she will esteem you.

AN ATTENTIVE THOUGHT.—What good works does the wind that whistles through your yellow orchard remind you of? Shakes pees.

ANTI-VEGET.—A temperance paper, extending its views into the region of tobacco, exclaims, "What a splendid figure the apostle Paul would have made, had he gone about to

proclaim the sublime truths of Christianity with a quid of tobacco and a long nine in his mouth!"

A SCOTCHMAN MISAPPREHENSION.—A Scotchman who has learned from the *New York Tribune* that the terms of the Shakers are model farms, writes to know how the Shakers, who never marry, come to have barns at all.

WHOM THE CAP FITS, &c.—"A Military Surgeon" writes to us, saying that ambulances are of but little use in an army where there is so much litter about the camps. What can the military Sawbones mean?

TEMPER.—"I hope, my little daughter," said a mother, one morning, "that you will be able to control your little temper to-day." "Yes, mother; and I hope you will control your big temper!"

CONSCRIPT COTTON.—"Cotton is going to be drafted, I see," remarked Valentine, languidly, as he dalled with the last "English Items" in the *New York Herald*. "Drafted?" exclaimed Orem—"cotton drafted?" "Yes," replied Valentine, "they are trying to find a substitute for it in England."

TO THE POINT.—"The sudden prospect of an invasion of the loyal States," says a *New York* religious paper, "has made clear to every one the importance of drilling the entire nation." Clearly; for if they don't drill themselves in one way, the rebellious persons may drill them in another.

## VOX ET PRETEREA NIHIL.

BY AN LAMM.

A man there was, a man of law—  
His name the muse forbears to mention—

Who, looking in his mirror, saw,  
Or thought he saw, a grand invention;

One of the old king-making trade—  
Though of a later-day formation—

A modern Cromwell, ready-made,  
To stay a fact, or save a nation.

"Ho! ho!" said he, "I clearly see  
Rebellion bidding fair to whop us,

By wiping out our Habeas Corpus!"

"So said, so done; I'll do it, sure;  
And, lest some crude convention stay us,

In some dangerous I'll insure  
Whoever dares to disobey me."

"Moreover, that my fellow-men  
May be as free as mountain eagles,

I'll put such worthy citizens  
At mercy of my aples and baggels."

"And also, lest this dreadful mass  
Borne very useful brains should puzzle,

I'll put upon my country's press  
A new and comprehensive muzzle."

"So praise the Lord that all is well,  
Who, while the nation's term to tatters,

Has raised us up, with magic spell,  
To govern us and straighten matters."

## SKINNING A HORSE.

You're not obliged to believe the story I am about to relate, but I will tell it and you may draw your own conclusions. I have been a great hunter in my day, and once while hunting out West my horse took sick and laid down on the road to die. He was a favourite animal, and I determined to have his hide as a remembrance of his valuable services. So, as soon as all motion ceased, I out with my hunting knife, stripped the hide from his carcass, shouldered it, and to a butcher's shambles where a number of sheep were in process of being skinned. As I stood looking on at the operation suddenly I heard a very familiar "whinny," and looking up, I heard my surprise I saw my horse, minus his hide, trotting towards me at a lively gallop. Instantly I grabbed a number of sheepskins just warm from the backs of their former proprietors, I clapped them on to my steed, and was gratified to find, after the lapse of a few days, that they had grown fast. But now comes the most wonderful part of the story. If you will believe me,

Mr. Editor, I have sheared three hundred pounds of wool from the back of that horse every year from the time that I *reskinned* him.

## DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ estimates that there are now living at least 250,000 different species of animals.

The quantity of water required in the manufacture of paper is so large as to appear almost incredible, being no less than 100 gallons for every pound of paper.

THREE thousand five hundred and nine species of plants are now enumerated as native to the portion of the United States lying east of the Mississippi river.

Nearly four hundred North American species of cercariae, or "snout beetles," all more or less destructive in their habits, are already known to entomologists, and there are doubtless others not yet described.

COPPER shoe-tips are annually manufactured in the town of Lewiston, Maine, to the value of 120,000 dollars. Six hundred pounds of copper, worth 156 dollars, are used daily, and the labour of the men costs 600 dollars per month.

FOXBOROUGH, in Massachusetts, is probably the largest place of straw manufacture in the world. At one factory, 300 girls and seventy men are employed. Three thousand hands are employed outside the factory, and 15,000 hats and bonnets are manufactured per day.

THE FERTILITY OF WEEDS.—It is calculated that a single pigweed, if left undisturbed, will ripen more than 10,000 seeds, each capable of producing a successor. The seeds of the dock sometimes number over 13,000 on a single plant, and the toad flax leaves provision for more than 45,000 plants the following year. Burdock will multiply 21,000 fold, and the common stinging nettle ripens 100,000 seeds. Scarcely a weed comes to maturity without scattering from 1,000 to 10,000 or more seedlings, to injure crops and annoy the cultivator.

SHEPHERDSTOWN.—Shepherdstown, Virginia, on the Potomac, near the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, twelve miles above Harper's Ferry, has a considerable and increasing trade. A small stream passing through the town affords motive power for several flour-mills. The town has five churches, three or four newspaper offices, and a population of 2,100.

STRASBURG.—Strasburg, in Virginia, is a post town, and in Shenandoah county. This town promises to be a flourishing one. It is situated on the north branch of the Shenandoah river, and on the Manassas Gap railroad. It is eighteen miles south-west of Winchester, 153 miles north-west of Richmond, and distant ninety-two miles from Washington. In addition to churches, stores, &c., it has a stoneware factory. Its population is about 800.

COLUMBUS.—Columbus, in Hickman county, in the State of Kentucky, is situated on the east margin of the noble Mississippi river, and about twenty miles direct south from Cairo, Illinois. It is a post-town, and has, as all American village-towns have, a quota of churches, stores, hotels, and mechanics' workshops. The present population may be computed at 1,000 inhabitants. This town, notwithstanding its comparative littleness, will read pretty largely in the Liberator's page in connection with the internal strife now convulsing the Western continent. A vast amount of grain, pork, lard, and other articles of merchandise is annually shipped to New Orleans from Columbus, and to which the heavy transshipments of freight from Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, will read pretty largely in the Liberator's page in connection with the internal strife now convulsing the Western continent. A vast amount of grain, pork, lard, and other articles of merchandise is annually shipped to New Orleans from Columbus, and to which the heavy transshipments of freight from Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, will read pretty largely in the Liberator's page in connection with the internal strife now convulsing the Western continent.

## ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS.—IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

A TRUE and Perfect RETURN of all ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS, placed under the charge of the Curator of the said Court, for collection under Act of Parliament of Victoria, No. 99, from the 1st day of January to the 30th day of June, 1861.

NOTE.—The Amount received by the Curator of the said Court, from the Estates in the whole Schedule, amounted to nearly £10,000.

NAME OF DECEASED.	COLONIAL RESIDENCE.	SUPPOSED RESIDENCE OF FAMILY.	REMARKS.
Peter Scott	Ballaarat	Unknown	Died 11th August, 1860
Oliver John Rosenblat	Ingleswood	Unknown	Died 6th October, 1860
Thomas Armstrong	Seymour	Unknown	Died 20th October, 1860
J. McElhone	Ballaarat	Unknown	Died 15th September, 1860
William Thomson	Ballaarat	Scotland	Died 26th September, 1860
Francesco Piccolo	Sandhurst	Unknown	Died 30th January, 1861
Thomas Fielder	Ingleswood	Unknown	Died 20th September, 1860
Arthur Farquhar	Dunolly	England	Died 28th July, 1860
Elizabeth F. Haig	Campbellfield	Melbourne	Died 7th October, 1860
Ambrose Harnisch	Linton's	Unknown	Died 25th October, 1860
Hans Lud	Indigo	Sweden	Died 15th August, 1859
Henry Magorrey	Ballaarat	Unknown	Died 22nd October, 1860
Robert Bottomley	Sandhurst	Unknown	Died 27th June, 1860
Walter Knox	Williamstown	Ireland	Died 28th November, 1860
Walter Withers	Smythedale	Unknown	
William Clunes	Lamplough	London	Died 16th June, 1860
John Wright	Back Creek	North Wales	Died 23rd November, 1860
Unknown	Creswick Creek	China	
Robert Mitchell	Creswick Creek	Unknown	Died 20th September, 1860
George McBean	Melbourne	England	Died 23rd November, 1860
John McClellan	Melbourne	Liverpool	
John Morrison	Longwood	Unknown	Died 13th December, 1860
Joseph Selton	Leamouth	Unknown	Died 22nd September, 1860
William Logan	Buninyong	Unknown	Died 7th January, 1861
Philip Martins	Ingleswood	Unknown	
William Brown	Seymour	Unknown	Died 21st December, 1860
William Roads	Yerkcliffe	Unknown	Died 24th December, 1860
Peter McQueen	Ballaarat	Unknown	Died 23rd December, 1860
Thomas Trenilahan	Emu Flat	Unknown	Died 19th January, 1861
Thomas Rashall	Frahan	Unknown	Died 12th December, 1860
Ralph Martindale	Ballaarat	Durham	
James Wallen	(Geelong)	Unknown	Died 4th October, 1860

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**WEARING tight finger-rings** sometimes produces lock-jaw.

**INODOROUS GLUE.**—Use a piece of zinc to stir your glue, or keep a small piece of zinc in the bottom. It is said to prevent it from acquiring that unpleasant odour common to glue.

**FATTENING POULTRY.**—Coop up poultry to fatten, and they will do well up to twelve or fourteen days. Keep them in the coops beyond that time, and feed them as much as you like, they will grow leaner every day, until they grow into a skinful of bones and die.

**FACIAL NEURALGIA.**—The celebrated Dr. Kennedy recommends the following as a remedy for facial neuralgia:—"Take one part of aconite, one part of chloroform, and two parts of alcohol or cologne-water." Apply with a linen cloth to the gums.

**TO PREVENT THE FORMATION OF RUST WITHIN GUNS.**—Take a solution of nitro-muriatic of platin, and add to it one-fourth its bulk of ether; shake it well, and pour it into a clean rifle-barrel; a galvanic action soon takes place, by which a thin coat of platin (which does not oxidize) is deposited upon the inner surface of the barrel.

**CHEAP ROOFING FOR HOUSES.**—Take coal tar, 300 lbs.; hydraulic lime, 150 lbs.; cement, 75 lbs.; and whitewash, 40 lbs. Mix these substances together thoroughly, and they will make a sufficient quantity of cement to cover 1,000 square feet of roofing. It should be laid down upon strong cotton sheeting nailed to the roof boards, and on the top of all a coat of dry sand or gravel to be laid and pressed firmly down. The cost of such roofing is about 2 dols.

30 cents for ten square feet. It answers very well for sheds and other out-houses.

**ZEIT TO COAX THE APPETITE.**—Citric acid, in fine powder, one ounce; cayenne-pepper, half-an-ounce; nutmeg, finely grated, the eighth of an ounce; table salt, a quarter of an ounce. Mix the whole intimately, and put into well-corked bottles. It may be eaten with fish or fowl, with plain boiled eggs, or bachelors' bread and cheese.

**CONTENTMENT PUDDING.**  
Pare dozens of apples, or less, as you need them; Then try, without breaking, to both core and seed them. Fill each excavation with sugar and spices (either nutmeg or cinnamon taste very nice). Place the apples in rows in a well-buttered platter; then season lightly a delicate batter.

**TO PRESERVE FISH.**—1. With oil: Put the fish in jars and pour upon them salad oil until they are covered, then tie them up air-tight. This is rather an expensive method in this country, but for fish that is to be afterwards fried it is very excellent. 2. With acid: Dip them into or wash them over with prunello-sauce, and then dry them by exposure to the air. This gives a smoky flavour, but if strong vinegar or pure acetic acid be used, no taste will be imparted. It may be applied by means of a painter's clean brush, or even a stiff feather. A table-spoonful is enough to brush over a large fish, and then dry them by exposure to the air. 3. With creosote: Clean the fish, and soak them for a few minutes in water containing creosote to the amount of two or three drops to one pint of water. This gives the flavour of smoke to the fish. 4. With sugar: Fish may be preserved in dry state, and quite fresh, by means of sugar alone, and even with a very small quantity of it. Fresh fish may be kept in that state for some days, so as to be as good when boiled as if just caught. If dried, and kept

free from mouldiness, there seems no limit to their preservation; and they are much better in this way than when salted. The sugar has no disagreeable taste. The process is particularly valuable in making what is called pickled salmon; and the fish preserved in this manner are far superior in quality and flavour to those which are salted or smoked. If desired, as much salt may be used as to give the taste that may be required.

**HOW TO KEEP GATHERED FRUIT AND FLOWERS ALWAYS FRESH.**—A friend has informed us that fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum-arabic in water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface of the fruit with a thin coating of the gum, which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents the decay of the fruit, or the withering of the flower. Our friend has roses thus preserved, which have all the beauty of freshly plucked roses, though they have been separated from the parent stem for many months. To ensure success in experiments of this kind, it should be borne in mind that the whole surface must be completely covered; for, if the air only gains entrance at a pin-hole, the labour will be lost. In preserving specimens of fruit, particular care should be taken to cover the stem and all with the gum. A good way is to wind a thread of silk about the stem, and then sink it slowly in the solution, which should not be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum undissolved. The gum is so perfectly transparent that you can with difficulty detect its presence, except by the touch. Here we have another simple method of fixing the beauty of nature, and surrounding ourselves ever with those objects which most elevate the mind, refine the taste, and purify the heart.



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## BARGAIN AND SALE.

### ASTREA;

OR,

### THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the *New York Ledger*.)

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

AUTHOR OF

"THE HIDDEN HAND," "ROSE FLAMER," "EUDORA,"

"THE DOOM OF DEVILS,"

&c., &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### THE DEATH OF MAJOR BURNS.

The scotched king, the burdened slave,

The humble and the haughty doe;

The high, the low, the base, the brave,

In dust, without distinction, lie,

QUY'S FABLES.

The door was opened by a little bit of a dried-up and withered old woman, with a very dark skin, and very black eyes and hair.

She was Miss Penelope Finchett, the house-keeper and nurse of the old bachelor.

She came out, silently closing the door after her, and putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"What is this that Bobbin tells me, Miss Penelope? Is the major really ill?" inquired the captain.

"Oh! is it you, Captain Fuljoy? I thought it was the doctor first," said the lit'tle old lady, taking the handkerchief from her face, and looking with red eyes up to the visitor.

"You see that it is I. I hope the major is not seriously ill."

"Oh, captain, I am so glad you have come! I would have sent for you, only I thought you were not able to leave home. I hope you are better, sir?"

"I am better; but the major? I hope he is not seriously ill?"

"Oh, sir, he is dying! there is not a hope in

the world," said Miss Penelope, taking the old man's arm, and leading him away to the window at the front of the passage, where they sat down upon two chairs.

"What is the matter with him? When did he return from Creekhead? Has he over-exercised himself by the journey?" inquired the captain, hurrying question upon question after the manner of all excited people.

Miss Penelope replied to all in a few words.

"He never went to Creekhead at all! He came from your house yesterday morning, and complained of feeling a little unwell, but went on with his preparations for the ride, because his business at the Head was very important. But his indisposition increased faster than his preparations went on; and so before he could get ready to go he found himself compelled to give up his journey. He retired to bed early; because so extremely ill in the night that we had

to send for the doctor. He left the patient at noon, but promised to be back again this evening. I thought that you were he."

"What is the nature of his malady?" inquired the captain.

"Cholera," replied the housekeeper.

"There, I knew it! He always would get soft crabs, and he had just as well eat fried spiders! and they are sea-spiders, and nothing else! Let any one look through a microscope at a spider, and see if they could tell it from a crab or through an inverted telescope at a crab, and see if they could tell from a spider! I would soon eat a baked tarantula! But I hope it is not so serious with him as you think it, Miss Penelope. Can I see him?"

"Yes, you can see him, sir; it will do him no harm to see you; he is past being hurt now; he is sinking fast," said the housekeeper, leading the way to the chamber door, opening it, and admitting the visitor.

The room was in semi darkness, the sun having some time set, and the lamps being not yet lighted.

The poor little major lay extended upon his bed in the collapsed stage of his mortal malady—his frame sunken, his face blue, and his breath short.

At the side of the bed knelt poor Ety, her black hair in wild disorder, her face buried in the quilt, stifling her sobs as best she could.

"I am very sorry to see you in this state, old friend," said the captain, approaching the bedside.

"Oh? what? you a sailor, and sorry to see a poor old weather-beaten craft approaching port?" said the major, in a faint voice, and with a feeble attempt to smile.

The captain did not reply. His first kind impulse was to say, "It has not come to that yet!" but then he knew that it had come to that; and to deceive a dying man about his state was cruel, even if in such a case deception were possible. So the captain remained silent.

"I am glad you have come, neighbor—very glad! You will attend to affairs here after—after I am in port. These distracted women don't seem to know what they are about," said the dying man, with a faint smile.

"Do as you like with me, or order me about, old friend. I came to you on another matter, but let that pass; you are in no condition to attend to it," murmured the old man, *adieu*.

The sufferer did not seem to catch these last, low-breathed words. He continued:—

"I made my will some time ago. I have left my old servants free; and my old house to Ety; but the house-rent will not support her, poor child."

"Leave Ety to me; I will take care of Ety," said the captain, who, in the largeness of his heart, would have adopted all the orphans of a derelicting war if necessary.

"Good old neighbor, I thank you, but that must not be. Ety has a relation who has greater claims upon her; a grandmother who has neglected her a long time, but who has at length remembered and written to her. The letter was written a week ago—fortunately, as it turns out, we know where to send her. The dying man paused to recover his breath, and then continued, though in a feeble tone:—

"When I am put to bed finally—Miss Penelope must take Ety to New York and deliver her up to her grandmother. Then—if you desire it—as you can't have Ety—you may—if you wish—adopt Miss Penelope, who will be without a home."

The captain was quite startled by this proposition, for if there was one thing in the world he was afraid of, it was the hatchet face of this sharp little woman; but this feeling was succeeded by one of pure compassion for the homeless creature; so his answer partook of his first fright and his subsequent benevolent courtesy.

"Oh? what? adopt Miss Pen?—Lord bless

my soul alive! Oh, to be sure! certainly! with the greatest pleasure."

"No, I thank you, captain! And I am very much obliged to you, major; but I won't be separated from the child! I have been with her ever since her mother died, and I won't leave her now; whoever takes Ety will have to take me too. If the venerable Mrs. what's-her-name, for I never can remember it, wants her grandchild, she will have to put up with me too," interrupted the housekeeper.

"I dare say she will! I dare say she will! Be calm, Miss Pen; don't excite yourself, I never remember that when you get tired of your city home, my country-home is always open," said the captain, much relieved.

The limbs of the dying man grew slier, his face greyer, his pulse slower, his breathing shorter.

The captain's sorrow and anxiety became poignant and insupportable. It was terrible to him to see a fellow creature go out of this world unattended by the prayers of the Church; so he ventured to whisper,—

"Would you not like to see a clergyman, Major Burns?"

"No clergyman can attend me upon this journey. My soul must go alone to its Maker!" replied the dying man.

"Our minister has been sent for; I expect him every minute," whispered Miss Penelope.

And the words were scarcely uttered when there came a rap at the door, and the Reverend Mr. Allen was announced.

The minister entered the sick-room, bowing gravely in turn to its inmates, and then advanced to the bedside of the sufferer.

The captain and the housekeeper discreetly withdrew, leaving the minister alone with his patient.

On the stairs the captain paused and said to the housekeeper,—

"I have a lady waiting down stairs—Madame De Glacie."

"I have heard the major, poor man! speak of her," interrupted Miss Penelope, suspending her weeping in the excess of her curiosity. "Little Danny's mamma! how very remarkable! And she is really in this state?"

"And stands in need of refreshment, having ridden from the ferry to Lemington, and from Lemington to this place, without breaking her fast," repeated the old man.

"A distance of twenty miles each way! Forty miles without eating anything! And our dinner has been over for three hours! But I will have half a dozen young chickens broiled directly! It will take no time at all!" exclaimed the little body, flying down stairs and out of the back door to give her orders, without having more than glanced at the strange lady that so kindly excited her interest.

The captain murmured as he watched her disappearance,—

"Poor little creature! It is a good little soul, after all."

The marquise arose and advanced to meet him, inquiring anxiously,—

"And Monsieur le Magistrat?"

"He is dying, madame! It was no time to speak to him of our own affairs, deeply as they interest us! We must try the other man!"

"And he, monsieur?"

"His name is Erlingham. A new man, and from what I can gather, either, for some unknown reason, unfriendly to Greenville, or else, perhaps, only anxious to prove his zeal for the adoption of justice by great exertions."

"Then there is little to be expected from him, monsieur."

"In the way of mercy, but very little. After hearing what we have to communicate, however, he may do it but just to release Greenville upon bail. We shall see. Earlier in our acquaintance you will have hoped against hope, madame, that I should you now to 'reek your own road,' as the Scotch say."

"Monsieur?"

"I mean—to follow your own maxims, and hope for the best."

The conversation, that had gone on slowly and at intervals, was here interrupted by Miss Pinchett, who came back to conduct Madame De Glacie to a bed-chamber, where she might lay off her bonnet and arrange her hair before luncheon was served.

Meantime the captain walked up and down the hall in moody silence.

Thus half an hour passed, at the end of which the lady re-entered the hall, followed by Miss Pinchett, who invited the old man to accompany them to the dining-room, where the luncheon was spread. They set down to the table, but fatigued and exhausted as they were, having ridden nearly forty miles since morning without having broken their fast, they could not eat freely—the presence of death in the house had destroyed their appetites.

When the ill-favored meal was over, the captain turned to the lady and said,—

"Madame, it is now much too late to call upon Mr. Erlingham. But if you are sufficiently rested and refreshed, I will now take you back to the lady, where which I shall have to return here to watch the night out beside my old friend. And to-morrow, madame, we will seek Mr. Erlingham."

The lady silently bowed acquiescence, and arose to prepare for their departure.

Miss Pinchett brought her her bonnet and mantle. The captain placed her in the carriage, and they drove to the shore, where the ferryboat waited to take them to the Isle.

On reaching home the captain consigned the lady to the special attention of Miss Powers, explained the imminent necessity of his return to Burnsport, and set out immediately. On his arrival he was met by the clergyman, who had been in attendance upon the patient.

"How is he?" inquired the old man.

"At rest. He died half an hour since."

The captain uttered a deep groan, and sank down into the nearest chair. Death is always overwhelming to the sensitive; and the big, brave old sailor was sensitive as a woman when his affections and friends were so near.

"I am compelled to leave the house immediately, having several more sick calls to make to-night. There is a great deal of illness about! But I must entreat you to remain here and take the direction of affairs, if possible."

"Such is my intention! But the little one, the poor, desolate child, what shall I do?"

"Miss Pinchett has taken her off to some distant part of the house, and is trying to calm her grief. I hope she will succeed. The grief of children is very transient. They cry themselves to sleep, and forget every thing. And now, sir, I must bid you Good night. If I can be of service to-morrow, let me hear of it."

And so, with a bow, the clergyman went away.

The captain watched by the remains of his friend that night.

The next morning he made all the arrangements for the funeral, which took place on the third day.

It was not until after the funeral that Captain Fuljoy took Madame De Glacie to see Mr. Erlingham.

Their errand was unsuccessful.

The young magistrate listened politely to the statement of the marquise and to the arguments of the captain, which, as they have already been said before the reader, need not be repeated here.

At their close he remarked,—

"All these circumstances are matters for no future consideration of a jury; they cannot affect my duty as a magistrate."

"But the d— (I was going to say)—can you not see the justice in the preliminary investigation, this charge against Colonel Greville never could

have stood, and his committal to prison never have been made out?" exclaimed the exasperated captain.

"There I totally differ with you, air: we should have committed him to prison to await his trial, all the same, and left it to a jury to decide upon the evidence, *pro* and *con*. This has been done, and cannot now be undone," replied Mr. Elingham coolly.

"I am aware that the wrong done to Colonel Greville would be wholly undone; that it is to some extent irreparable; that for one thing, having been committed, no matter how unjustly, he will have to stand his trial; and that even you have no power to prevent it; but what I ask of you is, that in consideration of the information we have just given you, you will release Colonel Greville upon his entering into a recognizance for his appearance at court. I am willing on my part to give bail to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars, if necessary; and this lady, I am sure, will offer as much more," said the captain earnestly.

"Oh, yes, monseigneur, to magistrate! to my whole fortune's worth!"

"Sir and madam, I regret to refuse you; but a prisoner committed upon the charge of murder is not a proper subject for bail. And to be quite plain with you, no amount of money in the universe should bail him."

It was easy to see that all argument would be quite unavailing with this man. And with a sigh of disappointment, the marquis and a grunt of disgust from the captain, the visitors arose and took their departure.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### ASTREA'S PURCHASER.

"The result in the wood-lagoon.  
Lay moored with idle sail;  
She waited for the rising moon,  
And for the evening gale."

"Colors of orange-flowers and violets  
Beneath her from time to time,  
Like air that breathes from Paradise  
Upon a world of crime."

ASTREA was locked in her cabin and attended only by Venus. Venus was always let in by the captain, who carefully looked the door upon her and kept the key while she remained, and let her out again himself and locked the door after she had left. Thus passed several days while the ship remained at anchor some miles below the city.

Astrea found this suspense as terrible as any part of her voyage. She had firmly resolved, that as soon as she should be taken on shore, she would make her real situation known to the first persons she should meet, and through them claim the protection of the magistrates. And thus she looked forward to the hour of her landing as to that of her liberty.

But many more days passed, and still she remained confined to the cabin of the ship, and still the ship continued at anchor far below the city.

She questioned her sable attendant,—

"Why do we remain so long here, Venus?"

"Hi chile, what you air for? How I know? Might's well as de main mas'. Tell yer de cap'n nobber tell me nuffin."

"But surely, Venus, you can form some idea."

"Hi honey, how I gaine form ideas? I nebber went to school. Don't donk nuffin 't all 'bout it!" persisted the girl, who was evidently in a non-committal, know-nothing humor.

Astrea had known her long enough to understand this occasional caprice as well as how to manage it. She said,—

"I know all you say is the truth, Venus; but I know also that you have a great deal of shrewdness."

"Intelligence—sense."

"Yes, honey, ole mas'ar, Lord bless her, used to say how I was uncommon sensible; but if

I is, I nebber brags 'bout it. I ain't wain; I seems to be!"

"Well, then, with all your good sense you must have divined the captain's motive for keeping us here."

"But hi honey, de cap'n's motive ain't divine at all; it's more like debilis; dere ain't nuffin 't all divine about *he*; nor 'ligious, nor *re*verent, nor nuffin; so how I fine out what aint dere?"

"But," said Astrea—changing her phraseology to suit the capacity of her interlocutor—"if you do not know why he lingers here, what do you think?"

"Well, honey, I tell you, I *specterate* how he is awaiting for de oders," whispered the woman. "The others! what others?"

"Dere now! dat all *de oders*," repeated Venus mysteriously.

"But who are the others?" persisted Astrea. "Well dere, I don't know nuffin 't all about dem."

"But what do you think, then?" inquired Astrea, coaxingly.

"Tell you, honey, I don't *know* nuffin 'bout 'em; I don't *think* nuffin 'bout 'em, and I don't *know* nuffin 'bout dem, dere! You see, chile, I can't do it; *low*, said, *soon*, 'mended! You may see 'em yourself some day," said Venus, more mysteriously than before.

And this in fact was all that could be got out of the woman.

But Astrea's suspense was nearly over.

The next morning an incident occurred that put her in possession of some idea as to her final destination.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning when Venus, as usual, brought in her breakfast. She set it down on the table, and then going to the wife of Astréa, whispered,—

"Some'n grime happen, honey; cap'n gone on shore in de big boat; mate keepin' de cabin door."

"The captain gone on shore? Gone to the city?" asked Astréa, who, in every incident, hoped that a step was made toward her release.

"No, honey, la! we long way from de city; no, honey, he gone on shore, right straight to de cypress swamp; dat all I know."

Various conjectures were hazarded by Astréa as to the captain's errand, but none seemed satisfactory to herself or her attendant; and at last, the slight meal being over, Venus took up the water and carried it away, whispering, as she departed,—

"I watch, honey; I watch wid all de eyes I got! and when I bring your dinner I let you know all I fine out."

When Venus left the cabin, Astréa fell into deep and distressed thought. All her hopes of escape had been based upon the event of her landing in the crowded city, and seeing people to whom she could appeal.

But how if she were landed in the wilderness?

Exhausted by distracting thought, Astréa at length threw herself upon her berth, and turned her face to the little window at the back of it, to catch a breath of fresh air. The little window was open, but a slight muslin curtain drawn before it concealed the occupant of the berth from the eyes of any person outside on the starboard side of the lower deck.

While the captive lay thus, she heard the splash of oars, and looking out between the corners of the curtain and the edge of the window, she saw a boat come up to the side of the ship, and the captain, accompanied by a stranger, leave the boat and come on board.

They walked arm in arm up and down that side of the deck, conversing in a low tone. Their words were, however, audible to the acute ears of her who was certainly the most interested in the purport of their conversation.

They seemed to be continuing a subject which they had commenced some time previous; and

that subject was that of the captive, now the unseen and unsuspected hearer.

"Good-looking, you say?" inquired the voice of the stranger.

"Beautiful! that is, according to your idea of beauty. I do not affect these dark burners myself. This one is of middle size, exquisitely proportioned; form full, but slender and supple; limbs rounded, but tapering and graceful; head small and elegant; features regular; complexion clear, pale, olive; hair and eyebrows raven black, the time of her marriage with Colonel Greville, which was very much talked of; and as at that particular crisis my girl Zora had a brain fever, and dreamed of nothing but the beautiful bride, the idea became fixed. It will

"I would rather see the girl," replied the stranger.

"True; what is the use of my presenting her picture when I can present herself? But before I show her to you, I must confess to you that, proud of beauty as she is, she has one defect."

"She is sickly! If so I will have nothing to do with her. The other one pined away and died. Now, I will have no more of that nonsense; so if the girl is sickly, our negotiation can proceed no further," said the stranger, in a tone of decision.

"She is not sickly. Her health, her bodily health, I mean, is uncommonly strong."

"Good! then it is some moral defect; an inclination to steal, or flirt, or lie, neither of which I care for, because either of which I can cure her of with a very little trouble."

"Her heart is not so very virtuous as a physical one; in fact, it is mental."

"Ah! she is a fool; beauties frequently are so; for Nature, impartial in her gifts, seldom bestows any great degree of genius and beauty on the same individual. Be easy! I do not value the girl the less for being a mimic."

"Then, you are, you are wisely mistaken; the girl is as remarkable for her intelligence as for her good looks."

"Well, then, what in the devil's name is the matter with her?"

"You have heard of monomania? a species of mental derangement, in which the victim is insane upon only one subject."

"Certainly."

"Zora has such a malady! With a mind singularly strong and clear upon all other subjects, she is decidedly cracked on one. In a word, she imagines herself to be somebody else."

"A very common case in monomania! I had a wench once who imagined herself the governor's wife! But who does your girl fancy herself to be?"

"Why, Mrs. Fulke Greville, formerly Mademoiselle Astréa De Glance, who was the belle of Washington last season."

"I recollect her; I was in Washington last winter, and saw her at the theatre—a beautiful blonde!"

"Yes! rudimentally fair."

"A star! I remember her well! and remember also how appropriate I thought her fantastical name, Astréa."

"You made her acquaintance, perhaps; you conversed with her?" inquired the captain, with risible uneasiness, fearing most likely that, disguised as Astréa was, her manner and tone of voice might betray her to one who had known her formerly.

"Not I," replied the stranger. "I went very little into ladies' society, and saw the reigning belle only at the theatre, where she was first pointed out to me; and afterwards at the Capitol and at the President's levee. But what could have put it into the head of your girl to fancy herself that lady?"

"Oh, who knows? She probably heard a great deal of Mademoiselle De Glance, especially about the time of her marriage with Colonel Greville, which was very much talked of; and as at that particular crisis my girl Zora had a brain fever, and dreamed of nothing but the beautiful bride, the idea became fixed. It will

we're off in time," answered the captain, with an air of indifference.

"Oh, doubtless! And now, if you please, we will take a look at the girl. I have every confidence in your report, captain, but I never conclude a purchase without seeing my bargain."

"Oh, certainly; come with me, then," answered the captain, and the voices passed out of hearing.

How rapidly one can think in extreme peril! Astréa was appalled, but even in the midst of her consternation decided upon her course of action. She knew that she was quite helpless; that resistance would be entirely useless. She knew that the captain and his crew were perfectly ruthless. She therefore placed her hopes upon this would-be purchaser. She resolved to be calm under the terrible ordeal that awaited her; to be patient until she should leave that fatal ship and reach the land; then to make an appeal to her purchaser; to explain her real position and the dishonest arts by which she had been reduced to this degradation; and to offer, in the name of her guardian, the sum of the purchase-money on condition of being restored to her friends. She had scarcely come to this conclusion, when the cabin door was opened, and Venus entered, threw her arms around the captive, and burst into tears, exclaiming—

"Chile, you is done sold, or good as sold; and marse captain done send me down here to fix you up and bring you on deck."

"I know it, Venus; I have heard all, through the little window. Do not weep. I will trust in God," answered Astréa.

"But I must part with you, and nobber see you again, 'nebber!" blubbered the affectionate creature, who in the isolated companionship of the long voyage, had become deeply attached to the captive.

"Poor Venus! constant partings from those to whom you become attached seems to be your whole miserable destiny."

"Yes, honey; Lord knows it's de trufe! I'm jes' like 'em 'ways been pulled up and planted some'er else and nobber 'lowed to stay long enough to take root!"

"Poor woman! you must look forward, then, to that better land in which, once planted, you will grow and flourish forever; that land where partings shall be no more!" said Astréa, gently drawing the poor black head down upon her bosom.

"Now, chile, I must fix your hair, and 'range your dress, and take you up, nice and pretty, else dere'll be de berry debbil to pay wid marse cap'n and me arter you're gone," said Venus, lifting her head.

Astréa took off her net and let her long hair fall.

Venus carefully combed and dressed it, and replaced the net, and then took from a drawer a pretty dress of white brillianine, which she begged the lady to put on.

"How could a woman's dress possibly have got here? They brought none with 'em, is certain," said Astréa, curious in making it self felt in the midst of her dreadful strait, even as the lighter emotions sometimes pass over the surface of the deepest passions.

"Hi, chile! how I know? All sorts of things is in de ship. All I know, cap'n told me look in dis drawer, and take out dis dress, and put on you," replied Venus, carefully fastening the bodice.

"Are you going to be on deck all day making up your minds to come on deck, you girls down there?" called the voice of the captain from the head of the stairs.

"Come on, chile! come up! don't 'take dem debbil; 'cause if you do it will be all de worse for you!" exclaimed Venus, in a nervous tremor.

They went on deck and walked on toward the stern, where the captain and the purchaser stood in conversation. The purchaser was a

large, stout, old man, dressed in a suit of light gray cloth and a broad-brimmed, light-gray felt hat. His hair and whiskers were gray, his features were inflamed and bloated, his eyes bloodshot and watery, as if from the effects of habitual dissipation. The expression of his face was good-natured rather than otherwise.

Astréa had taken all this in at one frightened glance, and then stood before her eyes, blind and dumb, with bowed head, downcast eyes, and blushing cheeks, that only added grace and brilliancy to her beauty. Venus stood behind, with her arm on her eyes.

The seller and the buyer did not hesitate to comment freely upon this human commodity before her own face.

"This is the girl. Now what do you think of her?" asked the captain.

"Humph," said the other, who, like all purchasers, would like to have depreciated the goods in order to get it at a lower price—"humph, a likely wench enough! but she looks as sullen as the devil! Now I rather dislike sullen women; I can't stand 'em. I don't know about the temper that I am acquainted with. And besides, this monomania of which you speak! the more I think of it the more objectionable it seems!" said the man, who, however, could not conceal his real admiration of the beautiful creature before him. His eyes roved with eager curiosity over her graceful form. Astréa hung her head and cringed under this scrutiny.

The eyes of the captain followed, half laughingly, those of the purchaser, who presently said—

"Well, name your price for this girl."

"What will you give me?" inquired the captain.

"I expect set a price upon other people's goods!" answered the purchaser, who was clearly afraid of offering too much.

"Hem! yet you had better make me an offer before I take her to New Orleans, and set her upon an auction-block, where you will find many competitors! You know very well how strong competition would be for the possession of this girl!" said the captain, maliciously.

At these dreadful words, threatening a degradation of which even in her most despairing hours she had never dreamed, the blushes that dyed Astréa's cheeks faded suddenly away; she became as pale as death.

Poor Venus seeing this, and fearing that she was about to sink to the floor, put her arms around her waist and supported her. Astréa's head sunk upon the negro woman's friendly bosom. She had been anxious to be taken to the city, where she might see people to whom she could explain her real social position, and make an appeal for justice; but this shameful auction-block! not to the degrading gaze of the public! not to the insulting competition of the hucksters! The burning stake rather than that.

"Don't you see that you are frightening the poor wretch to death, with your talk of auction-blocks? These girls are brought from Maryland, have never been used before, nor venereal arts, and so have a foolish horror of them. Put your price upon your property without more dispute; it is your place to do it."

"Mr. Rumford! it was at your own particular request that I should bring you the first good-looking young girl that I should happen to come across, and submit her for your private inspection before offering her for sale at a public auction, that I am here. Now here is the girl. Look at her, and make your offer."

"Saturn burn you for a shanper! a thousand dollars, then!" said Rumford, naming just half the price he was willing to give.

"You would say 'saturn' if you contemptuously exclaimed the captain; 'she is worth just ten times that! Why, man, in addition to her beauty she can sing like a *prima donna*, and dance like a ballet-girl! She can read like an ecclésiastic, and converse like a Parisian! She would turn

that purgatory of an old plantation house of yours into a perfect paradise! A thousand dollars, indeed! She is worth ten thousand if a cent, nor will I take a farthing less than five thousand dollars, which is just half her value! But you, bring an old customer, I favor you," concluded the captain, naming just twice the sum he was willing to take.

Such is the manner in which such negotiations are commenced.

Of course both seller and buyer understood this, and acted accordingly.

"Oh, I see that we are far from making a bargain!" said the purchaser, turning coldly away.

"In that case I had better take her to New Orleans, and set her up at auction. Zora, my girl, you may return to your cabin," said the captain quietly.

"Stop! be reasonable! take fifteen hundred!" exclaimed Rumford.

"Venus, take Zora away," was the captain's only comment.

"Both of you are mad. How much is the very least you will take for her?"

"Four thousand five hundred dollars! not a penny less from the best friend that ever lived!"

"It is madness on my part, but I will give you two thousand!" said Rumford.

Thus fighting every inch of the distance between the price asked and the price offered, seller and buyer approached each other, until at last a sum was agreed upon, and the sale effected to their mutual satisfaction.

(To be continued in our next)

### A SETTLER'S EXPLOIT.

As Samuel Bowditch, one of the early settlers on Green river, in Kentucky, was going across a patch of swamp, one afternoon, about half a mile from a dwelling, to look after some cattle, he heard a stifling cry, and, on looking toward the spot, he found himself confronted with a huge savage, in all the hideousness of his war-paint, and with his rifle or musket leveled at his head, the muzzle no more than four feet from him. Bowditch himself had a rifle in his hand, but he knew the Indian could shoot him before he could raise it and fire, and so he did not make the attempt, but dropped it to the ground and held up his open palms, in token of surrender.

On seeing this, the savage walked up and said—

"Give Injun gun."

The settler picked up his piece, and as he bowed it to the other, said, in a conciliatory tone,

"I see you're a big chief, and I hope we may be friends."

"Where live?" asked the savage as he produced a stout thong of deer-skin, and proceeded to bind the hands of his captive, who, by a small man, saw he was no match for the other, even without weapons on either side, and so submitted quietly, though agonized at the thought of his poor, helpless wife and children, in their lonely cabin over the hill.

"I live out yonder, not a great way from here," replied the captive, nodding his head in the proper direction.

"How many got?" queried the savage.

The settler hesitated about telling correctly. He first thought he would name a number large enough to deter the Indian from going thither, and thus, perhaps, save his wife and children from a fate like his own; but after a moment's reflection, it occurred to him that, should the Indian see him there, a chance might arise for him to regain his liberty, and so he decided upon speaking the truth.

"Why no long-knife tell?" demanded the Indian, with an impatient frown. "No lie make!"



"No, chief; I'll tell you the truth. There are only three persons in my cabin—my wife and two little children—but I know a big, brave chief like you won't hurt me."

"Me go see um!" returned the savage, with a fierce gleam of triumph, which the other did not fail to notice.

Having tightly bound the hands of his captive behind his back, the savage felt about his dress for any other weapon, took away his sun-belt, and putting both weapons over his own shoulder, told the white man to lead the way. This the latter did, full of hope, fear, and general anxiety, till he came in sight of his humble log dwelling, situated in a pleasant valley, through which flowed a pretty little stream, a branch of the Green river, when the Indian ordered him to stop, and proceeded to make him fast to a tree, by means of another deer-skin thong secured to that around his wrists.

"Aint you going to let me go down to the house with you?" inquired the captive, now beginning to feel much alarmed for the safety of his family.

"Me go alone!" returned the savage, gruffly. "Me big chief—want scalp!"

"Oh, for God's sake, don't kill my poor, innocent wife and children!" pleaded Bowditch, fairly agonized at the thought. "You're a great chief, I know, and you'll remember that they needn't die with me."

"Long-knife scalp much good!" rejoined the Indian, silently, as he finished binding the other to the tree, and strode away down the hill, carrying the two weapons with him. Bowditch watched him, step by step, as he glided away under cover of the trees, keeping some stump, or clump of bushes between him and the inmates of the dwelling, so they might not by any chance perceive his approach and take the alarm.

"At any rate I can holler 'ye," muttered the captive, "and maybe they'll hear me!" and forthwith he set up a series of yells, that went echoing and re-echoing far away through the forest.

The settler saw his wife and children come in haste to the door, and look up the hill in alarm. At this he shouted at the top of his lungs,—

"Quick, Esther—go back into the house and bar it up tight! The Indians are after you, and I'm a prisoner! Quick! quick! or you're lost, and the children too!"

For a moment or two the mother and children stood as if paralyzed with amazement and terror, and then, to his great relief, he saw his little boy point in the direction of the skulking savage, and all three hastily retreat and close the door.

The Indian now uttered a fierce yell, and stepping out into plain view fired both pieces, one after the other, at the dwelling, as if he had impulsively adopted this means to vent his rage at being discovered and foiled of his murderous purpose. Then looking round at his captive, he thrust down the rifle belonging to the latter, and drawing his tomahawk, started towards him on a run. Bowditch, who had watched every motion, and knew that in his rage the savage would brain and scalp him, now gathered all his strength, and made one desperate effort to free himself, seeing rather than the instincts of self-preservation than from any real hope of success.

But to his great joy, his unspeakable joy, he heard and felt his bonds strain, crack, and snap, and suddenly found himself free and his arms at liberty. He looked quickly and wildly around, almost disposed to doubt his senses, to disbelieve his good fortune; for any fortune there seemed good which would give him even a bare chance for his life where he expected only certain death. The Indian was at least a hundred and fifty yards from him, and his rifle was unloosed; and with that start in a race for life—

in a race that involved, not only his own life, but that of his beloved wife and children—who so swift of foot as to overtake him?

With a loud yell of mingled joy and defiance, a wild shout over the hill, and with a louder yell of rage at his unexpected escape, the fierce savage came bounding after him. Bowditch knew every inch of ground in that vicinity, and he had already regained sufficient practice of mind to shape his course so as to take advantage of all the chances in his favor. The hill, about a summit, was a succession of rocks and bushes, with crevices, chasms, and precipices, and over, through, and along these natural obstructions the fugitive believed he could make his way with any man living, either white or red, and so took the most troublesome route for his larger and more unwieldy pursuer, resolved, should he by chance find the latter gaining on him, to double on him at a certain pace not more than half a mile distant, where he could enter, and by following one of the labyrinthine passages within, could come out on the same side into a thicket not more than fifty feet from the main opening.

Looking back occasionally, as he fled along his rocky way with the ease of a mountain goat, Bowditch soon discovered that however astute, and how his adversary might be in mere physical strength, he was no match for him in speed in that particular locality; and this not only inspired him with the hope of escape, but with such confidence in his own resources, that he began to turn to calculate how best he might compass the destruction of his foe.

"Why not lure him into the cave," he muttered, "and let him cool his time round that, whilst I start back after my rifle, and then follow the audacious whelp? I'll do it, and if I don't get even with him yet, then it's case for'tin's agin me."

Having come to this determination, Bowditch slackened his pace till his pursuer was within fair view, when he pretended to stumble and fall, and then got up and ran on till he had caused the savage to yell with fierce delight and redoubled his exertions to overtake him. This was exactly what he intended to bring about, and he now managed his pace with so much deception, that, though seeming to exert himself to the utmost, he permitted the panting savage to gain a little every minute, till the mouth of the cave was reached, at which time not more than a hundred paces divided them. The Indian saw the fugitive disappear in the dark opening, and believing he now had him secure once more, he came bounding up and plunged in after, with a yell of triumph. The settler, who knew every twist and turn of every passage in the cave—and there were many—now uttered a sort of wailing groan from the centre, to draw the Indian on, and then quietly slipped off in a different direction, and reached the bright, open air about the same time the other did the middle interior.

"Now then for it!" muttered Bowditch, as he slipped over the brow of the hill, and ran down towards his dwelling, which, owing to the ridge bending down the valley, in the shape of a magnet or horseshoe, was scarcely as far distant as when he called to his wife.

His family saw him, and with a cry of joy his wife threw open the door.

"Quick, Esther!" he exclaimed, as he came up the hill. "I'll rather powder-horn and some bullets—quick!"

"Aint you coming in, Samuel?" inquired the wife in surprise and alarm.

"Just long enough to get them things, since you won't!" he answered, as he bounded in and hurried to a rude shelf on one side of the room. "I've sort of played the card game to-day," he added, "and now I'm going to wipe it out. Shut the door, Esther, and keep yourself and children out of danger! I'll be back soon. Good-bye!" and without waiting for a reply, he ran off in the direction of his rifle, his wife

vainly calling to him and entreating him to come back and not risk his life foolishly.

As soon as he had once more got hold of his rifle, he hastened to load it, and then felt, as he afterwards expressed it, "like a new man." Then keeping himself as much under cover as possible, he hurried up to a point where he could secure himself and command a fair view of the mouth of the cave, within easy rifle range.

"If old Paint-face haint mislead," he muttered, "with an amiable fellow, it's his against me never will!" and like a cat watching for game, he kept his eye riveted upon the spot where he expected to see him appear.

For ten minutes all was still—nothing moved—and then, to his bitter satisfaction, he beheld the Indian coming out with a stealthy step, looking cautiously and suspiciously around. The settler's rifle was already leveled, and for a moment or two he sighted directly at his heart, and then fired. The savage threw up his hands convulsively, uttered a noise between a groan and a yell, and fell back quivering on the earth. Bowditch took time to reload, and then approached him cautiously. He found him quite dead.

"I never scalped a red-skin in my life," he muttered, "but I'll do so now," and he did.

When he had finished his bloody work, and secured every thing of value, he threw the dead body down the rocks, and left it to be devoured by the wild beasts of the forest. He returned home in triumph, and related his exploit to his astonished family. He lived for many years after in that vicinity, but was never again molested.

## EDITH HALL;

OR,

## THE SEWING GIRL'S TRIUMPH.

BY MAT FOREST.

It was a noble mansion, surrounded with choice shrubbery and trees; marble vases and elegant statuary gleamed in every turn of the winding walks, while fountains threw the spray of silvery water towards the blue sky, and tiny gold and silver fish sported in the basins below; flowers rare and lovely decorated the mossy rings of cartil, and birds fluttered and sang all the day through the great waving trees. Amid all the loveliness stood the stately mansion, with its steps and huge pillars of marble, its balconies covered with creeping vines loaded with scarlet and white roses, its wide windows, with their elegant satin curtains, which were blowing softly apart, showing the magnificent carpets, a vast bed of roses of the most expensive description, Gothic and Turkish chairs in moquet and satin brocade were scattered throughout the vast rooms, while here and there rested the rosewood reception-chairs, the stationary, marble-top tables, sofas, mantel mirrors, superb lounges, and every thing elegant and expensive; and there lived Russell Shaw with his young, orphaned sister, a sweet pretty girl of nineteen summers.

Edith Hall, sitting in her scantily-furnished room with both hands pressed tight against her aching temples, looked dreamily across the new-drawers that divided her miserable home from the almost palace-like residence, and murmured softly to herself,—

"It might have been! It might have been!"

"What might have been, Edith?" and a wee childish form bent over her shoulders and looked with her laughing blue eyes into the gray ones of her sister; those gray ones that every one said were cold with scorn and pride, but which deepened with love as she drew the child to her bosom, and with love bathed the sunny curls from the fair brow.

"What might have been, Edith?" the child repeated, caressing her sister's cheek with her baby-like hand. "I'm tired of hearing nothing but the clock tick, tick, tick, and your needle

answering back. Tell me something. Tell me what might have been, sis."

"I might have been mistress of that aristocratic group that are now resting under the shade of those mighty trees, instead of sitting here in this close room, but— and then Edith set to thinking again, while her eyes closed softly, and the sweet one dreamed of Russell Starr, and Edith, and her, together in that beautiful garden.

Edith lived over again the years that had gone; the years when she watched Russell Starr in his splendid home, when he had gathered Edith in his arms and looked at her with that brilliant tenderness, to rest there forever—to be his wife. Well, she had lived a short year of happiness, when angry words came between them, the engagement was broken, and Russell Starr left his native land, after seeing his sister safe in a boarding-school. Bell had never seen him since till now, when she caught a glimpse of him, lounging with an air of ease, in his city friends on the balcony, the smoke curling lazily from their mouthed lips, while they watched Annie Starr and her city guests lingering under the trees; Bell Haze's form towering above them all as she leaned carelessly against a tree that splendid woman, the minor said Russell had chosen for his possible bride. Edith wondered if Russell knew how miserably poor she was; how she was living in his cottage, paying five dollars a month for the two rooms; how her mother and then her father had died, because they could not breast the waves of poverty that were beating against them; and how she at twenty-three was left alone with her only sister; must see all the long summer days, even if her head and side did pain so, and that dry cough sound through the room.

At last she turned from the window, lifted the sleeping child to the bed, took up the floor-cloth, and she had altered for Bell Haze, in a way now becoming to her. Bell Haze might admire her more, and then she went to the small glass that hung above the table and looked at herself.

"I dross taking the dress home, for four Russell will see me; yet I doubt whether he would know me now," and then she looked at the face again. "What a face! How young, how full of life and beauty; now—well, there was a face! Look at it. 'Twas cut from Italian marble so smooth and white, with heavy waves of black hair looped back and confined in a comb. The gray eyes were hard and cold, with now and then a look of pain crossing over them, until the midnight lashes swept the cheek, to hide from the world what she felt. The small mouth had lines around it, of lines of care, and what poverty and pain had left.

She tied on her straw bonnet, fastened the shawl around her slender throat, took up the bundle, and went out in the afternoon sunshine, murmuring to herself, "Bell Haze will look at this splendid with this dress that my head has achieved so over. Well, why not? She is rich and beautiful, a match for him, Russell Starr." Then she went on in a dreary way till she passed under the marble arch that entered the ground leading to the house.

Her heart gave a great throb of fear as she recognized Russell's face blended with that of Bell Haze; and through the trees she saw them, she picking to pieces a moss rose, and he watching her downcast eyes with a smile upon his lips.

Bell heard her, and turning impatiently, she said—

"Excuse me, Russell, there is my sewing woman. What a nuisance—why couldn't she wait till evening, instead of bothering me now?"

Russell laughed without looking away from her face, then playfully touched her pouting lips with his white finger as she turned to leave him.

Walking quickly to Edith, he said sharply—"Why couldn't you wait till night before you brought it, woman?"

"I suppose I could have waited, madam, but I didn't choose to. I'm no slave to do any one's bidding."

Bell Haze turned with a world of fang in her eyes, but something in those cold, flashing eyes, and curling lips, stopped the words as they passed her lips, and made her almost fear Edith Hall. Russell followed Bell with his eyes as she turned away, and then he saw Edith Hall. Something in the way she carried her queen-like head, the half weary, half proud step, reminded him of some one he had known in those days of young eyes, and curling lips, stopped the words as they passed her lips, and made her almost fear Edith Hall. Russell followed Bell with his eyes as she turned away, and then he saw Edith Hall. Something in the way she carried her queen-like head, the half weary, half proud step, reminded him of some one he had known in those days of young eyes, and curling lips, stopped the words as they passed her lips, and made her almost fear Edith Hall.

He followed close in their footsteps, saw his friend Ned raise his glass and look after her; then he went in search of Annie, uttering his "Hello!" loudly. "I heard the judge and his wife were dead; that the house and furniture went for debt, but never that she, Edith, had fallen so poor as to be a sewing-girl. It can't be her; and yet, who carried a head like hers and full?"

In a form of the walk he met Annie, and holding her hands in his he asked—

"If Edith Hall was a sewing girl?"

"Yes; oh, I never told you, did I, Russell? Why, she's miserably poor; lives in your cottage over the meadows; has only two rooms, and supports herself and sister by sewing. It must be terrible for her, poor thing! I wonder for you know how proud she always was; and, by-the-by, she hasn't lost a bit of that pride, even now in her poverty. Let's see, she treated you rather mean once, didn't she? though don't remember it, Russell, because, poor thing, every one knows she suffers terribly, though she is so good. I saw her last night, sitting down, with Bell. Ah! there she is now, looking this way. I want to see her. So, good-by, brother," and away she went, singing snatches of a gay song.

Edith waited until Annie was before her, then she bowed lightly, saying coldly—

"Miss Starr, indeed! Now, don't be foolish, Edith. Here, I haven't laid eyes on you in five years, and you are not a bit glad to see me. Kiss me, or I'll—do something dreadful."

Edith did kiss her, and in spite of her strong will the tears would come; and she dashed them away, saying quickly—

"I live in your brother's cottage, and I owe two months' rent. I have always settled with your uncle Patten, but I am told he has gone since Mr. Starr's return. I suppose I can pay you just the same?"

"Oh, to be sure; but, yes—there's my company. I thought they were coming here. It's the Dalms. Wait a moment, Edith, till I see them in the house." And away she darted, leaving Edith leaning carelessly against the park-gate, one hand shading her eyes, the other pressed close to her side, where the pain had come so sharp.

A shadow crossed the walk, and looking up Russell Starr before her. He saw as a marble statue she stood, not even a crimson spot on her cheeks, not a quiver of the small mouth, though her heart beat almost to wildness.

He held out his hand to her, but she took no notice of it, though the corners of her mouth bickered and quivered into a scornful curl, as he bent over and himself missed the hands, and said her name.

"My sister is engaged with company at present, though, if you will come in, I think she'll soon be at liberty to see you, and finish the conversation that was broken in upon." He spoke quickly, a flush covering his fine face.

"Thank you," she answered haughtily. "My time is limited. I can settle my business with you. I owe you ten dollars—there is the money," and she emptied her purse, even to the last cent, and held it towards him.

As he did not offer to receive the money, she glanced quickly up, and met the earnest look of his great eyes. She went to speak, but that dry, startling cough clucked her, and made her clasp her hand tight over her side, while great drops of sweat stood on her brow at the effort she was making to hush the moan that almost passed her lips.

"Excuse me, Edith—Miss Hall—I cannot take that money. I have a hard work to get you need it. Keep it for yourself and sister. I do not need the money, and you—you must take something for that cough. How long have you had it?"

"Oh, for a month or two; but that is nothing; and as for keeping the money, I thank you, but prefer to pay my debts. If you refuse to take it, I shall look for the house. I believe there is ten dollars, sir?"

"Yes," he said, "there is ten dollars." Then, turning quickly upon her, he said, while his eyes burned into her own, "Edith Hall, you are too proud, and you would suffer a thousand deaths rather than yield up a portion of your pride. You would recede into silent torture, before you would bend an inch from the icy height. Others would love you better if you were gentle and humble, I know you need that money, though you refuse it like a queen. I tell you, Edith Hall, you are too proud, and it always has been the curse of your life, and always will."

She said nothing, but she showed her white teeth, but never took the cold, hard look out of the eyes. Then passing her hand drearily over her forehead, she said scornfully—

"The world's lore! I tell you I hate it, and pity I would trample under my feet! So far I have not without it, and now, when labor is almost done, I will let it slip! I do not ask for it! I have lived without—I will do so!"

"But your sister loves you. Do you despise her love?"

"Despise her love? God and heaven is the first in my heart, and my Lucy, my darling, is next. I have not said so, merely, but for my angel!" Turning quickly, she went down the walk, out of the gate, leaving Russell gazing at the spot where she had stood, until Ned Clair came up to him, and gave him a twist round that brought him to his senses.

"Now, what in faith are you gazing at? Here I've been standing behind the tree, trying to learn what you and the seahorse were saying to each other, but all in vain. Wasn't making love, I suspect? She'd freeze you are you had uttered, 'Present—I love,' etc. Now, out with it, Russ—what have you been talking about for twenty-five minutes?"

"It's serious, for once, Ned, and tell me what you think that girl's face is worth?"

"What do I think of it? Well, Russ, it might be pretty, yes, beautiful, if the world had not written so many unpleasant truths upon it, and whitened it to a marble gloss. It's a face, Russell, that would always set any one to thinking."

Russell made no answer, but took his friend's arm and walked towards the house, his eyes searching the ground, and his lip pressed down by his white teeth.

The sultry day died out, and a moaning storm followed—a fierce one for July—on that made you shiver and tremble with fear. The lightning and thunder were terrible, followed closely by hail and wind.

Edith stood alone in her room, the one used for a sitting-room and parlor. She was leaning over the mantel, both hands pressed over her eyes, for the lightning was blinding. Some one was knocking at her door; she heard it even above the storm; and going quickly she opened it, sup-

poing it to be the lady that lived in the house, but on opening it she saw Russell Starr.

He smiled as he came in, tossing his wet cap in the hall and wringing the drops of water from his brown curls; then glancing up he said,—

"You want to know why I am here, don't you?"

"Yes," she answered, a slight flush mounting her cheeks.

"Well, suppose I tell you. I wanted to see you, so I couldn't stay away."

"Why, I shouldn't believe it? Did your sister send you?"

"She didn't send me to-night, though she did want me to come over in the morning. She's going to have a few friends there to-morrow night; have a dance, supper, and renew the old acquaintance with friends almost forgotten. She invites you—will you come?"

"What! among the rich, proud ones that will be there? No!"

"Are they prouder than you? Are they better? Edith, you will come?" He was bending over her, his brown hair falling over his forehead.

"They are no better than I am, and I will not avoid their company. Yes, Mr. Starr, I will come!"

He stayed till quite late, lingering at the door and making her promise a second time that she would come. When he went out of the gate she stood with her hands clasped listening to his footsteps; then staggering in, she mused,—

"And he is for her, for her, Bell Haze! God help me, for this last drop of bitterness will kill me!"

The mansion was crowded when Edith arrived. Russell had come after her in his carriage, and he led her to his sister and left her in Annie's care.

"This way, Edith—come to my room," and locking the door she drew Edith to her, took off her shawl, and gazed at her.

She was dressed in white—a long, flowing dress, thin as a cloud—one she had had in the days of wealth; the skirt and waist puffed, and bowed with white satin. Her neck and arms were bare, and as perfect as if a sculptor had chiseled them from marble; her hair she had curled in the way she had worn it when Russell loved her, and each curl was held to the other by a crimson rose.

Annie drew a long breath of admiration; then without a word she drew her friend's arm within her own and led her in those superb rooms, those rooms that would have matched a queen's.

There was scarcely a breath drawn when she passed through those rooms—not a murmur—only a parting of lips and touching of each other's arms, for fear they would not see.

She was beautiful. Russell saw it. Bell Haze saw it, and bit her red lips till the blood almost started, for she had been told of a time when Russell loved her.

She was seated in one of the reception-chairs, her head leaning wearily on her hand, so white and perfect. Bell Haze stood opposite, robed in her rich India muslin, her form flashing with jewels, and her lips curled in scorn as she made some cutting remarks to the gentleman near, so loud that Edith heard, and, unknown to Bell, Russell also.

"Poor thing! she's drooping for the want of Russell's care. Then sewing doesn't agree with her."

Russell passed coolly over to her, spoke a few words concerning her beauty and wit, then passed to Edith, saying loud enough for the opposite party to hear,—

"Let me walk with the belle of the room once to-night; or has the prettier noticed upon you made you too proud? I want you to see the paintings, too; you are so fond of landscapes, and I have some fine ones."

She arose immediately, took the offered arm, and passed to the next room; from there he led

her out on the balcony, taking a scarf from the table and winding it around her.

"Edith," he said, clasping one of her hands, "can I never make those cheeks crimson again with my words? Can I never hear those lips speak one word of love again? Oh, Edith, I would rather die than lose you now. Edith, I love you—I want you for my wife."

The strong man was trembling, great tears blinding his eyes. She started with a glad cry, murmuring,—

"It's over at last—the years of pain. Oh, Russell, always love me!"

He held her in his arms, a prayer floating over her, her head on his shoulder, his face glowing with love and tears; and thus Belle Haze found them. With a scornful laugh, she said,—

"This is too much. Shall I summon spectators to witness this scene?"

"Thank you, Bell, but 'tis not needed. The world will know it all when Edith is Mrs. Starr—my wife!"

She started like one stabbed with a knife, then said, cuttingly,—

"Yes, when she is your wife; but I know Russell Starr is too proud of his name to marry a scolding-girl!"

She passed in with a haughty sweep of her trailing dress, and Russell laughed heartily as he said his last words.

"Suppose we engage her to make your wedding suit."

Edith was bewilderingly enchanting the rest of the evening; she played and sang gloriously, and Bell Haze, with all her wealth, was completely shaded by the one she scorned.

When the company had nearly all departed, Russell led her to Annie and whispered to her of the relation that was to exist between them. Annie was delighted, and kissed Edith till she struggled for breath.

They are married now, and Lucy trips through the parlors and gardens like a little fairy, happy as the birds she loves so well. The cough has left Edith, and the old roses are back in her cheeks, and a sweet dewy light in her gray eyes, for she is happy in the love of her noble husband. Annie is soon to be married to Ned Clair, while Bell Haze is vainly looking for a husband richer than Russell Starr.

## THE STREAK OF LIGHTNING.

THE doctor, thus recently appealed to, laid down his hand at once, pushed his spectacles up his forehead, gave his half-empy tumbler a intense look, and gratified curiosity as to the origin of the cast phrase, "Boys, did you see that streak of lightning?"

"You must know, my dear young friend, that St. Louis was not always as big a place as it is now, and accommodations for man and beast were not so good fifteen or twenty years ago as they are now."

"About those days the tavern at which I stopped, and it was the principal one in the town, contained one long room, like the cabin of a steam-tow, which served in the various capacities of a ball-room, a hall of justice, a court-room, a school-room, a theatre, and, when the town was full, for a sleeping apartment for each of the surplus population as were not lucky enough to get accommodations in a more limited space."

"Well, business once carried me there in midsummer, and, as the town was thronged with a mob, with thirty or forty others, in the great accommodation-room, and conigned for the night to my pallet of straw. I came in late that night, for I had met some acquaintances, and we had made rather fast time of it, so that I found the mattress occupied, and the one reserved for me, and each occupant fast asleep. The landlord had given me a small piece of candle, about an inch long, to light me to bed, and as he was too sleepy or too lazy to get a candlestick, I took the tallow in my hand

and watched up to my dormitory. It was a fearfully hot night, and the temperature, of course, not much lessened by the heat radiating from the carcasses of thirty or forty sleeping men."

"I soon found my bed, and I forthwith proceeded to 'unshuck.' Sticking my candle on the edge of my chair, I carefully laid my clothes on the back of it, so as to guard as far as possible against all probability of their contact with the tallow, and I was proceeding to blow out my light, when in my anxiety to remove my clothes, the only stick I had with me, the thought occurred that I had better remove the candle altogether. After a glance around the room, I found that to be a matter of some difficulty. I saw that every chair was occupied. I was afraid to set it on the floor, and the fireplace was too far off to justify the remotest hope of my ever regaining my couch, once away from it in the dark. While I was in this quandary my eyes fell upon the form of a large fat man, who was sleeping at a tremendous rate, about ten feet off. From the excessive heat that prevailed, he had thrown off every vestige of his customary care of clothing. He was lying flat at the same time as hard, and snoring as loud, as if he were determined to extract every possible particle of enjoyment from those musical accompaniments."

"Quietly advancing towards my snoring neighbor, I soon found a firm and permanent lodgment for my piece of candle, now considerably reduced, upon a very prominent and exposed portion of my fat friend, and he was so profoundly asleep that I had no difficulty in finding a fixed basis for my burning tallow. As soon as I had by actual experiment ascertained myself that my 'illumination' would in its up-bearings, turn neither to the right nor the left, but would burn steadfastly where I had set it, I stole back to my place in bed as quietly as possible, and soon tried to get up a small gamut of extra noises with my nose and throat, but it was no go. Every incipient effort at a joke was sure to terminate in a titter, and so I just lay still and watched the course of events."

"I never saw a piece of candle take so much time to burn half an inch. I thought it had the lives of nine cats; but burn it did, and still snored on my fat neighbor. As the light gradually approached the period of its extinguishment, I confess that it was about the most exciting moment of my life. At last, to my inexpressible delight, I saw the sleeper give a twitch, and then for a moment all was still; then followed a spasmodic sobbing, a little more violent, a calm of a few seconds, when the candle performed a circle in the air, expiring as it reached the floor, and the fat man, wide awake and perfectly erect, was heard to exclaim, "Boys, did you see that streak of lightning? Any body dead? I'm hit; don't you smell scorched meat?"

A HINT TO LANDLORDS.—Romance never pays her rent.

PRUNING APPLES.—Grafting an apple-tree upon a pear tree.

In the voyage of life men profess to be in search of fortune, but generally take care not to venture so far from their approximations to it as entirely to lose sight of the earth.

A SOCIETY composed only of the wicked would contain within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and, without a flood, be swept away by the deluge of its own iniquity.

ARISTOCRACY, by the law of primogeniture, has never one child. The rest are created to be devoured. The rest are given to the nibbler for the natural parent preparing the unnatural repast.

OUR thoughts, like the waters of the sea, when exhaled towards heaven, will lose all their bitterness and saltiness, and sweeten into an amiable humanity, until they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow-men.



## THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI AND THE NORTH-WESTERN STATES.

(Continued.)

THROUGHOUT the prairie regions of the West, the want of timber and lumber are severely felt, and railroad companies are being driven into the adoption of coal-burning engines to save the consumption of wood. Through Ohio and parts of Indiana, stumps and girdled trees still stand in the midst of grain-fields, and wood is a drug; but in Illinois, Lower Wisconsin, and Iowa, hedges of Osage orange are resorted to, and the seeds of forest trees are being sown for future crops. In Upper Wisconsin and Iowa, and in Minnesota, forests abound, and there we find majestic pines which the sharp axes of the lumber-men are turning into "saw-logs." We find also pioneers and axe-men busy in girdling and clearing the ground for coming crops. The woody region has its advantages too, wherever the forests grow without underbrush; for there the trees can be quickly girdled and good crops be raised in the first year. Vast quantities of lumber and logs are sent down from the upper tributaries of the Mississippi, to supply the want which exists throughout its lower region; amounting to over 395,000,000 feet annually. A class of strong, daring men is engaged in this business, to whom ease is distressing and danger excitement. It is a common thing for the logs to float down the upper rivers to collect above the Falls of St. Anthony into a "jam," piled above one another and wedged into a compact mass. Then comes an exciting time, for the loggers must loosen this mass so that the current will sweep it over the fall and down the river. The pile of logs overhangs the fall, and among which the loggers are prying and trying—all tin badly shouting to one another; for there is somewhere one log which holds the mass, the key to the jam. By-and-by this is reached, and the whole pile begins to tremble, and then to scatter and plunge over the fall. Every one shouts a warning, and each rushes for the shore over the moving mass; and lives are rarely lost, so expert and strong have these men become. Below the falls, logs and lumber are made up into rafts, and with houses on their decks, are floated away South.

This great North-west is flooded with paper projects for cities which will never be built.

A JAM OF LOGS.

Our readers well know that cities do not make themselves, but are built up with hard, persistent, and determined effort, and that, besides unwearied labor, something is owing to circumstances which no man can foresee. Our readers will, therefore, use due caution that some plausible speculator does not transfer coin from their pockets to his, leaving in its place only some "Castle in Spain."

In all these growing places, besides the land, there is a large investment in machinery, tools, workshops, and steam powers; and these cities are not merely places where men buy and sell, and get gain, but are also great bee-hives, where are produced a thousand things which civilized people now demand.

But let us refer to the open secret of the whole matter, and let no man forget it. Out of the bosom of the bountiful earth comes all the wealth, and he who digs it *makes money*, not he who sits in his banking house and with greased measure measures gold and wheat. He may *get money*, but the other makes it, and ought to have it.

Behind these cities spread away three broad acres of fertile land upon which grow majestic pines, which come floating down the St. Croix, and the Rum, and the Mississippi, and the Copper rivers; the waving fields of wheat and corn, which in millions of bushels are sent forth to feed the people of the Old World as well as the New; and the beef, and pork, and lead, without which bankers and merchants would perish and leave no sign. Honor, and glory, and praise, and profit, be to those stalwart souls and bodies who produce.

In the haste for money-making, and in the development of her material resources, we might expect all else to be forgotten in the West. We therefore ask attention to a little thing, which lies at the root of the tree of liberty, and is the secret of their success.

The wisest pioneers that ever colonized a new country were the Puritan leaders of New England; they sought material good, but they fully and fairly recognized the fact that "man lives not by bread alone," and they provided at the outset for the wants of the soul and mind as well as of the body; they established and sustained in the centers of their towns, schools and meeting-houses, which are at the base of modern civilization and democracy. Their descendants have everywhere followed this example, and throughout Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, schools and churches are established, and universities liberally endowed; while history and science have their associations of devoted inquirers.

The public school system of New England is extended over the entire West, and even in New Orleans is introduced with an indefatigable corps of teachers. The universities of Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota are richly endowed with grants of land, and we may yet see a growth of mind in the far West analogous to that of crops. So far ideas are the product of older countries, and the West has received these from the East, which she has repaid in food for the body. These universities and schools will do whatever can be done to check the madness of speculation and lust for wealth which now overruns the West.

One of the peculiar features in the system of rivers which form the Mississippi is the river-boat (built of gunwales and plank), some one hundred feet long and thirty broad, square at the ends—familiarily known as "broad-horns." Some are roofed over, others are open, and they carry the loads of giants. On every tributary these arks are constructed through the summer and fall, ready to their work when the rains shall come. And when the tides come, and the myriads of corn-bells, large and small, pour their crops together, these "broad-horns" receive them into their spacious chambers, and are swept downward by the stream.

When one sees the hosts of people collected in a large city, the wonder is how they are to be fed; but when ranks of barrels of flour and meat, and piles of corn and bacon, disgorged from these broad-horns upon the spacious levee at New Orleans are before you, one then wonders who is to eat it all. But nothing is so strange to the man who has a decent regard for his body as the infinite quantities of whiskey and tobacco produced in the West and South-west, which it is pretty well known can not be used safely, which, nevertheless, somebody does pour down their throats and chew in their mouths until the devil snatches them away.

How some of the whiskey is used it is worth while for enterprising money-getters to know. Thus, you buy it at its twenty-five cents a gallon, you add a little Danish cherry-brandy to give it a rich Otard flavor, and a little burnt sugar to give it a ruby tint, and a little prussic acid to give it the genuine "tang," and then by afternoon you sell it for pure French brandy at two dollars a gallon. This is a nice little trick, which enables you to put money into your purse and destruction into your neighbor's home.

A little above the falls is Fort Snelling, with its barracks and broad acres, which have recently been sold. The fort was established to keep Indians in check, and to protect early settlers. It has of late years been used as a station where certain payments were made to the predecessors, on account of their lands, and to keep them quiet. The enterprising traveler bent upon sight-seeing will, of course, visit this spot, as well as the new towns of Minneapolis and St.



FOREST SKETCHES.—IN A FIX. —See Page 59.

Anthony. Ten short years have worked a marvelous change.

Look for a moment at St. Paul, the leading town of the upper river. In 1846 it contained ten inhabitants; in 1856 it contained ten thousand; in June and July of that year, the receipts of the Winslow House were above six thousand dollars per month, while more than a dozen hotels beside were doing a thriving business. Steamers were coming and going—drays, and teams, and loads of emigrants were driving hither, and thither, and away. Carpenters and masons were hard at work, regretting that each of them was not a Brierley with a hundred hands, each to earn three dollars a day. Shops and dwellings were starting out of the ground as if magicians were busy, and all was life, and energy, and hope. The Court-house, Presbyterian Church, Baldwin School-house, State House, hotels, the new Cathedral, Masonic Hall, theatres, and Odd Fellows' Hall, adorn the city, and tell the story of wealth and power. Occasionally an Indian or a wild duck revisits his old haunts, and quickly disappears: the former turns his face westward to die—the latter wings its flight to Hudson's Bay, to seek a quiet nest to brood its young.

Let us then pass on southward with the flowing water, which in this region runs clear. Here the river flows through a picturesque and varied country; high banks and rock-exposed wooded bluffs are succeeded by open prairies and broken valleys. At the foot of Lake Pepin the new town of Wabasha is beginning to grow, where, a few days ago, was only prairie and grass. The river, for a distance of some twenty-five miles, spreads out into a broad sheet, varying from three to five miles in width; is bordered by woody hills and rocky shores; and is called, by courtesy, "Lake Pepin." On its eastern shore rises the "Maiden's Rock," four hundred feet high, around which still lingers a tale of love and death—the story of a young Indian girl, Winona; how she loved a gay white trader, and would love no other, though her friends urged upon her a brave young chief of her own tribe; how her prayers and tears availed nothing; and then how she went on to

the high rock, sang in low tones her death-song, and threw herself headlong, choosing rather thus to die than to live without love. Such realists are found among women, whether in the halls of kings or the wilderness of the West. This red girl had an earnest, loving soul. God protect her!

These, however, are not the only things which interest the traveler. Cities are to be built, or at least, projected and mapped out; and town-lands are to be bought and sold; and people now are living, who are persuaded that their mission is to lay out cities, and sell town-lands at enormous prices; so that they may become fabulously wealthy, lose their digestion, pass sleepless nights, travel in Europe, and come back sick of themselves and the world.

Such people will look with interest upon rising cities on the west bank, upon the town of Wabasha, the future rival of St. Paul, and Winona; upon La Crosse, in Wisconsin, where a railroad will one day extend itself from Chicago, and Prairie du Chien, and Mendota. Then, in Iowa, many towns will interest the traveler and speculator—Guttenburg, Dubuque, Lyons, and Davenport, the place of the music store; Muscatine, Burlington, and Keokuk—some of which are large cities, furnished with streets of brick warehouses piled with merchandise, so that one might fancy portions of New York or Philadelphia had been transported as they stood. All these have done much, and promise to do more; and active, determined men do not fear to build mills, and hotels, and shops there, sure of good returns. Illinois shows the towns of Galena, and Rock Island, and Oquawka, and Nauvoo—where the Mormons built their strange temple and their strange religion, but lost their remarkable prophet, one Jo Smith, Esq., whose successor, Brigham Young, now challenges attention.

But these towns come up in a night, and grow, like the prophet's gourd, so fast that one can hardly keep pace with them. Galena is the metropolis of the great lead region, and ships away annually 42,000,000 pounds of the metal, which is valued at \$1,780,000, and gives direct employment to about two thousand people. In the region round about the ground is penetrated

with pits and diggings, many of which extend deep below the surface. Thousands of tons of zinc and copper ores are dug out and lie on the surface, unused for want of coal to smelt them. The town contains about ten thousand people, and is charmingly built on the rising banks of a branch of the Mississippi. It has churches of many kinds—Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist, and Roman Catholic—and is well supplied with schools, newspapers, and mills and shops in abundance. Galena will not go backward. Railroad trains rush in daily, bearing their loads of freight and passengers, and her levee is busy in receiving and discharging cargoes from steam-boats that ply up and down the Mississippi.

Time was when the flat-boat was the only means by which travelers could reach New Orleans—a slow but surer means than the early Western steam-boat.

The flat-boatmen are a rough set, and among them are good hearts and strong hands; but among them also have been some of the most desperate, and drunken, and brutal men that are ever found in a border country—men who stopped at nothing, to whom conscience and honor were ridiculous. But as society has become fixed that breed has gradually disappeared, and California and Nicaragua have enjoyed the benefits of their social virtues.

We now pass the mouth of the yellow Missouri and approach St. Louis.

The Queen City of the Mississippi Valley claims attention from the enterprise and industry of the people, the magnificence of her streets and levees.

A fine limestone bluff rises from the river, upon which St. Louis proudly grows. The spot was selected by LaSalle, a French trader, in the year 1763, as the center from which to carry forward his plans for trade with the Indians; and he then predicted the future of the city in as enthusiastic terms as those which her present inhabitants induce us to believe in.

In February of the year 1764 he set forth with boats and men, and where the old market-place of St. Louis now stands he commenced the future city. Among his pioneers were two young French Creoles from New Orleans, named Auguste and Pierre Chouteau—one of whom, Pierre, lived almost to our day, always respected. Their names alone were a passport to the civilities and hospitalities of the savages, who everywhere had experienced their kindness. At this time (1762) the whole country west of the Mississippi had been secretly transferred by France to Spain; still it was mostly settled by the French.

It was not till the year 1803 that the United States took possession of it, and organized a government under the title of the District of Louisiana—the territory extending from the mouth of the Mississippi. But the position of St. Louis was good, the country rich, and the fur trade valuable; and the city grew, and was incorporated in the year 1809.

The barren bluff is now crowded with houses and magnificent buildings; the wharves are alive with activity; rail-cars and steamers bring to the city, as a distributing center, the wealth of a vast empire; the population is over 160,000, and who can foretell its possible future?

Travelers will not fail to remember the Western river—a great feature of the West and Southern rivers. If you are at St. Louis, and wish to take passage on one, you approach the levee or landing-place, and find them lying with their noses against the paved bank ranked in a row, with puffing steam, burning fires, rolling smoke, turning wheels, and ringing bells.

Of course you seek for one of the finest boats—one which you "guess" will be likely to go within two days of her advertised time. You mount the stairway and find the cabin on the second deck; and this is the peculiarity of these,

boats, the ordinary deck being devoted to the machinery and to freight. This cabin is a saloon extending over the whole boat except a small space at the bow, and in some boats is nearly three hundred feet long.

The great hall is sure to be finished with white and gold, and to be, as the newspapers say, "very gorgeous indeed."

In the forward part of this mighty hall are the clerk's office, and the social hall and bar, where one can smoke cigars and spit, the after part being devoted to the fair sex, who, "by courtesy," are supposed not to smell smoke. In the center are tables for dining.

When twelve o'clock comes these tables are stretched, and, with military precision, the work goes rapidly forward. Plates are placed, then forks, then knives, then bread, then pickles, then castors, then cake and candy ornaments, then chairs, and finally meats, and so on. With military promptness the hungry passengers stand in solemn silence behind their chairs; but no man thinks of sitting until the "pater and gaudemur bar-keeper" bows to the ladies; then the gong sounds, the roof trembles, every man seizes his chair and goes grimly to work: not a sound is heard but the click of knives and the clatter of plates for ten minutes; then each man rises from his place and goes away, silently giving thanks, the work of demolition being for that time ended.

Three or four sets of passengers and crew are thus fed three times a day; and, although one sees too much of it, yet the fare on good boats is excellent and varied. Three times a day the ladies go from the table and sit for a little music or talk, and the men go forward to smoke or play cards.

On both sides of this long hall, or saloon, are state-rooms, each containing two berths. These rooms open into the saloon and out on a gallery, where one can walk or sit. About two hundred miles below the Missouri, the Ohio pours its volume of waters into the river, called by the early French settlers, "La Belle Rivière," brings down the wealth produced from the mountains and mines of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and that which is collected along its course from the hills, valleys, and plains of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. At this point the Mississippi may be said to have collected its strength, ready to pour down through the broad alluvium into the Mexican Gulf; across this have flowed in the St. Peters, Iowa, Des Moines, St. Croix, Wisconsin, Rock, Illinois, the Missouri, and many smaller streams; while below, the Ohio, the St. Francis, White, Arkansas, and Red, the Yazoo, the Hatchee, and Big Black, empty in their many waters.

More than thirty thousand miles of large rivers are thus collected into one to make the mighty Mississippi. Above the Missouri the waters are comparatively clear, but the Missouri brings in its contributions of wishful-yellow mud, the Ohio its granular sediment, while the Arkansas and Red are freighted with that of a darker hue; so that to the unacquainted eye it seems hardly possible to elude one's burning thirst at such fountains. But custom rules the world, and the dweller on the Mississippi banks turns from pure and limpid springs with unguessed contempt to the rich waters of his native home.

No one certainly knows what changes the surface of the earth has undergone, but there is good reason to believe that the broad alluvium (the Valley of the Mississippi) from the mouth of the Ohio to the Mexican Gulf, has been formed from the deposit of the river, whose deposit is still going on at the river's mouth.

Few large rivers are as wide near their mouths as at some point of their course, and this is true of the Mississippi and Missouri. The Mississippi, at its junction with the Missouri, is a mile and a half in width, while below the Ohio the channel decreases in width and increases in depth; but from this point the river rushes on

with increased velocity (at the rate of four miles an hour), and at an average width of about one mile. But the spring floods sometimes raise the river above its ordinary level sixty feet, often forty feet; then the water spreads away over the country for thirty miles in width, producing infinite mischief and misery.

It is to guard against this overflow and destruction that along the lower portion of the river the broad, strong bank has been raised called the "levee." This has been built at great labor and trouble, and needs to be jealously watched; for at all times, and especially at the time of these floods, the mad river undermines the clayey banks; and it is not rare for acres to fall into the raging current in a night. Now and then the high water wears away this artificial levee, when no men or money may be spared to stop the gap, to fill up the "crevasse" as it is called; and the alluvium is sent from plantation to plantation to gather all lands to the work, so that crops and lands may be saved. Whenever the water breaks through the destruction of property is frightful, and fevers are sure to follow.

From the mouth of the Ohio the river loses its picturesque character. Its broad, rapid stream is bordered by level banks covered with fields, and sown and mowed, and mowed, and one greets a bluff with glad surprise. In broad, boiling river, covered with drifting logs and wood, is only diversified by islands, by rafts, and flat-boats with long sweeps lazily drifting with its current, and by puffing steamers, which if coming down stream, are piled above their pilot-boats with carts and wagons, busses and benches, and all the manifold excursions turned out from the busy workshops of Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Pittsburgh.

We are now passing through the great cotton region, where this rich valley is made to produce in one article, and where the great landholders are dignified with the title of planters—no longer farmers. We are in it a day and a night and among a different race, and a thousand things show it: towns cease to be frequent along the bank, and, except Memphis, we see no large town till we reach Vicksburg, in the State of Mississippi, a distance of eight hundred miles from St. Louis.

Memphis is built on a fine bluff thirty feet above the highest rise of the river, and is a thriving, active place, with ten churches, four daily papers, mills, and factories, and its new navy yard. From this point the cotton of Western Tennessee is shipped.

From Memphis down to New Orleans you see and hear only cotton or rather cotton and negroes, and the whole force of the nation is turned into the production of these two articles. Cotton is on the levees, cotton is on the steamers, cotton is in the mounds and bottoms of all the people.

The river has ceased to be interesting until it reaches the vicinity of New Orleans, where just now we do not intend to go. After this long article, we can only refer to those curious and extremely valuable people—the negroes. At every landing-place picturesque groups or figures arrest the eye, each of whom is a study for painter or philosopher.

MAXY, who professes to think, that in giving to the poor they lend to the Lord, haggle with him about the amount of the loan.

If you cannot avoid a quarrel with a black-guard, let your lawyer manage it. No man sweeps his own chimney, but employs a chimney-sweeper, who has no objection to dirty work, because it is his trade.

TOM "wicked but witty" epigram is from the French of La Motte:—

"The word of fools has such a store,  
That who would not see an ass  
Must look at him from both the door,  
And break his looking-glass."

## FOREST SKETCHES.—No. 2.

BY COL. WALTER R. DUNLAP,

AUTHOR OF "THE DUTTER LIFE," &c.

### IN A "FIX."

The clock struck the hour of midnight just as we brought our trip into the house, and the excitement of the evening left us as wakeful and talkative. The hostess wanted a cup of tea, and we concluded to join her. The idea of tea suggested pie; and pie suggested omelette; so when we sat down to the table we made quite a merry meal. The only subject of conversation I will call Titson, as I don't know how to write fancy being lodged into print in *propria persona*—lighted his pipe, and we, to keep him company, lighted our cigars.

"These bears," said he, after we had all fired up, "are pretty things to have about a farm. And they're dangerous sometimes, too."

"Have you ever caught many of them?" I asked.

"Wal—can't 'sactly say 'bout that. I have trapped four 'em, though, and came plaguery nigh bust' 'em up."

Of course we all wished to know how such a thing came about, and he expressed himself as being very happy to accommodate us.

"Wal," he commented—this was a favorite expression of his, and nearly every sentence was commenced with it—"it's going on now eight years since I bought this place. The fall after I came here—I came in the early spring—an old-driver from Saco wanted me to go over on the other side of old Chocoma. I 'pose you know this mountain? This is it, right close by here."

We told him we knew all the mountains about that section, and he proceeded.

"Wal—seem's how'n't I had some money to make out on my place in the spring, I thought I'd go and chop for him. He offered a dollar a day, and found us in provisions. That was more 'n I could make anywhere else. So, on the whole, I thought 'twas considerable of a lucky hit. Wal—Monday mornin', bright and early, I set off with four other chaps that had called for me. We didn't get to the loggin' camp till about noon, for I tell ye 'tain't no fool's job to walk around that old meat's. However, the old man called it a whole day, so we didn't lose nothin'. We worked there two weeks, and then we went further over into the intervals amongst the pines."

Ye see the old man wouldn't allow us but half a day in the week for travelin' time, so we used to take that out of Monday. We'd spend in the camp Saturday night, so as to have Sunday night at home. Wal—one Sunday mornin' I started off for home. I had to go alone, too. The rest of 'em that ought to 'ave come my way took it into their heads to go a-fishing Sunday, and they wasn't back till Monday. I don't profess to any great amount of piety, but somehow I could never bring myself to risk, right-down sport for the Sabba'-day. So I went my way, and they went theirs."

"The sun was just beginnin' to show himself when I started; but I hadn't gone a great way when I discovered that I was nearly likely to have a bit of rain to go in. But that didn't frighten me, for I know'd I had dry duds enough at home if I got them I had on wet. So on I pushed with my axe on my shoulder, and a tin pail in my hand, which I used for carryin' ketchup around to the camp. The old man didn't furnish no delicacies, so my wife just put me up a few to have on my own hook."

"My path lay around the mount'n to the north'r'd; only I had to climb over a big lump of rock to have a long bit of travel. I had passed this lump, and was in a deep, rocky gully, when it seemed to grow dark all at once. Great black clouds came rollin' on over Old Moie and Kearsarge, and in a few minutes more the rain began to fall. For awhile I kept on,

but finally the wind came up so savage like, and the rain pelted down so hard, that I began to think of shelter. I wouldn't have minded a good smart shower, but this was worse. The rain came again my face like bullets, and fairly blinded me.

"This gorgo that I was in took a sort of twilight turn to the eastward, and my way was to follow it right back; but a little further up, on the other hand, I had noticed a place where the rock seemed to come out like a roof, and I determined to go up there and see if I couldn't find shelter. It wasn't far off my way, anyhow, so I started for it. When I reached the place I found it a plaigny sight more of a shelter than I had at first imagined. It was a regular cave—a cavern—right in the solid rock. I had heard tell about a cave somewhere that side of the mountain, but I never knew exactly where 'twas afore. The cavern was just about on a level with the standing ground outside, and nearly high enough to let me walk in without stooping. I tell ye I didn't stop long to consider. It had grown as dark as an inside pocket, and the wind and rain was a bawlin' each other every minute. First I went in with a stick, a pipe that seemed fit to take me right off 'in my feet; and then the rain would take a whirling motion, slappin' full in my face, let me hold it which way I would.

"I Wal—I didn't consider long, as I said, but I went. I couldn't see the end of the place; but I found that I could stand up straight after I got in. I fancied the rain would be over afore long, so I got a place where the wet couldn't reach me, and there I sat down. I looked around to see if I couldn't make out how big the hole was. I could see the top where the light struck in, runnin' off back about fifteen feet, and there it stopped again a wall. That was the end of the cave. Next I planned to see how wide the place was, but my kalkulations was suddenly cut short by hearin' a noise close to me. It was just like the grunt of a pig when they move about in their sleep. I tell you that I was frightened; but yet I didn't start to my feet. I grabbed my axe, and then looked around. My eye had got used to the dark now, and poosty soon I could see. Not five feet from where I was settin' I saw two big black cubs! I knowed they was cubs, 'cause I could see 'em plain enough. They was snuggled close up together, and was of course asleep, else they'd 'ave made some disturbance when I first came in.

As soon as I saw they was only cubs my first plan was to kill 'em both with my axe; but when I come to consider upon it I concluded I'd better let 'em alone. If they should make a noise, and the old one should hear 'em, it might be all day with me. This last thought gave me another. If the old bear had gone off afore, she'd be likely to come pokin' home afore long in such a storm. The two cubs didn't have a great while to be alone, 'cause I could see they'd 'ave been likely to be the old one and ends of bones, and so on, scattered about; but there was nothin' of the kind. Howsoever, that had nothin' to do with my situation. I concluded I'd better make tracks as soon as possible; and I had just got up to my feet for that purpose when I heard a sort of gruntin' puff outside, that made my hair stand right up. It was the old bear forartin'! I listened a moment, and heard her creakin' over the stones. I darren't move then, for if I did the bear would meet me just about at the door.

"Wal, I had but a plaigny sort for study. The critter was close to the hole. Thinks I, I'll stand up again the entrance, and perhaps when the bear comes in I can pop out. But I was surcumvented in this. The cussed brute come right to the door, and there she stopped! She must have seen me the first thing, for her eyes was shinin' at me, and she gave one of two ugly growls that made my body tremble. I determined to make as good a resistance as I could, and for this I fixed

my axe. The moment I did this the bear gave a sharp grunt and just set herself up on her hunches, and in this way also came towards me. I knew she meant to tackle me now, and no mistake. I grasped my axe with all my might, and aimed to give the old one a blow, and then to give her the cuttin' edge. I didn't know so much about bears then as I do now, or I might have been more careful. Howsoever, I saw she meant to hug me, and when she came near enough I took a careful aim, and then struck with all my might. The bear slipped one of them fore legs of hers out of her clutches in lightnin', and my axe went flyin' off to the other side of the cave!

"Peraps you think I was in a queer fix about that time. Just so I thought then. The only thing I had to help myself with was gone, and the bear was coming at me again master in ever. She was a big, powerful critter, and I know she meant to make mince-meat of me so soon as possible. She thought I was after her cubs, and that was enough for her. I moved back as far as I could again the wall, and then I began to pray. I thought of home, I thought of Mother, I thought of my sister for me, and the children all ready to run out and meet me. I knew a nice Sunday dinner had been cooked up for me, and I remembered how happy we'd been the few Sundays back when we'd come together.

"I tell ye, my friends, never want to feel again as I felt then. The fear of death wasn't half. The thought of these bein' at home that loved me so—and that I should never see 'em any more—and that in all probability they'd never know what had become of me—all this kind of 'went ahead of death in my imagination.

"But mind ye—all these thoughts were but a few seconds' passin' through my mind, for within a quarter of a minute afore my axe was gone the bear was just ready to put her great paw about me. I thought of my just settin', I thought of my cubs at the entrance, I held it in my mind, the night before to cut some backer with, and he had put it in his pocket. When I found that the cussed critter was just ready to grab me, I jumped right up and down two or three times, and belched with all my might. I cried out at the top of my lungs, 'I she stopped; but I soon made up my mind that 'twant a gain to keep her off long; and so she soon proved it to be, for the next time I tried it she only give a knowin' wink and lifted both paws.

"I tell ye, my friends, I had a bad time then, I never could tell how I felt at that moment. That I had got to die was just as plain to me as that I'm in my own house now. The bear was right between me and the entrance—standin' so firm that no such chap as I was could have put her over, and as mad as a mad bull she was. How I wished I could see that that her cubs was safe, and I wouldn't harm 'em. Ah, how I wished a hundred things that weren't to be realized! Howsoever, I prayed, and then I resolved to give old Bruin a taste. But what would that have amounted to?—critter that could snuff me out with my hands in that fashion wouldn't have made much bones of makin' me up.

"I felt the bear's hot breath, and her ugly snout was almost under my nose. She kept up a sort of motion sideways as she advanced, and poosty soon I saw the long claws start out from between her legs. I knew the bear was comin'; just then I looked into her eyes. They looked a sort of brown color, and glared like fire. Thinks I, 'If you was only blind, you old cuss.'

"Why hadn't I thought of that before? Quick as wink I determined upon the trial. I've been a snuff-taker for a good many years. My box was then two-thirds full, as the old man had brought some up for me the day before. I caught up my box, and took half of the snuff in each hand. I had'n't the thousandth part of a second to spare, for as I raised my hands the

bear put her paws around me. Her eyes were torn up just as fair as they could be; and, with one snap, I filled 'em both with the snuffin' stuff. My jemmies! I didn't that bear snuff, and anow, and pwe! She gave me one mighty hug, and then let go. I saw her down, rubbin' both eyes with her paws, and snakin' her head like mad.

"But I hadn't much desire to stop to see any more, for I knew the first peep the critter got at me she'd start for vengeance. So I just stopped out and started one more for home, leavin' my axe behind me. 'It was rainin' hard as ever, and the wind was blowin', but I didn't make any more stops. I got home ten minutes afore noon, and if I was wet and cold when I arrived, Molly soon was as dry and warm as could be. The kind woman had got a good dinner, and you my beloved was as thankful that I was there to help eat it. And the children came out to meet me, too, for all it still rained a bit; and I think I kinned 'em a little harder on that occasion than I had ever done afore.

"The next day we came up from the camp towards night, and found the bear and her cubs still in the cave. We contrived to shove fire enough in to smoke 'em out, and then they were easily shot; and you my safely believe that that old bear had a pair of plaigny sore eyes!"

"Thus ended our bear's story, and having thanked him for it, we sought the plain, clear beds which our good business and Mary had prepared for us.

## THE LAST EXPEDIENT.

How lonely it was in my little seven-by-nine room, behind it, as it were, by the roar and tumult of the city, and in the gray gloom of the October evening!

All alone in the world; and there was Jones in the next apartment cooing to his fat baby; and I knew, just as well as if the partition had been plate glass, instead of lath and mortar, just how Jones was leaning over the wretch's shoulder, her plump cheek close to his.

I caught myself wondering, in a sort of costate state, how it would seem if I were a married man, and there was a little work-basket on my table, and a pair of small slippers alongside my boots, and if Isabel Snow's fair curls were glistening in the light of the gas-burner if I couldn't stand it another minute; up I jumped, determined to go to Isabel's, then and there, and ask her if she wouldn't take the most miserable of lonely soaps for her husband!

The cheerful parlors were in a cosy glow of gas-light and fire-light; old Mr. Snow was darning as usual, with a red silk pocket-handkerchief over his bald head; and Mrs. Snow, with two or three other dragons in spectacles and "fals fronts," was deep in the contents of a mannish "Dorcas basket," each female apparently trying to out-bark the rest. Bliss them! I was thankful to Dorcas baskets for once in my life! Isabel sat by a shaded light, in the back parlor, stitching away at a green worsted pair of trousers of canvas, upon a little stool that just held two. I took the other seat, and we discoursed in mysterious whispers about the weather. At length the conversation grew to a close, and we were both silent.

"Isabel!" I began, nervously fingering her ivory bodkin, and resolving in my mind to put an end to this suspense.

Isabel lifted the long fingers of her eyelashes; the soft beam of her blue eyes made a pool of me at once.

"Don't—don't it take you a long time to finish those elaborate pieces of worsted work?" I stammered.

She made some laughing reply—that it was I don't remember, for I was mentally indulging



myself as a cowardly, sneaking villain, and goading myself on to a second charge.

"Miss Isabel, I have been wishing to tell you this long time, but I never could screw up my courage, that—"

"Why didn't I go on? What demon possessed me to stop and flidget there, and finish the anxious beginning with, 'that I've decided to get a Panama hat next summer just like that you thought so pretty'?"

Miserable poison that I was! I had not even resolution to resume the conversation until Isabel herself commenced talking about her lack of occupation.

"I do get to *enough*," sighed she, "just for want of some object to absorb my attention besides Dacca baskets and embroidery."

"Why didn't I ask if a husband wouldn't do, and propose myself for the vacant post? Because I was a blockhead: isn't that reason enough?"

"I am thinking seriously," began Isabel, after she had put in three sprawling black heads for the parrot's eye, "of adopting some sweet little child to love and take care of. Do you suppose you could inquire round at the institutions and find one for me—a little boy?"

"Perhaps so; at all events I'll try," quoth I, and an sudden inspiration breaking through the thick fog that surrounded my brain. "Suppose I look round and call again to-morrow evening?"

"Oh, I should be so delighted," said Isabel. When I took leave, she laid her little hand in mine: it was soft and warm, like a lily-petal steeped in sunshine. Any other man with a particle of pluck about him would have asked me if I didn't dare to:

The next evening, after two long hours spent at my dressing-glass, I went bravely to old Mr. Snow's hospitable domicile, determined, not exactly to do or die, but to woo or die. I was desperate, and a desperate man is equal to most emergencies! The room into which I was about to step was empty, but Isabel's work-basket lay on the table, and close beside it was a small china vase with a spray of scarlet autumn leaves and a bunch of wild blue snaters placed in water. Had some other miscreant of a lover presented them? The bare possibility set my heart throbbing, and inspired me with a fiercer desire to thrust some one into the room.

A light footfall on the carpet—Isabel was beside me.

"Wall, Mr. Anderson, have you brought the dear little fellow whom I am to adopt?"

"Yes, Miss Isabel."

"Of course it is a boy?"

"Wall, it *was* a boy," I quivered, "but—"

"Oh, charming!" interrupted Isabel, clapping her hands together. "What coloured eyes?"

"Black."

"Is he bright and intelligent?"

"Tolerably so, but most terribly beautiful."

"Oh, I shall soon cure him of that!"

"I've no doubt you will, Miss Isabel."

"Dear little fellow; where is he?" she asked.

"Don't say *little*, Miss Isabel; he is pretty well grown for his age," I remarked, demurely, beginning to enjoy the scene intensely.

"Oh, don't keep me in suspense!" she exclaimed. "I want to throw my arms round him and kiss him!"

"Indeed, Miss Isabel," I modestly answered, "I don't think you could do a better thing; don't let me stand in the way!"

"But where is he?"

"Here!"

She opened her blue eyes wide.

"Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Anderson,"

"Miss Isabel, I am the person that wants to be adopted. Will you take me, not as an orphan, but as a husband?"

"There—it was out—and I was not a bit the worse for it! On the contrary, I had boldly put my arm round Isabel's waist, and drawn

her so close to me that her only way of avoiding my eager gaze into her eyes was to hide them on my shoulder—which she did!

"Darling Isabel! only say that you'll adopt me for life, and I will take care you shall have plenty of occupation," I persisted, half laughing. Still there was no answer. I suddenly changed my tactics.

"Isabel—my first and only love—you will not break my heart?"

"No," she whispered, under her breath.

"Then promise you will be mine!"

Isabel promised. She has since told me that it was because she was so surprised to see a facility with which a hitherto "bashful man" pleaded his cause, that she didn't know what else to do!

Be that as it may, the kettle is singing on the fire this bright evening, the parrot hangs in a gold frame over my writing-table, and my lovely wife sits just opposite with a black-eyed boy on her lap, scarce three months old, who entirely dispenses the necessity of "adopting" any one else into the family.

I don't ever see Jones now; his baby isn't half as pretty as mine. As for his wife, she's "nowhere" by the side of Isabel.

MRS. M. A. BULL, Kingston Crescent.—A letter has been returned; it will be forwarded on receipt of address.

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 15, 1862.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

THAT man only is truly brave who fears nothing so much as committing a mean action, and unhesitatingly fulfils his duty, whatever be the dangers which impede his way.

### COURTSHIP.

Some chap, who speaks as knowingly as if he had had great experience, says:—"For the other half of a courting match there is nothing like an interesting widow. There is as much difference in courting a damsel and an attractive widow as there is in ciphering in addition and the double rule-of-three. Courting a girl is like eating fruit; all very nice as far as it extends! but doing the agreeable to the blue-eyed bearded one in black crapes comes under the head of preserves—rich pungent spirit. For delicate courting, we repeat, gives us a 'live widder.'"

### LIVE FOR THE LIVING.

When death enters our circle of friends, taking from us some loved one, the heart often reels, and in the intensity of our sorrow we are inclined to think there is nothing left for which to live—that life is robbed of its sweetness, and the cloud overshadowing us has no "silver lining." But there are others left who claim our love and care; and while we mourn for the sweet companion-ship of those who have gone from us to return no more, and cherish their memory with a holy reverence, should we not remember those yet spared to us?—should we not live for the living?

### EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Tuder says, the fear that increased instruction will render women incompetent or neglectful in domestic life, is absurd in theory and completely disproved by facts. Women, as well as men, when once established in life, know that there is an end of trifling; its solitudes and duties multiply upon them equally fast; the former are apt to feel them much more keenly, and too frequently abandon all previous requirements to devote themselves wholly to them. But if the

one sex have cultivated and refined minds, the other must need them from shame, if not from sympathy. If a man finds that his wife is not a mere nurse or housekeeper; that she can, when the occupations of the day are over, enrich a winter's evening; that she can converse on the usual topics of literature, and enjoy the pleasures of superior conversation, or the reading of some valuable book, he must have a perverted taste indeed, if it does not make home still dearer, and prevent him from resorting to taverns for recreation. The benefits to her children need not be mentioned: instruction and cultivated taste in a mother enhance their respect and affection for her and their love of home, and throw a charm over the whole scene of domestic life.

### LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Those things of the most rapid growth are not the most enduring, nor is the greatest speed attained by the greatest haste. Jonah's gourd sprang up in a night and withered in an hour; while the oak that is centuries growing, is hardly and enduring. We see this principle exemplified everywhere. The man who accumulates his good deeds by saving little, but saves constantly; and patient and persevering study alone can make the scholar. Deep, lifelong thought, makes the philosopher, and an earnest and continual practice of virtue and self-denial is necessary to the ultimate reformation and purification of the soul. So the mind of the quickest growth—the precocious youth—falls when it should be at its meridian of brightness and power. Little by little, unceasingly, is the surest and safest way of gaining the desired end. If we attempt too much, we accomplish nothing; but if we aim at less in the present, and persevere, we shall achieve much in the future. One fairly started in the right direction, we can keep up the speed with but slight effort, as the momentum of a wheel hard to start makes it easy to turn. Little by little is Nature's rule, and we can never go amiss when we imitate her examples.

### LOVE—ITS TREATMENT.

Strange is it, that the relation between the sexes—the path of love in which should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there were no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician; let them reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be ever treated with profuseness, as a mere illness? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity, as a mere accident?—whereas it is a great mystery and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality, and happiness, mysterious, universal, inerrable as the laws of God, yet, almost everywhere treated less seriously than death? It is a serious thing. Death must come, and love must come; but the state in which they find us—whether blinded, astonished, frightened, and ignorant, or, like reasonable creatures, guarded, prepared, and fit to manage our own feelings—this depends on ourselves; and for want of self-management and self-knowledge, look at the evils that ensue!—hasty, imprudent, unsuitable marriages; repining, diseased, or vicious celibacy; irretrievable infamy, careless insanity; the death that comes early, and the love that comes late—reversing the primal laws of our nature.

### VINDICATING WOMEN.

It is so easy to advise, that a people fall into the habit of it from sheer indolence. Because the first woman, at the instigation of the evil one, tempted the first man, and falling herself, persuaded him to fall likewise, all our old bachelors imagine themselves privileged to consider woman a weak man in reality. This is both

cruel and unjust. We stand up the champion of the fair sex at all times, and we shall not see them calumniated without emotion. We say that Eve, in soliciting Adam to eat the apple with her, only showed the unselfish affection of a woman's nature. She thought the apple would be something delicious. She was told it would make her wise and great. She might have eaten it alone, and enjoyed by herself the wonderful things she anticipated. Probably Adam would have done so. But Eve was a woman—a loving, constant, self-abnegating woman. She would not enjoy all this excellence for herself. She preferred to enjoy it with her husband, and this is why she solicited him to eat it with her. Good or bad (as was told it was good), she yearned only to share with him the consequence that might follow this original act of rebellion, and yet this very generosity of Eve's womanly nature is made to tell against her. And bitter cynics tell us she is responsible for Adam's transgression and our suffering. How could she, who knew not truth, imagine that the serpent was lying to her? No, she would be glorious, but not without sharing her glory with her husband.

#### SMALL VICES.

Everything has its utility in this world, not excepting the "small vices" against which we except so much and so perpetually, for the sake of morality. Drinking and smoking are "small vices" in the eyes of those who obtain from both indulgences; but drinking and smoking bring to the cash-box of every nation a revenue the vast amount of which few persons can well realize; and if drinking and smoking ceased, some other subjects of taxation would have to be selected which would sorely touch the pockets of those who most abuse the lower of good wine and good cigars. Did the latter ever view the facts in that politico-economical light? Did they ever reflect that their own comparative exemption from heavy taxation was owing to the immense sum annually derived from the tax on tobacco, wines, spirits, and so on? Did they ever reflect that the "small vices" they so denounce are, in fact, the grand support of the national exchequer, and that the very men whom they proclaim to be little better than human nuisances, are the patriots who contribute most largely to sustain good order and good government? We do not say this as an objection to any man's opinion, because he extends the use of tobacco, pernicious, and that of spirits and wines highly pernicious to society. We neither defend nor denounce the use of stimulants and "the weed," but leave both to every individual's taste and conscience. Our object is merely to show that "small vices" have their utility in a national sense; for, in England, where the duty on tobacco is so high, and that on spirits is so very great, the smoker, and drinkers actually pay the greater part of the annual interest on the whole national debt, colossal as that is in Great Britain! and hence we may imagine, now that the season of heavy taxation has commenced in America, how incalculable a share of the national expense the smokers and drinkers will pay in this country! Thus we may see that, however objectionable "small vices" may be in a moral sense, they are deeply interesting in an exchequer one; and that though total abstinence from "rum and tobacco" might improve a people in a certain direction, how oppressively the necessarily increased taxation would fall upon the abstinent bourgeoisie, as the reward of their exertion in expelling such "small vices" from the community.

LOVE-SOBS, even at parting, the seeds of return. Regrets for the departed are types of the joy of a coming reunion.

An ignorant man who "stands upon his dignity" is like the fellow who tried to elevate himself by standing upon a piece of brown paper.

#### YANKEE NOTIONS.

FATAL TO MAN—*still-worms.*

FATAL TO FISH—*lively worms.*

THE COOLEST WORD IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.—*Jei.*

WANTED FOR MICROSCOPIC PURPOSES.—The sting of Remorse.

A FORT THAT IS TOO MUCH STORMED NOW-A-DAYS.—The pianoforte.

WHATSOEVER the priests may say, there is no harm in *darning holey* things.

IMMORAL books should be bound in the skins of their authors.

WHAT city is pronounced wicked by everybody?—Cincinnati (*sin-sin-naughty*).

A PATIENT is undoubtedly in a bad way when his disease is acute and his doctor isn't.

It is a paradox that loose habits generally stick tighter to a fellow than any other kind.

A MAN'S trials cannot be insufferable if he lives to talk about them.

YOUNG ladies rarely kiss each other except when there are gentlemen to see them do it.

A SHIP at sea, like many a poor fellow on shore, may have to sink for want of bail.

If Adam's sons were alive, which of them would be drafted for the American war? The ABEY-bodied one, of course.

WHAT musical instrument does a man who deals in fiddles most resemble? A violinello, (violin-sello).

WHY should a good wife be placed in a cabinet of curiosities? Because she's an article of vertu(e).

FROM the "glass of fashion" in the bar-room, it is but a short cut to the "mould of form" in the graveyard.

WHY is a man dead drunk like a piece of solid stuff ready for action? Because he's all limbered up.

WHY is Mount Vesuvius like a newspaper establishment? Because it sends forth columns of smoke and volumes of gas.

THE largest parties in all countries are the not aristocracy, nor the democracy, but the mediocracy.

"In wine there is truth," says the Latin proverb; but the chemists have discovered that wine is often adulterated with *lys*.

THERE are ties which should never be severed, as the ill-used wife said when she found her brute of a husband hanging in the lay-hoff.

WHY would a burglar be a good man to build iron-clads? Because he understands the steel-plat business.

A FARMER who lives near Chicago has harvested from four acres of land 1,800 bushels of onions. Think of that and shed tears if you can!

"OVER the left," the cant phrase implying falsehood, has been abandoned for the more emphatic and significant expression, "Over the wires!"

AMONG all the Indian tribes, the Sioux are the most cunning. They are called the *see-yons*, because they can always see you before you can see them.

OUR country contributor, who has recently been shamed at a mock auction concern, sends us the following:—"Ven you wants to be *did*, go to a public vendos."

GERVASE PATROTIEM.—A new recruit in Chelsea, Mass., presented himself for examination a short time since, but on being stripped the surgeon discovered to his great surprise, that

he was wearing an artificial leg. The young soldier had hoped his "slight" disability would be overlooked.

COLOUR.—A lady brings asked why she did not use the medicated soap, replied that she got a plenty of soft soap from her beau, and that always put a tinge of colour in her cheeks.

TRY IT.—If you wish to increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep an account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year.

MUSICAL.—A correspondent asks whether we can give him a recipe for concert pitch. Yes, we can. Here it is:—3 ruin, 4 ruin; several others ruin; mix.

CUTE.—A cute Yankee in Kansas sells liquor in a gun-barrel instead of a glass, that he may avoid the law, and make it appear beyond dispute that he is selling liquor by the barrel.

A MAN was recently convicted in Kentucky for stealing his neighbor's cow and hiding it in his cellar. It was a cowardly mode of *concealing*.

USEFUL.—A Yankee has invented a machine for extracting the lies from quack advertisements. Some of them are never seen after entering the machine, as only the truth comes out.

THOUGHTFUL.—A widow lady, sitting by a cheerful fire in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's death, sighed out, "Poor fellow—how he did like a good fire! I hope he has gone where they keep good fires!"

POOR FELLOW!—I am an unlucky man, gentlemen, exclaimed a poor fellow of our acquaintance. "If I should cease time by the forelock, I do believe it would come right out, and leave him as bare as a barber's block."

WE DON'T LIKE IT.—We don't like to see a young lady pouncing upon an old piano in the parlour, while her mother is washing down, and her sister and sisters are standing around with dirty faces and torn clothes.

THAT'S SO.—If it was not good, i.e., wrong, for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how very criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls!

#### THE WELSH.

"When the world was invented, created, or made, The Welsh were quite the nation," is said; And just in the middle of a Welsh psalm you find this remark, which all mortals can see: "Near about to this time the creation occurred, And till Adam was born Welsh only was heard."

SPIRITUAL.—It is a fact not generally known that the spirits who communicate their valuable sentiments from the other world to this, by means of rapping, invariably strike work if the medium "uses any other material than wrapping-paper for the record."

A FEATURE OF THE DAY WE LIVE IN.—Among other accomplishments set forth by a laundress in New York in her advertisement for a place, she says that she has an excellent method of washing and making up soiled postage-stamps. This is a blessing, indeed.

LATER FROM PHILADELPHIA.—An exchange says, "One night last week the inhabitants of the Quaker City, having opened their ears, were obliged to close their nostrils, in consequence of a most awful outrage on their olfactory nerves—it was a tremendous gush of *Frisia* oil."

PORTAUCAL.—The young lady who could read the following, and not "pity the sorrows of a poor young man," deserves to live and die an old girl:—

"I wish I were a tankard-dove,  
Aviding on your knee;  
I'd kiss your radiant lips, love,  
To tell 'er 'bout me."

LADY GARDENING.—Make your beds early in the morning; set buttons on your husband's shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect

the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

**DUST TO DUST.**—A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house; but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art, to Dust thou shalt return."

**THE MILLER.**—A western journalist, whose wife had just presented him with twins, and who, for this reason, was compelled to neglect his paper for one day, wrote, the day after, the following excuse:—"We were unable to issue our paper yesterday, in consequence of the arrival of two extra males."

**DOWNY.**—An enthusiastic correspondent of the agricultural department of a country paper cries, "Down with the thistle!" When the enthusiastic correspondent comes across a thistle that hasn't "down" with it, he hopes he won't forget to send a few of the plant. It's the "down with it" that makes the thistle spread so diabolically.

**TOO RAD.**—"Will you please to permit a lady to occupy this seat?" said a gentleman to another, the other day, in a railroad car. "Is she an advocate of woman's rights?" asked the gentleman who was invited to "vacate." "She is," replied he who was standing. "Well, then, let her take the benefit of her doctrine, and stand up."

**WORTH TAKING MR. P.**—An old lady walked into the office of Judge of Probate in Massachusetts once upon a time, and asked, "Are you the Judge of Probates?" "I am the Judge of Probate," "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady, "you see my father died detested, and he left several little infernals, and I want to be their executioner."

**GARDENING.**—The editor of the *Mitchell Gazette*, Canada West, says, "One little 'garden patch' of ours was very profitable last season. The snails ate up the cucumbers; the chickens ate up the snails; the neighbors' cats ate up the chickens; and now if we can get something that will eat up the cats, we'll try again."

**THE FIRST PROSECUTION.**—"My faculty, surely, is the more ancient, for the killing of Abel by Cain was the first criminal case," said a lawyer to a medical friend. "Sure enough," replied the doctor, "but before that happened, a rib was taken out of Adam's side, and that constituted the first surgical operation."

**LIARD ON BOTH.**—Two lawyers in Lowell returning from court the other day, one said to the other, "I've a notion to join Rev. Mr. —'s church; been debating the matter for some time. What do you think of it?" "Wouldn't you do it," "Well, why?" "Because it would do you no possible good, while it would be a very great injury to the church."

**QUESTIONS IN ARITHMETIC.**—Q. What are shooting stars? A. Two play actors fighting a duel.—Q. Humpf! I don't believe you know what celestial bodies are. A. Yes I do, sir; three Chinese corpses.—Q. How many rings has Saturn? A. Well, I guess, about one for each finger.—Q. What is a comet's tail made of? A. Humpf! I can tell whether it's hair or father, or a little of both.

**WALKING TABLES.**—Mrs. Bathsheba Huckleins informs us that her two misbegotten tabernacles have been made to walk by electricity. They beat the common locomotive tables set in motion by a Fosite machinery, for they walked out of the house, "clean off," to a second-hand furniture store. Mrs. Huckleins had her jolly red-nosed husband roused for the fact, and he produces a five-gallon demijohn, full of first-rate spirits to

confirm his report. In this case, the spirits did not come to fetch away the tables, but the tables went for the spirits.

**HOW TO KISS.**—Here is a recipe for a real nice kiss. Boys, try it as often as you have a chance. Choose a pretty girl with a warm heart, let her two soft fat arms encircle your neck, and her moist virgin lips be pressed to yours; then imagine your name Adam and the girl's name Eve, and you will be in Paradise as much as Mr. Satan and our first parents six thousand years ago.

**A WOODEN LEG.**—"Johnson, how is it now, as long as I hab knowed you hab nebber told me how you come to hab a wooden leg?" "Well, Mr. Crow, I must always forget dat I am a cripple, and as nobody nebber questions me about it, why, I nebber tink ob saying anything connected wid it. But de fact is, my fader had one, and so had my grandfader before him; it runs in de blood."

#### TRAIN.

(From "Family Pair.")

O Train! O Train!	So don't suppose
We didn't complain,	We're led by the nose
When, over the main,	By a train of shoves
You blew us,	And bluster;
But Train, O Train!	Or that vain pretence
Don't do it again,	Of eloquence
For you put me in pain—	Come, with men of sense,
You do so!	Pass water.

It was very well	Of get too much
For a little "spoil,"	You have, and such
That you could send	As you don't touch
In London,	The laund.
But oh dear! oh dear!	We want men who
Can do it here,	Can dare and do,
Or it's very queer	To help us through
We're undone!	Our quarrel.

We have had enough	Nor do we choose
Of that sort of stuff;	Respect to lose,
And, not to be rough,	That your crude views
We hint it,	Be brutal.
Oh! better not	No! much we prize
Take any more;	Who would not let go
And what you've got—	With your finger
Don't print it.	Are suited.

For though your rear	Should we in fight
On Britain's shore,	Old England unite
When heard from ever	'T would be for Right,
The Atlantic,	Not slaughter!
Made less of fun	No just cause
Yet now we've done	Your living-gate,
With your pop-gun	And try a state
And snail.	Of water.

#### IX.

O Train! O Train!
Avoid champagne,
And do refrain.
From state wars.
Of these we're sick,
Be politic.
And humbly stick
To railways!

#### WOMAN'S LOVE.

Some "horrid wretch" having ventured an opinion that "a woman who loves unthought deserves the scorn of the man she loves," is shot dead by the following:—"Heaven forgive me! but may the man who penned that never see another 'him'! May no white-headed arm ever encircle his waist, or buttons regulate on his shirt. May no rosy lips ever press his moustache, and the fates grant that his dicky strings break short off every morning. May no woman's heart learn to beat faster—except with indignation—at the mention of his name, and may his stockings always need darning. And when his nerves are all wearing by dizziness, may his head throbs with pain, as though an earthquake were brewing in it, may he have nothing in his chamber but boot heels, and see not one inch of muslin or calico! Gives her love unasked! Oh! with a true-hearted man it would, methinks, be the reason of reasons why

he should love her. She gives to him her whole heart—in the things woman does not work by, but through her gratitude, because he had begged it of her; but because—because—dear me! it will take more of a philosopher than I am to account for the undeniable fact, that women do sometimes love the horrid creatures called men.

#### DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL.

THERE are 17,769 patients in hospitals in Washington.

It is estimated that all the bounties paid and to be paid to the Federal soldiers will make an aggregate of 70,000,000 dols.

ELLWANGER and Barry, of Rochester, New York, have the largest nursery in the world, covering 500 acres, each acre averaging 10,000 trees and plants. They have sold 176,000 dols. worth of trees in a single year.

WOMEN FARMERS IN THE WEST.—Man labor is so scarce in the West, that one of the journals anticipates a complete dependence on the women for the farm labor of next year.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., has greater wealth, according to the population, than any other city in the United States, giving for every male citizen of the place 4,000 dols., and for every man, woman, and child, 1,000 dols. The total valuation is 25,112,000 dols.

SILK MANUFACTURE IN AMERICA.—Few people have an idea of the extent of the silk manufacture in America. There are about thirty-five mills, employing from 5,000 to 10,000 hands, three-fourths children, at trifling wages. The entire value is estimated at three millions of dollars. The annual production of silk goods in the United States before the war commenced amounted to about 2,000,000 dols.

THE WAR IN MARYLAND.—It deserves to be stated that the section of Upper Maryland over which the fierce tide of war is now rolling is densely populated, and in the immediate theatre of these battles are the homes of very many peaceful Dunkards, a quiet religious order, whose fertile fields and large farm-buildings tell of peaceful agriculture, and whose love of quiet and peace was thus fiercely invaded by the storm of shot and shell, and the dread spectacle of garments rolled in blood. They are non-combatants, and only small slaveholders.

JAMES RIVER.—James river, in Virginia, is the largest river which drains Virginia soil alone for its boundaries. The amalgamation of the waters of Jackson's river, with the singularly termed "Compasture" river, forms the original source of James river. The Rivanna river joins it afterwards, contributing to its waters; which, flowing through the mountains of Central Virginia, receives the waters of the river, Calpastone (which, of course, is not so large as the Compasture), at the base of the Blue Ridge, through which James river rushes in celebrated majesty. It then flows south-east, passing Lynchburg, and at the south extremity of Amherst county changes its course to north-east. Below Scottsville its general course is east-south-east. Passing Richmond, it descends over rocky rapids for about six miles, then gradually expands into an estuary several miles wide, and finally becomes a broad companion of Chesapeake Bay, between Willoughby Bay and Old Point Comfort. The whole length of this famous river is about 500 miles, exclusive of its several sources. The impelling force of the water falls at Richmond has been remedied by an excellent canal; and above that bateau can proceed over 220 miles. Wheat, corn, tobacco, hemp, coal, &c., find their way to distant lands from the waters of James river, which river will flash brightly under the descriptive pen of the war-history.

## ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS.—IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

A TRUE and Perfect RETURN of all ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS, placed under the charge of the Curator of the said Court, for collection under Act of Parliament of Victoria, No. 99, from the 1st day of January to the 30th day of June, 1861.

NOTE.—The Amount received by the Curator of the said Court, from the Estates in the whole Schedule, amounted to nearly £10,000.

NAME OF DECEASED.	COLONIAL RESIDENCE.	SUPPOSED RESIDENCE OF FAMILY.	REMARKS.
Henry Hoskins	Yering	Melbourne	Died 20th January, 1861
West Gawthrop	Morning	England	Died 19th January, 1861
John Rigby	Johnson Diggings	England	Died 14th December, 1860
Mary Vickery	Melbourne	England	Died 17th January, 1861
Robert Cobham	Geelong	Unknown	Died 22nd January, 1861
James Smith	Melbourne	Melbourne	Died 20th January, 1861
John Shelton	None	Liverpool	Died on board of ship <i>Engle</i> , from Liverpool, 29th Sept., 1860
John Cook	Wedderburne	Unknown	Died 6th February, 1861
Alfred Ellis	None	...	...
Mary Stoldt	Alma, Jukerman Lead	...	Died 19th January, 1861
Thomas Thorpe	Smethdale	Unknown	Died 1st December, 1860
Jercanish Galrin	Riddell's Creek	Ireland	Died 13th January, 1860
Antonio Aza	Sago Hill	Unknown	Died 7th January, 1861
Thomas Hanly	Heathcote	Ireland	Died 30th August, 1860
David Byrne	Preston	Scotland	Died 6th February, 1861
Charlotte Burchall	Kyneton	London	Died 17th December, 1860
Nicholas Hanly	Swan Hill	Sydney	Died 6th January, 1861
William Owens	Near Kyneton	Unknown	...
J. Fothergill	Melbourne	Unknown	...
Ah How	Chinaman's Flat	China	Died 18th January, 1861
Patrick Hogan	Melbourne	Ireland	Died 19th February, 1861
Thomas Wood	Near Heathcote	Unknown	Died 2nd July, 1861
Henry Haigro	Moorville East	Unknown	Died 27th December, 1860
John Lyons	Geelong	Unknown	...
John Johnston	Skipton	Unknown	Died 8th January, 1861
John Gardiner	Leamouth	Scotland	Died 7th February, 1861
John Uetrie	Yackandandah	England	Died 31st January, 1861
William Roy	Melbourne	Unknown	Died 10th December, 1860
Richard Ferris	Tarragower	England and Colony of Victoria	Died 19th February, 1861
George Gordon	Melbourne	Unknown	Died 25th February, 1861

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**LEAD IN WATER.**—Water impregnated with lead may be made wholesome by means of well-burnt charcoal, by stirring up the charcoal in the water and allowing it to subside, or by filtering in the water through a vessel containing the charcoal in coarse powder.

**INDURABLE INK.**—Take of nitrate of silver 1 1/2 ounces, and dissolve it in 12 ounces of weak gum mastic, then add 5 ounces of liquid ammonia, and put into blue bottles for use. When applied to articles they must be exposed to sun-light until they become black. The blue bottles protect the nitrate of silver from decomposition by the action of light.

**GOOD CEMENT FOR LEATHER AND LAMBSKIN.**—Take isinglass and make a strong solution of it in equal parts of gin and water; then bottle it up for common use. It is excellent for joining the edges of leather bands together, and is very convenient for cementing ivory, securing labels to glass and stone ware vessels, and other like purposes. It does not mould in warm weather, if kept in a close vessel.

**TO FIND THE WEIGHT OF CASTINGS FROM THAT OF THE PATTERN.**—For castings of iron multiply the weight of the pattern by 12; for those of brass by 13; for those of tin by 12.2; for those of zinc by 11.2, and for those of lead by 19. Cast-iron in cooling shrinks one-eighth of an inch per foot; brass, three-hundredths of an inch; zinc, the same; tin, one-twelfth, and lead one-fifth.

**PREVENTING THE FRACTURE OF GLASS CHIMNEYS.**—The glass chimneys which are now in such extensive use, not only for oil lamps, but also for the burners of oil and coal gas, very

frequently break, and not only expose to danger those who are near them, but occasion very great expense and inconvenience, particularly to those who are resident in the country. The breaking of these glasses very often arises from knots in the glass where it is less perfectly annealed, and also from an inequality of thickness at their lower end, which prevents them from expanding uniformly by heat. The evil arising from inequality of thickness may be cured by making a cut with a diamond in the bottom of the tube.

**WATER-PROOF COATING FOR WALLS.**—Take 1 part (by weight) of beeswax, and 3 parts of linseed oil, boiled for several hours with litharge (the drying-oil of the painter), and 2 parts of rosin. These are heated to boiling, and thoroughly mixed; they are then applied with a brush to the walls. A portable furnace should be employed to dry it, and several coats, one over the other, should be put on. This composition is applicable to the walls of basements built of brick or stone, and any person can make and apply it. There are many damp and unhealthy houses which may be rendered far more comfortable and healthy by such an application to the walls of the lower apartments.

**KEMENY FOR BAD BREATH.**—Offensive breath is sometimes occasioned by carious teeth, especially when not kept clean. Dr. Casco's tooth-powder has been recommended as a counteractive in such cases. This is prepared by immersing eight ounces of the best honey with two ounces of rose-water, over a gentle fire for a few minutes, and then adding as much powdered myrrh and Armenian bole as will form a soft paste. It is applied to the teeth on a myrtle-leaf which has been recommended as an unpleasant odor from them for a time. Also, if the mouth be well rinsed with a teaspoonful

of the solution of the chloride of soda in a tumbler of water, the bad odor of the teeth will be destroyed. The following preparation, diluted with water, is often used by smokers: chloride of lime, a quarter of an ounce; water, one ounce; agitate well together in a spiker for half an hour, filter, and add spirit, one ounce; rose or orange flower water, half an ounce. The most distressing species of offensive breath is that which is generated by diseased lungs; because not only is the odor difficult to overcome, but it is often of a malignant and infectious nature. Besides this, it is too often a true indicator of the speedy loss of a dear friend, of a beloved child, or of a tender and devoted partner in life. We give the following prescription for shortness of breath, or difficult breathing, on the authority of Dr. Baillie, who states that it has often been found to afford instantaneous relief in difficulty of breathing, depending upon internal disease, and other causes, where the patient, from a very quick and laborious breathing, is obliged to be in an erect posture: Take vitriolated spirits of ether, one ounce; camphor, twelve grains. Make a solution, of which take a teaspoonful during the paroxysm.

The best coolers of human hearts may best brook hearts in their own bosoms.  
 EXULT is the balm of the evening taking the roses out of the hair after the rest is over.

The richest man on earth is but a paupered fed and clothed by the bounty of Heaven.

The green turf is the poor men's carpet; and God weaves the colors.

The miser isn't vain; he thinks a penny better worth saving than his soul.

It is always ten times in the court of conscience.



# THE SCRAP BOOK

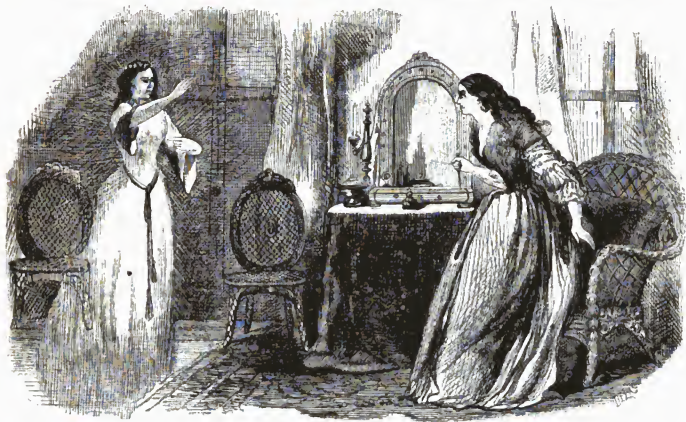
AND  
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WIT FUN HUMOR FAMILY MATTERS.

No 57.—Vol. III.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

ONE PENNY.



AN APPARITION.

## ASTREA;

OR,

### THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the *New York Ledger*.)

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"THE HIDDEN HAVEN," "ROSE ELMER," "EUDORA,"  
"THE DOGS OF DEVILLA,"  
&c., &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### A DREAM.

She had a home to make the gloomiest heart

Alight with joy;

A temple of chaste love, a place apart

From time's annoy;

A moonlight scene of life, where all things rude

And harsh did cease

With pity wounded and by grace subdued:

It was a dream!

MILFORD.

EACH had arrived at the standard of price that

he had fixed upon at first. Therefore satisfaction beamed upon each countenance.

The seller was delighted because he had made an extra profit—knowing full well that the sum for which he had sold his victim was so much clear gain in addition to that which he would receive for abducting her!

And the purchaser was in rapture, knowing that, if this beautiful girl had been exposed upon the auction-block at New Orleans, she would have brought at least three times the price he had paid for her!

And not knowing that the last thing on earth that this trader-captain would have dared to do would be to have exposed this free-born lady, with a tongue in her head, to a public sale in a populous city square.

So each had his private reasons for being extremely well pleased.

And so the poor young victim of this wicked traffic received some of the benefits in the form of kind words.

She still stood encoiled by the supporting arms, and with her head reclined upon the gentle bosom of Venus.

"Well, my good girl—Zora, I think they call you—look up; let me see your face again, since I have purchased you from this trader. Come, don't be sullen. You will not find me a hard master. Indeed, I am called a weakly indulgent one by all who know me well. Tut, tut, now! I don't be stubborn! look up!"

The tone of voice was not unkind; and wishing to conciliate this new arbiter of her destiny, Astrea raised her head, and fixed her eyes upon those of her purchaser with a look so full of gentle dignity, profound sorrow, and earnest deprecation, that the man who encountered it must have been obtuse indeed, not to have understood

that it was the expression of a refined, intellectual, and religious gentleman.

But Barnaby Rumford was obtuse, very obtuse! And so he very dimly perceived the meaning of this glance. He spoke up cheerily.

"That is well! Oh, I know it must have been hard for you to leave your native region of country, and harder still to part from friends, perhaps from parents! But, cheer up! You will find a dearer friend than any one you have lost—in me, your master. Lord! a month hence I wonder who will be master and who will be slave!"

Astrée lowered her eyes and shuddered.

"Come, cheer up; your duties will be very light with me. No hard work; no even housework; nothing to do but to please your master and give orders to his servants. Come now; the boat is waiting! Make up your bundle and let us be off: or leave your bundle, if you like; it does not matter. In three days I will give you a better outfit than you ever had, or even ever saw, in your life."

But Astrée had dropped her head once more upon the bosom of Venus, where it continued to rest.

"Ah! some favorite fellow-servant! Well, I'm generous old dog, I am; foolishly indulgent, as the neighbors say. So, if it pains you so much to be separated, I do not mind if I buy the other one too. I shall be so willing to sell that black diamond! and if so, how much? Mind, don't say twice as much as you mean to take, for you perceive it is getting late, and we have no time for 'jewing,'" said Mr. Rumford.

Now, it happened that the captain particularly desired to dispose of his sable stewardess; first, because he wished to supply her place with a white woman; and second, because he was about to sail for England. So, after a little consideration, the captain said,—

"This woman is not for sale; but to oblige an old customer, I will let you have her, and at a moderate price too! only sixteen hundred dollars!"

"Boah! you mean eight!" said Mr. Rumford.

"And as upon the first occasion, they wrangled over the price, fighting every inch of the ground until they gradually approached each other, and fixed upon an intermediate sum that proved mutually agreeable.

"And now, my girls, go and make up your little parcels, and then you must back try to prevent more agreeable faces. I have done something for your mutual happiness; therefore show your sense of my kindness by your cheerfulness. I hate sullen faces."

So saying, the purchaser retired with the trader to pay the purchase-money and receive the bills of sale. In these deeds Astrée was set down as the mildest and the most faithful companion as the negro woman Venus.

Meanwhile, those two females, so widely separated by birth and social rank, so closely brought together by misfortune and sympathy, went down into the cabin to make their little preparations for departure.

Venus, with the elasticity of her race, had already recovered her spirits. She spoke to Astrée in a chirping tone.

"Dere now! what you tell me, honey? Trust in de Lord! I did trust in him; and now you see what's come of it! We ain't to be separated! Us is 'gwine to go together! Dat's sunfish!"

"That is a great deal for you, oh! Venus, if I had to be taken into that strange wilderness, and into those unknown perils, without a friend to depend on, I think my courage must have utterly sunk! Now, having you with me, I can in some degree keep up my spirits."

"True for you, honey; 'sides which, it is such a great blessing! to get off dis deblish ship, anyhow!"

"And out of that captain's power! I feel it as a great relief."

"Yes, honey, and more 'sides; I think how de new master aint so berry bad! Shows he

got some feelin', to buy me, to go 'long o' you! Now, I think if de berry fust chance you get, you tell de new master all abouten yourself, he go do you justice; 'deed do!"

"I think so too; for notwithstanding that disposition has so reduced him, he must have been a gentleman originally. And, Venus, if he should like to see my prayers, and read me to my friends, the first use I should make of my liberty, good woman, would be to purchase you and set you free!" said Astrée affectionately.

"Oh, don't! don't, honey! I don't talk so! it do take my breath away. Make me a free woman! dat too much! might's talk ob making me Queen! Shuck dat once! But if ebber you come to your own rights, honey, and would buy me for my own servant, I would scree you faithful all day dere, 'deed would!"

While talking, Venus was also busily gathering together such articles as she required to take away with her. When she was ready she turned to Astrée and said,—

"I have no bonnet here, put on your bonnet."

"I have no bonnet here," answered the poor young captive.

"No bonnet! Dere now! Dat 'nother proof how you must a' been stole away. No bonnet! Ef you'd a' been fotch away home, you'd a' had a bonnet; dat sartain! Here, honey, you put dis on your head; it's nice and ebber you don't lose it! Venus, producing from her hand-bag a white cambric corded sun-bonnet.

It was perfectly fresh and sweet, and Astrée felt no objection to wearing it. She thanked the kind lender and put it on her head.

Venus herself possessed many bonnets, but never wore one except on Sundays at church. On these occasions she preferred the coquettish bandanna turban.

They then went up on deck, where their new purchaser awaited them.

"Come, come, hurry into the boat, my good girls! It is some distance to the landing-place where the carriage waits us, and we have a long way to go. Now, each, honey," he said, good humoredly enough, as he assisted Astrée and then Venus to descend the ship's side and take their seats in the boat.

He then shook hands with the captain and followed them, and took his seat by their side.

The captain wared a mocking smile as the boat left the ship. The men layed to their oars and rowed rapidly up the river, keeping near the wet bank.

Yet it was an hour before they reached the landing-place, a mere small pier and a wood-cutter's cabin, where the steam-boats sometimes stopped to take in wood.

Here they went on shore, and while the boat still brought them uped back to the ship, they walked to a spot where a plain traveling carriage stood under the shade of a large cypress tree, and in charge of a negro coachman. By the order of the master, the two women entered the carriage and seated themselves side by side on the front seat. He followed them in and sat alone in lordly ease upon the back seat, facing them.

And so the carriage drove off.

Their way lay over a raised corduroy road through an extensive cypress swamp, where the trees seemed to grow taller and closer together every mile they traveled inland.

Astrée leaned her head from the window, for two reasons; the first was to avoid meeting the embarrassing glances of her purchaser, who sat with his red hands upon his fat knees, staring in stupid delight upon his new treasure; and the other was to gaze at the stately cypress trees that she now saw in native luxuriance for the first time.

Venus, with the sensual indolence of her race, settled herself on the soft, elastic cushions to enjoy at her ease the motion of the carriage—forgetful of the past, indifferent to the future.

Mr. Rumford remained taking his comfort in

the way we have described, until at length his stupidity sank into lethargy, his lethargy into torpor; he nodded, settled himself into his corner, closed his eyes, and went to sleep.

The carriage passed on, and out of the cypress swamp, and into a more open and elevated country.

Venus, who was almost asleep, was roused up by a sudden jolt, which, however, did not awaken her heavily sleeping master.

She yawned and stretched her neck, and looked out of the window to see where they were. Then she suddenly jerked in her head, and with eyes larger than they were before, exclaimed—

"Hi, eh! how die?"

"What?" inquired Astrée, rousing herself from her painful reverie.

"How we come back here 'gain?"

"I don't know what you mean!"

"Why, dis yer is ole Ben Lomond, as I tell you 'bout!"

"Ben Lomond is in Scotland," said Astrée absently.

"Yes, eh! I know he is; dis is de place he livin' which it aint likely, as it has been so many years since ole marse's grandfather—which he was a Scotchman himself—named dis yer place after him; which I think it dis a carefless to name a dumb house and land after a baptize Christian! I don't lo! 'long o' no sich, as I telled you afore! An' dis yer is de berry ole plantashun house itself! as I nebber specterated to see again as long as ebber I libbed! And how I should be fotch back to it again is more'n I can tell! It's jes like a—"

Astrée look'd out, but could only see among the gently swelling hills a little green wooded vale, through the thick foliage of which gloamed here and there glimpses of the white stuccoed walls of a country house.

"And is that the house where you were born and brought up?" inquired Astrée, kindly interested in all that concerned her humble companion.

"Yes, honey! I berry house, sure as you lib to see it, where I wur born, and my ole marse afore me. And where ole marse lib as free, carryin' on of his him-be-long, entertainin' of de, and lendin' money to dat, and 'dorsin' marse for 'tother, till down comes deaf on to him, and down comes de bailiffs on de state it, and ebber singly thing sold up house, and land, and niggers, and ole mist'ess and de young ladies turned out o' doors!"

Here the affectionate creature stopped to wipe her eyes.

"What was the name of your old master, Venus?" inquired Astrée, by way of diverting her thoughts from the household wreck.

"McGregor, honey; good ole Scotch name, dey do say; dough some folks will have it as how dey is distantly related to one Robber Roy; which I'll nebber believe it any way 'cause a 'spectable family like our'n could be puzzled to get it now see what it is to be a plantashun house!" said Venus, returning to the first mystery.

"But how do you see we are going there? We may be going farther."

"Hi, eh! how we gwine fuder when we done turn inter de road as leas right I thought it to de house, and no fuder? But what am I want to know, how is it I come dere again?" she persisted, pertinaciously returning to the question.

"You say the old plantation house was sold after your old master's death. Perhaps this new master has become the purchaser, and is taking you home," suggested Astrée.

"Here dat I do now see what it is to have a good 'head-piece! Now, why couldn't I think o' dat?" exclaimed Venus, in surprise at what she considered the quick wit of young the lady.



The carriage rolled on, took a sudden turn into a circular, shaded avenue, and drove up to the front entrance of the house.

Rumford, who had slept soundly through all the jolting of the carriage, was awakened by its sudden stopping. He yawned, stretched his limbs, rubbed his eyes, looked out, and said,—  
"Here we are at home!"

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## THE PLANTATION HOUSE.

It is a shady and sequestered scene.  
Like to the famed gardens of Bloomsbury,  
Planted with his own laurel stevergreen  
And rows that for endless summer blow;  
And there are flowers and shrubs of all  
Their marble-blossoms and cool, green avenues  
Of tall, ornate and symmetrical, to throw  
About the dappled paths the dancing shades,  
With timid sunbeams, cropping tender blades.

Wood.

In a beautiful grove of tulip poplars and imperial catalpas, stood the old plantation house. It was a long, low, brick building, covered with white stucco and surrounded by a piazza.

"Come, my good girls, get out," said Rumford, as he slowly descended from the carriage and walked up to the front door and knocked.

"Come, honey, make the best of it," came out, an' don't 'rout him," said Venus, taking Astrá's hand and helping her to alight. They stood behind Rumford while he thundered at the door, which was at length opened by a negro woman, very large, black, fat, and old, who quite filled up the broad doorway.

"Well, Cybele, you were slow enough coming; really if you do not more quicker, I shall send you into the fields to find out whether Steppins cannot stimulate you to greater exertions," said the master.

"Better send me to de 'farmy; I've fatter for dat. Bofe me and brudder Saturn ought to a-been supermabulard long ago," mumbled the mountain.

"Oh, yes, you and Saturn would persuade me that are so old, but der namesake, the grand-mother and grandfather of all the gods. But come; here are two companions for you. The yellow girl is called Zora, and she is to be the housekeeper. The black one is named Venus, and she is to be an extra housemaid. Now show them where they are to lodge and give them some supper," said the master, passing into the house and leaving his new purchases to the care of his cook.

"Am I to put Zora into do—de—"

"Yes, you fool!" snapped Rumford as he disappeared.

"An 'ere's a wonder! Oh, my good lord, de sin in dis worl! I wonder dat ole man neber takes no satisfaction in de his latest 'n' put in de woman, shakin her head with dreadful significance.

Then rousing herself, she said,—

"Well, come along o' me, chillun. An' yon's a-comin' inter a wicked, sinful, mis'rab'le house as eber was; dat I tell you; an' I don't care 'ere I hear me say; I better tell ole marse to haise' to his face; 'cause de 'ordin' angel send it all out in any some day, anyway!" she concluded as she led the way into the house.

They entered a broad passage running through the center of the house, walked down its whole length, passed out of the back door and straight across the back yard to a brick building, in which was situated the kitchen, pantry, and laundry.

The kitchen was the central room. They entered it. It was a spacious apartment with a cool brick floor, and many pine shelves and tables ranged around the walls. Opposite the door was a large fire-place, at one corner of which sat an old negro man who had been with Cybele herself in a shirt and trousers.

This was Cybele's twin-brother Saturn. The way in which the brother and sister received their classical names was this—Ages before, when they were born, their proud mother had ap-

pealed to one of the young ladies of the family to find her "handsome names" for her beausine, saying that she was "heartily tired o' Wulsons, an' Wenusas, an' Jupiters, an' Jancoos—dey was so common." The young lady suggested Saturn and Cybele—names which, being new to the hearer, so fascinated her imagination that they were forthwith adopted. Cybele retained her in the original purity; but Saturn soon found his corrupted into Satan, and he never forgave his young mistresses for 'callin' of a Christian baby arter de debil," as he supposed that she had done. And when it was explained to him that Saturn was by no means Satan, but only an old beaten god who devoured his own offspring, that did not mend the matter at all, for he declared that in such a case "de monster who ate up his own chillun was worse than de debil himself," and he wouldn't forgive Miss Gertrude worse than eber."

So much by way of explanation.

Cybele led her new companions up to the glare of the fire and introduced them in formal style.

"Ladies, my brudder Sat'ns. Brudder Sat'ns, dis is Miss Zora an' Miss Wenus."

The grandfather of the gods arose to make a low bow worthy of himself and the ladies; but suddenly startled from his propriety, exclaimed,—

"W'at 'oman, dis *our own* Venus! How do, Wenus?"

"Ha, he, he, I gins see whedder you-dem would know me," tittered the woman.

"How do debil you think anybody know you in the dusk, an' you with your head tucked down in yer bosom, an' me thinkin' you dossed miles away!" said Cybele, in a vexed tone.

"Marse Rumford told you I was name' Wenus," tittered the girl.

"Yes, but dere's so many Wenusas 'round. How I know it you?" grumbled the cook.

"'Tis de day, ole 'oman, you's a-gittin' ol'er an' ole—true as I say! You 'yes is a-fallin'!" grinned Saturn.

"No ol'er nor yours', sir, if it comes to dat! no, nor yet so ole!" snapped the goddess.

"True, honey! I's de olest, I 'esses to it; half hour olest! But now look at de ladies a stannin' dere yet, with nuffin' 'tall to sit down on! Dat's a putty way to 'ceire Venus back again! an' a putty way still to 'ceire a strange young lady! Miss Zora, sit here; Wenus, chile, sit dere," said the progenitor of all the gods, placing two split-bottom chairs in the coolest corner of the kitchen.

Anxiety, at first stimulating in its effects, is afterwards very prostrating. Astrá sat exultantly in the state of the seats.

But Venus threw down her bundle and began to help Cybele to get ready the kitchen supper.

"When ole marse have his?" she asked.

"La, gal, not till about ten o'clock," answered the old woman, who was engaged in pouring boiling water from the kettle into the colander.

"How you come back here, Aunt Cybele?"

"Me an' brudder Saturn bought in at de sale by Marse Rumford, when he bought de house, arter you let. How you come yours'?" in her turn inquired Cybele.

"Prouncious," replied Venus, who thereupon, while she laid the cloth, related her own adventures in the ship. During this recital she was careful not to betray Astrá's real position in society, but spoke of her only as she appeared. Venus thought the story of Astrá's identity with Mrs. Fulke Greville had better be told first by the lady herself to the planter.

When the coffee, the hot cakes, and the bacon were placed upon the table, the recital also. Saturn were about to seat themselves, and only waited in civility for the stranger, Venus, with a delicacy not uncommon to her humble race, said,—

"Miss Zora is too tired to sit up at the table;" and taking up a cup of coffee and a plate of biscuits, she carried them, and set them upon the broad window-sill beside Astrá, and in a low voice implored her to eat and drink. Astrá thanked her and complied.

"When all had finished supper, Cybele said,—  
"Now Zora, gal, I sho' to yer room."

Glad of the opportunity of being alone, Astrá arose to follow her fat conductor. Venus took the responsibility of being one of the party.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THE BRIGHT SPECIFIC.

Can this be death!—there's bloom upon her cheek.

But now I see it is no living hue,

But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red

Which autumn places upon the perished leaf.

It is a spirit! Oh! that I should dread

To look upon it now! Speak to me!

I have so much endured—so much endured.

Look on me! the grave hath not changed these

To torture thus each other. Speak to me!

BYRON.

They crossed the yard again and entered the back door of the house, and passed into a back room on the left-hand side.

For the understanding of the scenes that followed, it is necessary that this room should be described.

First, it had no fire-place; but, directly opposite the door by which they entered, were two long windows, opening upon the end of the piazza; on the left hand, two similar windows, opening upon the back piazza; on the right hand was another door, connecting with the adjoining floor. The floor room was covered with a straw matting; the windows shaded by straw blinds; between the two end windows stood the head of the bedstead, draped with white dimity; between the two book windows stood a toilet-table, similarly draped; a wash-stand stood in the corner between the two doors; straw-bottomed chairs filled up the space between the other furniture along the walls.

"Dis every pleasant room in de summer season," said Cybele, setting the candle down upon the dressing-table.

"It seems very insecure; it is upon the ground floor, and all the windows open upon the piazza," faltered Astrá.

"Yes, honey; but it safe enough of 'trusion from outside for dat matter! 'cause, you see, ole marse, he sleep in de nex' front room, and neber has less 'an two 'rolers unnerneath of his head, which everybody know, an' de 't'eres keep 'way from prowlins' 'round 'ere."

"I wish I could sleep anywhere else—upstairs in the attic; anywhere so it was a safe place."

"Lor', chile, dere's a nuffin' 'tall 'cept 'is rats up in de atties! 'sides which, dis atties was de housekeeper's room, an' atties will be long as ole marse live; 'cause dere's no law 'ere 'cept 'is his will, an' dat's iron."

"What was your maternal predecessor here?"

"What you say, honey?"

"Who was the last occupant of this room?"

"Look yer, chile, if you speaks to me, speak English, and not Indian; 'cause I don't know a word of it. I don't know no more what you mean by 'free-de-session' nor 'oxempan' dan de man in me moon."

"What's de last housekeeper?" said Astrá, patiently amending her phraseology.

"Oh! now you talks! Lulu, honey, poor Lulu. She come here wid dis marse when he bought dis house; but when she come she had two bright red spots on her cheeks—brighter dan de crimson roses; de death-fire spots we call 'em; an' she pined away an' died."

"Eoor thing!"

"Now, chile, good-night. I reckon you's tired, an' I knows I is; and den you's got to get up in de mornin' to pour out ole marse's coffee fur him. Wonder he scuses you from

doir's of it to-night; but I reckon he thinks you tired. Come, Venus."

"But cannot Venus remain with me? I am afraid to sleep here alone," pleaded Astréa.

"Honer, it's j'es 'bout as much as my head's wot to go contrivance to this marner's orders. V'enus get to sleep long o' me. You fasten up all your doors an' windows, an' you'll be safe. Der's de dogs outside an' de ole marse an' his 'colers inside; so what you 'fraid of? Come 'long, Venus," said Cybele.

Astréa shuddered, and would have made another appeal, only that the old woman had already left. Venus stepped back to whisper in the young creature's ear:

"Less you can fasten yerself in berry safe, you set up all night in your clothes."

"I will do so, Venus."

"An' put your trust in de Lord."

"It is my only hope."

"Good-night, honny."

"Good-night, good friend." Venus, you grine stop dere all right?" called the voice of Cybele from the hall.

"No, I'm a-coming," said the girl, hurrying out of the room.

Astréa was alone.

Her first care was to examine the fastenings of her window-shutters; she found them all fast, indeed, so fast that she herself could not open them.

She next went to the door communicating with the adjoining front room; this she found also fast—locked on the other side.

She next tried the door opening into the passage; and to her astonishment and dismay, she discovered that also to be locked on the outer side.

She looked around in despair for some means of securing herself against intrusion, but found none. There were no bolts to the doors, which also opened from the room, so that she could not even barricade them with the furniture.

She could neither escape from the room, nor secure herself within it.

She was a close prisoner at the hourly mercy of her jailer.

She sank down in a chair overwhelmed with terror.

But she still possessed the little poignard! She had the means of escape through death; and thus far held her fate in her own hands. Her courage rose. She took the little weapon from her bosom, and drew it from its silver case and felt the point, and found it very sharp.

"I will not use it while there is a chance of other escape; I will not use it except in extremity—such extremity as must make even suicide a duty—and then, where should I strike with the greatest certainty of instant success? It is well to think of that beforehand. The chest is too well defended—my hand might fail in reaching a vital organ, where failure would be eternal ruin! Where shall I strike, then? Ah! here, my tender! this is easily accessible! Only an instant's firmness will be needed to strike a mortal blow here!" she said, placing the sharp point of the little poignard against the jugular vein of her throat.

Then, without sheathing it again, she held it in her hand as to be ready for use at a moment's warning, and settled herself in her chair to watch out the night. She closed her eyes and clasped her hands to offer up her evening worship. In it she prayed to be saved not only from utter ruin, but from the necessity of using the deadly weapon in her hand. She prayed to be restored in peace and innocence to her friends.

She ceased. And whether sleep like a blessing from Heaven descended upon her troubled mind, and she dreamed what seemed to follow, or whether it were a vision or a reality, she herself could not have told. But gradually the room was filled with a soft, bright radiance

that, filtering through her closed eyelids, caused her to open her eyes.

And then she saw that this radiance came from a part of the wall to the right of the door opening into the passage. It was about the height, and size, and shape of a human being; and where the lowest should have been, there was an intense, dazzling light, like a sun, that sent its rays to the outlines of the floor, and through that lighted up the whole room. The effect of that blazing heart in that form of vapour, was like that of a brilliant gas jet in a ground-glass shade.

While Astréa, spell-bound, gazed in awe but not in terror at this apparition, she stood in the midst of the blinding light of the blazing heart, a black speck like the spots seen upon the sun.

And while still she gazed, this shape of air because condensed, its outlines grew defined, and it gradually assumed the form of a woman, young and beautiful, but overshadowed with what seemed an infinite woe. She was arrayed in flowing white garments, that diffused soft, light, aromatic perfume around her; but the portion of her robe that covered the heart was darkened by a large foul blot, that sent forth a deadly steam of vapor, mingling with and darkening the light, and poisoning the aroma of her presence. Her long black hair was crowned with stars, but the central one was gone—apparently burned away, for its place was filled with what seemed a shapeless clotted mass. Her large, dark eyes were full of eternal sorrow. Her left hand pointed to the spot upon her garments, while her right was extended in warning from the mortal before her.

Astréa had no power to move, nor to withdraw her gaze, even when this supernatural vision advanced straight towards her, and stood before her silent and motionless.

For a moment the mortal and immortal gazed into each other's eyes, and then Astréa felt the irresistible power, compelling her to resist her will and against her terrors to address the presence.

"Spirit, speak! what would you have with me?"

Another minute passed, and then Astréa heard a voice that did not seem to proceed from those mute and mournful lips, but rather to sound inwardly through the depths of her own spirit. The mystic voice said,—

"You are the lost star from my crown, the foul blot on my robe! Till the first is restored and the second is effaced—too foul for heaven, too pure for hell, I wander homeless through the immensity of space! Would you avoid my presence from this accursed house? Flee from it to death!"

Even during the speaking of these solemn words, the apparition slowly lowered its arm, reached to the wall, grew fainter in outline, until nothing was left but the blazing heart with its black spot, and the form of air like a cloud moved away from that accursed house.

Another moment and this too was gone, the room was no longer bathed in radiance, and Astréa was alone and transfixed with amazement.

(To be continued in our next.)

If you would have your company at ease, be yourself at ease. Be at home within yourself, and all around you will feel so.

That man who, in dying, leaves a large sum of money to be expended upon a monument to himself, makes his own dead body his heir.

Many who tell us how much they despise riches and preferment, mean undoubtedly the riches and preferment of other men.

There are some who, as long as they continue in prosperity, scorn good admonitions. Their souls cannot take the good seed without being harrowed by affliction and watered with tears.

## THE SAILOR'S PRESENTIMENT;

OR,

### THE FATAL MISTAKE.

BY ROBERT STARRBUCK.

HAVING also a large piece of tender, chicken-like substance, "salt junk," together with five cakes of hard bread, six potatoes, half a dozen raw turnips, and having drunk two pots of tea, my chum, Jack Mainpot, put his pipe into his mouth, stretched himself alongside of me, beneath the shadow of the foremast just forward of the windlass, and declared himself willing to spend a half hour or so in relating the yarn he had promised me the night before. Accordingly, having borrowed a chew of tobacco from this well-provided elum of mine, in order that I might not go to sleep during the progress of his yarn—for his stories were generally dull—I told him to "heave steam!"

"Aye, aye, sir," he responded, touching his tar-paper in a way with mock respect; "you're hoard of presentiments, I suppose?"

"Heaps of 'em," I responded; "but go on with your story; come to the point at once."

Thus urged, my elum began as follows:—

Four years ago a shipmate of mine, in a vessel called the *Whisperer*, was one of those singular forebodings of evil. At the time of which I speak we were lying at anchor in Shantier Bay, within a mile of a certain point of land to which seamen have given the appellation of "Bear's Head"—its shape corresponding to that part of the animal from which it takes its name. The shipmate of whom I have spoken was one of those good-natured specimens of humanity who, although strongly averse to practical joking, are ever ready to lend a hand, and mingle in every sport or fun-giving amusement of a harmless character; one of those men, in fact, who are calculated to become favorites in whatever society they introduce themselves, but especially so in that of sailors.

Now, taking these things into consideration, it was singular that Jack—the man who was the life and soul of our crew—should be troubled with such a thing as a presentiment; but so it was. He stated the fact to me one day while we were up aloft in the foretopmast shrouds, engaged in putting on some of the new rigging.

"Ishaw," said I, "it is all in your imagination."

"It's no use in talking that way," replied Jack. "I tell you I've got a presentiment of evil—something which I never had before in my life—and what's more, I've had it ever since last night, and can't shake it off."

"Nonsense!" I replied; "you are out of tobacco, perhaps, and that makes you feel a little gloomy. Here, take some of this," and I tendered him a plug of the Virginia weed as I spoke.

He cut off a piece with his knife, and was soon engaged in testing its quality. Afterwards, although the cause of the same was the same as usual, and the wonted smile of cheerfulness animated his features, I thought I could still perceive something like a shadow away down in the depths of his blue eyes when he lifted them to my face; and I knew, despite his efforts to conceal the fact, that the strange presentiment was still weighing upon his spirit.

In the course of a couple of hours from this time, the thick fog which had enveloped land and water ever since morning cleared away, and the order to "man the boats" rang shrilly fore and aft. Jack Mainpot and myself formed part of the crew of the larboard boat; and we were accordingly soon engaged in getting in the line tubs, and clearing away the falls preparatory to lowering.

A few moments afterwards, and we were laying back at our oars with a will. The sun glimmered down upon us warmly, and the sweat soon started to our brows. After an hour's hard pulling we all began to feel thirsty; and during a brief

cessation of our labor, one of the men asked another to pass him the boat-keg.

The request was complied with, but the vessel was found to be empty: not so much as one drop of water could be extracted from it.

"Oh! you miserable Portuguese!" roared the mate, addressing a lad who pulled the tub out, "you neglected to fill that keg, blast your lubberly head!" and picking up a paddle from the bottom of the boat, he struck the boy such a violent blow that the wooden blade was shivered to atoms.

"With flashing eyes, the lad sprang to his feet, and drawing his sheath-knife with the quickness of lightning, made a furious plunge at the heart of the mate.

But with the remnant of the paddle which he still held, the latter managed to ward off the stroke; and then using his left hand, dealt the Portuguese a blow which knocked him senseless over the boat's side into the water.

He disappeared beneath the surface, and the boat was drifting on with the current—the mate, in his fury, neglecting to order his men to "stern," when Jack Maintop sprang from his seat, and dived overboard after the sinking lad. At that moment a loud rippling noise was heard directly ahead of the boat, and as we glanced in that direction the form of a huge bowhead whale shot up from the water, not more than six fathoms from the bow.

Forgetting everything else in his eagerness to secure the fish, the mate sang out to his boat-steerer,—

"Bill, stand up! Give it to him!"

The boat steerer hesitated, casting a glance behind him towards the spot where Jack had just made his appearance to the surface of the sea, holding the still unconscious Portuguese above water with one hand.

"Dart! dart!" yelled the mate, with a savage oath. "Never mind those fellows behind; the shore is only a little way off, and they can reach it easy enough. Dart, I tell you—dart!" he roared, and the boat-steerer still hesitated. Startled by the noise, the whale was on the point of going down, when Bill, no longer able to resist the temptation, hurled his iron into the monster's hump, where it was buried up to the sockets. He had barely time to raise his second iron ere the whale went down, and he was accordingly forced to throw it overboard to prevent the boat from being swamped.

The line ran swiftly around the logger-head, the boat flew with lightning speed over the water, and Jack Maintop and his senseless companion were being distance, when suddenly the whale "milled" under water, thus turning the light craft completely around, so that her sharp bows swiftly rode the waters in their direction.

"Look out there!" thundered the mate, addressing Jack. "Look out if you don't want to get run down!"

Scarcely had he uttered the words when the whale rose to the surface of the sea—thus bringing his huge bulk between the boat and our shipmates in the water.

"Haul line! haul line!" commanded the mate, as he poised his long lance in readiness to dart.

We obeyed; and when we had pulled the boat within seven fathoms of the whale, our officer, unable to restrain his impatience longer, harled his weapon at the fish.

It missed its destination, however, passing over the monster's back, and then—oh horror!—the sharp blade buried itself in the neck of Jack Maintop, nearly severing his head from his body.

With starting eye-balls and ghastly countenance, the mate stood like one transfixed to the bow—horried at what he had done.

"Let the blasted whale go!" thundered Bill, the boat-steerer, with flashing eyes; "it's caused trouble enough!" and, seizing the hatchet he had secured the line at one blow. The whale started off at full speed, while the mate, losing all power

of speech, sank down upon the bow, and shudderingly buried his face in his hands.

With much difficulty we succeeded in getting Jack and the Portuguese into the boat; they were then conveyed to the ship—Jack, latter recovering his senses before we reached the vessel. But his preserver—our favorite shipmate, Jack Maintop—died, a moment after he hoisted him to the deck. With mournful hearts we buried him on the next day, and as the waves closed over him I murmured to myself,—

"Poor Jack; his presentiment has been fulfilled."

## THE VALLEY FLOWER;

### OR, THE NOBLE INDIAN.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

TWO Pawnees were encamped in a valley at the base of the Rocky Mountains. The steep hills on either side were covered with trees of a luxuriant growth. A small stream murmured through the valley. The wild deer and the bison drank of its cool water. The supply reed, the rank flag, and a hundred nameless plants sprang upon its banks. There was a pleasant charm in the monotony of its murmur, as it rippled on hour after hour. The Pawnees loved the secluded spot, because it abounded with game and hid them from their enemies. Its beauty also possessed a charm for those children of nature. Their wigwags peeped through the trees at intervals, along the green margin of the stream, whose waters supplied them with drink.

A little apart from the rest dwelt an aged Pawnee brave and his squaw. Several years before they had lost a daughter by death. To supply this loss in some measure, the child of a white trader had been stolen and adopted.

This child was an interesting girl of eight years of age. Although she was incomparable at first at being torn from her parents and friends, she at length became more reconciled to her new situation, and learned to regard the Pawnee and his squaw as parents. But time could never entirely subdue the fond yearnings of her heart to be reunited with her own race and real friends.

As years went on, a form of uncommon loveliness developed itself in the wilderness. The dark hair grew darker and more glossy. The soft and expressive eyes grew more soft and expressive. The rich, beautiful tints of the cheeks grew richer and more beautiful. The step that at first faltering and slow, grew firm and bounding. Her Indian parents grew proud of their daughter, and her red brethren called her the Valley Flower. She was in truth the fairest flower that ever blossomed on the margin of the streamlet. She had learned the simple arts of savage life with readiness. She had risen improved upon time, as the manner of making her tribe could testify. Her grace was so successful and becoming that that of any of the Pawnee maidens.

The Valley Flower was beloved by all, and her young footsteps watched with delight. She had a lover. He was a Pawnee brave, and was known as the "bravest of the brave." His name was Wac-ta-wa, a more noble-sounding name, yet could not be found among his tribe. He had a powerful figure, a commanding air, and a face which could safely be called handsome. His heart and disposition were in keeping with the prepossessing exterior which nature had given him.

Wac-ta-wa's love for the Valley Flower was fixed upon the instant she was first seen, and was unobtrusive. It seemed more like a silent worship from a distance. He did not obtrude himself upon her society—he did not annoy her by his presence—he did not vex her with useless importunity. The Valley Flower was not insensible to his merits, but unfortunately for him, she did not love him. She had fixed her thoughts upon another. A war party, in its engagement with a party of Sioux, had taken a

white prisoner among others. He was a young man from St. Louis, who, led by the love of adventure and hunting, had sought these wild and savage regions. His name was Henry Wyman. His fate for a long time remained undecided. Means were being sought to enable him to mingle with his captors freely, although all chance of escape was carefully guarded against.

He saw the Valley Flower, and after that felt but little inclination to leave the Pawnee village. He neglected no opportunity to be with her. It would have been singular for a maiden like her to have been so long in the company of a young, polished, frank, and restless of danger, without emotion. Wyman's love was reciprocated with warmth. Weeks passed on, and he had almost forgotten, in the society of the Valley Flower, that he was a prisoner.

Time had passed so agreeably, that he began to dream of security, and that no danger menaced him. He sat by the streamlet with the rustic maiden, and laid plans for the future. He would marry her. They would leave the Indians, and in some delightful seclusion pass their days in peace. Not a neighbor should be near them. Being all the world to each other, they would not feel the need of other company. The cottage in which they would live should be reared by their own hands. It should be built in a valley more pleasant than any they had seen. It should be so secluded and obscure that no savage foot should ever find it, and encircle every portion in its grateful embraces. Their home should be more delightful than that of the great Sioux. Flowers and excellent plants should spring up all about them. The wild game that would serve them for food would browse at their door.

His trusty rifle should bring it down, and her hand should prepare it for the table. Their wants being few, would be easily supplied. Happily, they were not far from the village, they need look no further than themselves to find it. Content with each other, and wishing no other society, their days would glide away swiftly like the waters of a deep river.

Thus they amused themselves with delightful pictures of the future. The murmuring of the streamlet, the soft sighing of the wind through the trees, lent a dreamy charm to their fancies.

But a storm was brooding over them. The skies of their bright horizon grew dark. The storm burst over their heads.

The principal chief of the tribe had been long absent on the war path. He it was who was to decide the fate of Wyman. He returned and looked for with little degree of interest by the Pawnees. He came. Unfortunately for the prisoner, his expedition had been disastrous. He had slain but few of his enemies, and lost several of his best warriors. He was in a poor mood to show mercy. Wyman was doomed to death. The chief of the tribe, the great warrior of the Valley Flower! She had loved Wyman with the whole strength of her soul. She could not renounce him without a struggle that would break her heart. She knew of no philosophy to teach her resignation under such a sorrow. And perhaps there is no philosophy on earth that can teach us to resign under such a sorrow. The dearest hopes of the future had been torn away.

The Valley Flower was stricken to the ground. It would bloom no more for the children of the forest. Its roots could no longer take root, and draw nourishment from their soil. In the deep woods alone she poured out the burden of her grief in tears. Her cheeks grew pale, and her step was feeble when she walked her once favorite paths. She resolved to save her lover or sacrifice herself.

The death in reserve for him was to be the refinement of cruelty. All the arts of savage torture were to be spent upon him. Great preparations were made for the tragedy. That event was to be celebrated with a festive and rejoicing. The Valley Flower begged his life in

vain. The day that was to terminate the earthly career of Wyman approached—came, and brought with it an agony of torture for the maiden. If the sacrifice took place, she resolved to turn no more to the tribe who had adopted her. The hours rolled on with terrible rapidity. She sought the deepest recesses of the forest, and wished to die there. She heard from a distance the shouts and songs of her savage brethren. She shut out the horrible din by placing her hands upon her ears. As she sat there in despair, she heard the rustling of leaves. She looked up. Waonda stood before her. His arms were folded upon his breast. His noble features were melancholy in their expression. Thus "harvest of the brave" was reading her thoughts. There was no three triumph in his gaze—no savage joy in his eyes.

"To-day the white man dies," he said in a low voice.

"Oh, save him, save him!" cried the poor girl.

"I can not save him; and why should I if I could? Is not the white man the natural enemy of the red?"

"He is not your enemy, Waonda. He would do you good, and not evil. You are good and noble, Waonda. How can you take pleasure in such inhuman cruelty? Your influence may save him."

"And how would the Valley Flower reward me?" replied Waonda with a mournful smile.

"With her blessings, with her thanks, with her nightly prayers."

"And can she do more than that?"

"What more is in my power? Tell what more you would have."

"Waonda loves the Valley Flower. His heart is desolate without her. Be his wife, and the white man shall live," said the warrior, bending his eagle eyes searchingly upon the maiden.

"Good Waonda, is there not some other condition that will content you? Oh, say that there is!" cried the Valley Flower, falling on her knees, and holding up her hands.

The brave shook his head.

"Think, Waonda, think again."

Waonda shook his head as before, and pointed to the sun to signify that the hour of the white man's death drew near.

The fair pleader shuddered. Raising her streaming face to Waonda, she said,—

"I consent. I will dwell in the lodge of Waonda. Save the white man."

"It is well. If the white man dies, Waonda will die with him. Let the Valley Flower remember her promise." And the "harvest of the brave" turned and walked towards the village.

"Far better to sacrifice myself than to survive his death. Yes, he shall live and return to glad the hearts of his people. And I will give my life to his preserver. I will make happy the lodge of Waonda, and fill the desolate place in his heart," exclaimed the drooping Valley Flower, and sank senseless to the earth.

Wyman was led to the centre of the circle formed by the Pawnee warriors. He was bound to the fatal stake, and the dry fagots were heaped about him. He looked around him in vain to see for the last time the face of the Valley Flower. He looked in vain. He saw only the stern faces of the braves. He beheld the horrible instruments of torture strewn around him. A cold, sickly sensation crept over him. He thought of his friends at home, of the maiden he loved, of the earth, and bade them all a long farewell. He prayed for strength to suffer with firmness, and resigned himself to his fate.

A blazing torch was applied to the pile. The flames had begun to mount up, when the Pawnee warriors were suddenly dashed aside by a strong arm, and the burning fagots scattered to the winds. In a moment his bonds were severed, and he was hurried through the circle of panic-stricken braves, and he and his deliverer

mounted upon war horses prepared for this occasion.

One glance at his preserver was enough to assure him that he was indebted to Waonda for his life. They shot like an arrow into the forest. When they had ridden for a short distance they halted, and Wyman put on an Indian dress, which Waonda had prepared for, he had been stripped of his own garments.

A ride of a few minutes took them to the spot where Waonda had left the Valley Flower. She was recovering from a death-like swoon. Wyman sprang from his horse and lifted her from the ground. He spoke to her; he called her the mistress of his soul—his love—his bride. She heard the voice so dear to her, and opened her eyes.

"He lives, he lives!" she cried, and again relapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

The words of her lover soon recalled her from the land of shadows.

"Fly with me!" he exclaimed. "Steeds are waiting to bear us away. Let us hasten to the blessed retreat we have pictured in other hours."

"Do not speak thus, I beseech of you. That has passed," said the maiden frantically. "We part here forever."

"What can you mean? The occurrences of the last few days have proved too great for your strength. They have overturned your reason," replied Wyman hurriedly.

"No, no! I have spoken the truth. I have saved your life—I have sacrificed myself for you. I have given you the life of Waonda. That is the price of your life," sobbed the loving girl.

Wyman stood aghast. He looked at Waonda. He stood at a little distance immovable as a stone, with his arms folded on his breast, as was his habit.

"And you will abide by this decision?" said Wyman, when he was able to speak.

"I must—I will," replied the Valley Flower, in a voice choked with emotion.

"Then I no longer wish to escape. Let them come and take me." And Wyman bowed his head on his hands with a determination to go no further.

Is not the life worth keeping that I have bartered for happiness for?" exclaimed the girl, flinching almost in heart-broken agony.

"The sacrifice I have made costs a trifle in your sight? Do you esteem my wishes so lightly? Have I not given you a proof of my love? And still you refuse to obey my only wish."

"No, girl, I will withstand you no longer. I will go and preserve the existence you have longed for. I will live to pray for you, and think of the debt of gratitude I owe you." He turned to Waonda, and took his hand. "Brave Waonda, be kind to the Valley Flower. She has been to me the light of my eyes, and the warm sunshine of my heart."

When Wyman ceased speaking, he placed a hand upon the hand of the brave, and was about leaping into the saddle.

"Stay!" said the warrior, "and hear the words of Waonda. He loves the flower that blossomed in the valley of his people. He has known her longer than the pale face, and loves her as well; but her heart is towards the white stranger. He will put the Valley Flower in the path of bloom to other lands, far away. The air that is breathed by the red man can no longer give it life. Let it put forth its blossoms in the lodge of the pale face. Lonely shall be the wigwam of Waonda. His days shall pass in loneliness. The daughters of his race shall bring him no joy, for his heart will be far away. He will go upon the long and dangerous war path. The Valley Flower will not be at his lodge to welcome him back. Waonda is done. And now let the white brother go with the pale flower—the light of Waonda's eyes. Take back your money. It is sought to the red warrior."

Waonda ceased, and turned away to hide his emotions. Wyman wept like a child.

The pale flower caught the hand of the brave warrior, and kissed it over and over again, and wet it with tears. She ceased to speak, but could not. The "harvest of the brave" covered his eyes with his hand that was still at liberty. His broad chest rose and fell like the sea in a storm. It was the last convulsive struggle with his deeply-rooted love. Wyman threw his arms about his more than preserver, and strained him an instant to his heart. He spoke no words of gratitude. He could not.

He left the Valley Flower into the saddle—sprang upon the other horse—waved his hand and gazed for the last time at Waonda, and dashed away with his bride.

The cottage they had pictured arose in a deep valley. The vine crept over it, and encircled it on every side like the love of Wyman for the Valley Flower. Sweet-scented plants bloomed at the door. A thousand affections clustered within. The birds sang their songs, and the winds wafted them the choicest perfumes of the forest. There was no home so happy as that of Wyman and the Valley Flower. If they were ever sad, it was when the memory of Waonda stole over them.

## AN EVERY-DAY TRAGEDY;

OR,

### THE FALSE CHARGE.

This stormy December night was closing darkly over the city, and the rapidly descending snow seemed to fill the air with a wilderness of whirling white plumes.

But Mrs. Trevor's boudoir, with its luxurious appointments and cheerful fire, seemed almost like a bit of summer light and warmth in the midst of this dreary December twilight.

Ellen Hope, the pale young daughter, had just folded up the costly satin dress on which she had been working all day, and was putting on her faded brown bonnet to depart, when Mrs. Trevor herself swept in.

"What! going already, child? Be sure and come early to-morrow morning, for I am in a great hurry about that dress."

"Yes, ma'am," said Ellen, still lingering, however, as if she expected something more. But Mrs. Trevor went on tossing over the trunks on the center table, as if in eager search for some missing toy, and after a minute's hesitation she added,—

"If you please, ma'am, I am in a great hurry this evening—would it be convenient for you to pay me for the day's work now?"

"Not to-night, child!" said Mrs. Trevor, turning sharply round; "you act as though you imagined I was going to cheat you out of your wages! Perhaps I may give it to you to-morrow, but don't annoy me now!"

An expression of keen disappointment came over the girl's face, and she slipped away and left the room without a word, while Mrs. Trevor continued her hurried search, throwing the gleaming jewels and costly alabaster ornaments hither and thither with reckless haste.

Apparently the investigation was vain, for at length she sprang hurriedly towards the door, as if to call Ellen, and then, remembering that the girl had been out some time, she stopped, and stood two or three minutes in deep thought.

Mrs. Trevor was sitting before the drawing-room fire, a red silk handkerchief thrown over his bald head, and his slippers feet poised on the fender, in blissful enjoyment of the evening paper. On the inlaid table beside him stood a cut-glass flower vase, containing a spray and in one hand he held a tiny engraved goblet, half full of the same rose liquid. In short, Mr. Trevor was taking solid comfort after the "dizful fever" of a day in Wall-street.

"Well, my dear," said the gentleman, lazily, as his better half's footstep crossed the threshold; but as he glanced up and caught the peculiar

expression of her countenance, he set down the unfinished draught, exclaiming—

"Good Heavens! Sarah, what is the matter?"

"My diamond ring, Charles—the solitary diamond, you know—"

"What of it?"

"It is gone—stolen; and I have too much reason to think that Helen Hope has taken it."

"Nonsense, my dear," said Trevor, who had risen and begun putting up and down the room. "I would as soon suspect a servant of such a thing! Why, Ellen is innocent and purity itself!"

"So I always thought—so I should have said," answered Mrs. Trevor; "but the diamond ring lay on the table of my boudoir this morning—two of the servants saw it there also—and now it is gone. Ellen is the only person besides myself who has entered the room since, and I observed that she was unusually perturbed when she went away. Charles, I am sure that she has taken it!"

Trevor walked up and down the apartment with hurried, angry footsteps; his wife leaned against the mantel, juggling her thin slipper upon the floor, and awaiting his final decision.

"I am sorry for Ellen—very sorry," he said, at length, with a fevered flush on his cheek; "but that ring was worth a thousand dollars. Search the premises thoroughly, once more—and if the trinket is not found—"

"Well?"

"I will notify the police at once!"

"A thief! Mrs. Trevor? Am I suspected of stealing?"

Ellen Hope had turned as white as ashes, as she stood with clasped hands and dilated eyes, in the narrow little room where she dwelt. It was small, but very neat, with its tiny white bed, and the muslin curtain looped away from its one easement.

"Gentlemen," said Mrs. Trevor, turning to the police-officers, "proceed with your search, and in case it is fruitless, let the law take its course. Come, Charles."

She took her husband's arm and glided calmly from the room, heedless of the wild burst of sob that broke from the wounded depths of the young girl's heart.

"Sarah, I don't really think she took the bauble," said Mr. Trevor, pausing uneasily on the stairs.

"Nonsense; was it spirited away? Are you willing to lose a thousand dollars rather than detect the thief?"

"Well, Sarah," said the husband, passing onward, "if it ever should transpire that we have been mistaken, I shall feel as if we had done a cruel and barbarous thing this day!"

"Good God! Sarah," exclaimed Mr. Trevor, one morning, as he was glancing over the newspapers at the breakfast-table, "it is incredible!"

"What is the matter?"

"Poor Ellen Hope has committed suicide—poisoned herself last night!"

Mrs. Trevor was more shocked than she liked to own; she turned very pale.

"Poisoned herself?"

"Yes; the paragraph goes on to state that she was driven to the act by starvation and misery—never having been able to obtain employment since she figured in a certain disgraceful trial for theft, about two months ago. Poor child—poor child! Sarah, I shall never forgive myself the part I took in this affair!"

"If I had supposed she was in such destitution, I would have sent her some relief," said Mrs. Trevor thoughtfully. "I am very sorry, though there can be no doubt that she stole the ring, although it could not be proved."

Mr. Trevor went to look at the wasted corpse of Helen Hope, as it lay stretched on the little white bed in the narrow room. The pale, pretty girl was always rather a favorite with the kind-hearted, childless old man, and there was a nam-

less pang at his heart, as he stood there, looking down on the marble forehead and wasted eyelids of the young suicide. After he went away, the attendant inhaled to find a spray of cream-white roses, just blossoming into fragrance, laid in the lily hands that were crossed so meekly on her girdle about the breast!

A mild afternoon in April—the sky blue, and streaked with soft belts of floating cloud, and Mrs. Trevor's flowers exhaled a sweet scent of sweets around her. The door opened; it was her maid with a message and a little parcel.

"If you please, ma'am, a gentleman just returned from China left this; from Mr. Neville, he says."

Hubert Neville was Mrs. Trevor's favorite nephews; well-bred, handsome fellow, a good lawyer, who had started for China on some official appointment, the very day—how well she remembered the date!—that suspicion first overclouded poor Ellen Hope's life!

She threw aside the unopened packet, and eagerly broke the seal of the letter.

"My dearest aunt," it ran, "I need not blame me and my dear, who I do not see, for the loss of a mere set of Neville carelessness, and I have been uneasy about it ever since. You remember the day I came to bid you good-bye, your showing me a diamond solitary ring, and my laughingly comparing it to one of much less value which I myself wore? Think of my being thoughtless enough to wear *both* the right one on my finger, and never discovering my mistake until fifty miles of blue sea rolled between me and home! I know you must be very anxious, so I send the diamond to you by a very good friend of mine, who is an 'homebound boarder' craft which passes our ship this morning. *Moral*: Don't trust valuable jewels in the treacherous hands of careless young acquaintances! Love to uncle—who will write again soon! Your affectionate nephew, HUBERT."

Mrs. Trevor threw down the letter, and tore open the package with fingers that trembled so violently that she could hardly unfasten the securing seal. There it lay, trembling in the light of day, the diamond of golden value, the people's ring which had been the death-warrant of poor Ellen Hope!

With a piercing scream, she fell back insensible on the sofa—but it was all too late for the young victim, who had passed far beyond the reach of earthly restitution or amends, into the land where God is eternally just!

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE public schools system existing in the United States, though not in all respects new, presents so many points of originality that a detailed description may not prove uninteresting. The common schools have been universally adopted by the towns and cities of the Northern States, and it is here that they have arrived at the highest state of perfection. These schools were introduced into New England by the Puritans, and they have continually improved in character, and excellence increasing as interest among the people. The school system, though in itself entirely separated from all political influences, is intimately connected with the whole fabric of the American institutions. The studies pursued in these schools are almost wholly of a secular nature, though in some States the law compels the teacher to give instruction in the cardinal principles of Christianity, and in most schools the teacher gives moral instructions, at his discretion, though all sectarian teaching is necessarily excluded. These schools are perfectly-free, they are supported by the general property-tax, each town contributing and sustaining its own schools, though sometimes assisted by the State and sometimes by the United States Government. This assistance is principally rendered by the general Government in the new States, a portion

of the public lands being appropriated to the State for the support of their schools. Some of the States possess funds the interest of which is sufficient to defray all the expense of this educational system. The best schools are found, however, when they are supported by a direct tax on property.

The poor are even furnished with books in case they are unprovided with them. The rich, as well as the poor, send their children to the public schools, which, if not so select, are certainly better conducted than many of the academies in the country. There are several grades of these schools in the cities and large towns. The primary schools are taught by females, some children attending them being not more than three or four years of age. The next grade comes the intermediate, which is also conducted by a female teacher. The next grade is the grammar school, which, in large places, is always managed by a male teacher, there being frequently several female assistants. In these schools the pupils are instructed in all the ordinary branches of an English education.

The last and highest grade of schools are denominated the "high schools." In these the studies pursued are the higher English branches, and the ancient and modern languages. Both sexes generally attend the same schools, though this system is modified by many exceptions. The high schools are not male and female teachers. In these the students receive instruction in all the studies required to admit them to the colleges or universities. In many of the small towns the summer term is taught by females, while the winter term is taught by males.

So great are the facilities for obtaining an education, that there is no lack of females qualified to teach the vast number of schools in the Union. The extra supply of male teachers for the winter term is obtained from the colleges, many students chiefly depending upon the amount earned during the winter in this vocation for the support during the remainder of the year. And many of these students are entering upon a professional life, for its educational advantages to the teacher himself. All the American statesmen best known in this country commenced their education in the common schools, and taught them afterwards. Such was the case with Senators Douglas, Webster, and Clay.

The social position of the teacher is not inferior to that of members of other professions. The salaries of the teachers greatly vary, ranging from 12s. a week to 150*l.* a year, in case of females; and from 16*l.* a month to 600*l.* a year for males. America is greatly indebted for her material prosperity and social advancement to her common schools system.

MORE sense has been whipped out of school-boys than into them.

OUR hopes are bubbles, born with a breath and broken with a sigh.

WHAT is said from the feeling of the moment abridges but a feeling of the moment.

THE heart of a young girl is like a nest where the little swallow chirps, shows its head, tries its wings, and watches the favorite moment to fly.

PROBABLY the reason why the way of the transgressor is hard, is, that it is so much traveled.

WE say a great deal about death, and know very little of it. Probably we can talk better about it in the next world.

WHEN a knave sails forth to deceive us, he dresses up his thoughts in his best words as naturally as his body in his best clothes.

A MAN should know when to laugh or smile in company. It shows more stupidity to be grave at a good thing than to be merry at a bad one.



THE GOLD-MINER'S CAMP.

## HOW THEY GET GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

BY A MINER.

Or the thousands who note the arrivals of treasure, and who, from habit, have at last come to consider California a sort of gold-producing Croton, whence the supply is expected as a matter of course, comparatively few are acquainted with the methods by which these riches are drawn from the bowels of the earth. I have even found men who supposed that the primitive rocker or cradle of 1849 is still in general use in 1862. I believe that it will be a service to our friends to set them right on various points connected with the miners of California.

The old localities, such as the beds of well-known rivers and the adjacent "bars," being partially exhausted, it has been believed that mining could not now be followed so successfully as formerly, and that only glossings remained for the future adventurer. But for ten years the great gold fountain of the Pacific coast has never failed; and instead of a decreased supply, each year's return has shown that with the improvements in machinery and contrivances for saving the gold, the yield is steadily augmenting, and this without a material increase in the number of workmen engaged. If the shipments are sometimes smaller, it is no evidence that the gold region is becoming exhausted, but rather proves that our resources have been so developed that many articles formerly imported, such as flour, beef, pork, lard, lumber, potatoes, bricks, grain, and coal, are now produced in the State, and consequently have not to be paid for abroad. Business being dull or brisk in San Francisco is not always a criterion of the prosperity of the extensive gold-producing regions, where the stalwart sons of toil pursue their labor, almost forgetting the distance of the distant emporium, which thousands of them who came across the plains never saw or desired to see. It is to the multitude who labor in the mines and on farms that we must turn, to estimate the prosperity or decline of the State. The various methods of gold

mining, and the important improvements which have been introduced since 1850, must prove of interest to all whose attention has been seriously directed towards the rapid development of the Pacific States since the conquest.

It was with the view of personally examining these improvements, as well as to renew old mining associations, that the writer of this joined a party who recently made the tour of the gold region. We laid out our course and left San Francisco early in May, when the great plains and rolling lands extending down from the spurs of the sierras were carpeted with flowers and clover, the sky cloudless, and the air clear as crystal. As the limits of this article will not permit the narration of every strange scene and adventure we met, I shall waive descriptions of towns and villages, and confine myself to illustrating, as nearly as possible, the various methods of mining in which some of the party had once been engaged, or which were explained to us during our journey.

When, in 1848, the news of the gold discovery by J. W. Marshall, at Sutter's Mill, became generally known, all the little world of California hastened into the mountains to hunt for gold. Those were indeed the primitive days of mining. Machinery had not then been invented, and the materials for constructing the rudest implements were with difficulty obtained. In many instances baskets or basins of willow twigs were used. The sand or earth supposed to contain gold was agitated in these, and so rich in many instances was the earth that, even with these imperfect appliances, a very short term of labor was certain to reward the adventurer. At that time gold was found in the crevices of the rocks, protruding from the banks of the streams, and dazzled the eye here and there in bright nuggets on the surface of the earth, as it reflected the sun's rays. Many gold-seekers used no other instrument than a common sheath-knife, with which to pry out these "chipsas," and thus, as they staved, saved time and the expense of machinery. Thousands of dollars' worth were thus collected long before the cradle was introduced.

As the wonderful news became more widely

diffused, the common washing-pan was brought into use. This was doubtless suggested by the Spanish-American *bates*, or bowl, as the method of using both is similar. The pan is filled with auriferous earth. The operator, sitting or squatting upon the edge of the stream in which he submerges the load, holds the pan by the rims, and by an alternate gyratory and oscillating motion, with an occasional stirring and kneading of the mass with one hand, the earth is completely moistened. The largest stones are thrown out, and a flow of water is made to pass constantly around the inner circumference of the pan, by which the load is gradually reduced to a few pebbles and specks of black, metallic sand, among which the particles of gold, if there be any, will be found. The rotary movement by which the heavier pebbles or bits of gold are kept in the centre, and the lighter earth thrown rapidly over the edges, is acquired only by long practice; and very few Americans can rival the dexterity of the Sonorians in this art, which many of them have practiced from childhood in the gold regions of northern Mexico. The fine gold can not be separated from the black sand, which has nearly an equal specific gravity, until the whole has been dried in the sun or by a fire, when the sand is blown away with the breath.

At the middle bar of the Mokelumne river we found a few Sonorians engaged in this panning, a method now confined to them, and which, among Americans, is only used as an adjunct to more extended operations. Nevertheless, one of our party, who had a pan, scraped some "good-looking dirt" from the bottom of a deserted "hole," and squatting beside Don Antonio, the two had a trial of dexterity, in which our friend, though no novice, was "nowhere." He had, however, the pleasure of finding nearly half a dollar's worth of gold in his pan. Six years before two of our party had been among the company who inaugurated gold-digging at this place; but, with the exception of the immovable mountains and huge rocks on which the hills had already been changed under the tireless hand of the miners. Whole acres of land had been upturned, and the earth and sand passed through a second and third washing, and apparently every particle of gold extracted; yet the less ambitious Chinese and Mexicans find enough in these deserted places to reward them for their tedious labors.

The success of mining in California, as well as in other gold districts, depends mainly upon a constant supply of water, without which the gold cannot be separated from the earth. For this reason the earliest efforts of the miner were directed along the banks of the rivers. There were, however, many *placeres* discovered on ground too elevated for any running stream to reach; and here the gold had to be "packed" on the shoulders of miners, or shipped on the donkeys to the nearest water, often a distance of miles. Of course the earth must be unusually rich to warrant such an outlay of labor and time. Chinese Diggings in Tuolumne County was an instance of this. Here were seen troops of sturdy Chinamen groaning along under the weight of huge sacks of earth brought to the surface from a depth of several feet, and deposited in heaps, after a weary tramp, along the banks of a muddy pool. These were washed by other parties stationed there for the purpose, and the day's proceeds quickly divided. At Shaw's Flat, at the time of its discovery, similar means were used. A curious method was the "dry washing," or winnowing process, where, and depends on places where water could not be obtained. Two Mexicans, partners of course, would collect a heap of earth from some spot where the ground contained grain-gold, and rejecting all the pebbles, the remainder, pounded to the consistency of sand, was placed upon a sheet of coarse cotton cloth, the corners of which were held in the hands of the operators, and the earth tossed to a height of three or four feet,



FOREST SKETCHES.—AN ADVENTURE WITH RATTLESNAKES.—See Page 74.

somewhat in the style of Sancho Panza's treatment by the citizens of Segovia. The strong breeze carried away the light dust and particles of earth, while the superior gravity of the gold, if ever so fine, caused it to drop again into the cloth. Bellows were sometimes used by solitary adventurers, and where these could not be obtained, Mexicans could be seen here and there tossing little clouds of dust into the air from their wooden baskets.

These primitive methods soon gave way to the more practical rocker, or "cradle." The peculiar form of this useful machine is doubtless familiar to most readers. Rude and simple as it is, the California rocker has been the means of enriching thousands. It is not known who was the inventor, but its enlivening rattle began to be heard in the mines as early as 1848. At that time its form was, indeed, rough and awkward. Before saw-mills or lumber were within reach, the cradle was hewn out of logs and the trunks of trees; but it is safe to believe, that in those early days these ungainly machines yielded a richer harvest than the neatly finished ones of the present day.

Not far from here, to the northward, is a bar or bend in the Stanislaus River, where, in the "days of '49," two of our party had rooked our cradles and lined our buckskin purses to some purpose. Here we resolved to locate on the spot. The river tumbled and foamed along its rocky bed, and the loud voice of the rapids echoed far and near among the surrounding mountains. The bank was shelving and smooth like an ocean beach, and a tiny surf, caused by the swift torrent, combed in miniature breakers upon an expanse of speckled sand, glittering with mica and smooth as a planned board. We placed our "bed pieces," set the rocker with the requisite pitch, and then attacked the long-deserted placer. After throwing aside a few tons of stones, and uprooting a dense undergrowth of shrubbery which nearly hid our old treasure-house, we came upon the place where our last efforts had been directed. This we had deserted some years before, after collecting from it several thousand dollars in coarse gold, and the "hole," now nearly filled with stones, had not

since been appropriated. But times had somewhat changed since, in the plenitude of fortune, we had quit this for better diggings, and we now resumed the work with all the ardor of new miners. A large boulder, which had formerly discouraged us, was first pried out, revealing a long deep crevice filled with a rough clay, the lower part of which was found stuffed with the shining nuggets. A pan was soon filled with this, and when washed by G— in the cold waters of the river, resulted in about eighty dollars of beautifully-sounded gold. This encouraged, we commenced with the cradle.

This little machine consists of a box about three and a half feet long, by about twenty inches wide and eighteen inches deep. The top and one end are open. Upon the back half of the top is fitted a closely-jointed box, with a sheet-iron bottom placed with holes of a size sufficient to allow small pebbles to drop through into the machine. Into this box is thrown the earth designed to be washed, which is disintegrated and made to pass through by a rocking motion given to the machine, and for which it is provided with rockers like a child's cradle. The water is bailed by hand from the stream, near which the cradle must be placed. The gold thus separated from the earth is arrested in its passage through the machine by wooden cloths nailed along the bottom, while the lighter materials, such as earth and pebbles, are carried out of the open or lower end by the stream of water.

Rocking the cradle, digging, carrying earth, and bailing water, were equally divided among the party. By night we had exhausted the lead, and returned to Sonora the next day four hundred and thirty dollars the richer for our adventure.

For the labors of one man the cradle is probably the most economical method of gold mining, as the several operations may be conducted without aid. It is now, however, mainly confined to Chinese and Mexicans, whose ambition seldom aspires to the later improvements.

A short distance north of Sonora is the town of diggings of Murphy's, once the most cele-

brated gold-mine in California, and still employing hundreds of workmen to advantage. The discoverer, a Missourian, after whom the place was named, is said to have enjoyed his good fortune alone for some time, trading with the Indians, afterwards known as the Murphy tribe, and supplying them with cheap articles of luxury in return for their labor in the mines. With his two sons he amassed an immense sum in a few months.

Here we saw the first improvement made upon the cradle. This came out in 1850, and at that time was regarded as the *se plus ultra* of mining machinery. It is called the "long tom," and consists of a shallow trough from ten to twenty feet long, and generally about sixteen inches wide. One end, which slightly turns up like a shovel, is shod with iron and perforated like the sieve of a cradle. This trough is placed on slightly inclined ground, the sieve being at the lower end. A stream of water is then turned on at the upper end, and several hands supply the tom with water, which finds its way to the sieve, carrying with it the earth, which it washes and disintegrates in its passage. A man is stationed at the end to clear away the "tailings," or earth discharged from the machine, and also to stir up the earth accumulated in the tom. Directly beneath the sieve is placed a box, which is furnished with "rifles," or cloths, to catch the gold as it falls through the tom-iron. The machine differs little in principle from the cradle. Sometimes, where the gold is very fine and liable to be carried away by the force of the water, a box containing a quantity of quicksilver is attached to the end of the rifle, where the finer particles are saved by amalgamation. The long tom is calculated to wash ten times more earth than the cradles, employing equal number of hands. The work is not performed in a more thorough manner, but there is a great saving of time and labor. When its value became generally appreciated, the cradle began to disappear from many localities, and the long tom is now almost exclusively used by small companies.

One of the richest *placers* of California was an extensive *slorine flat*, near the town of Carlsbad, in the foot of a range of quartz mountains, separating it from the valley of the Stanislaus, and known as "Carson's Flat." The gold deposits were first struck in this place in 1851. The discoverers sank a small hole in the shallowest part of the flat where the bed-rock lay about 100 feet below the surface. Here they panned out several thousand dollars during the week; but though their labors were continued with secrecy, they were speedily tracked and multitudes flocked to the place. A small town was built where Carson's Creek discharged into the Stanislaus, goods came pouring in. Jew clothers run-does and gamblers followed the crowds of working men and in a month every foot of ground supposed to be auriferous was appropriated.

At a certain distance beneath the surface throughout the gold region of California a layer of rock is found, down to which the gold, by its superior specific gravity, has gradually worked itself, and here it has become wedged into the inequalities of this "hard pan." Lower experience has taught the miner to discard the upper earth, which is generally valueless, and to seek for gold either in these cracks and "pockets," or in the earth or layer of clay covering the bed-rock. The discovery of this fact gave rise to the method of "cycloing," or drifting, which has since been superseded by the improvement of tunneling. The first received its name from its fancied resemblance to the subterranean burrowing of a little animal resembling the fox, and known in California as the "coyote." As the ledge, or bed-rock, at Carson's and other diggings of this kind, is often found thirty or forty feet beneath the surface, and no gold can be got except within a few feet of it, the expense of shoring and the upper earth is avoided by burrowing, and follow-



ing the "leads," or crevices of the rock in and around which the gold is deposited.

About six months sufficed to completely honey-comb the flat—an area of twenty acres—so that the workmen could pass through each other's claims for a distance of half a mile. These passages are made through a firm but sticky clay, and are only of a sufficient height for the workmen to sit upright in.

Sometimes these coyote diggings were in without warning, despite the subterranean supports placed by the miners for security; the earth thus undermined settled upon the bed-rock, and so slowly and silently that the victims are buried in a living tomb, unknown to the outside world.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### FOREST SKETCHES.—No. 3.

BY COL. WALTER B. DONLAP,

AUTHOR OF "THE MISTY LANE," &c.

#### AN ADVENTURE WITH RATTLESNAKES.

OUR party turned out fresh in the morning, and at an early hour we had a delicious breakfast of trout and warm wheaten oakes. We had planned to ride down to Conway Corner, and return in the evening; but our good host had nothing of importance to do that day, and he offered to conduct us to a pond where there were some fine trout.

We accepted the farmer's proposition without debate, and at once prepared to set out. The result was, that by the middle of the afternoon we had ten trout—the largest weighing four pounds and three ounces, and the smallest turning very near two pounds. That was a good haul for pond fishing, and we were well pleased with it.

We reached the house in season for supper at the usual hour, and after this we went out and set our trap. We placed it in the same place as before, and were very careful to see that all was right around it. At ten o'clock it had not been troubled, and as we were up late the night before, and had worked pretty hard through the day, we concluded to retire, and if any bear visited our trap, to let him keep it until morning. When we came up, we had not encroached on forcing ourselves upon the hospitality of the farmer, but circumstances had woven quite a bond of friendship about us, and he and his family would not listen to our leaving. So we had the same beds that gave us rest on the previous night.

In the morning we were up before the sun, and down in the corn-field. The trap was gone!

"That fellow must have been firmly caught," remarked the host, as he noticed how the fence had been pulled away.

We passed over the fence, and easily tracked the bear to the woods. He had taken a course directly along the fence to the north-west corner of the corn-field, and from thence he had struck off to the south-west, towards the mountain—Chocoma. For a distance of some quarter of a mile, the track was through a piece of maple wood, without underbrush; and we found three places where the bear had made considerable of a run to cut the clog free. As we left this maple copse, we entered a thicket of beech and ash—or, in fact, a dense forest growth of all sorts of trees, with some underbrush—and we felt sure that our game could not have gone much further, for the clog could not have been dragged through such a thicket to any great distance.

Yet the bear had displayed some keen judgment. The troubles he had already encountered had probably sharpened his understanding, for we found several points where he had chosen his path with excellent discrimination—avoiding places where the clog could have got lodged by the trees, and taking the wider range. At length we came to a point where a huge

rock-majale had been blown down directly across the path.

"Ha! there 'tis!" cried Harris, who was a few paces in advance.

We came quickly up and looked. There was the clog lying upon the ground, and caught by two sides, which grew out within eighteen inches of each other, the chain passing up between them. The bear had dragged the clog along with the idea of climbing over the log, and in doing so had drawn it beneath the limbs. The chain was over the log, and we judged that it was just about long enough to allow the bear to rest upon the ground upon the other side.

"Stop!" cried Harris, as Ned Hobson set out to leap upon the log. "The bear may not be tuckered out yet, and if he gets a paw on you, you'll find he hadn't."

This piece of friendly advice caused Ned to hesitate, and he then advanced cautiously towards the tree. The chain was near the butt, which was in that place at least four feet in diameter, and the bear was probably snagged down close under the log on the other side. Our desire was to get a shot at the brute without disturbing him, as the bear is ferocious when he discovers his enemies under such circumstances.

Ben was bound to have the first sight, and for this purpose he crept up to the upturned roots, and carefully poked the muzzle of his rifle over. Then he worked his way around the thickly-matted limbs, which afforded him sufficient shelter, until he reached a point where he could see through upon the other side of the tree. He gave one look, and then threw his rifle down.

"What is it?" I asked.

I at first supposed that I should find something besides a bear in the trap, though, of course, the question was not rounded upon reason. However, I quickly reached the log, and upon looking over, I saw the trap—and it was empty!

We found the trap hanging about a foot from the ground, and a good quantity of blood and hair on it. As we examined it, and examined itself, we found a whole toe and a huge claw hanging by one of the teeth; and from the appearance of the tooth next to this one we were satisfied that it had been torn through part of the flesh of the foot. He had been caught by the end of the trap, and only had the toes in; and when he came to that log, and got upon it, he probably jumped down, and thus his own weight, as the trap was brought up when over a foot from the ground, set him free.

Here was disappointment to be sure. Harris stood still, and set his teeth firmly together. Ned crossed a dozen impractical plans in quick succession; while Ben simply laughed at the thought of the careful manner in which he had approached that log. Meanwhile I gave the trap a thorough examination. The spot where we found it was so sheltered that no dew had fallen there, and yet some of the blood upon the fence was moist, as was some upon the dry leaves. From this we judged that the bear could not have been long gone; and having taken up our trap, and placed it where we could take it on our return, we started off in pursuit of the fugitive.

Ned crossed a dozen impractical plans over the bedded leaves, and through the trunk and several times we came to places where he had lain down to rest. In such spots he had left a small pool of blood, where the wounded foot lay. At length we came out at the foot of a rocky spur of the mountain, and here we could trace that bloody track of the fugitive. The way was a sort of "whale's back," making out from the main mountain in a long, regular swell, with a deep gorge upon each side. We tracked the bear to the top of this, and were upon the point of stopping a few moments to rest, when the voice of old Ben aroused us from all thoughts of repose.

"There he is," he cried; and as he spoke he leaped up and down like a crazy man.

We gazed off in the direction pointed out, and there we saw the bear, in the bottom of the gorge to the left, slowly making his way upwards towards the mountain. We were confident he had not seen us, and at once took measures for surrounding him. The book and myself were in the top of the maple wood, the place upon which we then were, so as to head Bruin off at the end of the gorge. Harris was to slip down into the gorge, and follow the bear up, while Ned and Ben agreed to make for the next ridge beyond the gorge, and thus take the game should it attempt to climb up that way. As the bear struck the place where he started off, when Tibson and myself reached a point opposite the bear, we thought he might make an attempt to come up on that side; so my companion remained to guard against such an event, while I pushed on. The sun was shining hotly upon the bare brow, and the sweat was streaming from my brow; but the presence of the bear overcame all that, and I kept on my way. Finally I reached the point where the gorge ended, at the coming together of the two ridges, and I saw that the bear, who had surely not yet seen me, was coming directly up towards me, and I could see him about a mile down in the point of the gorge. I saw a wide cleft in the rock, and I had no doubt that the bear was making for that place; and if he gained it, he might find a shelter from which we could not dislodge him. Near the bottom of this cleft grew a good-sized maple tree, standing out from the timber, and which afforded him sufficient shelter in the solid rock. Beneath this tree was a sort of shelving ledge, which the bear must reach in order to gain the cleft, and if I could gain that point before him, I should not only cut him off from his retreat, but get a far better shot at him than I could get from any other place. I saw that Harris was coming up rapidly behind the bear, and that Ned and Ben were poking along upon their ridge. But the brute had seen the enemy that followed in his rear, and he was consequently making tracks as swiftly as possible for his cover.

I braced up to leap. I saw that I could gain the shelf by dropping down from the tree, and quickly as possible I made my way around. I slung my rifle upon my back, and then, seizing the body of the tree, which raised itself above the edge of the shelf, I slid down to the lower limb, and from here I easily dropped upon the ledge. The bear was about two hundred yards from me, and still coming towards me. I was in the act of raising my hands to unsling my rifle, when a sound struck my ear that made my heart leap as though it had received the full shock of an electric battery. It was that sharp, piercing rattle which, once heard, is never forgotten!

I cast my eyes down, and there—not five feet from me—was a huge rattlesnake! I turned my head to be sure that I retreated safely, when I saw two more of the horrid reptiles behind me! Our next instant a fourth rattlesnake was piercing through the air, and I found another snake upon my left, a little back, and not over six feet from me. For a few moments I was completely paralyzed with horror. My heart was, seemingly, in my throat, and still as death. I did not tremble yet, for such was the power of the terror which I saw upon me, that I felt like a post. My head began to swim, and my heart to grow faint!

It was fortunate for me that I understood the nature of the rattlesnake. They vary in size from two to six feet. Some are found as long as eight feet, and I have heard of them much larger than this. They are very fast, and run over six feet in length. The tail is blunt, and armed with a succession of hard, bony, shell-like rattles, which produce a sharp, ringing sound, something like the ringing of the loudest, when the tail is excitedly vibrated. The odor is noticed, the snake being usually found with dirty black and white patches, while the belly is of an ashy hue. The eyes are shielded by two hard scales which shelter over them, and the

head is short and rather "stumpy." It is slow and lazy in its motions except when attacked, and then it will crawl as fast as the spring with lightning-like rapidity. The idea that the rattlesnake can leap any great distance is simply a false one. When it is in its coil, it can strike an object at a distance of about two-thirds of its own length. The poison fangs are upon the upper jaw, near the front of the mouth, and considerably hooked, and the points turn in towards its throat. These fangs, being thus formed and loaded, are not fit to bite with by an ordinary closing of the jaws, but they are used in the following manner. When the snake is in the presence of an object which it means to attack, it coils itself quickly up, with its tail pressed hard upon the ground, and the head raised and thrown back. The upper jaw is now lifted and thrown over backward, which movement serves two purposes—it not only places the fangs in a position for striking the mark, but it also presses the venom into them. This venom, which is of a yellowish green color, is contained in two small bags, which lie nearly under the neck, at the roots of the fangs, and thus the throwing back of the head causes a pressure upon these, and empties the virus into the hollow of the tooth. When all is thus prepared, the snake throws its head forward, not in a direct line, but with a curve, and nearly the same as we would strike with a hook. Their aim is accurate, and their blow so quick given, that there is hardly a possibility of avoiding it. But if, by chance, the reptile should miss its mark, it coils itself up again quickly for another strike. It cannot strike from any other position unless the object is close to it. When the wound is first made, two tiny punctures are seen, like the pricks of a pin, and perhaps a single drop of blood has oozed from each. Most of the remedies which are talked about are of no avail, though there is no doubt there are a few which will cure the bite. Yet they are not generally at hand when most needed.

As I stood I do not think any of the snakes could have reached me at a single blow; but how quickly might one of them have snugged its person! There they lay, four of them, all coiled up, their heads erect, and their forked tongues e'er and anon darting out, as though to frighten me! As soon as the first agony was over, and I found that the reptiles did not attack me, I began to think. I dared not move a hair—had I done so I could have been surely fatal. There was something in the threatening looks of the accursed things that assured me they were only waiting for some motion on my part. I had come down among them while they were sunning, and their first sight was simply to place themselves on the defensive. They had done this, and were now evidently ready to take the cue from me.

Had there been but one of them, or even two or three so they had been all on one side of me, I should have felt safe, for I could have retreated, and easily killed them if they had come up. But there was no retreat for me now. I could not move a step without meeting a heater to one or two of the deadly monsters! Once I raised my eyes to see where the bear was, and I saw him on a rock about a hundred yards from me, watching Ned and Ben, who were coming down towards him from the spar.

Oh! how many things I needed to furnish my mind during the long, woe-like minutes through which I stood there with death on every hand! There is something frightful in the presence of a large, cold serpent, independent of the thought of death. Its very form is hateful and terrible—its slithering look, its fowl, insect-like figure, and its ever-darting tongue, give a set of emotions to the beholder far from pleasant. I would have called out to my companions, but I dared not do it. I dared do nothing which could probably startle my enemies. One of them—the one before me, and the largest of the lot—at length raised its head higher up, not towards me. At first the fear of attack shot

painfully to my heart; but in a moment more I remembered that had he meant to strike, he would have started his head back instead of bringing it forward. He made the motion evidently to give me a more thorough examination, for his head swayed to and fro with a graceful, undulating motion, and his tongue remained for the while perfectly at rest.

At this moment the report of Harris's rifle broke the stillness, and on the instant the snakes set up a rattling that fairly pierced to my brain with pain. And yet I did not move. Oh, God! what a moment! How forcibly I lifted up my prayers to him! My rifle was still upon my back, for I dared not make a motion which might startle it.

As soon as Harris had fired, I saw the bear leap from the rock and make on towards me; but he went only a few steps ere he staggered and fell. Then the men set up a shout of victory, every note of which was a theme of agony to me, for I had reason to fear any thing which might startle the serpents. But it proved my salvation. The largest snake turned its head, and evidently saw my companions, for he sprang his rattle again, in which the rest followed. Then he turned one more look upon me, and seeing that I was motionless, he probed me with his mind, and he did not go on to harm him. He turned his gaze again upon the hunters in the gorge, and then, slowly unfolding himself, he crawled off into the cleft of the rock beneath the roots of the tree. At this signal the others followed his example, and in a few moments more I was left alone!

"Great God, I thank thee!" said I, as this sentence burst with a long pent-up breath from my lips, and then I sank down fairly exhausted. My strength was gone, and my head was faint and swimming. Old Ben saw me when I settled down, and even at that distance he knew that all was not right; so he clambered up the steep, rocky height as quickly as possible. He had a flask with him which contained some good brandy—a sort of ammunition he seldom went without—and having taken a swallow of this, I felt stronger.

I recovered my powers of body in a short time, and then all was right; so we clambered up the steep, rocky height as quickly as possible. He had a flask with him which contained some good brandy—a sort of ammunition he seldom went without—and having taken a swallow of this, I felt stronger.

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## HOW THE DEACON WAS PROMOTED.

"OLD LINES" and "Sid" started out just before Thanksgiving, for a shooting-matched—more common a few years ago than now—about six or seven miles from here, off on the Cheshire-road. They had but one gun between them, and they agreed to use it "jointly," as Captain Cuttle would say. Well, they got to the place where the shooting-matched was to come off, and had a few shots, without any return for the money expended; either because the chickens were too far off, or the cider-brandy they had imbibed prevented them from getting good sight at the game. They were determined to have some poultry for Thanksgiving, some way or other, either by fair means or foul, even if it was to blow away at the expense of some of the numerous farm-yards they passed; though that was

dangerous, and might be expensive business. After once more refreshing themselves, a bright idea presented itself to the mind of old Lines, whereupon he said to his companion, "Sid, I have it!"

Sid was a little startled by the abrupt remark, but he was courageous enough to ask, "Where is it?"

"Where? Over your mind, Sid, you know old Deacon Holly carries a tavern about two miles from here. Let's go and try some of his poultry."

Now, the reason old Holly was called "deacon," was because he mixed so many hard words—sometimes called profane—in his every-day speech, that his neighbors, and the frequenters of his tavern, declared him equal to the appellation. Sid agreed to the proposal of his friend, and after arranging who should carry the gun and who the ammunition and provisions (the latter mostly in a wooden bottle, common in those days), they started for the "deacon's." They were jointly companions at all times; but the frequent tipping of the wooden bottle between them more often than usual, and when they got to the "deacon's," they felt as if they had been going uphill all the way; but Lines had not disclosed his project to Sid, and Sid was not disposed to ask any more questions than were necessary in their present state of fatigue. Finally, just before they reached the house, Lines says, "Sid, load your gun, and load her well."

Sid obeyed orders, and put in a good charge of powder, and a charge of buck-shot, and announced himself all ready.

"Now let me load her," says Lines. "What for?" says Sid. "I tell you she's already loaded!"

Sid handed him the gun, and put in about the same quantity of powder and shot.

"Now, Sid, mind you, when you get to the deacon's you ask him how much he will charge you for a shot at his flock of poultry, and let you have all you kill. I know the old cuss; he thinks more of his money than he does of the welfare of the rest of his family, and of course he won't let you shoot. Never you mind, we ain't got any game to-day, and we must have some for Thanksgiving. If he refuses to let you fire, we will go into the bar-room, and have a little 'red-eye,' and I'll manage him. You stand your gun in the corner carelessly, and after we have had a 'swig,' you go out into the yard for an observation."

Sid could not appreciate the joke that he knew was to come, although he felt that it was coming; for old Lines seldom failed.

The deacon met them at the door, a not very common occurrence for him at that time of day, and cordially greeted them.

A drink around made them congenial, when Sid commenced his negotiations, as instructed by his superior, and finally offered the deacon three shillings for a shot at his poultry. The deacon felt indignant—insulted; he would not have his poultry fired at for twenty-five dollars, and he would shoot any man that would do it. Those chickens and that shot were his, he said, and he would not have one of them killed before that time for any amount of money.

During the conversation, Sid stood his gun up carelessly in one corner, walked to the bar, emptied his glass, and suddenly walked out at the door. Lines saw him go, and intimated to the deacon that the last few words in that glass were too much for Sid, and he would play a trick upon him.

Pointing to the gun, he said to his host, "Deacon, see here—I'll draw the charge out of that 'ere gun, and when he comes in, you make a bargain with him for a shot, that's all!"

"All right, old fellow; give us your hand," says the deacon.

"A joke is a joke," says Lines. "True, that's so, you're right there," replied

the deacon and Lines went to work and withdrew a heavy charge of buckshot and powder from Sid's gun, and set it back in the corner, in the same position as he found it, at the same time giving a significant nod to the deacon, as much as to echo "all right." The host treated Lines on the strength of the joke, and he had but just emptied his glass as came in, who, aware that Lines was not about to claim on a drink, took up his gun as if about to leave, when the deacon called out to him, "I say, friend, what did you say you would give me for a shot at them fowls out there?"

"Well, if you will get them all together in the corner, and let me have what I kill the first time, I'll give you three shillings; my gun is loaded, and I like a chance at 'em."

"I'll tell you what 'tis, friend: you may pull your trigger on 'em once, and once only, for three shillings, and have what you kill; but if you miss 'em you must pay me a dollar, and I only allow it for the fun of the thing."

"Done," says Sid; "that's all I want to do for; but you must shoot 'em up in the corner where I can have a fair sight at 'em."

"So the deacon and old Lines went out into the yard, and drove the chickens and turkeys up in the corner of the yard, and Sid primed his gun. It had an old flint lock, made before percussion locks were so common; but he was not long at it, however, and stepping out to pollie, reloaded his piece across a red fence for better aim. As soon as the word was given, and he could steady himself, he pulled the trigger—"tis—s," it went, and "bang!" Sid, either from the recoil of the gun or from over-excitement, lay sprawling on the ground, nine chickens and two turkeys were sacrificed, and a general scattering took place among the flock. Old Lines expressed in emphatic words his astonishment, and the deacon swore terribly; and when he accused Lines of trickery, his only reply was, "You saw me draw the charge, and how the d—d did I know there was another charge in the cased old gun?"

As soon as Sid recovered his equilibrium, he picked up as much of the game as he and Lines could carry, and invited the host to drink from the wooden bottle, requesting him to treat the next guests to a Thanksgiving dinner from the poultry left behind.

The deacon's expressions in relation to the matter were so far from being chaste or polite, that from that time his appellation among his acquaintances was changed from "deacon" to "parson," by which he is known by all the frequenters of "Henroost Tavern."

The shore is given, he observed, "solely on the grounds of morality." Don't cheat, lest ye be cheated. "There's the rub." And further the deponent says not.

#### A TRUE HERO.

John Maynard was well known in the Lake district as an honest, intemperate man. He was a pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time, those steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is." Simpson came up, with his face pale as asies, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!" Then "Fire! fire! fire! fire on shipboard!" All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?" "Seven miles." "How long before we reach it?" "Three-quarters of an hour." "What present rate of speed?" "Is there any danger?" "Danger here—see the smoke bursting out! go forward, if you would save your lives!" Passengers and crew, and men, women, and children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John

Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out, through his trumpet, "John Maynard!" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Are you at the helm?" "Aye, aye, sir!" "How does she head?" "Southeast-by-east, sir!" "Heard her southeast, and run her on shore." "Near, nearer, and yet nearer," she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Aye, aye, sir!" "Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" "By God's help, I will!" The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon his stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the helm, he stood firm as a rock. He beseeched his wife, man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to his God.

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 22, 1882.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

THERE is no widow so utterly widowed in her circumstances as she who has a drunken husband—no orphan so perfectly destitute as he who has a drunken father.

#### OUR BREATH.

In a life of fifty years a man makes upwards of five hundred millions of respirations, drawing into his lungs one hundred and seven tons weight of air, and discharging nearly twenty tons of the deleterious carbonic acid, and a quantity of ten cubic feet of air per minute is required to supply him with the amount of oxygen necessary for the performance of these functions, whilst the constant change of the atmosphere is evidently imperative to rid us of the products of respiration and the effluvia from the body.

#### LIVE TO SOME PURPOSE.

Thousands of the human family seem to live for no good purpose. They gladden on through life as though born but to eat, drink, enjoy themselves, and die—sometimes a burden to themselves, but often a burden to others; and when they die there is no vacuum caused by their death; no one missed them; they were not needed! Such a life is unblest. It is burying our God-given talent; for each individual has been created for some wise purpose, and his one, or ten talents, as it may be, have not been improved, he alone is responsible. Then let each one strive to do good—to live to some purpose—so that, when the lamp of life goes out, its radiance may linger long after another star shall have risen to fill our place!

#### THE CARE OF THE EYES.

First, never use a desk or table with your face towards a window. In such cases the rays of light coming directly upon the pupil of the eyes, not causing an unnatural and forced contraction thereof, and permanent injury to the sight. Next, when your table or desk is near a window, sit so that your face turns from, not towards it, while you are writing. If your face is towards the window, the oblique rays strike the eye and injure it nearly as much as the direct rays when you sit in front of the window. It is always better to sit or stand, while reading or writing, with the window behind you, so that the light with the light coming over the left side—the light illuminates the paper or book, and does not shine abruptly on the eye-ball. The same remarks are applicable to artificial light. We may be asked which is best light—gas, candle,

oil, or kerosene. Our answer is, it is immaterial which, provided the light is either be strong enough and does not flicker.

#### HOW TO ELEVATE SOCIETY.

It is a favorite notion with selfish and aristocratic persons, that society must be reformed and elevated from above downward—that is, that the higher classes shall operate (or "radiate," as the aristocrats say) on the lower classes, and thus elevate the latter. But this theory is founded on false ideas of philosophy and human nature. Mankind must be elevated from below—as a pot is boiled. How much fuel, placed atop of a kettle, would it take to "radiate" the heat downward, through the contents of the vessel? Any housewife will tell you that such an idea would be preposterous. It is the same with society. The fuel—the warming and elevating influences—must be applied at the bottom, and then the whole mass will be transuded by the genial glow; and as the heated particles of water at the bottom of a kettle constantly rise towards the top, until the whole is equalized in temperature, so the poor, as they are warmed by the rays of knowledge and religion, and stirred into activity by industry, rise in society, and give new vigor, and fresh blood, and pure morals to the worn-out upper class, which, were it not for these reinforcements from below, would sink into a mass of inanity.

#### A HINT TO WOMEN.

Many an unhappy and ill-treated wife might have escaped her bitter doom had she chosen to exercise a little bit of common sense before marriage, and ascertained what manner of man was he whom she was about to wed. "If our sex were wise," said one of the wisest and best women that ever lived, "I would advise a certificate from the last woman he served." A most capital idea; and why is it that the last thing a woman thinks of inquiring about a man is, how he behaved himself in "his last place?" Even if she knows by all the evidence of eyes and ears that he has had a grand passion for her most particular friend, and has all of a sudden, fallen into as grand an indifference, the minute he falls at her own feet she has such a tender fear of injuring the unfortunate fellow's sensibilities, that she never dreams of asking him whether he has not been acting just a little like a rascal. On the contrary, she immediately takes him into her service, permits him to put her on her knees, and ten to one but in less than a month she makes a known traitor the depository of her most private thoughts, and repays the most unlimited amount of confidence in one who has forfeited all claim to any thing of the sort, by unworthily betraying that of another. Nay, in a majority of instances, the recreant recommends himself to the second by speaking in the most contemptuous manner of the first—and that, perhaps, not a month after she has seen him all ardent and devoted to the very one he under-values.

#### WHAT IS "DESTINY"?

"Hanging and wiving," Shakespeare says, "go by destiny." That is looking at the matter very killingly indeed, and making as little distinction between the "altar" and the "halter" as a cockney would who had never been away from the sound of Bow bells. Marriage is a lottery, undoubtedly, and some men draw the prizes low, it, while some have to put up with the blanks; but still, in marrying we have this advantage—that we can, to some extent, ascertain in advance what we are about to realize. Wiving, therefore, is not a "destiny," nor yet is "hanging"; for, for aye, as we may about the saying that the man who is born to be hanged may venture to sin without having to wince, nobody expects to be hanged unless he earns that *finale* to his life by his own misconduct. Men have been hanged,

to be sure, who never deserved such a death; and men have married ternaigants, who fancied they were getting something very little short of angels. But such are not exceptions to the general rule, and we maintain that they do not establish a principle.

If it were true that "matchies are made in heaven," Shakspeare would be right in calling marriage a "destiny." The man predicted to play husband to a shrew could not hope to escape the victimization. But it is a calumny to assert that women so universally enact the profound dissembler that it is in vain you seek to discover their real nature until you have become a martyr to it. Women, on the contrary, are far more ingenuous than men. They set more from impulse, and less from deliberate reasoning; and how is it possible for the impulsive to conceal their nature from the eye of the observing? It is only men who marry blindly, who rush into wedlock as a matter of destiny, and, of course, such men, like men who perpetrate any other deed recklessly, invite the worst consequences, and only seek to excuse their folly by blaming the result as destiny. Every man makes his own "destiny" in this world; if he didn't, he wouldn't be responsible in the next for his errors and offenses.

## YANKEE NOTIONS.

A PATIENT'S COW.—Con-valsence.

A BACCARINANT COW.—Con-vivality.

THE "ROOT OF EVIL."—The "isp"-root.

POPULAR DANCERS.—Squad-drilles.

QUESTION FOR CHEMISTS.—Can you get patrol-men out of a policeman?

WHY is T like a tuing-fork? Because it makes one tone.

A DREAM that can't be beat—our last conundrum.

A LOCK from a young woman's head is often a key to a young man's heart.

WHAT kind of livers are most subject to "liver disease"? High livers.

SOME one has given it as his opinion that the last man will be a shoemaker.

The miser hides his savings, but the early school-boy saves his hidings.

PILLOWS, though not belonging to the human species, come under the head of rational beings.

The ladies should consider that to kiss the lips of a swearer is a kind of profanity.

The railing of a cross woman, like the rattling of a garden, keeps people at a distance.

"SAMBO, what makes your feet grow so?" "Oh, I expects it's 'cause I hose 'em."

WHY is a cracked mirror like the oldest female inhabitant? Because it is dam-aged.

A MAN cut off by his baker for non-payment of his bill is "stricken from the rolls."

WHAT a young lady must expect to catch who marries a sailor: a tar tar.

PEOPLE who like so much to talk their mind, should sometimes try to mind their talk.

WHY is a painted face like good food? Because it is lie-ment (silement).

HE who says he can neither stand nor more probably lies if he tells the truth.

"SIR, I am directed to make application to you," as the plaster remarked to the patient.

WHY is it unpleasant to have carrion near? Because it makes an offal smell.

A CONFIRMED tippler was bothered how to honor his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him: he kept sober.

WHY didn't the last dove return to the ark? Because she had sufficient grounds for remaining.

IT is not stated what tree bore the forbidden fruit, but judging by the effect, it was certainly a pear-pan tree.

WHY are pegged boots like the ghost in "Hamlet"? Because they "harrow up the soul."

THE poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset and as much silver in the moon as anybody.

MANY plunge head-over-ears in love. Sappho, with perhaps no greater folly, plunged over head and ears to get rid of it.

WHY are washerwomen silly people? Because they put out their tubs to catch *so/t* water when it rains hard.

HE who said that the half is often better than the whole, might have added that none at all is often better than the half.

WHEN a song is arranged for a band, why has its character become changed for the worse? Because it is a band-ditty.

"I WOULD I were a buoy again," as the old oak said when they were tarring it preparatory to pitching it into the bonfire.

A NORTHERN editor predicts that "wool" will be king. Does he mean wool on the back of a sheep, or on the head of a dairy?

IT would seem that soldiers ought to have their lives insured in a fire company rather than a life, from the fact that they generally lose their lives by fire.

WHY will it be dangerous for a man to swallow a horse? Because if he don't digest, he will just die. Hoping you will always digest, but never die digesting.

A QUESTION OF AGE.—They say that too many minors are enlisting in the Northern army, but, for our part, we think that the minors do a great deal better than some of the majors.

HARMLESS.—"My boy," exclaimed a deacon, "you do wrong to fish on Sunday." "It aint no harm, deacon, I hain't catch any," replied the boy.

PHILOSOPHICAL RESULT.—"As diamond polishes diamond," says a German writer, "so man is formed by man." Truly, And we may add, as diamond cuts diamond, so man is fleeced by men.

ANOTHER NEGRO IN DEFENCE.—While the Abolitionists here are jubilant over the emancipation of their idolized Ethiopia, they seem to forget that Montezuma is having a bad time of it with the Turks.

ENTERPRISING.—The individual who attempted to raise colts from horse-chestnuts went into the market the other day, and inquired for a mock-turtle to make "mock-turtle soup" of.

SPELLING.—"Spell out," said a little girl of five years of age, the other day, to a smaller one of only three. "I can't," was the reply. "Well, then," continued the youthful mistress, "if you can't spell 'out,' spell 'kitten.'"

A FIT.—"It fits you like your own skin, sir," said a tailor, proudly surveying his work, as Nibbles tried on a new coat. "That's just what it ought to," replied Nibbles, "if habit is a second nature."

STRANGE AND TRUE.—A Western paper records the marriage of Mr. Timothy Strange to Miss Rebecca True. Well, this is strange, but nevertheless 'tis true: it seems true, but nevertheless 'tis strange.

COULDN'T PAY.—A debtor severely questioned as to the reason of his not paying a just debt, replied, "Solomon was a very wise man, and Sam-

son a very strong one, but neither of 'em could pay their debts without money."

ASSOCIATIONS.—John Locke tells us of a blind man who took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trampet. We see that kind of thing, rather. A hoop-skirt, for instance, hanging out at a shop door always reminds us of the peel of a bells.

A CALF.—A dandy at a hotel table, who wanted the milk passed to him, thus asked for it: "Please send your cow this way." To whom the landlady retorted as follows: "Water, take the cow down to where the calf is bleating."

PILGRIM QUARTERS.—They have a convenient look-up at Hartford. The windows are handsly arranged so that the prisoners are often supplied with liquor by their friends, and not unfrequently are drunker in the morning than when looked up at night.

POSTHUMOUS.—"Poor Mr. N—," said a country dame, of a recently-deceased neighbor, who was over-thrifty, "he always saved his salt and lost his pork." "Yen," replied a friend; "and now he has lost his savor."

CABBAGE.—A Bangor paper says that a pig lately walked into a tailor's shop there, and before he was noticed by the proprietor made his way towards the cutting-board—attracted doubtless by the smell of "cabbage" in that locality.

CAN'T BE DIN.—Not long ago a youth, older in wit than in years, after being catechized concerning the power of nature, replied, "Now, I think there's one thing nature can't do." "What is it, my child?" "She can't make Bill Jones's mouth any bigger without settin' his ears back."

LIZZY.—A man-of-war's-man, lately returned from sea, was riding in the cars a few days ago, and at one of the stations was observed regarding two young ladies on the platform very attentively. Presently he exclaimed, "Havve the women got so lazy that they must have bags to carry their hair in?"

A FAST MAN.—A journalist has discovered that, all things considered, railways are very slow, and that, all things considered, when traveling, he blushes to think that the messenger over the telegraph flies like lightning, while he is lazily creeping at only thirty or forty miles an hour.

THAT'S SO.—The man who wrote to his friend, informing him of the devoted attention of his young wife during his sickness, couldn't hide a tenderness to waggon, as he added, "Ah, my boy, I'm more than ever convinced of the truth of the poet's remark, that the whole world is nothing to a man, if his wife be a widow."

A COOL IDEA.—Talking of Sydney Smith's cool idea of "taking off his flesh and sitting in his bones," as being the highest imaginable degree of comfort now-a-days, "I can do better than that," said Coppertop. "Impossible! How?" "Why," said Coppertop gravely, "I'd knock the marrow out, and have a draught through."

HORSE LATIN.—Every man who has pride enough to own a horse is anxious to have it appear well. We insert the following universal panacea for all the ill horses are hair too:—"Brusius et curcuium bss, additum; elbow gressat quantum sufficis; blanketus stratus; stabus warmus; fod-dener, never say dietus, but molius et oltus; exercicium on compromissus. The effect will be—Costus shinus, appetitus volutis, muscularitus two-fortytus."

MYTHOLOGICAL MUSINGS.—Aphrodite, or Venus, is said to have originated from the foam of the sea. This, however, is merely a sample of tradition run wild, and has its origin in the fact that Jupiter used to smoke a microseum (foam of the sea) pipe, with a statuette of Venus carved upon it. How little could old King Neptune

have anticipated that, in the nineteenth century, he would have to go into partnership with King Cotton! Such is the fact, however, an English experimentalist having just demonstrated that seaweed is quite as good as cotton for ladies' wear. Perhaps when Aphrodite arose from the foam of the sea she was in that kind of "verdure clad." Perhaps the widows of sailors will wear nothing but sea-weeds now-a-days.

**SHAME ON HIM.**—As two gentlemen were discussing the merits of a popular preacher, one of them remarked, "He always prays for the widows and orphans, but never says anything about widowers." The other, an inveterate old bachelor, replied, "Perhaps it would be more appropriate to return thanks for them."

**A SMART DODGER.**—A smart Yankee managed to raise the wind by advertising to exhibit "two boys with four heads, two arms and legs." Of course everybody went to see the show, and found them according with the programme: two boys with *foreheads*, arms, etc., same as other boys. It was a good play upon words—or figures, rather.

**WIVES, WHAT SAY?—**Betty Birchbush thinks it provoking for a woman who has been working all day mending her husband's old coat, to find a love-letter from another woman in the pocket. This is perfect nonsense. There is not a woman on earth but would find the letter before she began to mend the coat—then it wouldn't be mended at all.

**COCOAPOOTS.**—A bear attacked a farmer's cabin one night, when the farmer got up into the loft, leaving his wife and children to take care of themselves. The wife seized a poker and aimed a happy blow at Bruin. "Give it to him, Nancy!" cried the valiant husband. After Bruin was dead, he came down from the loft, and exclaimed, "Nancy, my dear, ain't we brave?"

**WOULDN'T TAKE ADVANTAGE.**—A man carrying home a sheep's head, was pluck the other leg, was accosted by a bit of a w. "Hallo, my good, whole-souled friend, how do you do?" "Sir, you have the advantage of me," was the mild reply. "Perhaps I have, but I didn't mean to take advantage of a man who carries his heart in his hand," rejoined the w.

**WHAT HE WANTED.**—The landlord of a hotel entered in an angry mood the sleeping apartment of a boarder, and said, "Now, sir, I want you to pay your bill, and you must. I've asked you often enough; and I tell you now, that you don't leave my house till you pay it!" "Good!" said the lodger, "just put that in writing; make a regular agreement of it: I'll pay with you as long as I live!"

**MRS. P. ON PLANETS.**—"My gracious," said Ike, "if some fairy would give me wings, wouldn't I go round among the planets, though? I'd go to Mars, and Venus, and Jupiter, and all the rest of them." "And Satan," said Mrs. Partington, striking in, "and I'm afraid you'll go there whether you have wings or not." Ike whistled, and turned the subject to an orange the old lady had.

**A LUCKY MAX.**—A lucky farmer residing in the neighborhood of New Salem, Wisconsin, had a cow which brought forth two calves, a cow which had two lunks, and a wife who presented him with two children, all in the first week in March; and strangely enough, he considers each of the two first-named crops as more valuable than the latter, and hopes that they may be repeated next year, while with reference to the latter he prefers to wait awhile!

**A "REST-YOUR-ARNT" SIGN.**—A certain eating-house proprietor, who kept a "rest-your-arnt" on the corner of D and P—, one of them remarked, "He always prays for the widows and orphans, but never says anything about widowers." The other, an inveterate old bachelor, replied, "Perhaps it would be more appropriate to return thanks for them."

can't be beat." In an evil hour, however, a wicked wag came along and dexterously painted over the initial letter of the last word. The announcement then was, "Try my pork and beans—they can't be eat!"

**A SHIRT FOR A SHIRT.**—A gentleman traveling through the New England States, having left an article belonging to his wardrobe at a hotel where he had stopped one night, wrote to the chambermaid to forward it to him by express, and received the following answer:—"Hoping, dear sir, you'll not feel hurt, I've made a shirt of your old shirt."

**A LOFTY CRITIC.**—The Philadelphia *City Item* owns a critic of some power. Hear what he says about the new "poick." "The elements of Mr. Hewes's poetry are ghashiness, spiritual grapple, vagueness of rhythm, grotesqueness of supernaturalism, infantile hilarity, vimness of lyricism, and shadowyness. Spectacularity of ghashiness is blundered out with a glory of energy. The world isness buds into dissipation, resulting into formalizings of the unsatisfactory soulfulness."

#### THE ANGEL FISHERS.

Women and fish are much alike:  
Both at a dazzling bait will strike.  
A mermaid and a maid between,  
The only difference is 'in *fin*.  
Any man's "poet" will be a woman  
That wiles like "sporting with the current."  
Yet, if we class the sex among  
The shady piscatorial throng,  
We need place creatures so delicious  
At least among the "angel *fishers*."

**PRINTERS' LITANY.**—FROM want of gold, from wives that scold, from maidens old, fish-shapers "in *fin*,"—preserve us! From seedy coats, protested notes, and leaky boats—protect us! From creaking doors, a wife that snores, confounded bora, and dry-goods stores—preserve us! From shabby lists, and torn crates, and flying brickbats—save us!

**QUIT.**—A corner's inquest was held in the interior of New Jersey upon the body of a man who died from taking vegetable pills. On opening the body the interior was discovered to be one huge cabbage, but dead to its core from confinement and want of water—a beverage which the patient never drank. The jury rendered a verdict of "Quit." "Quit, gentlemen!" exclaimed the dumfounded coroner. "Never heard of such a thing! What do you mean?"

"Why," replied the foreman, "we find that, if the cabbage killed the man, the man killed the cabbage, and if that suits you, blow me!"

## DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL.

WASHINGTON City is defended by twenty-eight separate forts, mounting 211 guns.

The German population in America is estimated at 7,500,000.

**HERS.**—A young hen lays, the first year, about 150 eggs, the second 120, the third 100—diminishing every year as she grows older; and should "go to pot" after the fourth.

**CATTLE FOOD.**—Fifty pounds of oats are more nourishing, as food for cattle, than one hundred pounds of hay, and twenty-five pounds of peas are equal to double the weight of oats.

**FART TIME.**—The *Alta California* has this paragraph, which demonstrates conclusively that the world moves. "The telegraph worked bravely last night. Our latest despatches are dated Washington and New York, 12 o'clock, midnight. They reached us at 10 p.m., two hours in fact before they were transmitted."

**WHEELING.**—Wheeling, a city, and port of entry, the capital of Ohio County, is finely located on the east bank of the Ohio River, and on both sides of the Wheeling Creek, 92 miles below Pittsburgh, 365 miles above Cincinnati, 350 miles northwest of Richmond. In latitude 40.7 N., longitude 80.42 W. The site is a narrow alluvial tract, overflooded during the high water, and extending about two miles along the river. Wheeling is the most important place on the Ohio River between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati—and in respect to trade, manufactures, and population, the most considerable town in Western Virginia. It contains a handsome court-house, a jail, county offices, a theatre, a masonic hall, the Wheeling Lighthouse, 17 churches (among which are Baptist, Campbellite, Episcopal, Friends, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic). The Lindsay Institute, averaging 160 scholars, the Wheeling Seminary for females, the Roman Catholic Seminary, under charge of the sisters of mercy, 7 brick school-houses, 7 printing offices, issuing three daily and 5 weekly papers, 4 banking and insurance companies, a gas company with substantial works, and water-works, erected at a cost of \$200,000, furnishing an ample supply of water, taken from the Ohio River, by machinery. The Wheeling Bridge Company, capital \$500,000, have built a fine bridge, spanning the Ohio River, 1,010 feet, one of the longest spans in the world, suspended by wire cables assing over immense towers, 94 feet from the bed of the river. The bridge is supported by 12 wire cables, each 1,380 feet in length, and 4 inches in diameter. The cost of this structure originally was \$210,000. In 1853 this bridge was destroyed by a hurricane, but has since been rebuilt in a more substantial form. The height of the towers is 153 feet above low-water-mark, and 60 feet above the abutments. The rapidly-increasing trade and commerce of this city exceed the statistics accounts heretofore published; and but we give such as are reliable, gathered from our different sources of information, to the year 1878. A they represent in operation, 156 stores and forwarding-houses, besides manufactories for nails, glass, cotton, yarns, cloths, steam-engines, machinery, carriages, wagons, paper, iron castings, cast-steel springs, chains, silks, saddles, &c., amounting in value to \$5,584,000, employing more than 4,000 persons. Over 30 steam-boats are owned here, and a large number of others, continually passing up and down the Ohio River, discharge cargoes at its wharves. Wheeling was laid out in 1793, and has received more than ten additions. Zane's Island, to be noticed in describing this city, lies in the Ohio, immediately in front of Wheeling, and contains 350 acres, one-half of which is laid out 932 lots, and is connected with the city by a bridge. This island is called Columbia City, and the Cumberland National Road passes through it. Wheeling is the centre of an area, 100 miles in diameter, in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, of the most fertile soil anywhere to be found. The products comprise all that the world moves. The soil is covered with the grasses. This fertility extends to the summits of the highest hills. The heights around Wheeling range from 250 to 610 feet above the level of the river. In the most elevated of the hills are several veins of bituminous coal, but the principal one worked is about 60 feet above the river bed, and the vein is 7 feet in thickness, and apparently inexhaustible. The cost of coal delivered is from three to four cts. per bushel—2,600,000 bushels are annually shipped from this port to a Southern market. Tonnage of the port, 13,200. A mayor, alderman, and common councilmen constitute the municipal government. Population of the city, 23,400.

THOSE who scrupulously discharge their debts of gratitude should not always flatter themselves that they are grateful.

## ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS.—IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

A TRUE and Perfect RETURN of all ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS, placed under the charge of the Curator of the said Court, for collection under Act of Parliament of Victoria, No. 99, from the 1st day of January to the 30th day of June, 1861.

NOTE.—The Amount received by the Curator of the said Court, from the Estates in the whole Schedule, amounted to nearly £10,000.

NAME OF DECEASED.	COLONIAL RESIDENCE.	SUPPOSED RESIDENCE OF FAMILY.	REMARKS.
William Ryan	Indigo	Melbourne	Died 24th June, 1861
James Berione	Beechworth	Italy	Died 30th December, 1860
James McGuire	Iglewood	Unknown	Died 7th December, 1860
Frederick Rout	Iglewood	Unknown	Died 3rd November, 1860
A. J. B. Wallace	Iglewood	Unknown	
Richard Hetchiff	Iglewood	Unknown	Died 14th January, 1861
John Moore	Buck Creek	Unknown	Died 1st March, 1861
J. Bollier	Melbourne	Jersey	
J. Connolly	Portland	Unknown	
Isaac Goldman	Longwood	Poland	Died 15th February, 1861
Edward Reilly	Sale, Gipps Land	Ireland	Died 1st July, 1860
John Roberts	Sandhurst	Unknown	Died 16th February, 1861
Thomas Fairfoul	Leamouth	Unknown	Died 5th January, 1861
J. McLeod Wallace	Ballaarat	Unknown	Died 27th November, 1860
Arthur Clelland	Janefeld	Unknown	
George Warde	Sandhurst	Unknown	Died 10th September, 1860
Christiana Bryce	Sandhurst	Colony of Victoria	Died 25th October, 1861
John Mayhew	Melbourne	Melbourne	Died 28th September, 1860
James Lewis	Melbourne	Ireland	Died 25th October, 1858
John Patterson	Swan Hill	Unknown	Died 19th March, 1859
James Purvis	Melbourne	England	Died 8th February, 1860
Peter Byrne	Buninyong	Ireland	Died 23rd November, 1860
Al Poe	...	China	
John Terry	Melbourne	Unknown	Died 2nd April, 1861
William Wray	Melbourne	Unknown	Died 30th March, 1861
J. Norrille	Ballaarat	Unknown	Died 11th March, 1861
Unknown	Yorke's Gully	Unknown	Found in a deserted hole on the 11th March, 1861, supposed to have been dead about 6 months.
William Mitchell	Ballaarat	Unknown	Died June, 1858
John White	Hornham	Colony of Victoria	Died 15th April, 1861
Frederick Louis Guerriotti	Ballaarat	Unknown	Died 8th October, 1859

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**APPLES.**—It is said that by pouring scalding water on apples the skins may be easily slipped off and much labor saved.

**TO BOIL A CRACKED EGG.**—Enclose it in a piece of soft paper. When the paper becomes wet, it adheres to the egg and prevents it from protruding through the shell.

**KITCHEN ODORS.**—A skillful housekeeper says that the unpleasant odors arising from boiling ham, cabbage, &c., are completely corrected by throwing whole red peppers into the pot, at the same time that the flavor of the food is improved. It is said that pieces of charcoal will produce the same effect.

**TO PRINT A PICTURE FROM THE PRINT ITSELF.**—The page or print is soaked in a solution, first of potash, and then of tartaric acid. This produces a perfect diffusion of crystals of bitartrate of potash through the texture of the unprinted part of the paper. As this salt resists oil, the ink roller may now be passed over the surface without transferring any of its contents, except to the printed part.

**NEW LUCIFER MATCHES.**—Lucifer matches are now made in which paraffine replaces sulphur as an inflammable coating to the wood. The injury inflicted upon articles of silver-ware by the fumes of sulphurous matches, as well as the disagreeable odor, is thus avoided, and the paraffine matches are very much less likely to become useless from dampness. The cost of matches is not enhanced by the substitution.

**MEXICAN LINIMENT.**—The famous Mustang Liniment, which has received such a high reputation for curing sprains and chilblains, is composed of petroleum, aqua ammonia, and brandy, mixed together in equal parts by measure. Re-

fined petroleum is very excellent for mild chilblains, without the addition of any other ingredient, but the mixture with ammonia and brandy is more stimulating. It is applied by gentle rubbing. The human hand, slightly warmed before a fire, is the best agent.

**CHANGEOBLE FIRE-SCREENS.**—Draw on paper, with Indian ink, a landscape representing a winter scene; the foliage is to be painted with minium of cobalt for blue, and minium of copper for yellow, which, when dry, will all be invisible. Put the screen to the fire, and the green warmth will occasion the flowers, &c., to display themselves in their natural colors, and winter to be changed to spring; when cool, the colors disappear; and the effect can be reproduced at pleasure.

**CEMENT FOR FASTENING SILVER ORNAMENTS.**—Dissolve five or six bits of gum mastic, each the size of a large pea, in as much spirit of wine as will suffice to render it liquid; and, in another vessel, dissolve as much tragacanth, previously softened in a little in water (though none of the water must be used), in French brandy, as will make a two-ounce phial full of very strong glue, adding two small bits of gum galbanum, which must be rubbed, or ground, till they are dissolved. Then mix the whole with a sufficient heat. Keep the glue in a phial well stoppered, and when it is to be used set the phial in hot water.

**SEAM PHOTOGRAPHY.**—The application of steam to photography is an American invention. Mr. Charles Postnaye of Cincinnati has perfected a machine for printing photographs from the negative at the rate of from 2,500 to 12,000 impressions an hour, according to their size. This opens a field to photography hitherto impracticable, in consequence of the time and expense of printing as ordinarily

practised. The illustrations for a book, having all the perfection of a photograph, may be turned out, by the use of this machine, with a rapidity wholly undreamed of, either in plate printing or lithography. The expense of engraving may be dispensed with, and the negative come direct from the artist's hands, drawn upon a prepared glass, from which, in the course of a few hours, the plates for a large edition may be printed, each one a perfect duplicate of the original drawing.

**MAKING APPLE MOLASSES.**—Select good, sweet apples, wash them clean, grind them fine, and allow the pomace to stand at least thirty hours before pressing. Let it be pressed gradually, so that too much of the fine pomace may not flow out with the juice. Let it be strained slowly through three thicknesses of flannel, before it is boiled. Boil it down in a brass kettle—which is much better than an iron one for such a purpose, as iron will color it—and remove, with a skimmer, all impurities when it is boiling. When it is about of the consistence of thin molasses, put it in tight bottles or jugs, and it will subserve a good purpose for culinary purposes; and next season, during hot weather, a few spoonfuls mingled with a small tumbler of water will make a most refreshing beverage.

**MEN** who talk loudest of the insufferable pains of life often shrink most from the allervating rope and ratabane.

**CHILDREN** are generally not half so good as they should be, but much better than they are about to be.

It is certainly a humiliating reflection that we are always doubtful of the effect of the medicines we compound, whilst we are sure of our poisons.





# THE SCRAP BOOK

AND  
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MY FUNNY HUMOR. FAMILY MATTERS.

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ONE PENNY.



ASTREA'S APPEAL TO HUMPHRY.

## ASTREA;

OR,

### THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the *New York Ledger*.)

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"THE HIDDEN HAND," "ROSE ELMER," "EUDORA,"  
"THE DOOR OF DEVELIN," &c., &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### ASTREA'S PERIL.

Oh! I have passed a miserable night,  
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
That, as I am a Christiana faithful soul,  
I would not spend another such a night  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

SHAKESPEARE.

TOWARDS morning Astrea, exhausted by long

watching, fell into a fitful slumber, from which at first she every instant started with a shudder; at length, however, this slumber deepened into a sleep so profound, that the captive lost all consciousness of surrounding objects until she was aroused by a loud knocking at her door.

She sprang up in a great panic and gazed wildly around her, not recollecting where she was. She must have slept for some hours, for when she had lost consciousness the room had been in perfect darkness. It was now as light as broad day streaming through the green bars of four pair of Venetian shutters could make it.

The knocking continued louder than at first, and was now accompanied by a voice calling out,—

"Zora, chile! Zora, honey! wake up! My goodness gracious alive, how 'oun' you do sleep, to be sure! Zora, honey! Zora, chile!"

"Yes! well! who is there?" exclaimed Astrea, rubbing her forehead and turning round and round in a very confused memory of her situation.

"It's me, honey! me, chile! ole aunt Cybele! Laws-a-measy on top o' my poor ole black soul, you must 'a' been a-sleepin' like de seven sleeper! You sint up yet, an' here's breakfast ready, an' ole marnie a-waitin' for you to come an' pour out his coffee."

Full memory in all its horrors now returned to the unhappy captive, and with a sigh, partly of relief that the night of terror had passed away without the dreaded catastrophe, and partly of fear for the possible events of the day, Astrea walked towards the door to open it; but suddenly reflecting that the door was secured on the other side only, she said,—

"You can come in—the door is not fastened on this side."

Cybele turned the latch and entered the room, exclaiming as soon as she saw Astrée,—

"Why, chile, you dressed a'ready? Dat right! I thought by not an'wering as how you was asleep. Why n' you answer when I call you?"

"I *was* asleep. I sat up in my clothes and watched all night. I was afraid to go to bed because I was looked in, and had no means of looking any one out. I fell asleep near morning, and slept till you woke me. Dat why did you look me in?"

"Me look you in?" exclaimed Cybele, in astonishment. "Why, chile, it would be as much as my woolly ole head 's work, to look you in! Dat was ole marse's doin's. Soon as ober me an' Venus come out'n your room las' night, an' while we went to fasten de windows in de hall, ole marse come an' catch'n your room an' turn de key ob your door, an' put it in his nocket. This mornin' soon as eber he was dressed he came and unlocked it again. I seen him doin' of it while I was a-settin' de table, wid de dinin'-room door open."

"Why did he do that?" exclaimed Astrée, forgetting her position, and flushing with indignation.

Now the uneducated negro has naturally the very same manner of expressing inexpressible things as the cultivated French—with a significant shrug of the shoulders. Cybele drew her's up in the most exaggerated manner as she answered,—

"Now, honey, when any body buy pretty bird an' pay high price, dey puts it in de cage an' fastens de door, fear of it flyin' away—leastways till it gets tame, you know."

An indignant exclamation arose to the captive's lips, but she prudently suppressed it.

"And now, honey, do pray, for goodness' sake, make haste, an' come out'n your room, so you can coffee 'fore he loses of his temper," said Cybele impatiently.

Astrée bathed her face and smoothed her hair, and settled the folds of her dress, and gravely announced herself ready to go.

"Come along, den, I show you de dinin'-room where ole marse takes all his look," said Cybele, leading the way just across the passage to a back room directly opposite to that of Astrée.

It was furnished in simple summer style, with straw matting on the floor, straw blinds at the four windows, and straw-bottomed chairs and ottomans ranged around the room. There was besides a table-board against the back wall between the windows. A small round table, covered with a white damask cloth that hung to the floor, and adorned with a breakfast-service of polished silver, stood in the middle of the room. Upon it lay plates of light biscuits and cakes, potted meats and fish, fresh fruit, and all the luxuries of summer life. There was a cover laid and a chair placed by for one.

Astrée was expected to stand in the presence of her master. And this she most preferred to the hated intimacy implied in sitting at the table with him; any, even the most humble position, being much lighter in her view than the humiliation of such an equality with him.

Cybele went out and brought in the shining silver and put it on the table, and then went and summoned her master, who was walking up and down taking the morning air in the front piazza.

Ramford came in radiant and smiling, and looking cool and healthy in his morning suit of white holland and his broad-brimmed straw hat. He threw his hat upon a settee and dropped into his seat at the table, saying, gaily,—

"Well, my girl, got over your sniffs yet? You see I have given you time."

Astrée bowed slowly with grave dignity, but without other reply.

"It just means yes, I've deuced glad to hear it! Come, give me a cup of coffee. I like a good deal of sugar and cream in it too," said Ramford, turning the contents of a wheeler of potted

venison into his plate and helping himself to a biscuit.

Astrée gravely poured out the cup of coffee according to his directions, and placed it beside his plate. Then as gravely she resumed her stand at the head of the table.

"Bless my soul alive, girl! you are as solemn as an owl," said the plunger as he took up his coffee.

"Mr. Rumford!" began Astrée, with the serious dignity that had marked her whole previous life, calling into the power of the man; but before she could add another word he interrupted her with the remark,—

"My servants usually call me 'Master'; my friends only say 'Mr. Rumford'; while my intimates term me 'Barnabas!'"

"I thank you, sir, for the information, although it can not interest me much."

"I say, girl, where did you pick up your fine lady-phases?"

"I am glad you perceive that I possess them, sir. I was educated at a school for young ladies in the Green Mountains, if it concerns you to know; as I think it may."

"And as I should think it *did*," replied the man, turning a jar of Dumfries orange marmalade into his plate.

"Mr. Rumford, I was about to ask you to give me an interview this morning, that need not detain you more than twenty minutes."

"You shall have it, my girl, directly after breakfast. You might have it now, only that I am a little out of town, and can not listen with advantage, at the same time," said the plunger, handing his cup for a second supply of coffee.

Astrée filled and returned it in silence.

The plunger was a gourmand, and so the breakfast seemed interminable. At length, however, it was finished, and the man rose and took the bell, summoning Cybele to clear away the table. Then beckoning Astrée to follow, he opened the communicating door leading from the dining-room into the adjoining front parlor, which was a pleasant apartment, furnished like the others with stow-matted, straw-window-blinds, and straw-bottomed chairs and ottomans, and a few pictures, and a few statues, vases, and books.

"Now then, my girl, what is it?" inquired Rumford, throwing himself at ease upon a settee that stood between the two front windows.

Astrée, standing before him, submitted for a moment first to turn up the subject.

Rumford interrupted her hesitation, and said,—

"Some one you have left behind, I suppose, whom you wish me to purchase and bring out here. Some old mother, or young sister, or little child perhaps, without whom you cannot take yourself contented. Well, speak out, let us hear what it is, and as I am a practical business fellow, who knows if you please me, but that I shall satisfy you."

"Sir, you are mistaken. My request for an interview with you concerned none of those things which you have mentioned. What I have to say is not only of vital importance to myself, but may be of advantage to you."

"What is it, then, in the deuce's name, my girl?"

"Sir, it is this—that I have been greatly wronged, and you have been much deceived, by the man who pretended to sell me to you! I should have told you so upon the deck of the ship, before the nefarious sale was effected, but that I was in the first place, if I had not done so, I should have been contradicted, broken down, and silenced, while you yourself might have believed the false captain instead of me, or else, believing me, might have deduced the purchase and left me still in the clutches of that ruthless man, when I was most anxious to leave his ship. Therefore, I have determined to come to you to continue silent until I should be safe out of the ship, and then to speak—appealing to your

sense of justice and humanity, and feeling sure, besides, that if you had suffered loss by the nefarious transaction to which my own silence seemed to make me a consenting party, my friends, who are wealthy, would recompense you tenfold."

"What in the name of fame, are you driving at, my good girl? You talk like an orator; but I'm dashed if I can understand you!" said the man, with his fat eyes protruding in astonishment.

"Sir," replied Astrée, with grave and gentle dignity, "I am, by education, habit, and position, a lady. I am the adopted daughter of Captain William Fulkoy, of Fulkoy's Island, and the wife of Colonel Fulkoy Greville, of the United States Army. On my bridal eve I was drugged and abducted by this base and his piratical crew. I was brought to the mouth of the Mississippi River, and sold to you—*not, I fancy, for the sake of the money received from you, when you believed that you were paying for a mulatto girl*, but for some much deeper motive, of which I can only form the vaguest conjecture. That past."

I have now told you why and what I am, and I have now only to add, that if you will extend to me the aid of my friends, and while waiting for an answer from them, cause me to be treated with the consideration due to my position, my friends, when they answer you, which they will do by coming in person to fetch me, will be sure to compensate you tenfold for any loss you have suffered on my account."

"You speak your words with a quiet strength of faith, that must have forced conviction of its truth upon the mind of Rumford, had he not been fore-armed by falsehood against its power."

"So, then, this is the breaking out of the monomania against which I was warned by Merrick," he muttered to himself; and then, as if to drive the matter home, he said,—

"This is a curious story you tell me: I would like to hear all the particulars."

"I will give them to you, sir, as far as I can remember them, for, as I said before, some of these events took place while I was under the influence of some powerful drug."

"Humph!" he murmured, when she had the brass tapers, "mattered the man, as before. Then he untied her to go on."

And Astrée gave him the details of her abduction as far as they were known to herself.

"An interesting story," said Rumford. "But now, my good girl, I want you to understand that upon the subject of this fancied abduction of yours, you speak entirely medical."

"Sir: no, I am not! The wicked sceptic has told you so and bid you against the truth! If you are really in doubt about the matter, write to my friends: a month will bring you the answer—or rather bring you them in person. Write, I entreat you."

"Well," he said, my girl, if I had the slightest doubt of the event; but to trouble a highly respectable family, who are perfect strangers to me, with the crazy fancies of one of my own people, is rather preposterous: not to say insulting to them."

Then I will write! Indeed I should have promised to do so myself at first! I will write to-day."

"Net if I know it! Come, Zora, you imagine yourself Mrs. Fulkoy Greville! Did you ever happen to see Mrs. Fulkoy Greville?"

"Every time I have looked in the glass since my marriage, sir."

"Then, if you really ever did see Mrs. Fulkoy Greville, you would not have noticed her skin, and supple eyes, and cold hair—a cold beauty, not half so charming as my warm, rich, ripe Zora, though she is but a mulatto!"

"Oh, sir, you are deceived! I am indeed that Mrs. Greville of whom you speak! O, did I not tell you that they must have stolen my name and my face, and sold me here to make me seem what I am not! Do but write, or permit me to write to my friends to come here, and

identify me! My dear husband, my kind old grandfather, would never be deceived by this external discoloration of my hair and skin!—imagine, Astrée, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes in impassioned supplication to the face of her purchaser.

"Bosh, girl! I tell you you're mad! you're no more Mrs. Fulkre Greville than you're Mrs. Pius IX. Absurd! When I was in Washington last winter, I saw that lady in public places very often. If ever two persons had the most striking similitudes of each other in personal appearance, they were like Mrs. Greville and yourself! She a tall, full-formed, radiant blonde! you a little midget of a mulatto!"

"Oh! I know, that besides my discolored skin and dried hair, I was wasting away and grown very thin, and my dress is scant, where it was once ample, full, and flowing. These are the externals that deceive you. Ah! perhaps they would deceive any one except my own friends, who have known me from childhood. Let me write to them. They will know my handwriting and my style; and then they will hasten here and recognize me, even through all these disguises!" And she, the captive, with clasped hands and strained eyes.

"Bosh! it is the full of the moon and a fit of lunacy! Have you any thing more to say to me?" said the man, filling his pipe and lighting it with a match.

"Yes, one more question to set you to thinking. I have told you who I am; that I am, by education, habit, and position, a young lady. I would now ask you, Mr. Runford, whether you think my appearance, manners, and language are those of a—servant."

"Humph!" grunted the master, taking the pipe from his lips and reflecting; "not of an ordinary one, I grant you. But Merrick prepared me for all that. He told me you could sing like an angel, and dance like a fairy, and talk like the deuce. You can do that last I now perceive!" And so saying the man replaced his pipe.

"May I ask you then, sir," inquired Astrée, ironically, "how Merrick—since that was his name—explained the phenomena of a mulatto being able to do all these things?"

"Oh! certainly, by all means. While we were over the wine, he told me that you were the child of a wealthy planter, and his favorite servant. That your father sent you, when you were but seven years old, to a Northern school, where he passed you off as a white girl and his ward. He intended to bring you up as a young lady, and so he left you at that school for ten years, and then brought you home. He further intended to set you free; but unfortunately he died suddenly, and so you shared the fate of his other people and was sold. You were bought by a captain of a steam-boat first, where you happened to have to wait on a beautiful young bride making her wedding tour. You took your reverse so much to heart, as to get a brain fever, which has left you with this derangement. Poor girl! It was really a terrible reverse. But, cheer up; be a good girl, and you shall live easy, and have plenty of fine clothes to wear. And when I die I will leave you free. So, you see, things are not so bad as they threatened to be; they are never in this world. Come, now—give us a kiss—What the deuce do you want, you meddling old fool, poking your stupid head here?"

This last question was put to old Cybele, who at this moment appeared at the door, from the dining-room.

"Ole mares," answered the woman, doggedly, "taint offen as I speaks my own mine; but when I does I does, and Ole Nick hisself shan't vent me of doing it!"

"I have no time to bestow upon you now; go about your business!"

"Shan't do it! Nebber went about my business when didn't chere to go, to please my

ole ole marse, taint like as I'll do it now to please my new ole marse!"

"Look the room, I say, or I'll—!" exclaimed the man advancing upon her.

"What? I tell what, now? Not hit me, 'cause I'm too ole; and not sell me, 'cause nobody'll buy me; so what'll you do?"

"Listen to you, I suppose," said Runford, suddenly changing his mood, and half laughing at the absurdity of being defied by a miserable old woman.

"Well, den, dis what I gine to say to you feelin'. You has no 'videration for ole people's feelin'. You done had your own good, warm brackin', and now you's full, you don't care a brass button who goes empty! Dat's jes you. Now how you 'spect dat dese gal gine to lib widout eatin' it! And here you keepin' of her widout her brackin' all dis time!"

"It is her own fault!" answered Runford.

"Go, Zora, and get your breakfast. Then come back to me again."

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

##### ASTRÉE'S FLIGHT.

On what strange grounds we build our hopes and fears! Our lives are all a mist and in the dark; and our fortunes meet us.

If fate be not, then what can we foresee? And how can we avoid it, if it be? If by free will in our own path we move, how are we bound by the cross above? Whether we dread, or whether we are driven, we find it all the same.

GLAD to escape from his presence, Astrée followed her sabbie guide to the dining-room, closing the communicating door.

"Here, chile, you might's well eat here; 'cause Venus say how you's allus been used to libbin' putty much in de house long o' de white people. I'll go hand wid you to de middle of de kitchen, which 'pears to me queer, too, 'cause you see I shouldn't feel free an' easy eatin' in de house," said the kind old creature, placing a hot cup of coffee for the captive.

"Oh, aunt Cybele! come here, I want to whisper to you," said Astrée, in a low voice, beckoning the woman.

Cybele approached and bent down her head to listen.

"Oh, Cybele! I have left friends at home that I wish to write to. Can you procure me pen, and ink, and paper to write to them?"

"Ole marse got some in his scatchettry. I can get you ask him for some."

"No, no, no! I do not want me to write home; he would not let you have it for me; but can you not get me some somewhere else?"

"Why law, chile, if ole marse fects to your writing, it jes as much as my poor ole woolly head is wot to help you to do it in any way! You are not afraid of your master? You defied him just now!"

"Law, chile, I knows jes how far I can go wid ole marse! I can say putty much what I please to him; but I can't do wot I please. Ole marse sent a bad-tempered man in de main! But when he got on de high horse—law! but he makes people shak' out his way! I cuss you, but jes I tell him, as you look at you. I wonder, 'deed I does, as he's lib to dis hour ob de day widout killin' somebody!"

"And you will not assist me?"

"Can't, honey!"

"Then Heaven will!" said Astrée, taking her station.

She knew that at night she would be again locked in her chamber, from which escape would be impracticable.

Therefore she must try to elude observation and go by day.

She knew also that the approaching interview with her purchaser would be full of peril.

And therefore the attempt must be made at once.

The supernatural vision or dream had warned her to fly from the accursed house. And

upon that and every other account she would do so.

Yes! she must fly from the house, from danger, from dishonor; but—whether should she fly?—whither, in a country where every door would be closed against the fugitive and every constable put upon her track?

To death if necessary! This was what the vision had said! If she could once escape to the cypress swamp, she might defy re-capture, and even if she were taken, she would be as better than to be driven to the act of suicide as she should be by remaining in this house. To the shades of the cypress swamp then she resolved to try to make her escape.

She would have liked to write a few lines to her friends at home, and leave the letter for Cybele to put in the post-office; but this she feared of the old woman rendering possible.

As she mechanically sipped her coffee, her mind reverted again to the supernatural visitant or dream of the night, and she connected it with the thought of her predecessor in this house, of whose fate she had heard the preceding evening, and she inquired—

"Cybele, which of the old-looking person was that poor Lala of whom you spoke to me last night?"

"Laws, chile, let see!—I aint gont to 'scribble. Poor gal! She was tall, slim, delect, wid long black hair fallin' down below her waist; an' great black eyes wid de most mournful look in dem eyes."

"And she was a very beautiful person, as she had some ebullient great sorrow, as nothin' on this earth, nor yet in heaven, could obber, obber comfort her again! Dat her! An' so she pine away an' die!" whispered the old woman mysteriously.

Astrée recognized with a superstitious thrill the portrait of her mother's natural rival.

"An' I want to know to scare you, honey, but dey do say, how she ends!"

"Waikes!" echoed the captive.

"Yes, honey; dey do say how ole marse hisself can't sleep quiet in his bed, because she don't rest quiet in her grave! Dey say how any body a-lookin' at her, jes as if she was in de middle o' de night for de fear dat is on him. You see, honey, I don't know nuffin 'bout it. It may be nuffin 'tall but his guilty conscience for ought I know!" whispered the old woman.

"But who says these things?" inquired Astrée, in a tone of voice from which she could not banish the expression of awe.

"Hush, hush! Bine, as was the housemaid 'fore Venus come, she was de fust. An' when ole marse heard dat, he jes turn 'round an' sold her to a trader. Demoder people said de same; eben visitors as stoit in de house all night. But I say it's de effects ob conscience."

"Well," said Astrée, "such an explanation of his wickedness will be satisfactory."

"But, see here, honey, why'n you eat your breakfast? You seem jes like any body in a dream," said Cybele, herself just waking up to the perception that Astrée sat there with the food untouched before her.

Astrée, now recollecting that she would need all her strength for her escape, forced herself to swallow a little coffee and bread, and then quietly arose from the table and walked out of the back door, as though she was going into the kitchen. Then, with a sudden impulse, she turned back and got into her own room. The key was still on the outside of the lock. She turned the guard of the key-hole down on the inside, so that no one could look through it from without. Then, catching up and donning the bonnet that Venus had given her, she came out of the door and looked up and down the passage.

No one was on the watch.

She then closed and softly locked the door and withdrew the key, and then strooped to look through the key-hole. It was dark.

"They will think that I have locked myself in, and, perhaps, gone to sleep, and that will



The day passed off quietly.

Mr. Rumford dined out with a neighbor, and did not return home until very late. As he always let himself in with a latch-key, his servants were not required to sit up for him. At ten o'clock, then, Cybele and Venus were engaged in closing up the house when the former said,—

"It done struck ten o'clock! an' dat gal nint wake up yet? I tink she mus' be sleeping of de gran' roull's, gran'er dar ebber!"

"Well, 'spose she is. She's tireder dan ebber!" grumbled Venus, as they latched the last door behind them, and retired to the loft above the kitchen where they slept.

Meanwhile, where was Astré?

(To be continued in our next.)

## CAUGHT IN THE ACT:

### A SKETCH OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY WILLIAM EARLE BINDER.

ABOUT dusk one evening, many long years ago, an athletic-built hunter might have been seen approaching a cabin, which was located in the depths of the far-western wilderness.

The hunter was called Gus Grayling, and he was one of three or four who had constructed, and now occupied, the cabin in question.

The cabin was substantially built and much larger than usual, containing one door and window in the front, and a door in the rear.

Several days previous, Grayling and his companions had started out into the forest, each taking a separate direction, and the former, as it appeared, was the first to return again to the cabin.

Dropping his rifle and the bundle of skins which he carried across his shoulder, the hunter cried out,—

"Hullo, in ther! anybody arris' yet, or am I the last buck?"

No answer, and Grayling moved towards the door, which was standing partially open.

"Why, how in thunder did this door cum open?" he exclaimed in the next moment. "Guess somebody's found out our trick!" cried the wander, an' bid us a visit while we're away."

The bar of the window was so placed that it could be pulled out of position by a cord, the end of which hung outside, though not in a way likely to attract any particular attention.

Grayling glanced at the window, which was also partially open.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed. "Somebody's bin here, an' now to see what somebody wanted."

The hunter stepped inside, just beyond the threshold.

"Jest as I 'spect!" he added, as he surveyed the apartment, which presented an appearance of the most deleterious confusion and disorder. "I'd just like to know who bin here breakin' in an' messin' things in this way, an' if I wudn't teach 'em a thing or two my name isn't Gus Graylin'. What fur the redskins ar' the robbers a feller cawt! live in peace, no how. Doo dag der! I t'only wish I had the venient by the har, an' I'd treat him worse than be's treat'ed our furnitur. I would, by jingo!"

Still giving vent to the indignation of his feelings, Grayling set himself to work to pick up the pieces that were strewn around. That accomplished, he went out front to get his rifle and traps. As he emerged from the cabin he uttered an exclamation of astonishment and rage, for at the very moment he made his appearance, a thieving desperado was in the act of stealing off with his rifle and the proceeds of his last excursion.

"Hullo, ther! whar ye goin' with them things?" cried Grayling, in tones of thunder.

"'Winer dyo 'sposet!" yelled back the robber, as he stopped and eyed the hunter.

"Duano!" rejoined Grayling; "but, as they

don't belong to ye I guess ye'd better bring 'em back at wint."

"Ye don't say so! Mebbe, if ye want 'em, ye'd better come an' take 'em!"

"If kin do that quicker! a minnet!" responded the robber, rapidly stepping forward in the direction of the meretricious outlaw.

At the first movement Grayling made, the robber placed his fingers to his mouth and gave a loud, shrill whistle, and the next moment three other desperados emerged from hiding-places and arranged themselves beside their companion.

"Custer, rapidly stepping forward, cried the first, as he beckoned the hunter forward.

"I'm cumin'!" responded Grayling, pursuing his way without the least hesitation, whatever his feelings may have been.

A moment afterwards the resolute hunter stood face to face with the robbers.

"Wal, now, what yer goin' to do 'bout it?" demanded the outlaw who had stolen the rifle and traps.

"I'm goin' to harr what belongs to me if I fight to the death fur 'em!" responded Grayling, between his set teeth.

The robbers eliminated a loud laugh. The idea appeared to strike them as particularly amusing.

"Cuss yer cumment!" cried one.

"Will yer 'gr' up my property an' depart in peace?" demanded Grayling, in resolute tones.

"No!" yelled the robbers in concert.

"Ef ye want 'em ye kin fight fur 'em!" added one defiantly.

The outlaws brandished their knives and threatened the hunter in the most menacing manner. Grayling stood firm, however. True, there were four to one, but he showed no fear. His blood was up.

"Cuss yer thiev' picturs!" he cried, "I'll not back down fur the likes ar ye, no how! Cum on with ye, then, the whole four on ye!"

With last words the outlaws approached the solitary hunter, but an ominous sound suddenly broke upon the still air, arrested their course.

"Injuns!" yelled the desperados simultaneously.

"Redskins!" cried Grayling at the same time; and "an' 'il put yer 'sides in judg' by the skin whoops!" he added, as he quickly wheeled round and struck off towards the cabin.

Whoop upon whoop now rent the air. The forest resounded with the terrible clatter.

Quick as a flash the desperados darted after Grayling. Evidently the same desire actuated all alike—the desire to reach the cabin.

As the robbers started after Grayling, the redskins made their appearance. There were a score or more of them, at least.

With loud yells, the savages rushed forward in pursuit of Grayling and the desperados. The hunter gallantly led the way. Not far behind him came the best party he had detected in the act of stealing the rifle and traps, and sat further behind, at various distances, the other three robbers. The Indians were some distance behind the latter.

In a few moments Grayling reached the door of the cabin, and dashed inside. Meanwhile, however, by the most terrible exertions, the first of the desperados had contrived to reach the hunter's steps—to gain so much that he too dashed into the cabin almost at the same moment, and before Grayling could close the door. The hunter had no time to put the desperado out, and consequently did not make the attempt.

By the time Grayling had barred the front door and stolen into the other outlaws were thundering for admittance.

"Don't open the door agin'!" cried the robber inside—"the Injuns ar too close!"

"I don't intend to!" responded Grayling. "I wudn't shet a friend o' mine out that way, but, 'Miserin' what it is, they may go to the dogs fur me. They'll be fur fur fur!"

"Erety was fur his own self's my motto!" was the sullen reply of the outlaw.

"Open the door! open the door an' let us in! the Injuns ar on to us!" yelled the outlaws outside.

The sounds of the tumult increased. The Indians had come up and seized upon the robbers. Yells and shrieks filled the air. The Indians opened a loophole and peered out. Just at that moment the outlaws were being put to the knife. The shrieks ceased, but the yells of the redskins still rang out fast and furious.

"Yer friends have lost their har," said Grayling, to the robber inside.

"Wal, whar's some o' my business!" brutally responded the man.

"Taint, hey!"

"No, taint!"

There was a moment's pause, during which the two beleaguered men regarded each other with anything but loving looks. Beneath the strong, fiery glances of the hunter, however, the outlaw quickly bent his eyes. Grayling was his master, mentally and physically.

Mean time the Indians were battering away at the front door and window. At the beak of the cabin, however, no sounds were to be heard.

"Look here, ye muderers! willin'!" cried Grayling suddenly. "I don't like yer company a bit, an' I'm goin' to git rid of ye in a way or two on my own. I'll give ye the choice o' two things, an' nothin' else, by jingo! I'm a bigger man, a stronger man, a better man than ye ar—consequently I kin dictate terms. Ye kin walk out o' that door ther—ye—pointing to the back entrance—"an' yer choice with the redskins—"an' ye kin stay in here, an' I'll chuck yer ass out ur the window right among 'em. I kin do it, cuss ye, an' I will! Cum, ther's no time to waste in words!"

The robber could see that Grayling was just the man to keep his word—just the man to execute every threat he uttered. That should be his cue? He hesitated. He was to be alone in front, and by the back way there would be a chance—as much of a chance, at all events, as there seemed to be to remain in the cabin. He would venture it, he thought, and trust to luck for the rest.

"Wal!" cried Grayling impatiently. "said I'll try the back door!" said the outlaw sullenly.

Without a word the hunter quickly unbarred the back door and opened it.

"Off with you, then, quicker'n a minnet!" he whispered threateningly.

The robber stealthily crept outside, and without let or hindrance, proceeded in getting some rods from the cellar, the darkness of the night greatly favoring his escape.

"Now fur my chance!" muttered Grayling; "fur, if anybody's to 'scape I think it might be me, an' not that cut-throat villin'."

With the last word the hunter uttered a loud cry. Then he closed the door, barred it, and bent his head to the floor.

The redskins heard the sound and wildly dashed around to the back of the cabin. Frightened at the alarm, the robber seemed to lose his presence of mind, and started to run, thereby betraying himself. With fierce yells the Indians dashed in pursuit of him, probably not knowing and not imagining that any one else was in the cabin.

All this was patent to the keen sensitivities of Grayling.

"Now's my chance!" he muttered, as he quickly and quietly unbarred the front door.

The next moment the hunter crept out-side, and stole away in an entirely opposite direction. On, on he went through the forest, stopping until he reached a cluster of cabins two or three miles off. Roaming up the frontier occupants, he called upon the men to follow him, and backed by a half dozen or more hardy pioneers, he speedily returned to the vicinity of his own cabin.

The Indians were at their work, busy as bees pillaging and destroying the little house,

Fiercely, resolutely the hunters attacked them. A bloody conflict ensued, but the Redskins, who were left of them, were driven as driven as spot in the wilderness being quite as safe as another, and none entirely free from the depredations of the Redskins and the desperados.

## A LUCKY MISTAKE.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

"H. Cleveland, P. T."

The note was very simple. It had not seem necessary that Harry Cleveland, a lawyer of more than ordinary capacity, should have looked at it so intently, and with such a puzzled air, as if he did not comprehend it. The writing was legible, that is, it was, and in a rather small cursive, but still distinct. It read thus:—

"Miss Herbert would like to have Mr. Cleveland come, if possible, at 11 o'clock, to attend to a matter in his line of business."

"No. 73, — street."

He had heard of Miss Herbert, of — street. She was a wealthy young lady, and not at all unlikely to have business in his line to be attended to; and since it was both his duty and pleasure to attend to business, whenever he could get any to do, it would seem as if it might be a very satisfactory arrangement to both parties. We repeat: whenever he could get any to do, since he had taken the dark, narrow office, which, however, had the advantage of being in a good business locality, and put out his sign three months ago, this was the first thing that looked like a promise of business.

Harry Cleveland was not in circumstances to render him indifferent to success or failure. He was poor—quite poor. Even the arrangements of his office showed that. But Harry only laughed light-heartedly, and said to himself that he wanted nothing different. Luxury didn't belong to business. The simpler, the more business-like. And he turned from that subject to congratulate himself that he had no debts weighing him down—that he had finished his collegiate course and law studies, and owed no man a penny; and it was a pity if he couldn't succeed now with no one but himself to care for.

Nobody knew better than he that he had only a few dollars in his pocket, and that he had as many wants as there were pennies; but he was self-denying, and honorable, and adapted his wants to his means. Certainly, young Harry Cleveland was not a person whose boarding-house mistresses or laundry-women need fear.

Fear as he was his purse and his prospects, one would have looked in vain for any marks of care or anxiety on the bright, handsome face; and he felt none. He had promised himself success, and he confidently expected it in time. He had said,—

"Here I stay till I get business. There is work to be done, and I must and will get my share. Whenever it comes I shall do it well and faithfully, and thereby get more. When I can no longer afford to board—and I fear that will be soon," he laughed—"that old couch will serve me for a bed, and hard bread and water is cheap. Soldiers do not always fare as well!"

And he walked back and forth through the crowded street with a step firm and vigorous, feeling rich, and proud, and independent. Yes, Why not? Rich in health, hope, energy; proud of his manhood and strength, mentally

and physically; independent of debts or vice.

He would have been snubbed as a gentleman when, and in every case of the sort, always courteous, always at ease, with a dash of humor that made him irresistible as a companion.

Considering all this, it would seem that he had no need to be surprised at receiving a summons from Miss Madeline Herbert. But Harry Cleveland, though he had proper self-respect, was not conceited; and he thought it improbable that an obscure stranger, with neither reputation for business nor integrity, should be employed by one in Miss Herbert's position, rather than one of the many eminent lawyers who must be well known to her.

Nevertheless, there it was in black and white—a request that he would call at Miss Herbert's, 73, — street, on business. Possibly it might have been sent him through some of his classmates. "Go he should, of course. And he took his way to the number and street designated. It was a handsome house, although not large. He inquired for Miss Herbert, and was shown into the parlor. He sent up his name. Directly, a lady entered. He observed her closely and curiously, as she came towards him. She was both young and lovely, but there was much dignity and some femininity in her manners. She seemed to him like one who had long felt the care of herself; who, in endeavoring to be in all things circumspect, had inadvertently reached the verge of laughableness. She had none of the childlike, confiding ways of one who, brought up in the bosom of family, and unconsciously protected by that family, dreams of being misunderstood or unbelieved. It was evident that she did not connect him with the note she had sent, but received him as she would any strange gentleman who called. She had probably forgotten the name.

Harry was in his best mood, and conversed with her most strain. Also, he conceived the fancy that Miss Herbert had a sunny, joyous side to her nature, which, from being kept out of sight so long, perhaps from the force of circumstances, combined with her orphan condition, she had almost forgotten she possessed; and he had an idea that smiles and dimples would strangely become her. He was not disappointed. It was impossible to resist the influence of his genial manner; and Madeline Herbert's reserve and formality gradually disappeared, and she appeared the unaffected, frank, sunny-hearted maiden she always would have been if more loving and home-like influences had surrounded her infancy and childhood; and she laughed as he watched her dimples in the rounded cheek, the laughing light in her brown eyes—his work—pronounced her charming.

He recollected that he might be sailing under false colors, and took the note from his pocket.

"You sent for me, Miss Herbert, I believe, on business?"

She looked all surprise when she saw it. There was a very slight raising of the eyebrows, but no perceptible change of manner.

"Yes," she replied, "I wrote instead of sending a message, as John is always sure to blunder. Was this your place?"

Harry followed her to the piano, which was open.

"You continued,—"

"You will find it very much out of order. The gentleman who used to attend to it regularly has left town, and I have not known who to employ since."

Harry looked at himself. "That is a very good way of asking a fellow to play. She must know that I have no very great skill in business, or she would hardly expect such a preliminary to business as music. However, here goes."

And he struck a few introductory chords, then broke into a brilliant piece.

Madeline Herbert hardly knew whether to feel annoyed or amused. It was not exactly what she had expected, or been accustomed to. She would have been delighted with the music under other and less embarrassing circumstances, for she knew that it was of high order. She was vexed at her own mistake. But Mr. Cleveland was so gentle, so handsome, so much at ease, that it was not easy to change her manner, if she had wished. When he had finished, she asked, as much for the sake of saying something as for any other reason,—

"Do you sing?"

"A little—as it is the custom to say. Do you?"

And Madeline Herbert could not resist that frank, bright smile, nor the arch glance of the handsome dark eyes.

"A little, also," she answered, smiling.

"I will sing, then, if you will join."

And he rose, brought a chair and placed it for her with gentlemanly ease. She sat down directly. He turned to her the leaves of some music, commencing upon it as he did so, and asking her choice, till he found one that suited both. Other pieces followed. There was a fascination in his frank, genial manner, neither difficult nor yet too assured, that was peculiarly irresistible to one like Madeline. She forgot but not the fact that she was a business woman, and for what purpose he had come. Time passed, of which both were oblivious. He recollected it first, rose, and apologized.

"If you will be so good, Miss Herbert, as to explain the business you would like to have attended to."

"Certainly. But you can probably tell better than I. Your ear must be much more correct. F and C are both too flat, while D is terribly sharp. In fact, every other key, I should judge, needed something done."

He saw it all now—the puzzle was made clear. He remembered a sign a few doors beyond his own—"H. Cleveland, pianist, tuner." He sat down directly. "What do you counsel me to think me?" Better that, though, than to think me a confounded fool, as she assuredly would if she knew. I must manage to carry the character through, now I'm in for it."

If Harry felt a little disappointed and crestfallen, the matter seemed none the less ludicrous, and the laughing eyes, his expression, made Madeline wonder for a second if he could be laughing at her; but he quickly assumed a business look and tone, though he lost none of his gentlemanliness—that was a part of himself—and for an hour was seemingly oblivious of any thing but the business he was expected to attend to. He was so good, so much at ease, so possessed of that kind, for the benefit of Miss Herbert's piano.

At the expiration of that time he said,—

"Now, Miss Herbert, will you be kind enough to try it?"

She did so, and expressed herself satisfied. With some encouragement, which she explained only on the ground that she had received him, and he had appeared, in a manner somewhat different from the customary one of employer and employé, she took out her purse. Again that scrutinizing look in Harry Cleveland's fine eyes. He put it aside.

"Some other time. Perhaps it will not suit you." Harry Herbert, though he had spent more than the usual time, and labored diligently, by no means felt that he had accomplished the anticipated result.

He took leave, and returned to his office. He had had an adventure which had broken up the monotony of his daily life. He could afford to laugh at himself, and he had got out of the dilemma so well. He felt that it would be awkward exceedingly to meet Miss Herbert again; but he could not forget the grave, youthful face, nor the smiles and dimples which

had rendered her so charmingly lovely, and which he had called forth.

It was not at all strange that within a few days there should be another message from Mr. Cleveland from Miss Herbert.

"One or two of the strings still seemed a little out of tune. Would Mr. Cleveland come, and see to them?" But this time the message reached the right person; and Mr. H. Cleveland, piano-tuner, a burly, middle-aged man, hustled up the steps to Miss Herbert's house.

Evidently, from Miss Herbert's manner, this person was by no means the one she expected to see.

"Was Mr. Cleveland engaged, so that he was not able to come?"

"Cleveland! That is my name, miss."

"It was your son, then, or brother, who came last week?"

"I have neither son nor brother, miss. I don't know of any person about here, either, of your name. Stop! Yes, there's a young lawyer, though, that's put out his shingle a few steps from my room. I reckon he'll have to take it down soon, though, for he must be about half-starved out. He has been there something over three months, and I don't believe he has had any business yet. There is a man, a piano-tuner, of a name similar to—Clinton. It must have been he, I think."

Mr. Cleveland, piano-tuner, had by this time got to the piano, and tried the instrument.

"Last week, did you say? Bungling work, whoever did it! He didn't understand much about his business."

The truth flashed as instantaneously upon Madeline Herbert as it did upon Harry Cleveland. She recalled the particulars of that interview. She saw the misunderstanding throughout. She remembered the look which had so puzzled her at the time, and knew by it just when he had discovered the mistake. Also the old expression of his countenance, when he had offered to pay him, and his reply, "that perhaps she would not be satisfied."

She admired his self-possession under such an awkward discovery. And, truth to say, Harry Cleveland, during that interview, and in the character of piano-tuner, had made a more favorable impression upon Madeline Herbert than her very susceptible heart, then three months of the most devoted attentions from several unexceptionable suitors.

They were hardly in the same circle to meet, and though neither forgot that ludicrous meeting, it was weeks before they again met.

In the mean time, Harry commenced to have some business, which went on increasing slowly but surely; and he had not yet been obliged to take to the couch and bad bread.

One morning, Miss Herbert was out shopping. Rain came on suddenly, and she got into a car, which would take her nearly home.

She did not at first notice the fellow-passenger, but, after a time, on looking round, she encountered a pair of dark eyes that made her start. There was a mutual look of recognition. She bowed, while an involuntary smile played round her lips. He smiled also. The car stopped. He rose to get out just as she did. The car-step was muddy and slippery. He barely prevented her from falling, and still poured, and from which Miss Herbert had no protection. He glanced at his umbrella; hesitated only a third of a second; then said,—"Permit me, Miss Herbert. You have no umbrella!"

"I thank you; but I fear that I shall trouble you. It is some little distance."

"So much the more necessary," he said, decidedly. "Take my arm, Miss Herbert; you will find it easier walking."

If Miss Herbert was wealthy, she was a woman, weak, and needed protection. She probably was no more anxious to spoil her bonnet, which he observed was of the latest fashioning and elegant, than any poorer mortal would have been.

He was a man, and able—thanks to a large, staunch umbrella—to render the protection she needed. So, without any disagreeable feeling of inferiority, he walked along with Miss Herbert, clinging to his arm, shielding her from the rain rather better than most gentlemen would have done, inasmuch as not water but two streams of water trickled down from the back of her bonnet on to her head and dress.

Muddy and pouring as it was, Harry felt no disposition to hurry his fair companion, who, on her part, showed no especial haste. She was amused, even gay; and as Harry looked down into the startled face, he thought her singularly lovely, and felt an inward consciousness, that if he wished to retain his peace of mind, it might be as well to remove from her dangerous proximity as quickly as possible; but even then, rash Harry! there was no quickening of pace. He seemed to draw out all that was joyous and frank in her nature. She was astonished at her own gaiety and familiarity.

"You will come in, assuredly," she said, as they ascended the steps. "Perhaps," she added, with a demure smile, "the piano needs tuning."

He laughed. "Doubtless it does, if it remains as I left it. I cannot stop to-night, thank you. I have business near here which must be attended to. Some other time, I shall be most happy, if you will permit me. Your feet must, I fear, be very wet in those thin boots. I must not keep you longer standing in them. I hope you will not take cold. Good morning."

Probably it was on account of his anxiety for her health that Harry called the following day. After this, Harry Cleveland, piano-tuner, called occasionally; Harry Cleveland, lawyer, very frequently. He met there a Mr. Sawyer, a lawyer of some eminence, who was so much pleased with him on acquaintance, that they went into partnership. And so, shortly after, did Harry with Madeline.

#### MEMORABLE MEN'S MISTAKE.

Melitable Mori, a young lady over twenty-nine, who never had a chance to change the alliterative character of her name, was seated over the fire in her little sitting-room, when a knock was heard, and who should make his appearance but Solomon Periwinkle. "Why," thought she, "I wonder what he's come for; can it be—?" but we won't divulge the thought that passed through the lady's mind. "How do you do, Miss Mori?" "Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Periwinkle. Not but I feel a little lonely now and then." "You see, as I was coming by, I thought I would just step in and ask you a question about—that is, about—"

"I suppose," thought Miss Mori, "he means about the state of my heart." "The deuce it is," said Solomon, who was rather bashful, "I feel a little delicate about asking, but I hope you won't think it strange." "Oh no!" chimed Miss M. "I don't think it at all strange, and, in fact, I have been somehow expecting it." "Oh!" said Solomon, rather surprised. "I believe you have in your possession something of mine?" "His hat, he means," said Miss M. "Well, sir, it may afford you pleasure to learn that they have mine in return. It is fully and entirely your own." "What! I got your umbrella?" exclaimed Solomon, in amazement. "I think you must be mistaken, and I don't think I'd like to exchange mine for it, for mine was given me." "I beg your pardon," said the doctor, "I mistook you. I thought you were the one who had lost your umbrella, which I borrowed some time ago. Here it is. I was thinking of something else." "If," said Solomon, "there is anything of yours that I have got, I shall be happy to return it." "Well, no, it's no matter," stammered Miss M., coloring. "Good morning."

THEY MEN BEAR ARMS IN WAR; THE LADIES BOW THEIRS IN PEACE.

#### THE DOMESTIC OPERA.

Since the night when he went to the opera he has been, as Mrs. Parington says, as crazy as a bed-bug, and the kind old dame had been fearful lest he should become "non pompos meatus," through his attempt at imitating the opera. The next morning after the opera, at the breakfast-table, he reached over his cup, and in a soft tongue said—

"Will you, will you, Mrs. P."

Help me to a cup of tea."

The old lady looked at him with surprise, his conduct was so unusual, and for a moment she hesitated. He continued in a far more impassioned strain—

"Do not, do not keep me waiting, Do not, pray, be hesitating. I am not bound by witch or wizard, So pour out the tea as quick as winking."

She gave him the tea with a sigh, as she saw the excitement in his face. He stirred it in silence, and in his abstraction took three spoonfuls of the sugar. At last he sang again—

"Cable chocolate, and eggs and snappers, Good white bread and savory law, sir, Tea—guano-water and something—Sweet oranges, but not too strong. Bad for health to be drinking, But I'll risk it—water 'll fix it."

"What do you mean, my boy!" said Mrs. Parington tenderly.

"All right, steady, never clearer, Never longer a breakfast dealer. I am not bound by witch or wizard, So don't fret your precious phlegm."

"But, Isaac," persisted the dame. The struck his left hand upon the table, and swung his knife aloft in his right, looking at a plate upon the table, singing—

"What form is that to the appearing? Is it manifest or is it herring? Let me dash upon it quick. Never again that fish shall flick. Never again, though there's a large— Charge upon them, Isaac, charge!"

Before he had a chance to make a dash upon the fish, Mrs. Parington had dashed a tumbler of water into his face to restore him to "consciousness." It made him catch his breath for a moment, but he sang any more at the table, though the opera-fever still follows him elsewhere.

"The love of money is the root of all evil," and the root, like those of the cancer, is generally ineradicable.

HEALING WATER.—At — Springs, a fashionable watering-place, recently a guest was discovered bathing his feet in the spring, one morning while, as the water was used on the hotel tables, caused great indignation among the boarders, and said "guest" got "fit" from the two hundred ladies and gentlemen. One young miss said she guessed that was what gave the water its peculiar healing qualities, but these who did not see it in that light shedded.

RATIFY MIXED.—Really the local nomenclature developed to our wondering senses by the war-correspondents is bewildering to one's mind. In many instances, for instance, they have a Centreville and they have a Middleborough the two names being a jumble of English, French, and German, to express one and the same idea. It is perplexing to the imagination to think that while Centreville may be the middle of some district, Middleborough may be the center of the same.

TOO BAD.—What manner of man must he be who perpetuates the following parody?

Leave her there, the fall, And flows to wither 'neath the north wind's breath. And stars to set, but all— 'Twas last old seasons for mine own, O Death!

—Hendrix.

Mrs. have their time to talk.

To "see," "for it is human—"

And parrot them to mock—

But, I grieve to say, the best of means for thy crying-laughs tongue, O woman!





FINDING A NUGGET.

## HOW THEY GET GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

BY A MINER.  
(Continued.)

The elevation of many rich mines has given rise to a variety of ingenious inventions for raising and supplying them with water. Among these is the "dutter-wheel," which the traveler will find erected in every conceivable manner and place, carried in all cases by the force of the river currents. It consists of a wheel, sometimes thirty feet in diameter, the paddles of which are furnished with large buckets, made to catch themselves full of water at each revolution, and to discharge into a trough, through which it flows to the tom, or sluice, where the mining operations are being conducted. This contrivance differs little from the common "undershot wheel." They may be seen by the dozens along the Tuolumne and Stanislaus Rivers, and supply countless miners with the indispensable water. We saw many of them in the vicinity of Jacksonville, a mining town of considerable importance, standing at the junction of the Tuolumne River and Wood's Creek. Seven years of steady working have not exhausted the mines in this vicinity, and new *placeres* are constantly discovered.

Our tour of the mine carried us into the famous gold country at Mariposa—the far-famed region claimed by the pioneer Fremont. One of the largest mining counties in the State is that bearing this name, which is mellifluous Spanish for our word "butterfly." In the center of its richest portion stands the picturesque town of Mariposa. This county rents Number Four in the quartz-crushing interest, which has grown into an immense and lucrative business, despite the disaster and ruin attending it in 1850-51. It employs millions of capital and thousands of

miners, and has grown into the most important occupation in the State.

In every part of the mining region there are found veins of quartz rock, outcropping in many places, and often traceable through leagues of country. These generally contain gold, sometimes so fine as to be invisible to the naked eye; at others the quartz, when broken, is completely studded with the glittering particles. In some instances the proportion of gold is so small that the most economical methods of pulverizing it to extract the gold will not pay the necessary expense; again the yield has been so large that costly mills erected by steam and water power have been created, and with such astonishing results that *senors* have at last been compelled to admit that "quartz is the mother of gold," and it is now generally believed that gold has been originally formed in, or together with, quartz, and that it is by the gradual disintegration of the latter by the action of water and atmospheric influences that the gold has been distributed over the country.

The mine situated at the Fremont vein, in Mariposa County, was among those visited during our journey. Like most of the principal ones, this mill is carried by steam power; and some description of this, and another in Nevada County, will give the reader some idea of the great interest of quartz crushing. The quartz is conveyed to the works by carts or mule paniers from the vein, near which they are generally erected. The machinery is under the cover of a large shed; the apparatus consisting of a series of iron stampers, placed in a line, and made to fit into iron boxes, which receive the quartz, previously broken into egg size. The stampers are moved by cogs or cans, connected with a revolving wheel, which alternately lifts and lets them fall into the boxes containing the quartz. By this means from ten to fifty tons per day are crushed, according to the power of the mills,

yielding, at Mariposa, from 30 dols. to 80 dols. per ton.

The quartz operations at Grass Valley, in the Nevada County, have probably made the largest returns. Some of the richest veins in the State have been discovered in this vicinity, some of them yielding occasionally two hundred dollars to the ton, but by no means averaging as much. The Helvetia quartz-mill at this place is one of the principal, working thirty-four stampers, and crushing on an average thirty tons a day. The stamping-box, already described, is supplied with water by a hose or pipe. Through a hole made for the purpose the quartz, as it is crushed, passes out in the form of a thick, milky water, carrying with it much of the fine gold, which is thus discharged upon a frame-work, across which are placed several meshes of fine wire, where the gold amalgamates in its passage. Any fine particles escaping the quicksilver are arrested below, as they pass over a hide or blanket stretched tightly across a frame. But even these careful preparations for saving the gold are not always successful; for the "tailings," or refuse from the mill, is found to pay under no circumstances a second process as by the original crushing. The question how to avoid this waste of gold has long been agitated among miners, and is apparently now as far from practical solution as ever.

Besides the quartz-mill proper, there is the primitive Spanish-American *rastra*, or drag, which we saw in operation at Bear Valley, in Mariposa County, and other places. This consists of two heavy stones attached by a strap to a horizontal bar. These are dragged by mule power slowly around a circular trough, paved at the bottom, and through which a small stream of water is constantly flowing. The gold-bearing quartz, previously broken into small pieces, is ground to paste in the trough, and flows away in the usual milky form, to which it is reduced by friction or crushing; and the gold amalgamates with quicksilver, which, at short intervals, is sprinkled into the trough during the grinding. After a certain time the water is turned off, the entire process being repeated. The heavy stones the amalgam carefully collected and retorted. A single ton of quartz often affords a day's work for one of these slow-jogging machines; but they do their work more effectually than the crushing-mills, as the quartz is more thoroughly pulverized by the constant friction and rubbing than by stamping; and in proportion as the stone can be thoroughly reduced to a paste, so much the more completely can the gold be extracted. Hence the *rastra* is used with success at veins which had been abandoned as profitless for the modern quartz-mill.

A very popular method of mining is that called "ground-slicing." This is done in thousands of instances. I have already described the manner of getting at the "pay-dirt" underneath a heavy layer of barren earth, by coyotage. Ground-slicing accomplishes the same result with half the labor, and with the chance of obtaining from the upper earth some gold, which, did any exist, would be lost by the first plan.

It has been found that the principal deposits of gold are on the great rocky ridge already referred to as the "bed-rock," and extending throughout the mining region, sometimes outcropping at the surface, and at others sinking to a depth of above a hundred feet. Where the bed-rock is not at too great a depth, the miners, instead of sinking a shaft to reach the deposits of gold, turn a heavy steam of water upon the bank which is to be removed, and with the aid of picks and spades reduce it so as to leave the lower or gold-bearing earth accessible to be worked. The force of the water is such as to carry away the *debris*, while any gold it may contain is borne by its own gravity, and is saved with the earth intended to be washed by the ordinary methods. Ground-slicing is, thus, to a certain extent, used as a substitute for shoveling, to remove heavy



**DOLLS IN GOLD DUST.** "think not of the youngest sister of the Republic as a creature of premature and unhealthy growth, but as a child blooming in her freshest charms, and smiling in the confidence of a glorious future. And, above all, when some pompous wisecracker tells you that California is "played out," ask him if he ever heard of "hydraulic mining."

## FOREST SKETCHES.—No. 4.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP,

AUTHOR OF "THE HUNTED LIFE," &c.

### HUGGED BY A SERPENT.

WHEN we reached the house, we found a man there who had been troubled considerably by bears. They had destroyed nearly quarter of an acre of his corn entirely, and he had no means of protection. He had set one log-trap, but could get nothing under it, as the bears would not touch it. As for steel-traps, he could not get one, as the few who were able to own them had them in use. He had heard that we were at Titon's with our traps, and he wished us to come over to his place, and see if we could not take the "turner" critter that was raising the very Ebenezer with his corn.

Of course we imagined there would be no more visitors of the bear kind to Titon's patch, at present, so we told this man, whose name was Watson, that we would come.

After eating a late dinner we rode down to Conway Corner, where we met our newspapers and letters from the post-office, and where Ben got his flask refilled. We purchased a few items of food to take back with us; for though we knew our good host was more than willing to feed us, yet we knew he was not over and above fortunate in the possession of this world's goods, and that anything that he might want would be gratefully received. So we took a side of fine bacon, quarter of a hundred of sugar, some tea and coffee, and a few other small affairs.

We reached our stopping-place about half an hour before sundown, and it would have done your soul good to have heard our grateful hostess, as to have seen her, as we "dumped" our load upon the table.

"Why—what on earth is this for?" she exclaimed, with eyes wide open, and both hands elevated in astonishment.

"I guess you'll know what to do with 'em, won't ye?" said Ben.

"But they ain't for me?"

"They ain't for anybody else," was Ben's response.

"Well—I declare! I shall give up now! What on earth possessed ye?"

"But surely you wouldn't have us live here on your hard-earned means without making some return," said Harris, at the same time tossing a neatly arranged bundle into the lap of Mary, junior.

"*Live on our means?* I should think you'd talk so! who should live on our means if not them as sired our children?"

The woman's robe broke down here, and she was forced to sit down and cover her eyes with her apron. But we were soon called up by an exclamation from Lant. Mary had untied her bundle, and as her eyes rested upon a neat, pretty de laise, she blushed deeply, and trembled like an aspen. Lant, or Lanty, had seen the sight, and clapping his hands with delighted excitement, he cried,—

"Gee whittaker! Moll's got a new dress! Oh—glory!"

Harris saw that matters must not be left thus, and walking boldly up to where the blushing maiden sat, her embarrassment made ten times worse by her brother's movement, he said,—

"My dear friend, you will accept this as a slight token of respect from one who believes you

worthy of it, and who would do all in his power to protect your honor as he would your life."

"That's the kind of lip to swing," whispered Ben, so that no one heard him save myself and Ned.

No wonder that the remark was made, for Harris accomplished more than I could have believed him capable of. I am sure it was the first time he had ever ventured a gallant remark to a pretty girl. But he did this well, and I was glad to see that it was the means of restoring things to something like harmony. I don't know as Harris noticed it—I am sure he did not—but I did; and that was, that the heart of the fair girl had not half been so about him, and that a very slight effort on his part would have made her his forever. And if ever the noble fellow married, he may do worse. Mary Titon was rough, but the pure gem was there, and a loving hand could easily have polished it to more than ordinary brightness. I saw her watch him when he knew it not, and I could easily tell that her simple heart was touched.

"Now look ye," said the host, as we started off to set our trap in the new place, "Watson's corn-field is 'bout as high to my house as 'tis to his; and as he's rattyner poorer like, ye'd better come back here after ye've set yer trap."

We returned to the really genuine fondness for the good farmer's roof and board, we readily promised to do his bidding.

We found Watson's corn-field not over half a mile off, but we had to go through a dense piece of wood to reach it, though we might have gone by the road by traveling three miles farther. His path was also a "buried piece," having been cleared out of the woods nearly a mile from Mason's house, and on much higher ground, being on the summit of the swell, while the buildings were some way down nearer the intervale. It was surrounded on the two sides next to the woods by a common brush fence, made by chopping trees partly off, and lopping them over, one upon the other, so that the other side was guarded by a fence of charred logs, which was firm and strong.

We easily found the bear's path, and here we set the trap, using all the care in our power to have the fellow more firmly caught this time.

After this we returned to the dwelling of our host, where an excellent supper of ham and eggs was prepared for us. We did ample justice to the feast, and then moved away and lit our cigars. As the evening crop on it became really cold, the air being frosty and chill—one of those evenings peculiar to those mountain regions of the north. The "old man" proposed having a fire, and Lant was at once dispatched for fuel. When he returned he brought a huge armful of the dry shells of old pine stumps, which had been gathered on purpose for such occasions. A fire was soon going upon the wide, deep hearth, and the ruddy light which flared out into the room was cheerful and happy; and the genial warmth, too, was far from being unwelcome.

We had talked about the prospect of another bear, and had been so long in talking about it, that on that subject, when I remarked that I should like to see a bear, trapped or untrapped, but that I had no desire to see any more rattlesnakes unless a chance were left either to kill them or escape.

"Speaking of snakes," said Harris, "puts me in mind of an adventure I once had with a snake; and it was rather a queer one."

We instantly turned our chairs so that we might all face the speaker, and then the "old man" thus commenced:—

"I was brought up near the Canada line in Vermont. My father owned a large farm, though he was an iron-worker by trade. I think he

made some of the best rifles ever used. Not far from his farm was quite a lake, where we used to enjoy ourselves at fishing and sailing; for we had one of the best sail-boats ever put into fresh water. We knew that there were plenty of snakes about the lake, especially around one part of it, a wide piece of flats, where the water lay most of the year, and where the tall grass and reeds grew thickly. It was a sort of bay, making up into a cove on the opposite side from the farm. We had seen some large snakes in the water there, and I had tried to shoot them as they swam with their heads up, though I never happened to get one of them in that way. I am sure the year of the snake was not far off, and I got away into the grass, and I had no desire to follow them, especially into such a place. Most of those that I saw were the common black water-snake, but they were not all alike. Some of the largest ones had a light-colored ring around the neck; and I was told by those who knew that these latter were far the strongest and most dangerous.

"However, I was destined soon to have my eyes opened. One afternoon I saw a flock of black ducks fly over the house, and I was sure they lighted on the lake; so I seized my double-barreled gun and ammunition, and started off. When I reached the landing I saw the ducks away off at the opposite shore, but at once saw some green boughs with my knife, and having rigged up the bows of a small flat-bottomed skiff we kept on purpose for such work, I jumped in and started off. There was a hole in the stern through which we could put the oar, and thus scull the boat without sitting up in sight of the shore. I did not know, however, that the appearance of only a simple mass of boughs, or a large limb floating along upon the water.

"I had got near enough for a shot, and had drawn in the oar, and was in the act of taking up my gun, when the ducks started up. As quickly as I could I drew one hammer, and fired. I hit two of them, but they didn't fall into the water. They flattered along until they fell among the tall grass up in the cove. The water was low, and the place was dry where they were. I pulled up as far as I could, and then got out and waded up. I knew very near where one of the ducks had fallen, and very soon brought my eye on it. As I ran up to take it, I saw the head of a black snake pop out and catch it by the wing. I saw only the head and neck of the reptile, and had no idea how large one it was; or, if I had, probably I should have done just as I did, for I had no idea of fearing such a thing. So I just ran up and snatches the bird away. I had got it into the boat, and had just motioned to kill the chap with; but as I took the duck I just put my foot upon the thief's neck.

"The ground was moist and slimy, and as the snake had his body braced among the roots of the stout reeds, he took his head out from under my foot about as quick as a man could comfortably think of. I saw the head, and had just motioned to get my gun, and try to kill the fellow, and I had just turned for that purpose, when I felt something strike my leg as though somebody had thrown a rope around it. I looked down, and found that the snake had taken a turn around my left leg with his tail, and was in the act of clearing his body from the grass. I stopped the duck and gave it a smart kick, but that didn't loosen him; so I tried to put my right foot upon him and thus draw my left leg away; but I might as well have tried to put my foot on to a streak of lightning!

"And hadn't I been deceived? I had forgotten the proportionate size of the head of this species of snake. I expected it to be about the size of a snake four or five feet long; but instead of that he was nearly eight feet and a half! I tell ye, I looked ten ways for home about that time. Still I hadn't yet any great fear, for I supposed that when I came to put my hands on to him, I could easily take him off, for I was pretty strong.

in the firm. In a few seconds he had his body all clear, and it was then that the first real thrill shot through me. There he held himself by the simple turn around my leg, and with his back arched in and out, he brought his head just on a level with mine. I made a grab for him, but missed him; and then, as quick as you can snap your finger, he swept his head around under my arm—clear around my body—and then straightened up and looked me in the face again. I gave another grab at him, and another, as quick as I could, but he dodged me in spite of all I could do.

"I next felt the snake's body working its way up. The turn of the tail was elusively to my right, and the coil around my stomach commenced to tighten. About this time I began to think there might be some serious work, and the quicker I took the snake off the better. So I just grasped him as near the head as possible, by taking hold where he was around me—for he couldn't dodge that part, ye know—and tried to turn him off. But this only made it worse. The fellow had now drawn himself up, and then stretched himself so, that he whipped another turn about me. His tail was now around the first thigh, and the rest of him turned twice around my body—one of them being just at the pit of my stomach, and the other one above it. All this had occupied just about half a minute from the time he first got the turn around my leg.

"The snake now had his head right around in front of my face, and he tried to make his way to my mouth. What his intention was I cannot surely tell, though I have always believed that he would not strangle me in that way. He struck me one blow in the face, and then he considered, and after that I got him by the neck, and there I meant to hold him—at least, so that he should not strike me again. But about this time another difficulty arose. The moment I grasped the snake by the neck, he commenced to tighten his folds about my body! I tried to cut over a few seconds, but he strained so that he'd soon squeeze the breath out of me in that way; and I determined to unwind him. He was wound in this way: the turn around the thigh was from left to right—then up between the legs to my right side, and around the back to my left side—and so on with the second turn—thus bringing his head up from under my left arm. I had the snake now with the left hand, and my idea was to pass his head around my back until I could reach it with my right, and so unwind him. I could press the fellow's head down under my arm, but to get it around so as to reach it with my right hand, I could not! I tried—I put all my power into that arm, but I could not do it. I could get to the head just about under my arm-pit, but here my strength was applied to a disadvantage, and I could do no more!

"Until this moment I had been really frightened. I had believed that I could unwind the serpent when I tried. I now deemed what power they had. Why—only that strength as I was then—and could not put that snake's head around my back! I tried it until I knew that I could not do it, and then I gave it up. My next thought was of my jackknives; but the lower coil of the snake was directly over my pocket, and I could not get it.

"I now for the first time decided out for help. I yelled with all my might, and yet I knew the trial was next to useless, for no one could easily gain the place where I was, except with a boat. Yet I called out, hoping against hope. I grasped the snake by the body and pulled—I tried to break its neck. This plan presented itself with a gleam of promise; but it amounted to nothing. I might as well have tried to break a rope by bending forward or backward!

"A full minute had now passed from the time when first I tried to pass the snake's head around my back. His body had become so elongated by his gradual pressure around my body, that he had

room to carry his head round in a free and symmetrical curve. He had slipped from my grasp, and when I next caught him I found that I was weaker than before! I could not hold him. The excitement had prevented me from noticing this until now. For a few moments I was in a perfect frenzy. I hesitated up and down—cried out as loud as I could—and grasped the snake by the head, but it availed me nothing. He slipped his head from my weakened hand, and made a blow at my face, striking me fairly upon the closed lips. This made me mad, and I gave the infernal thing another grasp with both hands, trying once more to twist his neck. The only result was, that I brought him upon the edge of the cliff.

"But the moment of need was at hand. I felt the coils growing tighter and tighter around my body, and my breath was growing weak. A severe pain was beginning to result from the pressure, and I saw that the snake would soon have length enough for another turn. He was now so tight, that the center of his body was no longer around my head, but his head was now drawn to a tension that seemed its utmost, and yet I could tell by the working of the large lead scales upon the belly that he was drawing himself tighter still!

"For God's sake! I gasped, stricken with absolute terror. What shall I do? What could I do? The enemy for whom I had at first had so little thought was killing me—killing me slowly, surely, surely—and I had no help! I, a stout, strong man, was being actually held at the deadly will of a black snake! My breath was now short, faint, and quick, and I knew that I was growing purple in the face! My hands and arms had convulsed and my fingers were stiffened. I felt no let go of the snake's neck, and he now carried the upper part of his body in a graceful curve, his head vibrating from side to side with an undulating motion of extreme gracefulness.

"At length I staggered! I was losing my strength rapidly, and the pain of my body had become a fearful thing. The snake now had his leg of the snake's neck, and he now carried the upper part of his body in a graceful curve, his head vibrating from side to side with an undulating motion of extreme gracefulness. A second time I staggered, and objects began to swim before me. A dizzy sensation was in my head, a faintness at my heart, and a pain the most agonizing in my body! The snake now had three feet of body free. He had drawn himself certainly three feet longer than before. He darted his head under my right arm and brought it up over my shoulder, and pressing his underjaw firmly down there he gave a sudden twist and made me groan with new pain.

"The next instant was an agony: each second a step nearer to death!

"My knif! Oh! if I could reach it! Why not? Why not tear it out? My arms were free. Mercy! why had I not thought of this before—when my hands had some strength in them? Yet I would try it. I collected all my remaining strength, and with a sudden dash I seized the hilt of my knife. It was a good one, a very strong—I could not tear it! I thought of the stitches. They might not be so tenacious. I grasped the cloth upon the inside of my thigh, and gave my last ounce of strength to the effort. The stitches started—they gave way! This result gave me hope, and I made the same desperate effort with both hands, and the pocket was laid bare! With all the remaining force I could command—with hope of life—of home—of everything I loved on earth, in the effort—I caught the pocket upon the inside and bore down upon it. There was a cracking of the threads—a sound of tearing cloth—and my knife was in my hand!

"I had yet sense enough to know that the smallest blade was the sharpest, and I opened it. With one quick, nervous movement, I pressed the keen edge upon the tense skin, and drew it across. With a dull, tearing snap the body parted,

and the snake fell to the ground in two pieces! I staggered to the boat—I reached it, and there sank down. I knew nothing more until I heard a voice calling me by name. I opened my eyes and looked up. My father stood over me with terror depicted upon his countenance. I told him my story as best I could. He went up and got the dead body of the snake—the other one he could not find—and also brought along the two pieces I had made of my enemy. He told me he had heard me cry out, and at once started off in the large boat after me, though it was a long while ere he saw my boat. I had lain there over half an hour when he found me.

"When we reached home, the snake was measured, and found to be eight feet and four inches in length! It was a month before I fully recovered from the effects of that hugging; and to this day there is something in the very name of *snake* that sends a chill of horror to my heart!"

## THE ACCUSED CLERK.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JUN.

I SPENT an evening with Mr. Lamson; and after tea the conversation turned upon the subject of Honesty, as applied to business. I advanced the idea that some merchants made their stores schools of dishonesty. They taught their clerks all the tricks of trade for their own benefit, and the clerks thus educated, in after years, practise these same tricks for themselves. Mr. Lamson admitted the truth of the assertion, and then, with a smile, assured me that he could not plead guilty to the charge.

"But," said he, "I have committed errors in business; and I have committed errors in my judgment upon my fellows. I was young. I was taught to look upon all species of dishonesty with a feeling of horror, and I grew up to manhood with that same feeling in possession of me. I do not believe that a real virtue can be carried too far; but I believe that any line of conduct may be carried so far as to cease to be a virtue. I can look back now and see that, in my extreme ideas of right and wrong, I became self-righteous and unfeeling. In short, I forgot that greatest of the heavenly graces—CHARITY.

"Let me tell you a little story. It has not so much to do with the moral of the subject we have been discussing; but it has to do with the frailty of man's judgment, and is, at the same time, interesting.

"Thirty years ago—nearly! how time flies!—I took George Sayers to be one of my clerks. He was then sixteen years old, and one of the most active, intelligent, and efficient clerks I ever employed. His mother was a widow, and he had a sickly son. He had been with me five years older than himself, who had been brought up with him. Mrs. Sayers was an excellent woman, and I knew that she had endeavored to rear her children in the way of virtue and strictest honor. Ellen Sayers—the sister—was one of the fairest maidens in our town, and one of the best. She was kind, gentle, and entirely devoted to her mother. The widow was very grateful when I took her son into my employ, giving him at once a lucrative situation without submitting him to the apprenticeship of lower service.

"Time passed on, and at the end of a year I gave George Sayers charge of my books. During that year the boy had saved a good deal of money, missing of which no account could be given. George was in a situation where he could have taken them had he been so disposed; but I did not suspect him. I had then no particular reason to suspect him.

"I had at that time a number of agents in different parts of the country, who were in the habit of sending money to him by mail. One agent, of the name of Gibson, was traveling in Vermont. In January Gibson mailed a letter at Montpelier, containing five hundred dollars—five one-hundred-dollar notes. That letter arrived

ved safely in my counting-room; because I saw it, and saw the money that was in it. My oversight of that letter happened peculiarly. I was engaged during the day in another part of the town, in superintending the work of some machinery in my woolen mill. In the afternoon I had occasion to go to my store, and I entered my counting-room just after the boy had brought in a batch of letters from the post-office. Among those letters were two or three of a private nature, and I put them away when I had read them. The letter from Gibson, containing the five hundred dollars, I folded neatly up again, and was sure that I put it, with the other business letters, beneath a heavy ruler upon the desk. George was not in the store at the time, but I supposed he would return very shortly. I turned the key in the counting-room door as I came out, and went back to the mill.

About a month after this Gibson returned, and we sat down to look over our accounts. There was a mistake somewhere of five hundred dollars. He claimed to have remitted five hundred dollars of which I had no account. Where was his remittance mailed? He looked over the items, and found that remittance of five hundred dollars from Mother had never been credited to him. I could find no account of it anywhere; nor was any letter accompanying it on file. I called George Sayers in, and asked him if he could explain it. He said he could not. He had never seen any such letter—no such remittance had ever come to his store. While the assistant, who had taken up the memory of that letter, flashed upon me—the letter which I had seen a month before—and I cast a look upon my clerk which made him tremble. Aye—as my gaze grew more intense, he turned pale, and I fancied that he loathed upon the desk for support. I dismissed him, and then finished my business with Gibson, and five hundred dollars was missing; but as I well knew that the letter containing that money had been duly received at my store, I gave him credit for it.

"Before I again saw my clerk I made a thorough investigation of each matter as bore upon the case within my own knowledge. I was aided by my diary, and by the list of the woolen mill on the eight day of January. Gibson mailed his letter at Montpelier on the fifth. Of course the letter which I saw in my counting-room, when I accidentally dropped in there on the afternoon of that eighth day, was the very letter. I left that letter, with the money in it—and now, what had become of it, I knew not to my perfect satisfaction, that after I went out on that afternoon no one else entered the counting-room until Sayers came in. There was but one conclusion before me. George Sayers must have taken the money! And thus I reasoned—"

"When my clerk came in, and found those letters upon the desk, he supposed that the boy had left them there, and he did not dream that I had been in before him. When I refolded the letter I must have brought the parts of the woe so nicely together, that my clerk did not notice that the seal had been broken. When his eye rested upon that money, how easy for him to take it, and destroy the letter, and leave me so misled, to lay the blame upon the mail; for the mail did sometimes make mistakes. It appeared to me an absolute certainty that the money must so have gone. And this was not all. I learned that George had recently been spending considerable money in repairing his mother's house."

In the evening, after all others had gone, and the outer doors had been closed, I called George into the counting-room, and once more asked him concerning that letter and that money. He paled and trembled, and declared that he knew nothing of it. I told him that it could not so be. I told him how I had seen that the letter, and how I had left it upon the desk with other letters. The other letters were all accounted for, but not that one. Still he declared that he knew nothing of it. I told him that he

had been spending considerable money of late. He started as though I had struck him.

"Mr. Lawson," he said, his whole frame quivering with excitement, "what money I have used was honestly mine."

"I asked him where he obtained it. "Never mind," he quickly answered. And then he informed me that he would answer no questions outside of the store while such a charge was resting against him. He declared that he had served me truly and faithfully; and that he would have taken a pleasure in doing so; and he wondered how I could accuse him of such a thing."

"I remember that I gave him a stern answer, and he, in return, vindicated himself in a manner that offended me. I became impatient, and demanded that he should make restitution. I knew that my manner was haughty and overbearing, and the youth resented it. In the end I informed him that I needed his services no more; and I told him that out of consideration for the feelings of his mother and sister, I should not bring him to justice. In short, I turned him from my employ, and the cause of my so doing could not be hidden from the people of the town. I cannot tell you all that he said to me. With one breath he would plead his innocence in tears; and with another breath he would denounce me in bitterest terms for my treatment of him."

"Mrs. Sayers came to me to plead for her boy; but she had no power to make me waver in my decision. I expected to find the evidence I had of his dishonesty; and though she could not believe her son guilty, still she could not lighten the weight of testimony against him."

"I engaged a new clerk, and put the missing five hundred dollars down to 'profit and loss.' Some promise were made of investigation, but George Sayers could be innocent. But I could not see it. My new clerk was not worth half as much for business as George had been; and I doubted if I could find another to fill the place as it had been filled."

"Of course I could not be ignorant of the story of the flight of young Sayers after he left my store. At the end of a month he found employment in a distant town; but he did not remain there long. The story of his disgrace finally followed him, and he was discharged. He came home, and tried to work on a farm; but his health failed him, and he was sick nearly all the following winter. In the spring, his mother came to me and asked me if I could not help her boy. She said he was entirely broken down in spirit, and she feared that some worse fate might befall him. But I would not put forth my hand until George would acknowledge his error. If he would come forward and confess his crime, I would promise to use every effort to find out something for him. The widow turned pale and sad and mournful. I knew that she suffered; I knew that the gentle sister suffered; and I knew that George Sayers was in danger of the wine-cup. But what could I do? I had taken my stand, and I would not depart from it."

"In the month of May, I made up my mind that I would take a partner. I did not find a clerk to suit me, and I fancied that I could do better to take in a man who would feel an equal interest with me. My brother-in-law was anxious to come in, and partial arrangements were made to that effect. I took an account of all my stock; and then I went into my counting-room to order and sell private papers. In the pigeon-hole of my cabinet were letters which had been accumulating for two or three years, and I thought it about time to destroy those which were of no use; and one evening I sat down to the work. By-and-by I came across some old letters from a friend in South Carolina. One of these recognized by private superintending. I took it apart from its fellows, I found that another letter adhered to it. In fact, so tightly did the two letters stick together, that I was forced to tear

the paper in separating them. As this second letter was turned to the light, I recognized in the superscription the hand of my agent Gibson. I opened it, and found something strange. I read five hundred dollars—five hundred dollars—five hundred dollars! The letter bore the post-mark of Montpelier, and by this post-mark of the letter which had been sticking to it I knew that both had been received at our office the same day."

"At first I was thus struck; and then followed a season of bewilderment; but gradually the light broke upon me. I was in a dilemma. I was able to read the whole story. I remembered that afternoon when I came up from the mill, and found the batch of letters upon the desk. I remembered how I had found two private letters, and that this letter from my friend in South Carolina was one of them. I also remembered that this letter from my agent I had opened. Furthermore I remembered that on that occasion I had a pot of varnish with me. It was with a dab of varnish that the two letters had been stuck together. When I picked up those two private letters, and put them away in the pigeon-hole, I had unwittingly laid the remittance from Mother away with the letter in my hand. I placed the remaining letters beneath the ruler upon the desk, I did not notice what I had done."

"What should be my next step? I knew now that George Sayers was innocent, and that I had wronged him. I must see him, and acknowledge the error; and the sooner it was done the better. I arose and took up the lost letters, and having locked upon the store, I went directly to the widow's dwelling. The family had retired; but I called them up; and when they admitted me, I told to George what I had discovered. There was a flash in his eye; but I did not yet allow him to speak. I sought his mother, and told her the whole story. I told her I had done him wrong; and then I asked him to forgive me. I told him I would make the same acknowledgment to all his friends; and that if he would come once more into my employ, I would make ample amends for the mistake of the past."

"His youth did not resist my appeal. He gladly accepted my terms; he forgave me what I had done; and the mother and the sister sank down upon their knees in happy thanksgiving."

"On the following day George appeared at my store, and helped me arrange my affairs; and before another week was over, I was again through the town that the dark cloud had been lifted. My brother-in-law entered into partnership with me; and at the end of two years I retired to my mill and gave up my interest in the store to George Sayers. He married the daughter of his partner, and is, to-day, one of the most successful men in our country. I tremble, even now, to think of the how many years of mistake of mine came to consigning that fair youth to destruction, and bringing his mother and sister down to mortal sorrow. There is a lesson in the story which every employer should heed and understand."

GRAFTON, Virginia, is situated at the junction of the Parkersburg and Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 104 miles east of Parkersburg, and 100 miles southeast from Wheeling, Va. It is a small place, of only one or two houses. The main house is the dining-station, built expressly for the accommodation of the passengers traveling over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and is of the same style as the United States Army to prevent aggressive movements on the part of the Confederate troops. On the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, east of Grafton, there are some fifty bridges, tunnels, chasms, and terrible passes which prevent troops from attempting to cross Harper's Ferry by this route in case of hundreds of miles of this road, east of Grafton, there is hardly foot-room for single individuals to pass.

## NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We shall shortly commence a New Tale by Illion Castellano, entitled "The Pearl Diver." It is a most thrilling and exciting story of Californian Life, and is written expressly for the *New York Ledger*.

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

## SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

THE man who needs a law to keep him from abusing an inferior animal, needs a prison to prevent his violating the law. It ought to be enough to deter any man from cruelty that the objects of it cannot speak for themselves—cannot bear witness against him—are dumb.

## JUDGE NOT BY APPEARANCES.

Says Longfellow, "We often call a man cold when he is only sad." How true this is! How little, indeed, is known of what is in the bosom of those around us. Many a coldness could be explained, could we look into the heart concealed from us. Or, in the language of another author, "We should often pity where we hate, love when we think we can never forgive, admire when we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity—of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent."

## THE SINS OF OTHERS.

The cynics insist upon it that all the world is selfish, and every son of Adam occupied only with himself. How absurd is this theory! Just observe with what solicitude and concern we all watch the sins and faults of other people! how anxious we are to secure their reform! what pains we undertake to bring them to repentance! We never hear a sermon that we do not generously turn it over to an erring brother; we never hear a wise axiom that we do not mentally apply it to a sinful sister. We go about lamenting the habits and sinful weaknesses of our neighbors, and are in such despair because of the sins and vices of society, that nothing consoles us but the balm of our own virtues.

## EMBALMING.

Embalming, which is coming much into practice of late in America, is thus performed:—This modern embalmer finds an artery into which he can place the nozzle of an injecting syringe. The artery in the upper part of the arm called the brachial, or the artery in the neck, the carotid, answers the purpose. Into this artery the embalming fluid, consisting of alum, or corrosive sublimate, is injected, till it permeates every structure. The solution sometimes retains its fluidity, sometimes it is so coagulated that while it is warm in the fluid, on cooling it sets and becomes more or less hard. After the injection the artery is closed, the opening through the skin is neatly sewn up, and the operation is complete. Great numbers of the officers of the army, who have fallen in the engagements in Virginia, have been embalmed in this manner by Dr. Holmes, of Brooklyn, and sent home to their relatives.

## A HOME FOR SALE.

How much we dislike to read so sad an announcement in the advertising department of the papers! Not a house and grounds only, but all the long, cheering memories and tender associations of the place, that enrich it with a wealth

beyond the computation of business men, the traders in homesteads and other classes of real estate. It is a sorry day for a man—and the more so for a family—when he is obliged to give up his home and go drifting again over the world. No experience like this shocks the sensitive heart. All gone, all deserted! The lights shining no more in the window. The familiar faces no longer pressed against the pane. The first dead and gone out. The smoke no more curling from the chimneys. The dear voices will not be heard there again, though the man pass and repass the house daily. Ah, there is indeed no desolation of a sort like this! His must be a hard and undeveloped nature that can contemplate such a scene without the deepest emotion. To lose one's home, is to lose nearly all that earth has to offer of happiness to man.

## KISSES.

Kisses! what nice things they are, to be sure. How sweet they taste—how juicy!

Even the learned and dignified Noah Webster, in his big dictionary, does not blush to speak of kisses. He says a kiss is "a salute given with the lips, a common token of affection." Queer old Dr. Johnson says a kiss is "a salute given by joining lips." Very good, Dr. Johnson; did you ever try it? No doubt you did frequently, when a boy, upon the lips of some of the bright-eyed young English belles of 100 years ago.

Neither history nor tradition says any thing with regard to the first kiss, but we infer, from information we have been able to gather, that the first kiss the world ever saw or heard came off between Adam and Eve, about 6,000 years ago. The first baby-kiss undoubtedly was given by Eve to Cain, soon after that time. Truly, Cain poorly merited it, if he was one-half as wicked when a baby as he was after he became a man.

Somebody says, "It takes a kiss to make a kiss." Perhaps it does, to make a first-rate one, but pretty good ones, like the cry, make very nice ones indeed. Girls kiss each other often, probably to keep their lips in practice. But we presume there's not much fun in this; not enough variety to give them zest. In this case like touches like; it is roses to roses—peaches to plums—honey to sugar—cream to butter.

There are different kinds of kisses. There's the baby's kiss, very sweet and very wholesome, but too little of it. Then there's the widow's kiss, very good and palatable, with a great deal of substance to it. Then the old maid's kiss, rather stale and sour, too much vinegar in it—unpalatable. Then the young miss's kiss: they are impulsive, and it varies according to her happen to feel—good or ill natured, jolly or fretful. Their kisses are frequently too sweet or too sour—too full of honey or too full of acid—some day sweet as honeysuckles in paradise, the next sour as 10,000 old maids or an ocean of vinegar.

## ONE KIND OF HUMBUG.

There are people who pretend to hold eating in sovereign contempt. They profess to think it a "gross" act, and that any consideration given, as to the quality of food, or quantity of it, or the best time of swallowing it, is quite unworthy the attention of an intellectual being. You may set down such people at once as dyspeptics, or immense humbugs. Either they can't take any thing but medicine, or else they devour practical reasons to give them strength to build up this fine-spun philosophy. But though every properly constituted human being enjoys good food, good cooks are Heaven-sent. This talent is as much a gift as any other. It is born with some and deputed to others; and all the recipe-books and patent-grillirons on record will never supply the deficiency of genius, although they may of course improve your

bungler. I don't know why a good cook is not, to say the least, as important a possession as the world as a good doctor. The latter is certainly constantly at work repairing the mischief done by bad cooks. And how many dismal systems have been introduced in the world, born of indigestible food; how many quarrels have resulted from it; how many sorals of all kinds have been instinctively tempted, up to defy fate and the peace-maker, it would be useless to compute. Therefore he who holds eating and cooking in light estimation is an ignoramus. I can't see how there could ever have been a row in Eden, where they lived on grapes and peaches, and vile salubritas was unknown. However, Adam shouldn't have left his wife up to go wandering round the garden alone, and then she wouldn't have got into mischief. And with this salutary domestic moral I close.

FANST PENN.

## YANKEE NOTIONS.

A YANKEE'S CON.—Conjecture.

A MORTAL COIL.—Crinoline.

A GREAT GAME IN A SMALL COMPASS.—Cricket on the hearth.

THE LIGHTNESS OF ALL GARMENTS.—A shift of the wind.

THE best "essence" for sick people is convalescence.

THE child who cried for an hour, didn't get it!

SPELL the fate of all earthly things with two letters. D. K.

WHEN the thermometer falls, how often, on an average, does it break?

If a clock were to speak to a parrot, what would it say? Poll I ticks.

THE man who mended an ascension, injured his spine by the operation.

A LADY refuses to wear a watch in her bosom, because it has hands.

THERE are men who owe misfortunes as much as chess thistles.

I LIKE your impudence," as a pretty girl said when her beau kissed her.

LEAVES that are lost becoming to a warrior's brows: leaves of asbence.

WHAT prevents the running river running away? Why, it's tide up.

WHICH of the feathered tribes lifts the heaviest weight? The crane.

PEOPLE with long necks enjoy drinking, as the liquor, is tested all the way down.

WANTED, by an attorney, a clerk to engross other people's attention.

WHAT fruit trees resemble: knights of olden times? Those that cast down grapes.

THE world seems to be universally governed by the golden rule.

THE gentleman who has been trying to raise the wind, finds himself "blown" all over town.

WHEN *Othello* killed *Desdemona*, was he thinking of his wife? No, his (mother).FACTS FROM HISTORY.—We are indebted to *Frier Bacon* for gunpowder, and to *Pig Iron* for cannon-balls.

WHEN are women fathers? When they are sisters (sire), which is not unfrequently the case.

EVERY tailor should feel like a certain doctor we have heard of, who was "death on his heels." It is very probable that the doctor gives more fits than the tailor.





## ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS.—IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

A True and Perfect Return of all ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS, placed under the charge of the Curator of the said Court, for collection under Act of Parliament of Victoria, No. 99, from the 1st day of January to the 30th day of June, 1861.

NOTE.—The Amount received by the Curator of the said Court, from the Estates in the whole Schedule, amounted to nearly £10,000.

NAME OF DECEASED.	COLONIAL RESIDENCE.	SUPPOSED RESIDENCE OF FAMILY.	REMARKS.
Beno de Genoude	Melbourne	France	Died 19th April, 1860
Allan Patterson	Geahorne	Unknown	Died 31st March, 1861
William Harvey	Sandhurst	England	Died 5th May, 1854
George Edgar	Carnham	Colony of Victoria	Died 14th January, 1861
Henry Fleck	Buninyong	Unknown	Died 17th March, 1857
Jaunt Justice	Ballaarat	Unknown	Died 28th February, 1861
William Kingwell	Emerald Hill	Launceston, Tasmania	Died May, 1861
Thomas Webb	Inglewood	Unknown	Died 13th January, 1861
Frederick Anachina	Inglewood	Unknown	
Joseph Simpson	Near Sandhurst	Unknown	Died 21st February, 1861
Edward Chaltoner	Near Sandhurst	Unknown	Died 10th March, 1861
Peter Burns	Near Sandhurst	Unknown	
Charles O'Hara	Woodend	Unknown	Died 6th March, 1861
Cecil F. Burns	Black Creek	Unknown	Died 15th April, 1861
William Welch	Wimmera	Unknown	Died 22nd March, 1861
Martin Gleeson	...	Unknown	
Martin Hobbs	Carnham	Unknown	Died 21st March, 1861
C. O. Wood	Carnham	Unknown	Died 21st March, 1861
Angus McAllister	Carnham	Unknown	Died 21st March, 1861
R. Wolfenden	Melbourne	England	
Richard Thompson	Narrave	England	
Richard Thornhill	Richmond	Cork, Ireland	Died 9th April, 1861
J. Chestham	Maldon	Unknown	
Peter Paul	Sandhurst	Unknown	Died 24th January, 1861
Joseph Sheppott	Melbourne	Unknown	Died May, 1861
James Henderson	Maldon	Unknown	Died 31st January, 1861
Thomas Drohan	Melbourne	Colony of Victoria	Died 18th April, 1861
Joseph Smith	Near Castlemaine	Unknown	
Edward Brown	Melbourne	Unknown	
William Stanley	Kyrenston	Unknown	
Thomas Trengoning	Daylesford	Unknown	Died 29th November, 1860
Joseph Wilson	Belvoir	Unknown	Died 11th October, 1860

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**PEAS.**—It is said that in shelling beans, if soaking water is poured upon the pods, the beans will slip easily from the pod.

**FOR SORE FEET.**—The thin white skin which comes from suet is excellent to bind upon the feet for chilblains. Rubbing with castile soap, and afterwards with honey, is likewise highly recommended.

**CLEANING PAINTED WALLS.**—The prudent housewife who, on account of the "hard times," has decided not to re-paper the sitting-room, as desirable, will find the old paper very much improved in appearance, by simply rubbing it well with a flannel cloth dipped in kerosene.

**CHIRAP BURNING OIL FOR HAND-LAMPS.**—It is said that common refined whale oil, with the addition of one-third of its bulk of good kerosene or paraffine oil, will make a burning mixture for the ordinary hand-lamps, without shades or chimneys, equal to the best sperm oil, perfectly safe and free from smoke or smell.

**MARBLE GLUE.**—Dissolve four parts of India rubber in thirty-four parts of castor oil naphtha—adding the solution with heat and agitation. The solution is then thick and creamy, and it should be added to sixty-four parts of powdered shellac; which must be heated in the mixture till all is dissolved. While the mixture is hot it is poured on plates of metal, in sheets like leather. It can be kept in that state, and when it is required to be used it is put into a pot and heated till it is soft, and then applied with a brush to the surfaces to be joined. Two pieces of wood joined with this cement on seawater have succeeded—it is about as easy to break the wood as the joint.

**COFFEE SILVER.**—This operation is exceedingly handy. Take half a pound of the best

roasted ground coffee; boil the same in a saucepan containing three quarts of water, until the quantity is reduced to one quart; strain the latter off, and, when fined of all impurities, introduce the liquor into another saucepan, and let it boil over again, adding as much Liebig's sugar to it as will constitute a thick sirup, like treacle; remove it from the fire, and, when cold, pour it into bottles, corking the same tight down for use. Two teaspoonfuls of the sirup introduced into a moderate-sized teacup, and filled up with boiling water, will be fit for immediate use. If milk is at hand, use it *ad libitum*.

**CORON SILVER.**—Take one ounce of thorough-worm, one ounce of slippery elm, one ounce of sick leucorice, and one ounce of flax-seed. Simmer them together in one quart of water, until the strength is entirely extracted, then strain carefully, and add one pint of best molasses, and a half pound of loaf sugar; simmer them all together, and when cold bottle up tight for use. This is the cheapest, best, and safest medicine for coughs in use. A few doses, of one tablespoonful at a time, will alleviate the most distressing lung cough. It soothes and allays irritation, and if continued in use, it will subdue any tendency to consumption. It breaks up entirely the whooping cough, and no better remedy can be found for croup, asthma, bronchitis, and all affections of the lungs and throat.

**WATER-PROOF CLOTH.**—Take one pound of common brown soap, cut it up into small pieces, and dissolve it in hot water. In another vessel dissolve one pound of alum in hot water, the quantity of which (in both cases) should be sufficient to enable the operator to freely handle twenty yards of cotton cloth. Now immerse the cloth in the first liquid, and open out the folds so as to let every part receive its share of the soap. This will take about 15 minutes

handing. The cloth is now lifted and squeezed to press out some of the water; then it is plunged under the hot alum liquor and handled for about a quarter of an hour, after which it is dried. When dried in a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit, the cloth is superior in quality to that dried in the atmosphere. The alum and soap form an artificial leather—an insoluble compound—in the pores of the cloth.

Another process is as follows:—Take 1 pound of alum and half a pound of the sulphate of copper (blue vitriol), and dissolve them in 20 gallons of boiling water, and boil the cloth in this liquid for half an hour; then take it out and dry in a warm room. Cloth thus treated will repel rain, which will run from its surface like water from a duck's back, and yet perspiration will pass freely through its pores. This is a good method for treating caps of woollen cloth, and it has been used for this purpose in the French army. Oil-cloth and India rubber water-proof clothes soon render the persons who wear them very feeble, because they prevent the escape of carbonic acid gas from the pores of the body.

If who is conspiring against the peace of another necessarily loses his own.

EARLY every sentimental book worth reading is an autobiography in disguise.

THOSE most obnoxious of law seldom have occasion to go to it.

WHEN we think of good, the angels are silent; when we do it, they rejoice.

MANY persons expect to be taken at their word who don't take God at his.

BOOKHOOD says that imagination may trace the noblest dust of a hero and find it stopping a bung-hole. Heroes may well stop bung-holes after death, for some of them untie a good many in life.



# THE SCRAP BOOK

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ONE PENNY.



THE FATE PROVIDED FOR ASTREA.

## ASTREA;

OR,

## THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the New York Ledger.)

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"THE HIDDEN HAND," "ROSS ELMER," "BUCORA,"  
"THE ROOM OF DEVELIA,"  
&c., &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XL.

The far-sweeping earth shall not shelter,  
Nor the all-embracing sea hide her  
From my search.

OLD PLAY.

It was near day when Rumford returned from the dinner-party, none the better for the champagne he had consumed. He was one of those whom wine will put to sleep, but never deprive of reason. He had sense enough to reach home,

put his horse in the stable, let himself in the house, find his way to his chamber, and even blow out the light before tumbling into bed, where he fell into a heavy sleep which lasted until late the next day.

That morning the household arose early as usual. Cybele and Venus met in the passage between Astréa's chamber and the dining-room. "Zora up yet?" inquired the oldest of the goddesses.

"No," was the curt reply.

"Den she mus' be sleepin' of de gran' roun's three times over! I gwine call her."

"Don't you do no such thing. Ole marse say how she musn't be 'sturb till she wake up her own self!" said Venus, in alarm.

"But, goodness alike, chile, de gal sleep her-self to deaf!"

"Not she! I knows her ways! It's all along of her flutteration ob de heart. You go wake

her up an' kill her! dat all! an' den see what ole marse gwine say to you!" said Venus threateningly.

"Berry well, I aint gwine to 'sturb her. Deed for dat matter, since she aint slept so long, I has got a curiosity to see how long she will sleep if let alone," answered Cybele, hurrying out into the kitchen to attend to the breakfast.

Venus went into the dining-room to set the table.

According to the strict rules of the house, breakfast was always prepared at the usual hour—eight o'clock. But on this morning it waited long in vain for the appearance of the master.

At length, some time after eleven o'clock, he came out of his chamber wrapped in his dressing gown and looking tired and haggard. He entered the dining-room, threw himself into his arm-chair, and rang for his coffee.

Venus brought in the urn.

"Where is Zora? Has she got through with her—Rip Van Winkle sleep yet?" inquired the planter, with a dash of humor in his tone.

"No, sir," answered Venus early and unexpectedly.

"WHAT?" exclaimed Rumford in astonishment.

"It take her a long time to sleep off one ob dem fluctuations ob de—"

"Boah!" exclaimed Rumford, laughing, jumping up from the table, striding through the passage, and knocking loudly at Astréa's door, while he called out:

"Zora! Zora! Zora! Come, come, my girl! Are you sleeping the last sleep? Or are you, as is most likely, sulking there? You must be hungry by this time at least! Come, come, show yourself!"

And having thundered at the door once more, he returned and seated himself at the table, saying—

"That would awaken her if she was one of the seven sleepers! Pour out my coffee, girl!"

It was fully an hour and a half before the gourdman got through with his breakfast, and left the table. His first thought was of Astréa.

"Hain't that girl made her appearance yet?" he inquired of Cybele, who was loitering in the passage.

"No, sir; an', I is feared somefin has happen'. Taint no ways natural for anybody to sleep so long as dat," answered Cybele.

"No, it is not! and people with heart-disease sometimes die in their sleep," said the planter, going to Astréa's door and knocking and calling loudly.

Of course there was no response from within. "There is something the matter! Get me a crowbar, and I will force the door," said Rumford, turning pale.

Cybele trotted off, and asked Saturn for the required tool.

The old man was some time rummaging in the wood-shed before he could find it; for old Saturn, with the disorderly habits of his tribe, kept his kindling-wood in the tool-house, and left his tools scattered all under the wood-shed.

At length, however, Cybele brought the crowbar to her master, and the door was forced.

They all entered the room in a body. There was no one there. The room was empty.

Every one looked into each other's face with astonishment! From Venus, because she knew the secret perfectly well, opened her mouth and eyes wider than any one else.

The master was the first to find his voice.

"What, in the name of the demons of darkness, is the meaning of this?" he demanded, in a terrible voice, turning from Cybele to Venus.

"Deed an' deed an' deed, marse, I doest know, sir!" replied Cybele, trembling with affright, although she was speaking the truth.

"An' fore all de angels in hebbin, marse, I don't know nuffin nuther!" affirmed Venus, with all the more confidence because she knew she was telling a lie.

"You are both deceiving me! But take care!"

"Deed an' deed, marse, fore de Lord, we ain't!" exclaimed both in a breath.

"Who saw her last?" demanded the master, in a furious voice.

No one durst answer.

"What was the last you saw of her, Cybele?" he thundered, turning to the old woman.

"Lor', marse! soon as eber she done her breakfast 'you day mornin' she went out ob de dinin'-room, an' I 'tought how she was a-going to 'you 'cordin' to orders, 'cause I heard you tell her to come myself! An' dat was de berry last I see of her."

"And you?"

"You saw her after this? You saw her when she said she was going to lie down and sleep?" said the planter, turning abruptly to Venus.

"Yes, marse! yes, sir! I was stan'in' in de back door when she come out'n de dinin'-room, an' open her own room door an' say to me, 'Wenus, I is going to lie down an' let you get some sleep.' An' so she shut her own door an' lock it on de inside, an' dat de berry las' I eber see ob her, 'fore all de angels in heaben!'"

It was terrible to look on the white rage of the baffled man. His face was as pale and grim as death itself; his eyes gleamed with a baleful fire; his jaws were locked; and his words came forth from clenched teeth.

"Call Saturn to me," was his next order.

The old man was summoned and questioned, but could give no satisfaction.

"Her sleep was a sham," said Rumford, between his set teeth. Then turning to Saturn he said—

"Cause inquires to be made throughout the plantation for her. Go yourself down to the negroes' quarters, and ask there. See Steppins, the overseer, and question him. Say that I will give a hundred dollars to any of my people who will bring me any certain information about her!"

Saturn hurried away to do his errand. The others dispersed upon the same mission. The search began in earnest, and was pursued that whole morning with rigor, but without effect.

Towards evening Rumford once more called Saturn to his presence.

The old man stood before him.

"The girl Zora is very dead; is she; has but recently recovered from a severe illness. She has already probably passed one night exposed in the open air; she must not pass another; it might be her death. She must be recovered by any means and at all hazards. Loose the two old bloodhounds, Castor and Pollux, and bring them to this room."

"Oh, marse! You would not hurt a young gal with bloodhounds?" exclaimed the old man.

"Why not? They will not hurt her; they are too well trained; they will only track her and hold her until we come up; and, in one word, it is the only way, or at least the quickest and the surest of recovering her. Besides, blame you! am I accountable to you for my acts?" said Rumford, half laughing, as he was custom when betrayed into any supposed infringement of his own dignity.

The old man went out and did as he was bid, and very soon the passage-door was burst open, and two beautiful hounds bounded before Saturn into their master's presence, and jumping upon him, began to cover him with caresses.

"Good dogs! come! come!" said the latter, rising and leading the way into Astréa's room.

Here he looked about in vain for some article of her clothing, but failing to find any, and recollecting the base that he had done, he began to wonder what she would be felt quite at loss, until suddenly thinking of the armchair in which he had learned she had passed the night, he made the well-trained dogs scent that, and then he started them upon the track with the usual words:

"Good dogs! good dogs! seek her, seek her, then!"

They sniffed about the chair, and then about the room, and finally reaching the door struck the trail; but seemed soon to lose it again in the passage, and again to recover it in the yard. And thus, sometimes at fault, sometimes on the trail, they passed through the yard and the garden, and the country, and to the back gate where it will be remembered that Astréa stood considerable time talking to Venus.

Here they set up a howl, and as the fence was very low, they soon scrambled over it and set forth in full cry upon the path that she had taken.

At the same time Rumford had mounted a horse that stood ready saddled to receive him, and had ridden out upon the high road to watch the motions of the dogs.

When he saw them scramble over the back fence of the poultry-yard, and set out in full cry upon the narrow path leading through the old field, he called to his groom to mount and follow him, and put spurs to his horse and dashed after them at full speed, uttering, in a high encouraging tone, the cries by which a hunter cheers on his hounds to the chase. So they dashed over the fields leading to the cypress swamp.

And meantime there was Astréa, who, after she had passed the gate and heard it shut and locked behind her, she struck into the narrow path leading through the neglected fields towards the grove of wild fig-trees. Fear led her wings until she had cleared the intervening space and reached their friendly shelter.

Then, weary, palpitating and breathless, she sat down to rest. She could no longer be seen by any chance observer from the house. But yet, in her nervous, frightened, and vigilant state, the flutter of a bird in the foliage, the stir of an insect in the herbage, was enough to startle her. Not long, therefore, did she trust herself to repose here; but, having waited only to recover breath, she hurried forward on her way, which led her through the open country towards a grove of Magnolia trees, where she again ventured to sit down to rest for awhile, and this time with the more confidence, that she calculated herself to be at a considerable distance from the plantation house.

After a short repose, she once more set forth on her way, that now led her through green savannas stretching towards the cypress swamp.

Here the path was lost; but that was of little consequence, since the bourn was in sight.

Twenty minutes' rapid walk brought her within its venerable shades. There had been a long dry season, and the verge of the swamp scarcely deserved its name. It was more a wood than a swamp. She penetrated yet half a mile into its interior, and here, lost in its imperious shades, she sat down upon the fallen trunk of a thunder-stricken tree and yielded herself up to the new delightful feeling of freedom and safety. In these thick shades she hid, and here she was heated, tired and hungry; but the fresh shades of the wood would cool her fever; the velvety ground invited repose; the trunk of the fallen tree offered a pillow; she would sleep and forget her hunger. So, folding her arms under her head, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, she closed her eyes and yielded herself up to sleep.

It was early in the afternoon when she fell asleep; it was late in the night when she awoke.

At first she knew not where she was, so profound had been her sleep, so perfect had been her forgetfulness.

She looted up.

The majestic cypress trees—the awful priesthood of the forest—stood around her lifting their solemn heads to heaven. The deep-blue, starlit sky, celestial dome bent over her. The dark, resplendent beauty of the summer midnight night about her. Nor was she alone:—true, the beasts were in their holes, and the birds in their nests, but miriads of little insects were chanting their joyous, yet subdued hallelujahs, in harmony with the serene luminous darkness of the hours.

Oh, how had Astréa in her beautiful island home lingered long at her window, or sauntered late upon her piazza, fascinated by the infinite loveliness of night, and listening to those humble little choristers, who continue nature's perpetual worship by taking up the hymns of praise when the birds leave off at eve.

And now when she awoke and found herself alone in this southern wood, with the verdant glory of night, and the subdued melody of Nature around, she felt strengthened, comforted and cheered.

Oh! most benign are all the ministrations of

Nature, if we will only open our hearts to receive them.

Astrée had always been a loving child of Nature; and now, in the midst of her desolation, she still felt herself cherished by the universal mother.

The holy stars, like eyes of guardian angels watching her from heaven, strengthened her soul.

The venerable trees gathered around her like protecting friends comforted her heart.

Even the little insects—so small, yet so full of joy and so earnest in worship—cheered her spirits.

"It would seem easy to die here, and return to the bosom of a mother so full of benignity; and even if I do not die, I feel that I shall be delivered in some other way, from the destruction that I so much dread," she said to herself, as she arose from her recumbent position, and sat upon the trunk of the fallen tree.

Here she sat entranced for the next hour, watching that beautiful slow process in which the sober glory of the night merges in the magnificent splendor of day.

When the sun arose, flooding the whole landscape with dazzling light, bathing it in brilliant color and kindling it into jubilant life; and the birds awoke, filling the air with their joyous matutinal hymns; and the flowers unfolded, breathing forth their morning offering of incense; then Astrée joined the worship of Nature in her great temple, and bowed her head in prayer.

This finished, she arose, and walked forth in quest of such food as the wild could afford her.

On the outskirts of the wood she found some fine dewberries, upon which she made a luscious breakfast.

Then, refreshed, she bent her steps towards the interior of the wood, with only the single object of getting as far as possible from the neighbourhood of the plantation house.

It was strange, perhaps, almost to the verge of madness, for one in her condition to break into song; but so great was her sense of relief from captivity and danger, and her enjoyment of freedom and safety; so much was she roused by her sound sleep, and refreshed by her simple breakfast, and finally so perfect was her youthful sympathy with the joy of Nature around her, that Astrée, wandering she knew not whither, carolled with the birds as she went!

Why do people driven mad by the world of man seek to escape to the world of Nature? Why does madness seek the woods and waters?

Not because it is madness, but because in the midst of the mental derangement a pure, sane instinct guides them to find comfort in the loving bosom of the universal mother.

All the long, long summer day Astrée wandered leisurely, hunting as she went.

At sunset she revolved the very heart of the wood, where, pausing to look around, she said to herself:—

"This is Arcadia! And here I could live with my mother Nature and her other children all the summer long, if it were not for my loved ones at home!"

At these words—"my loved ones at home"—the song she had been trilling died away from her lips and out of her heart, and she sat down pensively at the foot of a great tree.

Dark!—

What sound is that which breaks upon her charmed ear? A melodious, soft cry, exceeding strange and sweet, yet not the note of any bird of the air, nor the voice of the creature of the wood. It rises and dies away.

She murmurs to herself—

"These words are as full of music as of beauty," and lifts her head to listen.

Again those soft, clear, sweet, bell-like upon the air, and now they are followed by a

swift pattering, as of rain-drops upon fallen leaves, and a rustling in the branches near.

She starts to her feet.

Oh heaven! it is the bay of the bloodhounds! and they are on her track!

#### CHAPTER XLII.

##### Woman.

For her honour struggling, hark, oh shows  
Contrasts and strategy, which, by plumed chieftains  
On the battle-field displayed, would have  
The crown and kingdom, and the current  
Changed of the world's banner.

For a moment Astrée stood paralyzed—but only for a moment.

Her first thought was that any attempt to escape would be utterly futile; for how could she hope to outspeed the swift-footed hounds, whose deep-mouthed baying now seemed to fill the whole swamp with a wilderness of sound!

But in this instant she remembered to have read that the smell of fresh blood would so deaden the sense of smell in a bloodhound that he could not follow scent.

Quick as thought, she snatched her tiny dagger from her bosom, cut a deep gash in one of her fingers, smeared the freely-flowing blood over the surface of a large flat stone that was lying near, placed it directly in her track, and then wrapping her finger in her handkerchief, that no drop of blood might perchance betray the direction of her flight to the hounds, she glided away still further into the swamp. In a short time, she came to a sluggish, shallow brook, into which she at once stepped and waded along the centre of it for some distance, for the purpose of again throwing the hounds off the scent, in case they should by any means regain it after passing the blood-stone she had left in their path. She had read of fugitive Indians ceptures thus throwing their savage pursuers off their trail, and she thought the bloodhounds would do the same thing, uttering strange cries at some distance behind her might be baffled by the same stratagem.

After proceeding along the stream some distance, Astrée came to a large tree standing close to its bank, from which large limbs stretched droopingly across its entire width. One of these limbs she could reach, and it exposed her to her that if she could draw herself upon it, and by crawling along it reach the trunk of the tree, she would be securely hidden in its thick foliage from even the most prying observation.

Immediately acting upon this thought, she seized the limb, and after a severe struggle succeeded in reaching the body of the tree, which she ascended until she thought she would be safe from any scrutiny to which her hiding-place could be subjected from below, and then finding a comfortable seat in the crotch of a huge limb, she sat down, calmly to await whatever might betide her.

She felt she had done her best to escape, and she left the result of her efforts to Providence.

The bloodhounds had for some little time ceased their cries altogether, and this circumstance inspired her with additional trustfulness and hope.

The cause of the cessation of the bloodhounds' cries was the fact that they had concluded to follow the scent by reason of Astrée's stratagem. On arriving at the stone which she had prepared for them, they ran their noses over it after the custom of their kind, and the power full smell of the fresh blood with which she had so thickly smeared it rendered them utterly incapable of following the faint scent by which the fugitive fled. They sat down by the stone, and the hounds uttered those strange cries which Astrée heard as she was entering the brook, and which were the troubled, inarticulate explosions of their disappointment and wrath at being so hopelessly baffled.

After a short time, and while the hounds were still giving voice to their dissatisfaction, Rumford and his groom rode up.

"What, in the fiend's name, is the matter with the dogs?" exclaimed Rumford.

And dismounting as he spoke, the planter threw the bridle-reins to his groom, and advanced to the side of the hounds, which were at that moment running their noses for the fifteenth time over the blood-besmeared stone.

No sooner did Rumford's eye fall on the stone, than he comprehended the cause of the dogs' strange conduct, and divined the ruse that Astrée had played him. A burst of rage followed this discovery; and so was soon displaced by a feeling of admiration at the wit and cleverness of his slave, as he turned to look at Astrée.

Catching up the stone, he held it up to the vision of his groom, and exclaimed,—

"See here, Sam! Is't that a neat trick for that quodrun with to play me and my dogs! She's smart enough to be a white gal, that's certain; and I don't know but she may really be Mrs. Colonel Greville, after all—only she can't be," he added to himself, "because that lady's appearance is too fresh in my memory for me to be imposed upon by Zora's mad tale."

Then hurling the stone far to one side, and again addressing the groom he said,—

"Come along this way, Sam, with the horses. I must get the dogs away from here, or they'll never find the real quarry. The blood was fresh on the stone, and so it must have recently come from Zora's reins. Therefore, she cannot be very far from this spot."

So saying, Rumford called the dogs after him, and strode along rapidly, casting penetrating glances on every side, and followed, at a little distance, by Sam with the horses.

As they changed to take nearly the same direction that Astrée had gone, they after a time came to the stream down whose bed she had waded; but they struck it much lower down than she did, and the consequence was that the trees upon which she had found a point almost opposite to the tree upon which she was now standing.

"This is fortunate," said Rumford, as he saw the water. "I will now wash these dogs' noses, and prepare them to take up the scent again, in case we should be so lucky as to cross Zora's track."

He at once set about the task, and gave the noses of Carter and Polls a thorough washing, much to their disgust. Then looking about him for a short time, he said,—

"Now, Sam, dismount, and tie the horses to that tree yonder, where they will have good stamping ground, and then we'll make a thorough search up and down this brook. Come, hurry, you rascal!" said Rumford, with a manifestation of impatience. "Why are you slow! It will be sundown before we get under-way, unless you make haste."

"De fact an, marse, dat I doesn't like de notion ob leavin' de horses tied up here, while we goes a rampakin' about t'roo de swamp," said Sam, with a look of great uneasiness. "How do we know what may happen to de poor dumb critters while we is gone? De bears may eat um up; or de hogs 'leve, which you knows, marse, as how de swamp an de place where dey hide, may come and steal um; and den what you gine to say when you come and find Salsida down gone, or see his house a l'yin' groun' heel picked as clean as a turkey's at Chris'mas!"

"There is no danger, either from bears or horse thieves," Rumford replied, at the same time patting and caressing his horse, which was a handsome chestnut, and was claimed to be a regular thoroughbred. "If I thought," he added, "that any of those wild beasts, Salsida, I don't know but I would give up my plan, and let the girl too, sooner than lose him. But there is no danger. There are no bears about, and no horse thief would dare attempt to steal the horses from under my very nose."

"Don't you be too certain sure ob dat, marse," said Sam, "if you was to get on Salsida's back once, how you gine to catch him, I should

like to know, when dese sint ancle hoss in all de country dat een hole a candle to Saladin's heels. I tells you, marse, you'd better let talle chile stay heah wid de hosses, while you an' de dogs look for de marse. Dese marse, marse."

"Perhaps you are right, Sam," returned Rumford. "At any rate you could not help me much in my search after Zora, and so you may stay with the horses. But mind that you keep awake, else I may find your bones picked on my return. Or perhaps that 'Spirit of the Swamp,' that you dawks so greatly fear, may pay you a visit, and trouble your dreams."

At the mention of the 'Spirit of the Swamp,' Sam turned fairly blue with terror, and cried, in supplicating tones,—

"Please, marse, don't go for to talk talle ob dat. De Spirit don't like to be made fun ob, whate'er you say; so please let de Spirit alone, or his chile won't be wof a perrission agin' in for a week, be wont."

"Well, well, never mind! I didn't mean any disrespect to the Spirit. But see that you keep wide awake, and if you should hear me halloo, you halloo back again, that I may know in exactly what direction you are. And, by the way, should anything happen in your sleep, let your voice at a yell which would frighten everything in the swamp, including bears, horse thieves, and the Spirit itself!" and so saying, Rumford called the hounds, and strode away down the stream, the dogs running on in advance of him, and was soon out of sight.

Sam, meanwhile, after a sighing and grumbling at his master's propensity to make light of the "Swamp Spirit" (which was a prodigious terror to all the superstitious negroes, every one of whom was certain that he or she had seen it gliding at dusk through the swamp, or about the plantation, on many occasions), sat down at the foot of a large tree near by, and, leaning his head against it, was soon in a dreamy doze, and forgetful of all the dangers that he had argued would be impending over the horses if they should be left alone.

Astrea, perched in her tree, had heard nearly all the preceding conversation between Rumford and his groom, and it had aroused varied emotions in her bosom.

She feared that her pursuer might come and examine the tree she was hiding in, and, if he should not see her, the bloodhounds might detect her presence by their keen scent. And this made her think of her cut finger and the blood upon her handkerchief that she had wrapped around it. She moved the handkerchief and found it saturated with blood. This excited fresh fears of discovery. Surely the hounds would scent all that blood if they should come underneath the tree! And she could not make away with it. To throw the handkerchief from her would only increase her danger, as it might fall beneath the tree and arouse the attention of Rumford if he should pass that way. Of course, he would come back again; and he might cross the brook and come up on that side. The more she thought of these things, the more alarmed she became; until at last she felt that to stay in the tree would lead to her certain detection. But how was she to find a better hiding-place? She might be detected if she came down. In her wanderings she might come upon her pursuer. At any rate, the more tracks she made the more likely the hounds would be to get on the scent.

Suddenly a new thought occurred to her. Why could she not take advantage of Rumford's absence to get possession of Saladin, and so make sure of rescue, as his slowness was so great that the remaining horse could not long keep even in sight of him! But how could she circumvent Sam? She turned the question over in her own mind, and soon came to a conclusion. There were three ways in which she might do it. She might seek to quietly unseat him, or she might attempt to unseat Saladin and go off before he would be able to prevent it; or, in case of interference on Sam's

part, she might resort to her dagger; or she might personate the dreaded Swamp Spirit, frighten Sam out of his senses, and by that means accomplish her object.

The last plan struck her as the best. She resolved to personate the "Spirit," and at once began to descend from her hiding-place to put her scheme in execution.

(To be continued in our next.)

## "WANTED—A PARTNER."

BY JOHN THOMMERY.

It was all in vain that Mrs. Dudu had hitherto set her many traps, and laid her numerous snares, for the sake of securing a second husband. Not that she lacked beauty, or spirit, or any of those vivacious charms that are apt to entangle poor male mortals before they really know what has happened to them. Not that she would not make a man who needed a wife just as good a wife as he might have a decent right to expect. Nor again, that she was so destitute of fortune as not to be able to mellow masculine hearts in her dangerous society, by means of its peculiar influence upon the pursuit of matrimonial engagements. But *luck* had been against her; that was all. Exactly the right kind of an offer had not yet happened to present itself.

She had waited now for another husband quite long enough. Time was driving in the spurs as briskly as he could. The face would not always hold out, and the complexion and the eyes would not for ever light up with that bright and bewitching sparkle. Something must be done, and done at once. So the widow fixed herself up with a brave resolution, and determined to accomplish the work that others had left her to perform alone. The mountain had no sort of an idea of going to the moon, and she would not let the moon in the end amount to about the same thing if he should step over to the mountain.

Mrs. Dudu had heard a good deal about the power and the chance of advertising, and knew somewhat—more than she was willing to tell, perhaps—of those interesting paragraphs that relate to the subject of matrimony. She had, however, to keep close to her own counsel, and when she should choose to make a desperate charge into the ranks of single gentlemen, to make it altogether on her own account. She was going into this business like the volunteer at the battle of New Orleans, who loaded and fired on military principles known to nobody else. Then she remembered the example of vanquished, then there was no one to triumph over her unpublished defeat; but if she should happen to *win*—oh, too well did Mrs. Dudu know that the glory of the conquest would be only her own.

She watched the newspapers daily—twice a day, she snuffed opportunities, as she thought, in paragraphs and advertisements that could have related by no possibility to anything of the kind. Finally, she began to study the column of Wants, to see if there might not lurk some trifling little trap there, unseen by the general eye, but set for just such a sharp-eyed vision as hers. Then she remembered the example of the red list, and as a last resort, unsuccessful in all the rest, she jumped over the high fence that divides the casual personal notices in a newspaper from the stately and regular announcements of business, and went browsing about among the names of commerce as carelessly as a girl rambles here and there among the bushes in a cherry orchard.

One evening in the autumn, she came across with her snug little foot resting on the fence before her grate, leisurely conning over what there was now in the announcements of the day, her eye stopped suddenly at an advertisement that made them kindly with quite an increased force, considering the time of the day. This was the way the advertisement read:—

"WANTED—A PARTNER.—The advertiser, having more business on his hands than he can

properly transact, is desirous of taking a partner of capability—preliminaries to be arranged on an interview. Call at No. 13, — Building, after four o'clock in the afternoon, for James Bankum."

That was all there was to it. Anyone else would have thought it might offer a tolerably good chance to get into active business. Some might have thought it worth but little consideration, especially if they did not happen to know who James Bankum was. But least of all would a lady have been apt to bother her brains with such a straightforward, business notification, unless, perhaps, she was on the look-out for a chance to make an investment of her surplus funds; and even then, all idea of succeeding in this quarter would have been at once abandoned, since there was a distinct call for somebody who had active business capacities to put into the concern.

But the Widow Dudu thought herself ingenious enough to make a point where none had been made before. She confided somewhat in her abilities as a shrewd general. If this thing might be "turedly turned into some other thing!" If she might appeal to the advertiser to have him give the exact meaning of his paragraph!—or, failing in that, if she might succeed even in confusing his thoughts by her taking presence, and cheating him unawares into admiration of herself and her bold-faced roguery!

But first she resolved to make a few quiet investigations into the circumstances and the name of this Mr. Bankum—his circumstances first, of course; his character afterwards. In a manner mysteriously roundabout and perplexing, she succeeded in securing such important facts as the following:—first, that Mr. Bankum was *married*—which was, in fact, quite a necessary preface to her conclusions. Secondly, that he was *married*; that he was *married*—which was, in fact, quite a necessary preface to her conclusions. Secondly, that he was *married*; that he was *married*—which was, in fact, quite a necessary preface to her conclusions. Secondly, that he was *married*; that he was *married*—which was, in fact, quite a necessary preface to her conclusions.

Therefore the reader no doubt anticipates his much too slow chronicler, and has already seen the alluring Widow Dudu trip down the street, turn the corner, push on till she came to the —building where the desired interview was to be had, and pass briskly in. We have observed, likewise, that there was no hesitation in her manner; not the least symptom of indecision; no movement betraying a half-concealed wish to turn back, or go by, or even to stop a moment for breath on the door-step. She was as punctual, too, as she was self-possessed. Others might be there at a later hour than that; as for herself, she was there at the earliest interview, and bared that, if possible, alone.

What a very bold push it was to be sure! Who would have conceived such a novel device as that, to get at the want of her heart? What lady, in fact, would have dared enter upon so reckless a hazard, and to jeopardize almost all she had of self-respect, at a single nervous moment?

But Mrs. Dudu did not stop to look at matters in this light. She was a schemer—a speculator in this business, from beginning to end. Once resolved, she was a person likely to stop only when she got to the end. Besides, there were the spurs of lost opportunities, of passing years, of being busy, and of finally prolonged widowhood, perpetually pressing that stayed before the threshold, and she could not but feel that she was going to be sure to get to the end; and if she obeyed them, then she must dash gallantly ahead.

She knocked smartly on the door of No. 13, and waited for a reply. Some one called to her to come in. But, with what state that she was, in the swift first flash that stayed before the threshold, she saw that she had set herself about a clear analysis of the caller's voice!—to know if it gave



bubbling up richly from his heart, or was but a hollow echo from some empty clamor in the air, or again, it took its prevailing tone from the nasal trumpet that proclaimed a snuff-taker's peace and good-will to all men!

As she finally proceeded to open the door, there sat a rather corpulent, rudely-faced, easy-looking citizen, half reclining in his easy chair, his thin hair brushed carelessly off his forehead, and a heavy bunch of rich gold lying contentedly in the great wrinkles of his broadhead, never-momentary. He was a picture of fat, easy, contented comfort. If certainly must have climbed up the ladder of fortune a great ways above the reach of want, for that much was visible in his looks. And he must have been perfectly contented in his heart, for, short of that, in man could very well counterfeits the smile that lingered like a pleasant sunshine about his mouth.

The widow took him in at a single good glance. He rose from his chair, asked her to be seated in another, and cheerfully waited to know to what happy circumstance he was indebted for the company of so very pretty a woman. "Nor was at all a ditiator in making him and the afore-said circumstance rather better acquainted; yet not before she had dexterously detected that he was much interested in her already, and evidently would have no objection to pursuing that feeling a good ways further along.

"I see, sir," said she, giving him such a winning look as only she, of all other young widows, knew how, "that you have advertised in the Journal for a partner."

"Ah,—yes,—yes, madam," he returned, his countenance lighting up, and immediately becoming perplexed again, to know how she could be interested in such a thing.

For a moment the widow seemed to hesitate, yet never dropping her eyes from those of the fine-looking Mr. Bankum. Then her little foot, just peeping out beyond the hem of her skirt, began a drumming on its own account. And in her face she designedly wore one of the oddest and funniest, yet most captivating expressions that ever was seen. The merchant wisely confessed to its mysterious magnetism. But Mrs. Dudu was artfully waiting for him to proceed now.

"So he thought he must," said she. "It would be necessary for such a person to have some little capital, for security's sake, at least," said he. "Your husband, perhaps?" he asked, inquiringly.

Another of those winning looks, together with a very slight shake of the head, brought him down.

"Ah," said he, lifting his eyebrows, and admiring her more than ever, "your son, then, just peeping out beyond the hem of her skirt, began a drumming on its own account. And in her face she designedly wore one of the oddest and funniest, yet most captivating expressions that ever was seen. The merchant wisely confessed to its mysterious magnetism. But Mrs. Dudu was artfully waiting for him to proceed now.

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in view?" It was astonishing how very red the poor man's face grew.

"O, dear!" the widow frowned to shriek. "What a mistake I have made! What shall I do? I'm undone! O, I'm undone! I thought—I thought—it was an—an—offer of—of marriage!" And upon the instant, she pretended most artfully to faint nearly away.

Seeing this, and pitying a frail woman in her helplessness, and, thinking, too, that the mortifying mistake might have been at best the result of his own last way of advertising, and not knowing in fact what he had done, he sprang from his chair, poured a glass of water, and hastened to relieve the beautiful stranger in her distress. But never would she revive until she had given him a fair opportunity to see that a lovely form was here, and challenged the deepest sympathies of his heart by the sight of her prolonged distress. The man was conquered at last, and Mrs. Dudu slowly came back to herself.

Then, on seeing into what a sad mistake she had seemingly fallen, she made as if to go off again in a new instant; and this so frightened her, that she hastened to be most attentive than ever, standing beside her, and supporting her awaying figure. "O, don't tell of this! Pray, keep my secret! O, if the world but knew of this!" she moaned.

"I beg you not to worry for that, my dear madam," said he, with a great deal of feeling, and unexpected feeling. "It is not my secret, never go out of this room!" and much more to the same effect.

Immediately, therefore, she grew better. She swallowed some water, and thought now that she might venture to sit alone. But she was careful to wear still that distressed look upon her face, by that she had she hoped to conquer. And she did.

Mr. Bankum soon got a carriage, and had her driven round home again. He insisted on her giving her name to him, as well as the street and number, which she did, but only with becoming hesitation. He handed her into his carriage, bade her good afternoon, and went back into his room to think upon it. The thinking made him serious; and the very next morning he called on her, though without alluding to the yesterday's adventure. She was rather expecting him, of course; and as he greeted her, he certainly thought he never saw a sweeter woman in his life, nor a lovelier, and that was what she meant to make him think. The calls grew frequent. They were protracted on each occasion. Until, only the other day, the Journal stated, under an appropriate head, that Mr. Bankum had finally got the "partner" he "wanted" so much—the preliminaries having been "settled" on private previous interviews—and that both parties to the new contract had taken a little trip out of town, the better to enter on an acquaintance so accidentally begun!

## THE CLOSED HEART.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

ALFRED GERALD was our clergyman. He was yet a young man, though past the age of youth. He may have been five-and-thirty. He was tall and admirably formed; and some of our people called him the handsomest man in the town. Our former pastor had been turned away for the lack of social qualities; and when Mr. Gerald came, so fresh and so handsome, the society promised itself a grand improvement upon the previous incumbent of the parsonage. In some respects the society was disappointed. Mr. Gerald was an able and eloquent preacher, and a deep thinker; but he was not really a social man of social qualities; and when Mr. Gerald smiled, was always sober and thoughtful, and oftentimes sad. He visited his parishioners, and he attended the social gatherings; but he made no part of the social throng. At the end of a year he had grown more thoughtful and

reverted than when he first came among us, and his visits to his parishioners were less frequent; but still there was no thought of sending him away. He was beloved by all who knew him. To the sick and suffering he was a spirit of light and relief. He had no family, and all the money he saved from the expenses of simple living was spent among the poor of our town.

I have said that Alfred Gerald was beloved by all who knew him; and so it was. But there were some who were not so kind to him, and he knew him, and they contrived to find excuse for whispering against him.

Who was Alfred Gerald?

This was a question put by the uneasy ones. And no one could answer it.

Where did he come from?

This was another of their questions.

What makes him shut himself up within himself so much; and why does he avoid our social parties more and more?

They were questions which we could not answer; and yet they had good groundwork. We did not know who our minister's parents were; we did not know where he came from. We saw that he shrank more and more from happy society; and we also saw that his open brow was more deeply marked with care. Yet he preached as eloquently as ever, and neglected not his duties. And in his works of love and charity he grew more and more zealous.

When Mr. Gerald first came among us he boarded with Mrs. Longworth. Mrs. Longworth was a widow, and had one daughter, named Susan. People said, shortly after the minister went there to board, that he would marry with Susan. And the idea was not a wild one. Susan was but a few years younger than he was, and surely no man could have found a more devoted and affectionate partner. Afflictions in her family had prevented Susan from joining the matrimonial throng in the other years—the death of her father, and the death of four brothers. But the lapse of time had worn away the sharpness of the pang, and Susan was just beginning to wear something of the old smile upon her face.

It did certainly promise to be a match. We could see that Susan loved Mr. Gerald, and we did not believe he could avoid loving her. Susan showed her love very plainly, though all unconsciously. She seemed to be living a new life in the atmosphere of his presence; and he, for a while, seemed to open his heart to brighter and more happy influences.

But suddenly there came a change. Mr. Gerald left the widow's, and sought another boarding-place in a distant corner of the village. The warmer shades which had been gathering upon his face were swept away, and the look of sadness and coldness came back as palpable as than ever. His preaching became more solemn and impressive, and he spent more of his time among the poor and distressed.

Susan Longworth could not conceal the effects of the shock she had received. As she grew paler and paler day by day, with the smiles and the joy all gone from her face, we knew that a great anguish was in her heart. The story of her suffering was so simple that we could not fail to read it. She had loved Alfred Gerald—had loved him with the whole strength and ardor of her soul's purest affection; and when he thus left her, without a word of explanation, the darkness of the cold night came upon her.

What did it mean? We had supposed that Gerald loved her in return. Mrs. Longworth called upon Deacon Everton, and asked him to see the minister. Everton was the oldest man in our society, and one of the best; and who could better be asked to call back Mrs. Gerald. The old man called, and found the minister alone, and after a while he beheld the object of his visit. He had come in behalf of the maiden. In a little while Gerald spoke:

"Alas!" he said, "a greater anguish is mine.

I have loved Susan Longworth—I love her now—I love her with the whole strength of my soul!"

The old man asked him why he had left her—why he had turned so coldly away from her. And Alfred Gerald made answer,—

"Because I dare not offer her my hand!"

"Dare not?"

"I dare not!" repeated Gerald. And bowing his head, he burst into tears. He would say nothing more, only to beg that the subject might be dropped.

It was very strange; and those who wished to talk against our minister found plenty of people who were willing to listen. But there was more than idle gossip. Mr. Gerald's warmest friends were concerned. Susan Longworth was not only suffering, and falling day by day; but Alfred, too, gave signs of an agony that was gnawing at the life and vigor of his heart. At length he asked that he might be relieved from his post of duty. He wished us to find some other minister to take his place.

While the society was considering this proposition, something transpired which was destined to make a change in the current of affairs.

For more than a year there had lived, in a little wayside hut beyond the village, an old man. He was broken down, emaciated, and walked with a crutch; and those who had seen him, and gained an opportunity to speak with him, knew that his life must have been a most unhappy one. He had never told his name, and had shrunk from all observation. Whence he came no one knew.

One evening, as I was returning from a neighboring town on foot, I was overtaken by a shower just as I reached the hut; and, following a natural impulse, I went to the door and knocked. I heard a low, hoarse voice in answer to my summons, and taking it for granted that it was no refusal, I opened the door and entered. The old man was seated upon a pallet, and strove with his crutch in his hand, but did not rise. Light enough came in through the little square window by his head to reveal his face plainly to me; and I thought he looked weak and sick. I told him I had sought shelter from the shower.

"You can stop," he said; "but I don't want you to talk with me. There is a book by your elbow,—read it if you want something to do."

His voice was weak and husky, and I knew from its tones that the lungs were failing. But I had no disposition to disobey him. I picked up the book which I found to be a copy of "Robinson Crusoe," and busied myself in looking it over; though a part of the time was devoted to the examination of my host. He had once been a strong, stalwart man; and he could not always have been had looking. But he had been a man of strong passions, and a lack of moral power. This was evident from the deep, dark marks upon his face, and from the shape of his head.

By and by the shower had passed, and I arose to go. He asked me what my name was; and I told him. He then asked me what was my business; and I told him I was a physician.

"There is a minister in your town?" he said. I told him there was.

"His name is Gerald?"

"Yes."

"I would like to see him to-morrow. Will you ask him to come?"

Of course I promised; but would the man be alive on the morrow? I lied my fears. He seemed to be going to pieces fast. I asked him if he had not better see the minister that very night. He seemed to know my thoughts, for he quickly replied,—

"Don't trouble yourself about my breath. It will last till to-morrow. Let Mr. Gerald come in the morning; and—You are a physician?"

"Yes."

"Then you may come with him. Will you come?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. Shut the door when you go out."

With this the old man threw himself back upon the pallet, and I left the cot. The clouds were sweeping away, and the stars were coming out, and I walked thoughtfully home.

At an early hour on the following morning, I called on Mr. Gerald, and when I had explained to him the object of my visit, he sat at once about preparing to accompany me. I was shocked upon beholding how pale and wan Alfred Gerald was on this cool autumnal morning. He looked as though he had not slept, and as though his fast had been a long one. He said that he noticed this, and with an uneasy gesture he informed me that he was not well. I proposed that I should procure a carriage. I would have brought my own, but my horse was sick in an adjoining town, where I had been forced to leave him on the day before. The minister said he preferred to walk. He thought the exercise would do him good. And so we set forth.

When we reached the wayside hut, I opened the door and went in. The old man was lying down; but he started to his elbow when I entered. I saw that he had not sufficient strength to hold himself in that position, and I went to his side and bolstered him up by placing a stool beneath the head of the straw mattress. When he had been thus fixed, he turned his gaze upon my companion, and I fancied that his eye brightened, and that the blood came back for a moment to his face.

"You are the minister?" he said.

"I am," replied Gerald, regarding the old man with pitying interest. "And you, sir, are a poor, worn traveler, fast nearing the end of life's journey."

"Perhaps I am. Yes, I'm going—I feel it in every bone, and in every nerve. But—don't come any nearer yet. I didn't send for you to come and pray. I have something to tell you. I want to tell you a story. Will you listen to me?"

"I am at your service," replied Gerald, quietly folding his hands upon his knees.

I could see that the old man was failing. He had failed since the previous evening. I could detect it in the color of the lips, and in the tremor of his hand. But not wishing to interrupt him, for I felt that he was anxious to speak.

"ALFRED GERALD," he said, "I am going to tell you something. Listen to me, for I cannot speak many words. I meant to have told you this before, but I had not the courage; and now I must be brief, for I am weak. Listen, and don't miss a word."

The old man gasped for breath, and drank a little water from a tin cup by his side, and then proceeded,—

"Years ago I had a brother. My brother was older than I—two years older. He loved me well—better, I fear, than I loved him. My brother was poor; but he was steady and industrious, and he was not steady, and I was not steady. I drank; and I loathed at the street-corners, and I gambled. My brother married a poor, honest girl—she was poor in money, but rich in love and virtue—he married her, and made for himself a comfortable home; and he offered me a home if I would come and live with him. I would not. My brother was poor in a large store, and so steady and faithful was he that his employers paid him well, and placed great trust in him. I often visited my brother at the store when he was closing up at night, and often did I take small articles of merchandise which I ought not to have taken. Sometimes I went home with him, and slept in his house; and more than once I left and he said I had stolen in an old chest in the room that I occupied. One night I went in while my brother was closing the store, and I noticed that the key was in the door of the safe. I watched my opportunity, and slipped my hand into the safe, and drew out a bunch of notes. I heard some

one coming, and, quickly as possible, I thrust the notes into my pocket, and dashed out of sight. It was one of the owners. He went into his office, and locked up the safe, and then went away.

"That night I slept in my brother's house; and when I was alone in my chamber, I pulled the bundle of notes from my pocket. They were bank-notes—new ones—and of very large denominations. There were many thousand dollars in that package. There was so much that I did not know what to do with it; for I dared not offer one of those big notes in that town. After a while I concluded that I could take the money out of old chest, and consider further on the morrow.

"The morrow came, and when I went out into the town, I heard a great noise. A safe had been robbed of ten thousand dollars! I was afraid to look honest men in the face, and I skulked away. At first I thought of going back and getting the money; but upon second thought I concluded to let it remain where it was. As true as God lives, I did not then think of my brother's danger. I did not think of him at all.

"Suspicion fell upon my brother, and search was made in his house. The money was found in the old chest, and with it were found other articles which were not his. He was arrested. He was apprehended, and the crime was fastened upon him. He knew who had stolen those things which had been hidden in that old chest, but he would not speak the truth. He was tried, and he was condemned; and yet he never opened his mouth to expose his brother.

"Oh, but the village minister! How fit for food for dogs and vultures! Like a coward, as I said, I sneaked away, and allowed my noble brother to suffer! He went to prison, and there he died. His wife and child went to the almshouse, and in a few short years the wife followed her husband to the world of spirits. The child—a boy—grew up, and was finally given away to a kind-hearted clergyman who offered to take care of him.

"And the boy went forth believing that his name had ever for a stain upon it—believing that he was the child of a felon!

"A FELON! O! that boy's father was a god! On all the earth there is not a praver that beside the body of a robber never prays. That boy's father was as pure as the breeze of morning, and his name is written in heaven among the saints!

"Stop!—Hold!—Let me speak! A year ago or more, I came here, for I found trace of the martyr's son. I came a poor, broken, degraded, suffering man, to tell this bit of truth. And yet my tongue did not speak, for my courage failed me."

But the time came when I dared say no longer. I—I am—going. You—you—called Alfred Gerald, after my mother's maiden name—are the son of my brother! O! in God's name—in the name of all that you worship—as the child of my wronged, dead brother—forgive me, and—if you can—forgive me, do not choke you—prayer for me and bless me!"

The minister, pale and trembling, but with a holy light in his eye, and a triumphant look upon his broad brow, knelt by the side of the pallet, and took the hand of the dying man. He forgave—he prayed—he blessed.

But the old man gave no response. His broken voice said only one word to the world which is hidden from mortal eye.

A few moments did the minister gaze upon the face of the dead, and then, with his hands clasped, and raised above his head, he cried,—

"Thank God, the cloud is lifted! My name bears no stain, and my hand is not foul! Henceforth you are free, and a living man, and thanksgiving shall go with my prayers up to heaven!"

He arose, and brushed the tears from his eyes, and on our way back to the village we spoke not a word touching the story we had heard.

On the following day Alfred Gerald performed the funeral services; and then, and there, with



wet cheeks and throbbing bosom, did he tell the story of his father's suffering, of his own darkened morning of life—and of his uncle's repentant end. He told it to an audience sobbing and weeping.

Once more did Alfred Gerald return to the widow's dwelling; and Susan, loving him better than ever before, found sweet refuge upon his bosom, and gave him her hand forevermore.

And Alfred Gerald remained with—as a strong, noble man, growing happier and brighter, as the sources of joy increased about him, and imparting more and more of comfort to others as Christ gave comfort to him.

## CARRIE RAYMOND:

OR,

### THE POOR DESPISED LOVER.

BY ORACE GRANVILLE.

"Oh, Will, why did you persist in loving me? I don't believe you love me very much after all."

It was a fair young creature that uttered the words, and the curling lips trembled, while her slight fingers twisted nervously the silken fringe of her crimson scarf.

The full moon flashed up over the hills and shot its silver arrows over the landscape. Its broad radiance fell softly upon the youthful face, as she trembled upon the falling tear, as it broke in tiny diamonds over her snowy robe, a gentle arm stole about her neck, and passionate kisses pressed her brow.

"Oh, Carrie, my sweet one, how can you talk so? You know not how my heart struggles with its fate. Your proud father scorns me for my poverty, and bids me cease to remember that I ever knew his child. What shall I do, my darling, but go and win that wealth by which the realization of my brightest hopes may be purchased? Yes, Carrie, I will go to the land of gold and heap up the shining dust, and return to my native land rich, fit to be recognised by the lords of affluence and luxury; fit, Carrie, to be treated like an honest man and a gentleman."

A bitter sarcasm curled his lip, and the sentences fell with indignant emphasis. All that was tender and fond in his nature shrank at thought of the coming separation from his beautiful, promised bride; but all that was honorable, and manly, and proud in his nature, likewise revolted from the chagrin and humiliation of regarding Carrie Raymond, the heiress, the child of luxury and refinement, without the ability to place her in a home of comfort and taste. So he had come to say the last good-by. Sad and tearful was the parting to the clinging, heart-sick girl, and all the pledged vows of constancy from her lover's lips could scarce suffice to bring away from the heart beating so yearningly for his presence and sympathy.

No less stern was the ordeal to William Weyburn, and the heroic composure and words of encouragement with which he sought to calm and strengthen the fair girl he loved, gave place to abject despondency and a bitter sense of isolation when relieved from the necessity of ministering such a balm.

"Oh, sister they haven't given me, no one has given me a single penny! What shall we do, sister, it's so cold and we're so hungry? Oh, what shall we do?"

The cry, broken by sobs and so despairing, was a perfect wail, plaintive as that extorted from the very heart of an infant and all-absorbing wretchedness. "Treat a little ragged creature, whose small, pinched face was old with suffering, and whose half-naked form quaked with the piercing chill of a November night. She stood within the cheerless chamber, and closing the creaking door behind her, tottered toward the clump of rags in the corner. In from the dingy window the last departing sun-ray rested like an

angel's kiss upon the ghastly, sunken face of the sick sister. There, in her shivering shroud of woe, all the gaunt phantoms of human misery crowded their haunting heads, and laid their crushing, skeleton hands upon her tender youth. Yes, as to wear those haughty palaces of grandeur and opulence, glittering in splendor under the same sunbeam with which the poor sister bled of the beggar's home! Oh, that such floods as *Mac-don* should stink at mid-day in the very eyes of revelling pomp and bloated luxury—nay, worse, in the very faces of Christian homes!

The large eyes which so long had been eagerly watching the door, full of expectancy, gradually filled with anguish and hid themselves wearily beneath the dark, curling lashes, while painful moans heaved her breast.

The little girl knelt down softly upon the straw, and laid her cold, pitiful face close to her sister's cheek; the wasted arms of the invalid crept tenderly about her, and breathings of a beautiful prayer, sacred to the memory of a dead, sweet sister, fanned up from the heart of the suffering girl. The child grew strong with the words, and with the tears pouring down her aching cheeks, she wrapped the tattered shawl still closer about her, and slipped stealthily away from the room.

The night was falling, and the uttering winds sounded dismally through the city streets, while bent guests now and then swept lightly against the hurrying fur-clad forms, and the freezing homeless wanderers.

The poor child knew not whither to turn her steps, but desperation urged her on. Heedless of the biting cold, the naked little feet flew over the icy pavement, and with her tiny hand out for one penny, just one penny to buy bread for the sick one; but among the thoughtless throng no one noticed the wretched child. "Poor creature! some designed to murder; and others," Oh, the same old story—some contemptible vagabond's young one sent out to excite the compassion of the "good people!" and others, still more heartless, in a louder tone, "Oh, you little imposition! Go along home with you, and keep out of people's way such a night as this!" Dear little lamb, why did not the kind Shepherd gather you into the fold of the heavenly mansions ere the cruel world had so rudely trampled upon your innocent young life?

On through the growing darkness the weary feet plodded, till at last, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, and benumbed with cold, the bony form sank down upon the pavement. Surely there is a watching Eye above our destinies! Surely he saw she fallen, when a tall, manly figure, pressing eagerly along, stopped suddenly, and bent above her.

"My God!" he exclaimed, raising her in his arms, and folding his ample cloak warmly about her. "A child! suffering, perishing in the very path of the thronging multitude! Oh, where in the great world's heart springs the fountain of human misery, if such as this come to die of bitter want? God pity the outcasts!"

As the warmth penetrated her chilled limbs, she ceased to answer her preserver's inquiries,—where she lived, where he should take her, &c. Too well was she acquainted with those unfriendly streets and alleys, and soon, despite the darkness, she directed him, through all their windings, to the door of her sister's room.

"Nellie, darling, have you come?" said the faint voice of the sick girl, as the child opened the door. "How could you leave sister so to wander in the dark streets alone? Did my hungry little sister find anything to eat?"

"No, sister, nobody would give me anything but a half-penny, and that man who brought me home when every one else would have left me die. He will get us something to eat. Won't you, sir? We are so hungry, and poor sister is so sick."

It was perfectly dark within, and these two pleading voices came out on the still gloom with intense effect to the stranger's heart. He put

the child down, and promised to return in a minute; he brushed a tear from his eye, and hastened into the street. Ere long he reappeared, with a basket of fuel, a candle, and some food.

A light was struck, and with utter dismay he gazed about the beggar's room, and at last upon the white, sunken face of the sister.

Taking his cloak from his shoulders, he bade the child lie down beside her sister, and then covering them snugly with its thick folds, commenced building a fire upon the hearth, while the half-starved Nellie voraciously devoured the cakes brought her by her generous benefactor.

During all this time, the sick girl lay silently watching every movement, and listening to every word of the stranger. A dimness crept over her senses, and she was transported into the downy years of happiness, which banded, like golden circles, the beautiful hours of her childhood. Among the fond ones who waited upon her steps, and ministered to her comfort, was one better beloved than them all. How their hearts were knit together—how pure was their affection! But cruel pride snapped the bond of their union, and the cold years had glided on between them. But the love-life was serene; and even now, in the depth of her sorrow, her broken heart, it remained bright and firm as one band that link the stars to their eternal pathways. 'Twas a sweet coming-back of the sunny-browed Godey, and like the carols of evening breezes to the forehead of disease came its fond breathings to her fevered spirit.

At length the stranger rose from the hearth, and, removing his hat from his head, threw back the masses of curling hair from his high, capacious brow, and stood with the light beaming full upon his face by the side of the miserable bed. As if by a quick, spirit communication, the invalid opened her brilliant eyes, and uttered a wild cry of surprise.

"Is it a dream? has my Will truly come to me? Who are you that has so kindly saved us from death? Are you my Will, or have you only stolen his face for your ministry of mercy?"

"Carrie, Carrie Raymond! Is it possible?" and he sprang to her side and clasped her in his arms. "This is my darling," he continued, impetuously, "this is why I failed to find you on my return to earth. But why did you not write to me of your terrible reverse, and not his suffer such fearful want, when your own Will would have poured glittering abundance at your feet. O, my love, my precious one!" and William Weyburn showed such tokens upon the lovely face of the sick girl as few dreary years had not gladdened it. And then he told her of his own sickness in a foreign land; of his ill-success and misfortunes; and finally of the wealth, abundance, and princely fortune, which since had flowed into his coffers.

And then came the full and recital of her father's bankruptcy and death, of her mother's lingering dissolution, and the lonely, suffering life which followed to herself and patient little Nellie. Four years! O, how slowly, how painfully, they trampled by, with their iron hoofs crushing out the bright hopes and sunny promises of their existence; but Carrie eyes were now sparkling with grateful tears, that through it all she had been brought to rest once again upon the faithful bosom of her noble friend, who the very next day became her wedded husband. Yes, in that hour of gloom, when grim poverty had set in the bleak autumnal hours, and divided his prey with hunger and cold, and Carrie eyes were now so radiant with costly robes; with sister Nellie clinging to her hand in bewildered ecstasy, declaring that the "good faunes" were surely come to earth again; there William Weyburn was the only woman he ever loved, the once handsome and elegant, but now worn and pallid, Carrie Raymond.

The new year came forth from the hidden time glorious as a queen on coronation-day, glittering and magnificent in imperial attire. The gorgeous east, cloudless and golden, ushered in the morning, and flooded the wintry earth with dawning radiance. Frost jewels sparkled on amid the emerald evergreens, and busy fingers of light wore tiny rainbows among the crystals and snow-wreaths decking the leafless shrubs. Temples and palaces reared themselves like celestial creation, and even the hovels and vulgar market-places were transformed into things of beauty and immaculateness by the royal smiles of the munificent new year.

The splendid mansion shone from cupola to pavement, as if showered with polished diamonds. Its lofty proportions and portly elegance vied proudly with the proudest homes of wealth; and no marvel that Carrie Raymond's eyes were dimmed with wondering tears, and Nellie grew wild with joy as the luxurious sleigh halted at the gate, and William Wayburn conducted his wife and sister up the marble steps, and into the warm, tasteful breakfast-room of their future home. A small table stood in the centre, arranged with a beautiful breakfast-service, and laden with delicious viands. The young bride, radiant again with health and beauty, presided, and the happy trio soon forgot, in the delight of the hour, the bitter years of separation and suffering which had been their mutual lot. But never in her after life of prosperity did Carrie Raymond forget that needy, wretched beings were about her in pauper homes of sickness and want, drinking the gall-mingled cups of woe as she once had drunk them, and walking the thorn-paths with unshod feet, even as she had done, in those solemn hours of her affliction. No, she never forgot; and as each yearly anniversary of the evening of her own deliverance returned, it sunk in purple shadows over one heart at least less stricken for the kindly ministrations and benevolent sympathies of Carrie Raymond.

## A BACKWOODS HEROINE.

BY AN ILLINOIS PIONEER.

DURING the celebrated Black Hawk war, the Indians attacked a small white settlement at midnight, massacred the men and most of the women and children, and took five women captive into the wilderness. The names of these unfortunate creatures were Mrs. Jenks, Mrs. Wetmore, Mrs. Jacobs, Miss Martin, and Miss Rose. Mrs. Jenks was a large woman, of great strength, and with the courage of a lion. Miss Rose was only seventeen, fragile, and in poor health. The other three captives were of ordinary make, both in body and mind.

When the party struck into the woods, by the light of the blazing camp-fires, the captive women were heavily laden with the spoils of their own homes, which they were obliged to bear away for the benefit of their captors. All but Miss Rose managed to keep pace with the savages, but that poor girl's strength utterly failed her after the first half-hour, and with a weary moan she sank upon the ground. At this juncture the savages sprang forward, and the Indian savage at once approached her with uplifted tomahawk. Perceiving her peril, she made a frantic effort to regain her feet, which, despite her burden, she succeeded in doing. But it was the last struggle of exhausted nature. After staggering a few rods, she fell helplessly to the ground. Again the savage sprang forward, and the Indian tomahawk in the air. Uttering a wild cry, the poor girl tried to shield her head with her thin hands,



A BACKWOODS HEROINE.

But the gleaming tomahawk cut through them as though they had been paper, and sunk deep into the brain. The other women, frantic with terror, pressed hurriedly on; and their fear was still more increased when, a few moments after, the inhuman savages rushed past them, waving in triumph the reeking scalp of their murdered sister.

It would be too sickening a tale were we to narrate all the particulars of the sufferings and death of these poor women who, one after another, sinking under their burdens, were tomahawked and scalped by the same brutal savages, and their bodies left lying in the forest. At the close of the eighth day, Mrs. Jenks was the only survivor of them all; the savages, admiring her strength and calm courage, complimented her, in a coarse way, upon her superiority to the other "pale-faced squaws," and began to treat her with less severity. She was permitted to eat a good supper, and a couple of bear skins were given her for a couch. She awoke in the morning much refreshed, and, after eating a hearty breakfast, was about to resume her heavy pack, when the leader of the party told her she need not carry it further. She exhibited no sign of pleasure at this unexpected good fortune, as she knew that savages greatly admire a stoical indifference alike to good and ill; and she wished them to think as well of her as possible, for she had determined to seize the first opportunity to avenge the murder of her companions.

On the morning of the tenth day the party of savages separated, four going on with her, and the rest (with a large and ferocious dog belonging to the chief) striking off in another direction. Her spirits rose. At last the hour was coming! That night, after making a fire and cooking their supper, in which Mrs. Jenks assisted them with apparent cheerfulness, the savages lay down to rest without setting a sentinel, but not without taking the precaution to bind their captive's hands and feet with a stout cord. As soon as all was still, the heroic woman began to work her hands, in hopes that she could release them. Joy! joy! the cord relaxes. One hand, though with intense pain, is torn from the fastening, and soon she is free!

Continuously peering round, she discovers the four Indians lying asleep, with their heads to

the fire, and all near together. Stealthily as a leopardess, she crawls towards them. She crouches by the side of the one nearest her, and gently draws his tomahawk from his belt. It is the same savage that killed Miss Rose—that killed all four of her poor helpless sisters; and from his girdle now hang their scalps. Poising the keen-edged tomahawk with her muscular arm, she measures the position of the savages with her eye, takes a station which brings them all within her reach, and then deals three rapid blows, and three of her foes lie beyond the power of harming her more. But ere she can strike the fourth he awakes and springs upon his feet. She deals him a staggering blow, however, before he can draw his weapon, and follows up her advantage so rapidly that he, too, soon lies dead at her feet.

As soon as she felt that she was victorious, the heroic woman's strength forsook her, and she sank powerless to the ground. But she soon rallied, and taking the scalps of her dead companions from their murderer's girdle, and securing a tomahawk and knife, and as much provision as she could carry without burdening herself, she set out on her return to the borders of civilisation. Nothing occurred to retard her progress or to incommode her until the afternoon of the seventh day. She was just about entering a small brook to wade across it, when she was startled by a fierce growl, and on looking about, she saw at a little distance, on the opposite side of the brook, the ferocious dog of the chief who commanded the party that had taken her and her now murdered neighbors prisoners. At sight of this well-known brute, our brave heroine's heart sank within her. She knew that the chief, and perhaps his party, must be near at hand, and that she should in all probability be retaken, and her killing of the four Indians discovered. And she knew enough of the Indian character to be aware that the slaughter of their comrades would be terribly avenged upon herself. She stood in the water of the brook as these thoughts flashed through her mind, watching the behaviour of the dog, by which she expected soon to be attacked. In a few moments he uttered a fierce growl, and she knew enough of the Indian character to be aware that the slaughter of their comrades would be terribly avenged upon herself. She stood in the water of the brook as these thoughts flashed through her mind, watching the behaviour of the dog, by which she expected soon to be attacked. In a few moments he uttered a fierce growl, and she knew enough of the Indian character to be aware that the slaughter of their comrades would be terribly avenged upon herself. She stood in the water of the brook as these thoughts flashed through her mind, watching the behaviour of the dog, by which she expected soon to be attacked. In a few moments he uttered a fierce growl, and she knew enough of the Indian character to be aware that the slaughter of their comrades would be terribly avenged upon herself.



FOREST SKETCHES.—CATCHING A WILD HORSE.

When the dog had come within a couple of rods of the brook, a huge panther suddenly springing from the overhanging branches of a tree alighted on his back, and a desperate struggle at once began.

Mrs. Jenks, knowing that the cries of the brute would soon bring the savages to the spot, did not stop to see what would be the victor, but stepping into the middle of the brook, she ran down-stream as fast as she could go, until she came to a spot where the branch of a gigantic tree stretched across the stream at a height which she could reach by springing with all her energy. She summoned all her strength, and making a desperate leap, succeeded in clutching the stout branch. After an exhausting struggle, she managed to draw herself up to and climb upon the limb, without leaving any trace of her footsteps to guide a pursuer. This accomplished, she soon reached the trunk of the tree, ascended among its obscuring foliage, and selecting a strong branch for a seat, sat down to await the issue of events—first thanking Providence for sending the dog to be the panther's victim, which would also have certainly sprung upon her, as she should have passed directly under the tree in which he was hidden.

In a few minutes, she heard the report of a rifle, then another, and then a third. She knew by this that the Indians had arrived within sight of the dog and panther, and had shot the latter. Now, if the savages should pass the brook at the spot where she entered it, and behold the track of her footsteps, her detection would be almost certain, for who could successfully elude those eyes of the forest, who so well understood all the stratagems of savage warfare? Parting the branches, and cutting off the twigs with her scalping knife, until she could peer out, she gazed in the direction of the Indians, and soon saw them, twelve in number, cross the brook at the fatal spot. They had scarcely reached the opposite bank, before she saw, by their actions, that they had discovered her footprints. They traced them back from the brook a short distance, and then returned and gazed about in all directions. After a short consultation, they divided into four parties of three each, two parties tracking down-stream on both sides, and the other two tracking up-stream.

And now the poor woman felt an assured conviction that she would soon be recaptured and tortured to death. What should she do? Should she engage in a desperate struggle, and thus court an instant death? Or should she quietly submit, and take her chance for a second escape. Before she could determine what course to pursue, she heard the savages under the tree in which she was hidden. She peered down, and saw that they were scrutinizing the limb by which she had clambered from the brook. Their keen eyes soon detected the broken twigs and other signs of a heavy body having passed along the limb; and in a few moments, Mrs. Jenks saw three of them climbing the tree. As soon as they discovered her, they gave a prolonged yell, which was repeated by the savages beneath, and soon answered by the parties that had gone up-stream.

The foremost Indian of those who had ascended the tree sternly bid the poor woman to come down, and, knowing it would be useless to resist, she at once began to descend—the savages, either from polite or prudential motives, giving her the precedence. In a few minutes after they had all reached the ground in safety the up-stream party, including the chief, arrived on the spot; and great was their surprise on beholding who it was that they had captured. They eagerly demanded how she had escaped, and she told them she had taken the scalp of her dead friend, and the tomahawk and scalping-knife, while her captors were asleep (which was a fact), and had fled—omitting to say that before fleeing she had killed the whole party. The aborigines seemed puzzled at the fact that their four brethren had not captured her before this time, but still it did not seem to enter their minds that she had killed them. The idea that a "pale-faced squaw" should kill four Indian braves was probably one which nothing but ocular material proof would have made them entertain.

They all returned in silence to the spot where Mrs. Jenks entered the brook. At this place the undergrowth was slight, and the forest stretched away like an endless grove, through which one could see at some distance; while on the opposite side of the stream (where the dog and panther fought), and about ten rods from it, was a thick

clump of bushes, which intercepted the view in that direction. As the savages were preparing their supper over a fire they had kindled, Mrs. Jenks sat gazing at the clump of bushes, and it occurred to her that perhaps if she could get into that she might hide from her captors so effectually they could not find her. It was a stupid thought, but not altogether unnatural under the circumstances. She made up her mind to try and escape thus, even if she should be killed for it. Full of this idea, she gradually stole towards the brook, and, on reaching its bank, briskly waded across it, and ran for the clump of bushes. Her attempt was instantly perceived; and, with a wild yell, several of the savages started in pursuit.

The flying woman ran for liberty—for life. With her utmost strength and swiftness she fled, but her pursuers were swifter of foot than she. She had reached within a few feet of the clump, when the foremost savage grasped her by the shoulder. Quick as lightning came a flash from the bushes, followed by the sharp crack of a rifle, and the Indian fell dead at her feet. "Crack! crack! crack! crack!" and the other four Indians dropped. Then a volley, and all the savages but one on the other side of the brook bit the turf, and the survivor fled swiftly to the cover of the underbrush. Then, with a cheery huzzah, a band of "Backwoods Rangers" rushed from the bushes, and gathered around the brave woman, who, now that she was safe beyond all contingencies, sat down upon the ground and wept bitterly.

The "Rangers" had been in pursuit of the savages for several days, and, thanks to the report of their rifles when they shot the panther, and the yell on discovering Mrs. Jenks's hiding place, they had been found, and punished at last. The gallant "Rangers" conducted the heroic sufferer safely to her friends, where she long lived to recount the story of her perils and her escapes to never-tiring listeners.

## FOREST SKETCHES.—No. 5.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP,  
AUTHOR OF "THE HUNTED LIFE," &c.

### CATCHING A WILD HORSE.

HAVING spent the long cold winter upon the Atlantic board, our party came together in the spring to take counsel for the summer's campaign. Ben Gilroy had been thinking of the north-west; but not so the rest of us. There was a big lying at one of the piers bound direct for Galveston. The commander, who was also owner, was an acquaintance of ours, and he offered us free passage, was to find only our provisions. We did not debate long upon the proposition. Texas was a country we wished to see; we knew game was plenty there; that the climate was genial; and that we should find a warm welcome from our countrymen who had settled there. So we made up our minds to accept the captain's kind offer.

We purchased everything we thought we should need, and which might not be handsily found in that country, and had them stowed on board the vessel. We obtained a very convenient portable tent; cooking utensils of various kinds; plenty of ammunition; spare weapons; and such other matters as were calculated to meet our comforts and wants.

It was a fair pleasant morning when we left the harbor, and the future seemed full of promise.

On board the brig was a negro, named Fitz-ebert—or Fitz Eben. He was a slave, and said he had bought his freedom. He was a good painter, and I could easily believe that he had thus earned money enough to purchase himself. He was a short, dumb, thick-set fellow; "black as the ace of spades," and strong as a moose. He possessed a good fund of wit, and was, altogether, a very entertaining companion. He

served as a sort of safety-valve to the fun and sport of our party—being made the butt of all our jokes, and the recipient of our cuffs, when we felt inclined to practise the "able" art of self-defence. He had considerable money stowed away in old places, having worked some of the trade of horses, a sign painter, and lived very economically. He had started for Texas with the intention of working at his trade there; and to gain his passage as cheaply as possible he shipped as cook for the outward trip.

The old darter was a good cook; and when we came to amuse ourselves by shooting porcupines, he proved himself a first class cook. If he heard us talk over our intended sport so much that he was fairly touched with the contagion. He was anxious to join us and finally made this proposition:—"if we would take him with us on equal share in the proceeds of the expedition, he would do all the cooking, and tend to the whole culinary department, besides performing such other mental office as we might require."

We considered upon his offer awhile, and finally resolved to accept it; and when the arrangement was concluded we felt that we had made a good bargain. He agreed to provide himself with arms and ammunition, and to find him in powder—not because he objected to buying it, but because we had plenty.

So Fitzben was one of our party. And from that time old Ben cracked his jokes upon the darter more freely than ever.

We landed at Galvesto as early and sound, and since crossed over to the Rio Colorado, where we ascended as far up where the city of Austin now stands. Here we had to procure a boat of our own, having resolved upon pushing on to that beautiful triangular valley which is flanked upon the Guadalupe Mountains, and watered by some dozen tributaries from the Colorado. We found a boat which just suited our purpose, strong and heavy, and were to all our luggage, and yet not so cumbersome that we could carry it around the rapids and falls.

On the second day from Austin we reached the Great Falls of the Rio Colorado, and having carried our boat up, and secured it in a snug little bay, we turned in for the night.

Twenty miles above Austin, in a lonely nook, we found a man to whom we had a message of introduction from some hunters we had met at San Felipe. I had asked for a "letter," but there were two reasons why such a thing was out of the question: Those of whom we asked it could not write; and he who told us we asked it could not read. Under such circumstances I did not press the matter.

We found the man just as we had been assured we should. He was an old trapper, named Garland Phillips; but for long years he had only answered to the name of *Garl*; and there were but very few, even of his own friends, who knew his real name. When he first lived, though he was then a young man, he looked like a lion; they generally called him "*Garl the Grizzly*," partly from his own grizzled look, and partly because he was one of the most successful bear hunters in that section.

He was a Virginian by birth; somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age—he did not know exactly how long he had lived, though he could swear "twice over fifty years." In frame he was tall and spare, with large bones, and muscles hard and tough as steel; and with a slight stoop caused wholly by creeping about in the forest. His skin was dark as an Indian's, and looked dry and hard; his beard unshorn, and his uncut hair floating over his huge shoulders like that of a perfect giant. He seemed to have been originally of a dark red hue, but now faded and thickly streaked with white. His dress was of leather throughout—moccasins, leggings, doublet, jacket, cap, and all. This cap was a curious affair, being formed of the skin from the head of a grizzly bear. It had been very recently taken off, so arranged that the form of the bear's head was preserved, the ears standing up

like life, and the teeth being all inserted below the snout as before.

The old trapper listened to our proposition, and very readily consented to go with us. He was acquainted with the whole country between them and the Sierras, and also northward to the Arkansas. He brought out the two rifles and pistols, and ammunition, and some little article he wished to take with him; and then shut up his cabin, securing the door with a wooden pin.

So here was one more in our party; and for the time he was by far the most important one. He was a perfect original in character, and we were very anxious to both know and see him.

About a hundred miles above the Great Falls of the Colorado we came to a point where the San Saba entered from the south-west; and into this tributary we turned our boat. For a long distance the stream ran between two high ranges of mountains—apurs of the Guadalupe—and the scenery was grand and imposing. The banks were covered with heavy timber, and the bright-plumed birds were plentiful.

At length we reached a beautiful open space, where the tall grass waved luxuriantly—the surface rolling away toward the distant mountains like the huge waves of the sea. We pitched our camp here, and the heavy timber, upon the bound of the valley prairie, and had all our effects brought up. It was near midnight when all was prepared, so we out some steaks from the haunch of a "mule-deer" we had killed in the morning, and had Fitz cook it for our supper.

After this we sat down outside of the tent, in the moonlight, and laid our plans for the coming work.

"Let's put up for the first adventure," said Ben, just before we retired to the tent.

This was readily agreed to. We put in half a dollar each, and he who had the first real adventure was to have the whole.

"I'll bet," said Ben, "I'll bet," said Fitz, with a solemn look. "If he for ever gettin' himself into scrapes. He'll get into trouble wid dis chile one ob dese days,—now you jes see 'if he doesn't."

The old darter dodged a piece of under-dune venison, and then ran into the tent.

This night we slept soundly, and on the following morning we were up and dressed "betimes." Just as the first dawn built we were started out by a heavy tramp close by, and on reaching the open air we saw a herd of wild horses not more than fifty yards distant, and all of them gazing on our habitation. They had apparently come to drink at the river as usual, and were startled at the appearance of our tent.

"Then critturs know 'at humans have some amongst 'em," said Garl, as he surveyed the troop. "Jes see how 'stonished they be."

While we were viewing the noble animals, a lucky idea had popped into the woolly head of *Garl*. He hurried back into the tent, and, in a few minutes, he came out, with a skin of venison provided for half halter-stuff. He fashioned a running noose upon one end, and then carefully coiled it up, and crept around to the back side of the camp.

The reader will remember that we had pitched our tent close by the wood, and to the left, as we looked from our door, the line of the river growth was seemingly as straight as a line would have been drawn. Fitz had seen where the horses came in, and with more secrecy and care than I had believed him capable of he crept to the place—a slight opening in the under-growth—and climbed up into a small tree, the foliage of which concealed him from view.

As the day did not break, and his perch ten seconds ere the horses gave one simultaneous snort, and then started off. Full a score of them passed directly beneath the tree which held our camp, being bound for the wide prairie which lay beyond this belt of timber. Presently I saw the lead fly, and, unexpectedly to me, I saw about the neck of the lead fly a coat-black stallion. The noose was instantly

drawn tight, and the animal stopped and reared himself up upon his hind legs.

For a while the horse seemed utterly astounded. Instinct of attempting to keep on through the wood he turned towards the open prairie. Fitz had now drawn the noose as tight as he could, and as the horse turned the darter leaped upon his back. He did this, as he afterwards told us, upon the spur of the moment. He had not thought of such a thing until he saw the round, glossy back directly beneath him; but as he saw this he was tempted to take the seat, thinking, no doubt, that he could easily choke the lead into submission.

For about half a minute after Fitz dropped into his new seat the horse remained perfectly still, save a tremulousness which was perceptible even where we were.

"I've got 'um," shouted the darter; at the same time trying to draw the noose tighter.

Whether it was the drawing of the rope, the sound of Fitz's voice, or because the horse had stood long enough, we could not tell; but no sooner were the words dropped from the cook's thick lips than the frightened animal started. He gave a wheel and a bound, and then, with a wild, loud, prolonged snort, he darted away towards the opposite end of the prairie.

Of course we were startled by this movement, for poor Fitz was in danger of losing his life, and we of losing an excellent cook.

This opening of the prairie was not far from three miles in length, and not over a mile in the widest part from the river to the wood. The horse bounded away to the further end in a very few minutes, and then came back. When he came to within a few rods of where we stood he stopped and reared himself upright, shaking his head, and snorting like a trumpet. On the next moment he came down and began to leap from side to side—moving with lightning-like quickness in all directions: now sideways, now backwards; then a leap forward; then up and down again; and anon rearing straight up in the air as before.

Had it been necessary to the saving of our lives we could not have stopped laughing at them. There was poor Fitz, lying flat upon his belly—both arms hugged tightly about the horse's neck—his short legs now sprawling in the air, and soon hugging upon the animal's side—while his ebony face, all twisted and contorted by agony the most intense, was popping about like the head of a Chinaman at dinner.

"Harcy! harcy! 'Oh! bless de Lord. Save me! save me!" he yelled, trying to keep his face turned towards us.

"Harcy ye caught him?" asked Ben Gilroy. "Oh? 'Gis! Don't laugh! Bless de Lord!—Oh! Sampson Salvation!—Come an' cetch 'um! Ugh!"

The poor darter's pleading was brought to a sudden end by the horse's giving a tearing whirl, lifting himself aloft, first upon his hind legs and then upon his fore,—which last movement came near spilling his rider off,—and then flying away again towards the other end of the opening.

We expressed our surprise that the horse should come so near us upon which our guide informed us, that the wild horse seldom attempted to make off to his usual haunts with a man upon his back.

"In course," he added, "it's not a common thing for one o' them critturs to have a human on his back. In all my wanderin' I never seed it but once afore. 'Tis the critter's frightened out of his wits. 'Tis too bad to care what he goes to, an' 'tisn't improbable 'at he fence his rider 'll get off quicker heyr'n he would any whar else."

Our attention was again called to Fitz, the horse having stopped about midway in the opening, and commenced a series of snorts more conspicuous than the first. We too had been so seriously alarmed, for the

old trapper assured us, that if the animal got Fitz off he'd surely kill him.

"He's right up 'n' d'ye see; an' he's got sense enough to know 't his heels wur made for destronin' purposes. Ef he should git 'un off, y' may be sure he'd let them huffs fly kind o' savage like."

But Fitz was not off yet. He still clung about the beast's neck with his arms, and hugged with his knees when he could. Still we could see that he was becoming weak. Had he kept his hold upon the laso, and had presence of mind enough to use it, he might possibly have choked the animal ere this; but most men are not apt to be very clear-minded under such circumstances.

The horse had now started off again, and was running around in a circle; but in the course of a few minutes he flew off in a tangent, and once more approached us. At a distance of some twenty rods he stopped, and commenced a course of tactics which struck us with horror.

The beast stood for a few moments gazing upon us. His eyes were glowing like fire; his finely cut nostrils widely distended; his broad, swart breast, heaving powerfully; and his flanks quivering as though with an ague. It was easy enough to see that he was mad, and that mischief was in his intent.

Presently the savage beast gave another of those wild snorts, and then reared himself upright, his head high in air, and his long mane flowing in wavy masses.

"Oh! blessed God!—sabe me!" we could just hear the fellow growl. He had become so weak to cry out and loud he had become so merry on his poor chile! Oh! mas', mas', sabe me!"

I could see that even Ben Gildroy was paler than usual. There was no more laughing. The movements of the mighty beast had now become more frightful. He reared and pitched, and then bounded from side to side, and anon letting his heels fly from pure madness. We could see plainly now what Gari had told us: Should the horse shake the man off, he would kick him to death as sure as fate.

And that must soon be if something was not done for Fitz was growing weaker every moment. Ever and anon he would utter a low moan, and no words in any language can express the terrible, sinking agony, that was expressed upon his black features.

"In heaven's name," I cried, "what can we do?"

"Hold still," said Gari, "and with those two words, he turned and went into the tent, and when he returned he bore his rifle in his hands. It was a huge weapon over six feet long; and so heavy that I could not aim it without a rest.

"It's got to be did," the old trapper resumed, as he cast his keen eyes toward the horse and his rider.

I think I didn't speak particularly of Gari's eyes; but I should have done so, for they were the most striking feature below his bear-head cap. They were larger than they looked to be, from being hidden away deeply beneath the shaggy brows, and were black as night. I believe I never saw black eyes before with such a complexion. They were bright as two stars, and the men are not many who could hold unflinching, unmoved beneath their steady, burning gaze.

Gari fixed those eyes upon the scene, and in a moment more he raised his heavy rifle to his shoulder. Presently the horse reared aloft again, with his broad breast towards us; and his mane and tail were waving in the wind. The beast knew it, for he stood there, upon his hind legs, with his head aloft, his eyes flashing, and his nostrils dilated to transparency.

"Hey goos!" said Gari; and on the next instant he fired. The horse came down upon his fore feet, and immediately reared up again. This time he staggered back, and fell poor Fitz, from absolute exhaustion, fell off backwards, the

beast came half down forwards, and then fell over sideways upon the grass!

We ran to the spot and helped Fitz to his feet. The horse had a hole through his heart! We got our own meals that day; but the cook was stronger the next morning, and able to re-choose it, whilst, though it was some time before he wholly recovered from the effects of his involuntary ride.

Still the darkey had one pleasant consideration: He won the money for the "first endurance;" though he most positively asserted that he would never attempt to mount another wild horse for all the money the company could raise.

## HOW I CAME TO BE MARRIED.

It may be funny, but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy juleps, cigar-boxes, boot-jacks, abounding shirt-buttons, whist, and dominoes. Shadows—prosting—hoop-skirts, bandboxes, gowns, long stockings, juvenile dresses, little wicker chairs, cradles, papp, paragon, hire syrup, soothing syrup, senex, aquila, and doctor's pills. Shadows future—more nine-pound babies, more hire syrup, &c., &c. I'll tell you how I got caught.

I was always the darndest, to-ca-student, baili-fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty girl approach me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one. 'Twasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind a fence looking through a knot-hole I could not look at one long enough.

Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house, waiting for 'Old Dan Tucker' to begin, to keep my feet warm, and watching the leads bob up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up, so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to shun up the door-post. No sooner said than done, and I quickly found out my error to be.

"Now," says I, "let her rip! dance till your wind gives out!" and cuddling under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of shell-crabs, and stewed tripe, and having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and waked me up. "Rapped!" again. "Rap, rap, rap."

Then I heard a whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside.

"Rap, rap!"

Then Lib sings out,—

"Jack, are you in there?"

"Yes," says I.

Then came a roar of laughter.

"Get up, you duffer!" says she.

"I won't," says I; "can't you let a fellow alone?"

"Are you abed?" says she.

"I am," says I.

"Get up," says she.

"I won't," says I.

Then came another laugh. By thunder! I began to get tired.

"Get out, you petticoated scarecrow!" I cried.

"Can't you get a bean without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't; so you may clear out!"

Then, throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. Presently—oh, mortal buttons! I saw a still, snuff-colored voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said,—

"Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girl's things are in there."

"Oh, Lord, what a pickle! I think of me in bed, all covered up with shawls, muffs, bonnets, and cloaks, and twenty girls outside waiting to get in. If I had stopped to think, I would have fainted

on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet wire and ribbons in a hurry.

"Smash!" went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls will peek—and the way I tumbled about was death on straw bales. The cock in the corner laid 'em. I opened the door and found myself right among the women.

"Oh, my leghorn?" cries one. "My dear, darling, winter velvet!" cries another; and they pitched in; they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears, and one bright-eyed little piece—Sal—well, her name was—put her arms right around my neck and kissed me right on my lips. Human nature couldn't stand that, and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Caesar to the Fourth of July.

"Jack," says she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?"

"Yes," says I, "I will."

I did do it, and had another smack at the gate, too. After that, we took to turtle-doving after each other, and both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider, when we were away from each other.

That was at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was setting behind a distant tree-top, and the chickens were going to roost—the bullfrogs were commencing their evening songs—the pollywogs in their native mudpools were preparing them for the shades of night—and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated backlog, listening to the music of nature, such as tree-loads, roosters, grunting pigs, and such like, and then the music of a distant jackass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mulden stalks, and came heavily laden with the delicious odor of hen-roots and pig-styes. The last lingering rays of the setting sun, glancing from the bright buttons of a solitary horseman, shone from a kind horn in the hog-pen, fell in Sal's face, dying her hair with its orange-purplish, and showing off my threadbare coat to a bad advantage. One of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting the small of her back. She was toying with my suburn locks of jet black hair—she was almost gone, and I was ditto. She looked like a grasshopper dying with the locusts, and I felt like a mud-turtle choked with a codfish ball.

"Sal," says I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying swan, "will you have me?"

She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the beaver and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe-strings to her palate, said,—

"Yes!"

She gave clean out then, and squatted in my lap. She cork-screwed, and I circumdummed and rolled in it. I hugged her till I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelt of the onions which she had eaten the week before.

Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practised every night for four weeks how we would walk into the room to be married, till we got so we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovite ducks.

The night the company and the minister came the signal was given, and arm in arm we marched through the crowded hall. We were just entering the parlor-door, when down I went, jerking on the oil-cloth, pulling Sal after me. Some cursed fellow had dropped a banana skin on the floor, and it floored me. It split an awful hole in my cassimere, right under my dress-coat tail.

It was too late to back out, so, clapping my hand over it, we marched in, and were quieted, and taking a seat, I watched the kissing-of-the-bride operation. My groomsmen was a little tight, and he kissed her until I jumped up to take a shoe, when, oh, horror! a little six-year-old imp had crawled behind me, and pulling my shirt through the hole in my pants, had pinned it to a chair, and in jumping up I displayed to the as-

minging gaze of the astonished multitude a trifle more white muslin than was pleasant. The women giggled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed, and all my troubles ended.

#### NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We shall shortly commence a New Tale by Illion Constellano, entitled "The Pearl Diver." It is a most thrilling and exciting story of Californian Life, and is written expressly for the New York Ledger.

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, DECEMBER 6, 1862.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

CHILDHOOD is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lip may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

#### WOMAN'S TRUEST HAPPINESS.

In what does woman's truest happiness consist? This should be a question early put to girls, the careful solving of which would open many a pair of bright eyes to the aims really worth striving after, and spare many a noble heart the mortification of a failure in the search after happiness. Does marriage, merely as a marriage, ensure happiness? How many disappointed wives would answer "No." Where, then, shall it be sought? In our own hearts must the jewel lie, or vain will be our search.

#### "I CAN'T."

Shame on you! The expression is bad enough on the tongue of infancy. To that of manhood, or womanhood, it is a positive disgrace. How do you know you "can't"? Have you tried? Well, if you have, try once more! As the song says—

"Try, try again!"

Final success will make you feel all the sooner. The task before you may be difficult. What if it is? It is then the more worthy of performance by the noble in spirit. If it be but an easy one, a numbskull may perform it. It would be no credit to you.

Courage, then, young man, or young woman, whoever you be! Resolve to know no such word as "can't!"

#### EFFECTS OF WORLDLY SUCCESS.

We always find that a long course of success gives a sort of confidence very different from that which arises in a reliance on accurate and extensive views and prudent calculations. Many a man sets out in life with a daring and powerful genius, which, trusting implicitly to the precautions which it has previously taken, and the resources which it feels within itself for the future, grapples with enterprises and risks consequences, and succeeds in efforts, that would daunt the timid, and be lost by the slow and calculating; but, after a long course of success, the basis of confidence becomes changed to the same man—he trusts to his fortune, not to genius—grows rash instead of bold—and falls by events for which he is neither prepared nor adequate.

#### FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

It is the mild and quiet part of the world who are generally outraged and born down by the other half of it; but in this they have the advan-

tage, whatever be the sense of their wrongs, that pride stands not so watchful a sentinel over their forgiveness as it does in the fierce and forward. We should all of us be more ready to forgive than we are, but the evil-minded of this transitory world forbid it; and mankind are too apt to make interpositions with its evil office in remissions, especially of this kind. The truth is, it has its laws, to which the heart is not always a party; and consequently it acts so like an unfeeling instrument in all cases, without any distinction, that it requires the most powerful energies, with the firmest and most settled habit of humanity, to bear up against it.

#### THE CARTOON OF LIFE.

Life is a Cartoon. Raphael never painted one half so grand and inimitable. Observe it when the day begins to dawn on a multitudinous city—when the rosy light begins to hover from the east—rising from the canvas, at first are the night's slumber drops from the millioned lid faint and shadowy. The unsettled purposes and reactions are the open air, clear, serene, and full of promise. As the day deepens the plot of the great heart and soul rises and culminates. That which is happily fulfilled is sunshine; the rest is cloud and storm. At midday scarce a quarter of the heavens is unobscured. The day passes, and darkness settles on the retreating multitude—some exulting over success, some more determined from defeat, some sad, some despairing, and some smitten dead in the agony of the strife. To-morrow, and the picture, with slight variations, is renewed—millionaires and beggars, angels and fiends, true men and knaves, with nondescript blends the shades—and thus ever, glow the canvas with the cartoon of a great city's life.

#### BUSINESS BANDITTY.

This is an age of rampant swindling and sneaking imitation. Whoever or whatever is successful, at once becomes an object of imitation and plunder. Lack of originality seems now-a-days to be generally accompanied by a greater lack of conscience and an utter insensibility to shame. A successful man, a successful paper, a successful perfume, or whatever else it may be, is certain to be imitated, plagiarized, pirated, or a portion of its profits and glory in some way sneakily appropriated by these bandits of business, who lurk in every avenue of trade, ready to pounce upon the honest whom they cannot conquerably compete with. It is some consolation to industrious and talented people, however, to know that retributive and inexorable justice is pretty certain to overhaul these plundering camp-followers of society, and to exhibit them in their true character, and stripped of their ill-gotten gains, as a warning to evil-doers, and an encouragement to the honest toilers whose skill and labor keep the world moving, and cover it with the fruits of industry and invention, the products of art, and the glories of genius. Honesty is always the best policy.

#### CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

Children have rights—unalienable and god-given rights; and chief among these are the rights to laugh when they are happy, and to cry when they are unhappy, and to make a noise and break things generally. A healthy child must of necessity be an incessant tiddle-toddler, a perpetual jumping-jack, an inevitable teetotum. It must run, and jump, and scream, and upset the table, and bump its head, and cry, and go to it again. It only flourishes in activity; and to it, contentment is stagnation and death. Give your children free scope, therefore, to develop their "manifest destiny," and overlook not their youthful horizon with angry eyes and lowering brows, nor turn their joyous notes to discord by your harsh and fretful tones. Said a little boy one morning, "Oh, mamma! I had

such a beautiful dream last night! I dreamt that we were all up in heaven, and were so happy. But by and by grandpa came in looking cross, just as he always does, and said, 'Can't these children stop their noise?' and then we all ran away, and were not happy any more; and so my pretty dream about heaven was spoiled."

In that childish dream is shadowed forth the whole philosophy of family government. The cross face, and the "Can't these children stop their noise?" tell the whole story.

#### SAVE US FROM TEMPTATION.

There is a vast deal of meaning in the prayer, "Lead us into temptation!" for fully half of those who err, might never do it if not sorely tempted; and half of those who do not err, certainly owe it to the fact that they escape the pressing temptation. So true is the exclamation—

"Have not the sins of manna to do ill deeds."

Mark it well, and within the limits of moderation, and half of those who do not err, certainly owe it to the fact that they escape the pressing temptation. So true is the exclamation—

"Have not the sins of manna to do ill deeds." Mark it well, and within the limits of moderation, and half of those who do not err, certainly owe it to the fact that they escape the pressing temptation. So true is the exclamation—

#### LOVING ONE'S COUSIN.

Cousins are great "institutions." It is all very well for public opinion to be "down" on the mutual affection of cousins of opposite genders. It is all very well for statisticians to demonstrate to what a frightful extent the interest of marriage of cousins supplies our deaf and dumb asylums with patients of the most melancholy class. But as long as cousins are permitted from their relationship to be more intimate with each other than with strangers, falling in love must be the natural result; and this tendency is only increased by the apparent interposition held forth under the circumstance. A young man and his cousin might not, perchance, grow enamoured of each other by association; but show them that they are forbidden to love each other; show them that society is opposed to it, that prudent reasoning warns them against it; show them, in short, that such an affectionate indulgence is contrary to the laws of God, and every side, and they will go neck and heels into the delirium of a passion, which nothing but marriage can cure. That's the entire secret.

"There's a little freedom from starch" in the intercourse of cousins, some writer has asserted, that just as naturally ripens into love as buds ripen into fruit. The more we have of it, does not go half so far in that process of ripening as the array of prohibitions against these cousin marriages; for there is just enough of the rebel left in the blood of human nature to make the heart always obstinately desire to do that which it is aware it shouldn't. The only way left

then, is to avoid your cousin, sir, or miss! Steer clear of danger, and you can smile at it. Don't go near your cousin if he or she be at all attractive. If you will play with honey, you must expect to get smeared with it.

## YANKEE NOTIONS.

THE "PINK OF FASHION."—Rouge.

A JUDGE'S COX.—Con-demn.

FLOWER OF THE ARMY.—Major Convolvulus.

A NOVEL way of making money.—Writing stories.

WHEN is a man not a man? When he's three sheets in the wind.

WHERE do all the scolding wives go? To Tartarus of course.

A GROUND SWELL.—A drunken demly rolling on the side of a walk.

"DAILY EVENING MAIL."—A lover calling on his sweetheart.

WHY is war like cotton in the ears? Because it *deafens* the sound.

ROBINS are the most abundant in the country; larks in the city.

WHEN a man loses his left arm, his right hand becomes his *left* one.

DON'T attempt to be witty in a gas-house—you may be in danger of a retort.

The safest and much the commonest way to steal is to buy and not pay.

A MEETING-HOUSE clock, striking the wrong hour, is a *lie* on the church.

The credit that is got by a lie only lasts till the truth comes out.

WHY is it vulgar to send a telegram? Because it is making use of flash language.

ANNUAL HOLIDAY.—The 31st of December, when the old year invariably "goes out!"

ON how many banks does the Mississippi keep a running account?

WHY is the odor of a bad egg like the dawn of manhood? Because it is *adieu*-essence!

JACK's definition of a sea-horse.—A *walrus* critter, but given to *blubber*.

A YANKEE has invented a machine which is to be driven by the force of circumstances.

"The tongue is an unruly member." This accounts for some people being *too*-tied.

WHY is snuff like religion? Because it brings a man to his senses (his knees).

BAD NEWS FOR YANKEE GIRLS.—The manufacture of *buses* is taxed by the new law.

WHY are book-keepers like chickens? Because they have to "scratch" for a living.

WHAT State of the American Union is the most deserving of pity? The present state of affairs.

AFFECTIONATE watchmaker to his wife: My little jewel! Loving wife: My little jeweler!

In what respect do hungry men resemble skillful physicians? Both rely upon their *prognoses*.

"If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired, sleep;"—this rule will not apply to authors or editors.

THERE'S a lady out West so modest that she does not like to be looked at with the naked eye. She considers naked eyes *immoral* spectacles.

"A THING of beauty is a joy for ever;" but Scribbs said his wife was a beautiful Joy at marriages, but now the joy is gone, and she is only "a thing of beauty."

WHAT is that which is ever before us, can never be seen, and yet we are looking toward it? Next week.

THE French say that the flesh of a young horse is as good as that of a calf, but, upon the whole, we prefer *veal* to *veal*!

AF exchange says, if you want a kind of money that will stick to you through any trouble, use postage-stamps.

A HORSE-DEALER, describing a used-up horse, said he looked "as if he had been editing a daily paper!"

MRS. PARTINGTON says that Ike has got a horse so spirituous that it always goes off in a decanter.

If you wish to know what are the "ups and downs of life," get drunk some day when the side-walks are covered with ice.

If compelled to fight, avoid black eyes; they greatly discourage the natural sight, and are the reverse of ornamental.

WHY is the letter *l* in the word military like the nose? Because it stands between two "i's."

SCILLA says that a knock on the head produces a most *rep-turous* feeling about "the pre-mise." Scilla is very feeling.

A RASCALLY old bachelor asks, "What is the most difficult operation a surgeon can perform?" To take the jaw out of a woman.

THERE is a man in Jersey so lazy that he has an artist hired by the month to draw his breath with a lead pencil.

THERE is a man out West whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees, consequently he never pays for his boots.

THERE exists in Australia a race of men entirely destitute of hair on any portion of their bodies. "Would not such men be justified in 'putting on (hairs)?"

THE *Picayune* says, the best substitute for food is *victuals*. Physicians have recommended other things, but this is the only one we place any confidence in.

AN English journal says, "The honeymoon generally lasts during one lunar month." It would be as truthful to say, *The honeymooners* are generally *lunatic* nearly a month.

"MILK, an' it is yourself that will be after tellin' me how they make ice creams?" "In troth I can; don't they bake them in cold cream, to be sure."

"MRS. JANE STANDARD," says a Chicago paper, "last week gave birth to three children—two girls and a boy." Three cheers for the Illinois Standard *beaver*.

"NEVER laugh at the mishaps of a fellow-mortar." If a fat woman falls backward into a tub of soft soap, you will avoid any undue exercise of the *cabinatory* muscles.

RARRY.—It is said Rarry first discovered his power by *bringing* down a clothes horse; and there is no doubt all would yield him the palm, if he can only conquer the *night mare*.

BLOWING.—A circular, attached to a patent medicine bottle, says, "The name is blown in the glass on the bottle," but it seems there is more *blowing* in the wrapper than in the bottle.

THE OLD FOLKS.—What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, and which read the same back and forward? "Madam, I'm Adam."

A RETORT.—"Now, my child, I hope you will be good, so that I shall not have to whip you again." "If you must whip any one, you'd better whip one of your *size*."

NO FEAR OF FAMINE.—Our New Haven cousins say that there are dogs enough down that way to supply the whole State of Connecticut with *sauces* for about a century to come!

without counting the pups, and those progressing toward maturity! "Great country!"

IS SHE?—An old woman next door to us sets the whole neighborhood sneezing by shaking her handkerchief out of the window. Is she the one alluded to by Shakespeare when he says—

"Snuffs the morning air?"

STEADY.—To give an idea of the sobriety that inheres to whiskey, we cheerfully record the fact, which we learn from a Cincinnati price current, that "Whiskey is *steady* at 30 cents."

HUSH.—Boy: "Ma, what is hush?" Mother: "Why, my dear? Why do you ask?" Little boy: "Because I asked sister Jane yesterday what made her dress stick out so, and she said 'Hush!'"

INDISCREION.—The most remarkable case of indiscretion we ever heard of, was that of a man who sat up all night because he could not determine which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

PIECE OF MIND.—"You're destroyed my peace of mind, Betsy," said a desponding lover to a truant lass. "It can't do you much harm, John, for 'twas an amazing small piece you had, any way," was the quick reply.

KEEP SHADY.—Many men lose much by being too communicative in their matters of business. The great laconic philosopher, Shirts, says:—"Keep shady; and if you see a dollar on the ground, put your foot on it."

Faint.—"If a man faints, place him flat on his back, and let him alone;" when he revives, he will thank you for backing him under difficulties. If a woman faints, omit the backing process, but continue the other directions.

PHONODRAMATIC.—"The great admirer of Aron's bard," who inquired where the following passage is found,—*"Is that a t i o d a ?"* is informed that it may be found in Macbeth, whose murderous *car* put *e* to *i* Duncan.

A CHANCE FOR THE IDLE.—We observe that an inventor has lately taken out a patent for an improvement in "operating saws in musical instruments." Should the thing take, we may soon expect to see some of our young men of fashion grinding barrel-organs in the streets.

DARK.—"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the *dark* ages of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next, Master Jones, can you tell me what the *dark* ages were?"—"I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented."—"Go to your seats."

PATRIOTIC.—A patriotic shoemaker-congressman said, at a late Union meeting, he was willing, if requisite, to give his all (well), even the *last* coat, rather than have the South get the upper hand of the North. Any man with half a soul (to his boot) ought to wear strongly patriotic after that. *Peg away, shoemaker, you'll sell 'em yet*.

STILL ONE? "Ext.—Jacob Bramble was elected sheriff last fall. Bramble was very pompous, very complacent, and very proud of the honor. His neighbors called to see him, to congratulate him. 'Approach,' said he, 'approach very near; though I am sheriff-elect, I feel that I am still one of you.'"

TOO TRUE.—A young girl remarked, when other girls were making fun of her short skirts and pants, and affected to be much shocked at the exhibition thereof at a party: "If you'd only pull up your dresses about your necks, where they ought to be, they'd be as short as mine!"

SPIRITUAL CONSOLATION.—A learned doctor, writing in one of the religious papers, warns good people that "ten persons die prematurely of too much food, where one dies half a drink. The learned doctor warned doctor, that 'improper drinking of water has killed thousands.'"



Putting this and that together, we conclude that the safest way is to stick to *sydika*. To ardent souls, this view of the subject is full of consolation.

**SHARP.**—In Cleveland a boy seventeen was accepted as a substitute for a drafted man, and received two hundred dollars bonus. He spent the money and then obtained his discharge on a writ of *habeas corpus*, on the ground that he was under the age prescribed by law for recruits.

**"I AIN'T A GEN."**—A little boy, five years old, while writhing under the tortures of the ague, was told by his mother to rise up and take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder!" said he, raising himself on one elbow, and putting on a roguish smile, "mother, I ain't a gun!"

**FEMFELISE.**—*Cats* have hitherto had permission to *meow* at the night, as the *meow*-to fill up the *pauses*; but a late *decree* in the *municipal* regulations at New Orleans, "forbids females to converse with persons outside, after dark—such *im-per-tenance* leading to needless catastrophes. (An *un-fine* arrangement.)

**THE MUTIL-AGE.**—Jones the other day asked Smith the following question: Says Jones, "We have had the age of iron, the age of gold, and the age of bronze, but what shall we call the present age?" "Why," says Smith, licking the back of a postage-stamp, which he was about to apply to the envelope, "I think we had better call this the *muti-AGE*."

**PERSPICACITY.**—Aunt Hetty inquired of the servant girl if she came from the Hungarian part of Ireland? On being told that her geographical knowledge was somewhat defective, she excused herself by saying, "I hain't much larnin'; I never went to school but one day, and that was in the evening, and we hadn't no candle, and the master didn't come."

**CALCULATING.**—How many gallons of water goes over Niagara in an hour we do not, as we have no slide. However, good many, we do think, and probably more than we think. A friend of ours has made a calculation how many miles all creeping things in God's world would creep in one hour, provided they took it easy. And the total summum bonum, if we remember right, was extremely much.

**LAYING IN.**—Some unknown cholera reporter states that a lady who had died of cholera in Beadley city, and was laid out by her friends, was found the night following standing at the cupboard eating cucumber pickle, or in other words,—

"They left her 'a laying in' white,  
Prepared for grave's quiet slumbers;  
But they found her the very same night,  
A layin' in pickled cucumbers."

**A LADY'S BLOW.**—The ladies of Pittsburgh, if we may believe one of their own papers, cannot keep their faces clean, in consequence of the coal soot which is constantly falling on the American Birmingham. When a lady's face receives a descending flake, her nearest friend blows it off. To wipe it off would only make bad worse—and singular to say, the greatest kindness shown by the ladies to each other is when they come to blows!

**A RICH EDITOR.**—A rich editor of one of the Western papers says:—"We have commenced hoarding specie in view of future scarcity. We have already three nickel cents (one of them with a crow on it), two three-cent pieces, a half dime, three very large copper cents, a Canadian half-penny token, and a jacksa copper, issued from private mint during the administration of President Jackson. When we get our head up to a dollar, we intend to invest it in a dollar bill of one of our banks."

**MEXICAN MILES.**—It is a well-known fact among Western travelers, that the miles in New Mexico are longer than those in the States.

Various reasons are assigned for this inequality, one of which is the following, given by an old trapper:—"You see they commenced measuring their miles in New Mexico. For this purpose they used a sheepskin. Well, as they got along toward the States the tail of the sheepskin wore off, which accounts for the shortness of the mile."

**FITY RATHER TIGHT.**—Fits Boozey, a slightly "fitty," was trying to get on a new glove. "Deuce take my hand! I believe it grows larger every minute!" cried he, endeavouring to jump into the kid. "I thought you had given up swearing," observed Jenks. "So I have. I only said deuce take my hand for swelling; so I say it again!" "Well," said Jenks, "it is certainly smaller now than before you spoke!" "Why?" growled F. B., looking tragically at his fist. "Because you have reduced it!" replied the incorrigible joker.

#### I "SWEAR."

One of the counties of the State of Connecticut boasts of a judge, who, though poorly furnished with these little refinements usually met with in polished society, is an energetic, shrewd man, and a promising lawyer. A neighbor of his was about to give away his daughter in marriage, and having a deep-rooted dislike to the clerical profession, and being determined, as he said, "to have no infernal person in the house," he sent for his friend, the judge, to perform the ceremony. The judge came, and the candidates for the conjugal yoke taking their places before him, he thus addressed the bride:—

"You swear you will marry this man?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And you" (to the bridegroom,) "swear you will marry this woman?"

"Well, I do," said the groom.

"Then," says the judge, "I swear you're married!"

#### MRS. P. ON DRAPING.

As Mrs. Partington came in after her long absence, it seemed as if sunshine had entered with her, though there was anxiety upon her brow, as if a bundle in her hand. It was for the "salutary committee," she said. "According to the last century," she said, "how many are there to be grafted in Boston?" looking at us with great earnestness as she spoke. It was the one question that we couldn't answer, not having the census at hand. Finding herself loitering in this, she continued, "Well, can you tell me if a man is exempted from being grafted who has bellicose veins?" We assured her that we thought not—that the more we had with bellicose veins the better; whereas she was silent. We complimented her on what she was doing for the soldiers. "Yes," said she, "everybody should do something for the cause, however circumscribed their means." She took a pinch of snuff as she spoke, and looked down meekly at the bundle tied up in the old Constitution and Guerriere cotton handkerchief. I, too, was outside taking care of a boy who was threatening to tear down the recruiting handbills on our corner.

#### A SHERIFF DUMB BROWN.

There is a sheriff in Illinois who was rather "taken in" in that region on one occasion, and "done for." He had made it a prominent part of his duty to ferret out and punish all pedlars travelling through the State without a license; but one morning he met his match in a "genuine" Yankee pedlar.

"What have you got to sell? anything?" asked the sheriff.

"Yas, sarin; what'd ye like to live? Got *revcoz*—fast rate; that's an article that you want, too, I should say, hy the looks o' your beard. Got good blackin'; it'll make them old rowdie boots o' your'n shine so't you can share into 'em. Balm o' Klumby, tew, only a

dollar a bottle—good for the ha'r, and assistin' poor human natur', as the poet says."

The sheriff bought a bottle of the "Balm of Columbia," and in reply to the question whether he wanted "anything else?" that functionary said he did—he wanted to see the Yankee's license for peddling in Illinois, that being his duty as high sheriff of the State.

The pedler showed him a document, "fixed up good, in black and white," which the officer pronounced "all correct;" and handing it back to the pedler, he added:

"I don't think that I have bought this stuff, that I care any thing about it. I reckon I may as well sell it to you again. What'll you give for it?"

"Oh, I don't know as the darned stuff's any use to me, but seeing it's yoo's, sheriff, I'll give you about thirty-seven-and-a-half cents for it," gently responded the trader.

The sheriff handed over the bottle, and received the change, when the pedler said:

"I say, you!—guess I've got a question to ask you, now. Hey you got a pedler's license about your trousers?"

"No; I haven't any use for the article myself," said the sheriff.

"Hain't no use. Well, I guess we'll see about that party darned soon. If I'll understand the law, now, it's a clear case that you're bein' tradin' with me—hawkin' and peddin' Balm o' Klumby on the highway; and I shall inform on you—I'll be darned if I don't!"

Reaching the town the Yankee was as good as his word, and high sheriff was heard for peddling without a license. He was fined afterwards to say:

"You might as well try to hold a groned cel as a live Yankee!"

## DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL.

**A YOUTHLIF EDITOR.**—In Penfield, New York State, there is a little girl of thirteen years, who polished an brightly weekly paper, much of which is her own composition, every line of which is set in type by her own fingers. She was born on the 21st day of November, 1849. Her father, an invalid and almost blind, was formerly a printer. In this way she came in possession of her type and press. Since the death of her mother she has supported her father and three younger sisters by her talent and industry.

**THE SEXES IN THE STATES.**—According to the United States census of 1860 there were at that time about 730,000 more males than females in the United States, a fact unpropitiated in the census of any other civilized nation. In most of the older States there is an excess of females; in Massachusetts 37,500 more females than males, while in Illinois there is an excess of 92,000 males; in Michigan 40,000 excess of males; in Texas 37,000; in Wisconsin 43,000; in California 67,000; and in Colorado there are twenty males to one female.

**CUBA.**—The population of Cuba is estimated at 1,130,000, of which nearly 550,000 are white inhabitants, 190,000 free colored, 490,000 slaves, and 28,000 *Agisties* and *Indians*. The sugar estates are immensely productive. Twenty-three of the principal plantations, comprising about 100,000 acres of land and 10,175 slaves, are valued at \$15,000,000. These twenty-three estates produced 235,000 boxes, the worth of which was four hundred each box, making in all four million seven hundred thousand dollars. There are sixteen hundred sugar plantations in Cuba, the exported products of which amounted to fifty million dollars per annum.

**THE HUNTED LIFE.** A Story of Startling Adventure in the Far West. By Col. Walter B. Dunlap. Complete in 6 Nos. (Nos. 22 to 27, price 6d.; 8d. by post.

## ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS.—IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

A TRUE and Perfect RETURN of all ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS, placed under the charge of the Curator of the said Court, for collection under Act of Parliament of Victoria, No. 99, from the 1st day of January to the 30th day of June, 1861.

NOTE.—The Amount received by the Curator of the said Court, from the Estates in the whole Schedule, amounted to nearly £10,000.

NAME OF DECEASED.	COLONIAL RESIDENCE.	SUPPOSED RESIDENCE OF FAMILY.	REMARKS.
Zuppe de Young	Sandhurst	Unknown	Died 23rd February, 1861
J. McIlveen	Sandhurst	Unknown	Died 1st March, 1861
John Gardiner	Learnmouth	Unknown	Died 5th February, 1861
Benjamin Standing	Frankton	Colony of Victoria	Died 15th December, 1860
John Brinkman	Amphitheatre, Ayoco	Unknown	Died 4th April, 1861
John Webster	Bealla	Unknown	Died 13th May, 1861
Andro Anson	Back Creek	Unknown	Died 13th May, 1861
James Birrell	Melbourne	Unknown	Died 26th January, 1861
George Reid	Geelong	Unknown	Died 19th May, 1861
Thomas Smith	Melbourne	Unknown	Died 7th June, 1861
William Clutty	Yallay-Poora	Unknown	Died 15th February, 1861
James Smith	Melbourne	Unknown	Died 20th May, 1861
Douglas Bain	Pradhan	Unknown	Died 13th April, 1861
Charles F. Wetherell	Mount Sturgeon Plains Station	Ireland	Died 8th January, 1861
Robert Webster	Castlemaine	Unknown	Died 11th April, 1861
Ann Proctor	Northcote	Unknown	Died 24th January, 1861
Morgan D. Williams	Tarnagulla	Colony of Victoria	Died 14th January, 1861
William Hilton	***	Unknown	
Thomas Baylis	Gardiner	Unknown	
David Powell	Wadsworth	Unknown	
James Edwards	Near Sandhurst	Unknown	
A. J. Smith	None	Unknown	Died on board schooner <i>Bloomerang</i>
John Poppel	Melbourne	Unknown	
Joseph Watson	Tarnagulla	Unknown	
Unknown, supposed to be John Smith	Melbourne	Unknown	Died 29th June, 1861
— Martin	Sandhurst	Unknown	
Thomas Fawcett	Chinaman's Flat	Unknown	Died 1st June, 1861
John Carkeek	Napoleon Flat	Cornwall	Died 22nd May, 1861
Adam Steiglitz	Near Sandhurst	Unknown	Died May, 1861
William Pritchard Williams	Near Sandhurst	Unknown	Died January, 1861
G. A. Thompson	Ingleswood	England	Died 16th July, 1860
Walter Steinberger	Ingleswood	England	Died 20th June, 1861

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**RICE-GLEET.**—This elegant ointment is made by mixing rice-flour intimately with cold water, and then gently boiling it; it is beautifully white, and dries almost transparent.

**HYDRAULIC POWER.**—Thirty gallons of water weigh 250 pounds, and this weight, falling six feet, produces 1,440 foot-pounds of power. This is sufficient to raise seventy-two pounds twenty feet high, provided there was no loss from friction or other resistance.

**TO STOP LEAKAGE IN HOT WATER PIPES.**—Get some borings or dung, and mix them with vinegar, forming it into a cake; with this fill up the cracks where the leaking is; and if the pipe has been previously dried, and is kept dry until this has become quite hard, it will never fail to effectually stop the leakage, and will stand for a length of time. If an iron pipe should burst, or there should be a hole broke into it by accident, a piece of iron may be securely fastened over it, by bedding it on, in a cake made with iron borings and vinegar; but the pipe should not be used until it has become perfectly firm.

**A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.**—Take a piece of pasteboard about five inches square, roll it into a tube with one end just large enough to fit around the eye, and the other end rather smaller. Hold the tube between the thumb and finger of the right hand (do not grasp it with the eye end), put the large end close against the right eye, and with the left hand hold a book against the side of tube. Be sure to keep both eyes open, and there will appear to be a hole through the book, and objects seen as if through the hole, instead of through the tube. The right eye sees through the tube, and the left eye sees the book, and the two appearances are so confounded together that they cannot be separated.

The left hand can be held against the tube, instead of the book, and the hole will seem to be seen through the hand.

**INSECTS ON FOWLS.**—There are several kinds of insects that infest the hen. By attending to the following remedy, they will be entirely kept clear.—First of all, if in confinement, in the dust corner of the poultry-house, mix about half-pound of black sulphur among the sand and lime that they dust in. This will both keep them free from parasites and give the feathers a glossy appearance. If infested with insects, daub the skin under the feathers with a little water, then sprinkle a little black sulphur on the skin. Let a bird be covered with insects, and they will disappear in the course of twelve hours.

**TO DYE THE HAIR BLACK OR BROWN.**—Litharge, eight-five parts by weight; quicklime, fifteen parts, also by weight. These two substances are reduced in a mortar to an impalpable powder, carefully sifted, and then mixed. The powder must be kept in a well corked and white mouthed bottle. This powder is the dye. When the hair is to be dyed, it must be previously well washed with tepid water and soap; then rinsed with soft tepid water, and wiped with a clean dry towel. This will free it from grease, which antagonizes the action of the dye. It must then be combed out with a comb which has also been washed in water, with soap, and scrubbed between the teeth with a well-soaped, hard nail-brush. The hair is now ready for the dye. The dye should be mixed in a large saucer, with hot water—for heat assists its operation—and brought to the consistency of strong fresh cream, taking care that it is very smooth, and free from lumps. In this state the hair must be thickly plastered with it, beginning with the roots, and well covered with the service. Over this four folds of porous brown paper, saturated with hot water, and let drain until it is cool enough, should be

placed and secured by an ample cap of oilskin. Over the oilskin cap may be fastened, so as to cover its entire surface, either a handkerchief or a nightcap. The operation must remain upon the head three, four, five, or six hours, or even seven to eight, according to the color required, the dye producing a yellow Auburn, and four distinct shades from light-brown to black. The deeper shade of brown and black, of which two shades may be had—one of intense depth—are certainly the most perfect; the other colors are superior to those given by any other dye used, and are sufficiently perfect to escape detection. When the time for keeping on the dye has elapsed, the caps and paper should be removed. As much of the dye may now be shaken out as will fall; and if there are any lumps they should be squeezed between the fingers and separated. The remaining powder must be left on the head until it is quite dry, when it must be brushed from the hair with a strong hair-brush. When the whole has been removed, a little oil should be rubbed over the hair. The head should not be washed for three or four days after this operation. During the operation of brushing the dye from the hair, the comb should be kept on the head, and the hair must be carefully avoided. The whiskers, beard, and eyebrows are dyed precisely in the same manner as the hair; but this dye cannot be brought to act upon the eyelashes. These seldom require dyeing; when they do the coloring matter should be carefully applied by another person. The comb should be closed, a bit of fastened wood placed under the lashes, and then colored with a black lead pencil. If a permanent dye be required, the eyelashes must be placed upon a bit of wood as before, and each carefully touched with a strong aqueous solution of carbonate of soda, applied by means of a camel-hair pencil. The moment the eyelashes are dry, a little marking-ink for linen should be put on.



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ONE PENNY.



THE FLIGHT OF ASTREA.

## ASTREA;

OR,

## THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the New York Ledger.)

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"THE HIDDEN EARN," "ROSE ELMER," "SUDORA,"  
"THE DOOM OF DAVILLA,"  
&c., &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### SAM'S TERRORS.

Black spirits and white.

Blue spirits and grey.

SHAKESPEARE.

ASTREA descended from her hiding-place, with so much caution, and so silently, that Sam's drowsy ear received no intimation of her presence. After reaching the ground, she remained

behind the huge trunk of the cypress while "getting herself up" for the part she was to play. Her resources for preparing to personate the "Spirit of the Swamp" were limited; but she felt confident that she could present a sufficiently startling appearance to upset Sam's self-possession long enough to enable her, to accomplish her object, especially as it was becoming so dusky in the thick gloom of the swamp, that, at a little distance, an innocent object might be magnified by a mind as fearful and superstitious as the negro's into a terror-inspiring apparition.

Taking her blood-blotted pocket-handkerchief, she cut holes in it for her eyes and mouth, and then tied it tightly over her face. This simple contrivance, taken in connection with her flowing white dress, gave her a really ghastly and fear-inspiring countenance; and on looking at herself in a mirror furnished by the water of

the brook, to which she cautiously advanced, she was certain that she needed nothing more, except the assumption of a sepulchral tone of voice, to enable her to drive the superstitious groom as nearly out of his senses as would be necessary for her purpose.

So, crossing the brook, and keeping a tree between her and the negro, she cautiously advanced towards the spot where Saladin was quietly standing beneath the branches of a wide-spreading cypress. On arriving at Saladin's side, she pulled her sun-bonnet over her face, that he might not be frightened by its unusual appearance, and patting him gently, she spoke cooingly to him, in a low tone, so as to win his confidence. Finding him gentle, and not at all disposed to reveal her familiarity, she quietly loosed him from the tree.

Thus far, she had not attracted Sam's attention in the slightest degree. He sat perfectly

still at the foot of the tree against which he was leaning, and seemed to be either sound asleep or else utterly absorbed in meditation. So still and unconscious did he appear, that Astría began to hope that she would be able to mount Saladin, and dash away, before Sam would be aroused, which she probably might have done, had she not stepped upon a log, and the stump like a pistol beneath her, and caused the dozing groom to open his eyes and gaze around with a startled look.

Astría immediately pushed back her bonnet from her face, and drawing up her form to its utmost height, she raised her right arm (keeping hold of Saladin's bridle with her left hand, which was locked her), and shook her finger menacingly at the astounded negro.

The effect on Sam was prodigious. Rising on his knees, he clasped his hands supplicatingly before him, his skin assuming an ashen hue, his eyes glaring, and his teeth chattering.

For a moment Astría was at a loss what to do next—whether to try to mount Saladin, without saying a word, before Sam could offer any interference, or whether to seek to deepen the effect of her appearance on him by "making a few remarks appropriate to the occasion." Fearing that an attempt to get upon Saladin's back might seem such an imprudent operation to the groom as to disilluse him to a dangerous degree, she resolved to call upon her vocal powers to help her to play out the game to the safest possible conclusion.

She therefore advanced a few steps towards the quaking negro, and glowering upon him in as ghastly a manner as she knew how to assume, she again raised her hand, and in her most sepulchral tones, said:

"Rash, intruding man! what are you doing there, upon the sacred spot where my body has so long lain buried?"

The effect of this address upon Sam was highly electric. Girding a sudden leap and scramble to one side, he again came upon his knees, clasped his hands, and raising them devoutly towards what he veritably believed to be the dreaded "Swamp Spirit," he groaned out:

"I didn't know it! 'deed an' 'deed I didn't, Mist'us Spirit! I never knowed as how your sacred body was buried anywhere, 'deed I didn't—lastways at do foot ob dat tree, or I never would hab sot dyer old carcass down dere—neber, so help me heaben an' all de angels—acher."

"That is false," replied Astría, in her best brogue tone. "You knew that my bones were lying there, and you came here to dig them up and carry them away."

"For God, Mist'us Spirit," cried Sam, with the perspiration starting upon his face, "dis yere child neber t'ought ob sich a thing in all de born days of his life. I jes' sot down dere to wait for Marso Rumford to come back after he an' de hom's had tak't a look for Miss Zora, who's rovd'n' away from de plantation into dis yer swamp. An' dat's jes' de blessed truth, an' nothin' else. An' ef you'll jes' wait till Marso Rumford gets back—an' dat's his yell, now," exclaimed Sam, in a tone of relief, as a loud halloo rang through the swamp: "he sime like dat, an' I'll jes' yell back again, so he'll know jes' whar to come, an'—"

"Silence!" said Astría, sternly. The idea that Rumford and the bloodhounds were on their way back nerved her with desperation, and brightened all her faculties. "You are deceiving me," she continued, at the same time drawing her dagger from her bosom, and advancing towards the negro, but without letting go of the bridle of Saladin, who consequently followed her. "You are deceiving me," she repeated, menacingly, "and I must punish you by cutting out your lying tongue!" and she held up the gleaming dagger to his face.

This was too much for Sam's nerves to bear.

Springing to his feet, just as another halloo from Rumford came sounding through the swamp, he gave a responsive yell of terror, and dashed away in the direction he believed his master and the dogs to be, and was speedily out of sight.

Astría, fully appreciating the precociousness of the moment, at once pulled the blood-stained handkerchief from her face, led Saladin to the side of a log, by the assistance of which she clambered into the saddle, and rode off, in a direction opposite to that from which Rumford's halloos had come, as fast as the impeding branches and logs, and her own uncomfortable seat upon her master's saddle, would permit.

After preceeing a short distance, it occurred to her that she ought not to leave the other horse for Rumford to pursue her with; and riding back, she, with her dagger, cut the bridle with which the horse was tied, and taking hold of one piece of the rein, she led the animal away as fast as she could make him travel; and as he seemed to like the idea of being permitted to accompany her to the mansion Saladin, and went on as briskly as Astría could ride through the swamp, she found that the taking of him along with her did not impede her flight. She was also confirmed in the wisdom of her action by the reflection that a reckless rider like Rumford, mounted on an inferior horse, might easily have been overtaken in the swamp, inasmuch as she could not there urge Saladin to anything like the speed he was capable of showing.

In the course of half an hour Astría emerged from the swamp, and came upon a road, running east and west (as she could tell by the last glinting of the sun's rays on the western horizon), and leading the horse and rider on to it. It did not seem to be a road that was much travelled, as it was to some extent overgrown with grass; and as far as she could see in any direction there was not slightest sign of a human habitation. Which way to go, she knew not. It might be that in one direction or the other she would find Rumford's plantation, and so that it that her safety would be endangered should she be so unfortunate as to go thitherward.

After turning the matter over in her mind for a moment, it occurred to her that if the horses knew the way home, and were left to their own guidance, they would be likely to take the homeward way, and so she resolved to let them do as they could go when left to themselves. She therefore let go of the rein of the led horse, and allowed the bridle to lie upon Saladin's neck. The horses at once took the way eastward.

"That must be the way to Rumford's," thought Astría, "if either way leads to his plantation; but I will take the other course. But don't want to lead that horse any longer. I'll let him go on towards the east, while I ride Saladin westward. Then, if my pursuers track me hither, they will find that the horses have gone in different directions, but they will not be able to tell which one carried me away on his back. I will call: then again, and give me more time."

Acting upon this theory, Astría gave the led horse a sharp blow with a switch that she had provided herself with as a substitute for a riding whip, which sent him cantering along the road to the east, while she turned Saladin's head and bit, and set him off in the opposite direction. Then, the gloom of approaching night rapidly closing around her unknown path, which, for aught she knew, might be thickly strewn with dangers. The lonely wanderer, faint for lack of sustenance, and exhausted with toil and excitement, felt the hazardousness of her situation in all its bitterness; but putting up with her present lot for protection, she rode on into the gathering darkness with unflinching trust in that Fatherly Power which had already so signally rescued her from what had seemed unescapable perils.

We will now return to Rumford and his sabbal coachman.

The last we saw of Sam, he was rushing madly through the swamp, in the direction whence he

heard his master's halloos, in order to escape the doom threatened him by what he believed to be the incensed Spirit of the Swamp.

The frightened negro so filled the swamp with his yells of terror as he ran, that he no longer heard the voice of Rumford. He rushed on, over logs and through bushes; and the sound of his crouching stance and waving hands seemed to him, as it loomed through the gloom, to be a threatening spirit of wrath, the poor fellow was actually in danger of losing what little sense nature had endowed him with. And at last, when a vine caught his foot, and sent him heels over head into a clump of bushes, he thought he must be really in the clutches of the fiends, and roared for mercy with a vehemence and strength of lungs that caused his master, who was not far off, to hasten to the spot in astonishment and alarm.

On coming up with his yelling groom, Rumford seized hold of his leg, and, dragging him from the brambles, sternly demanded an explanation of his inexplicable conduct. But Sam was too much under the influence of his superstitious terror to give his master an explanation. He could only beg for mercy, and protest that he had never done anything to injure any "spirit" whatever in all the born days of his life, so help him.

Rumford at last became so impatient that he seized Sam by the ears and shook him, and cuffed him, till the physical pain overcame the mental superstition, and brought the fellow to his senses. But even then, he could get no satisfaction of him. Sam told him that the "Swamp Spirit" was coming, and begged him to "look out, awfullest, marse, ob any'thing eber seed on dis yer yurth," and accused him of trying to dig up its body, that had been buried (as Sam told it) at the foot of the tree where he had sat down for ever so many thousand years. And that when he died having any such intention, and was being lowered into the "Swamp Spirit," he was suddenly seized with a awful sharp knife out of its bosom, and proceeded to cut out dis yer child's tongue by de roots, which I knows, marse, as how it would have done, sart'n sure, only I heered you holler and run'd away to meet you, which I'm glad I did."

Sam had seen something of the sort, as the fellow's terror had been too genuine to spring from nothing. But what could it have been? He did not believe in the existence of spirits, but he did believe in the existence of horse thieves. He feared some of the latter had played a trick on him, and frightened him away, that they might get off with his horses. This alarmed him excessively; and putting the dogs on the track that Sam had made in his flight (for it had become too dark in the swamp to be guided by the sense of vision), he followed them as speedily as possible to the place where the horses had been left.

On making out which of the horses were gone, Rumford was confirmed in his idea that the whole affair had been a ruse of horse thieves, and vented his rage at Sam, by pouring out a volley of imprecations and threats of vengeance that almost made his woolly hair stand straight on end. Having thus given vent to his anger, he calmed down, and was the first to remark when his attention was attracted by something white lying on the ground near by, and at which the dogs were sniffing eagerly. On picking it up, he found it to be a lady's pocket-handkerchief, spotted with blood. Instantly it flashed upon him that that was Zora's (Astría's) handkerchief; and that was the woman who had haunted the Swamp Spirit, for the purpose of frightening Sam, and getting possession of one of the horses to escape upon. But what had become of the other horse? Zora could not want both, and she had no accomplice. This part of the mystery he soon solved by taking it for granted that the horse and rider who Zora made broken loose to follow after his companion, or

go home; and homeward Ramford himself now went with a reckless haste that put Sam to his best pedestrianism.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Ramford arrived at the plantation, where he found his over-seer Steppins and several of the house servants in a state of wonder bordering on alarm; owing to the fact that the horse which Sam had ridden away a few hours before, when he went after the hounds with his master, had returned home alone and riderless. No sooner did Ramford learn that the gentleman who he returned home he made eager inquiries as to the direction whence he had come, and when he had arrived.

Steppins stated that he had met the horse half an hour before, as he (the over-seer) was strolling down the old Lighthouse Road (the road that Astréa had struck on, emerging from the swamp, and which owed its name to the fact that it led to the ruins of a lighthouse that years before had stood upon a high point on the river bank, many miles below Ramford's plantation) for a walk. The horse was trotting along the road towards the plantation, and Steppins, recognising him, had caught and mounted him, and ridden some way back along the road, so that he could discover any signs of Sam or of his master; and getting no trace of them, he had ridden back to the house to await the development of events. He had become very uneasy, he said, about the absence of Mr. Ramford and his groom, especially as, on examining the bridle reins of the horse, he had found it to have been broken, he found that it had been "this," said Steppins, "showed that it was not altogether an accident that the horse was thus found loose, and I couldn't account for it."

"I can," said Ramford savagely, and bringing his hand down heavily on the table before which he had seated himself, "I can account for it. The bridle was cut by that gipsy. I had thought that the horse broke loose, in order to follow Saladin; but now I see that she cut him loose, and took him off on purpose to prevent immediate pursuit. She is a smart girl, and no mistake—altogether too smart to lose. As to the stable-boy, I shall have to send him to Du-roce. If you have there a silver dollar in ten minutes, I'll give you a silver dollar; if you do not, I'll have you whipped."

Sam instantly disappeared, and Ramford turning to Steppins said:

"We'll give Zora another chase. The moon is coming up bright—almost as bright as day, and she has not more than an hour to start. She must have some out of the swamp, upon the old Lighthouse Road, and then, leaving Sam's horse to take its own course, she rode Saladin away in the opposite direction. I cannot afford to lose either her or Saladin; and when it comes to losing them both, I shall more than say man could stand. I'd give all night and ten or twelve dark nights and days in succession. That young gipsy has excited my admiration. What a pity she isn't really white."

And going to a cupboard, Ramford took therefrom a decanter and a small glass, and filling the latter with brandy, tossed it off, with a smack of his lips, and said to Steppins:

"That will keep off the night chills. I must give Sam a dose of it, to keep his spirits up. If you were a good horseman, Steppins, you should go along with us. I think I'll take another glass," putting the action to the word.

"There comes Sam with the horses," he said, as he set down the glass. "Bring that bottle along, Steppins, and the glass too. I will fire Sam up."

So saying, he strode to the gate, followed by the over-seer, with the drinking implements. Sam was there inside of his ten minutes, and in good spirits at the idea of having won his silver dollar, which was still more exhilarated when Steppins, at the command of Ramford, poured out and handed him a glass of the brandy.

"Go into the house and stay up till I come back, Steppins," said Ramford, as he and Sam

mounted their horses; "and keep that bottle for a companion. Tell the girls not to go to bed either. I shall have Zora back before midnight, and then we shall all want some supper. What are the hounds? Herp, Castor? here, Pollux! come, boys, come! You may be of service to us yet."

The dogs came bounding from the house at their master's call, and the whole party—master, servant, and hounds—were soon dashing along the old Lighthouse Road, the bright rays of the moon giving them almost as much light as the sun itself.

And where was the poor fugitive whom they were thus pursuing to the death?—aye, to drag her back to a doom which to her would be worse than ten thousand deaths!

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

##### AT RAY!

She stands, as stands the stricken deer,  
Checked midway, in the fearful chase,  
When bursts upon his eye and ear,  
The faint grey robes begin to stir;  
Between him and his hiding-place;  
While still behind with pail and blow,  
Sweeps like a storm the coming foe.

WHITTIER.

ASTREA had not ridden very fast along the old road. She had never practised equestrianism much; and besides, she found it awkward riding on Ramford's saddle. She could not fix the stirrups so as to get any support from them without first dismounting, and she did not like to do that—she feared some evil would come of it. So she rode on, as best she could, for several miles, when, coming to a clear brook that crossed the road, over which a rude bridge was thrown, she thought she would dismount, and try to quench her thirst, which had been so great for some time as to occasion her much suffering.

She accordingly dismounted, and leading Saladin to the edge of the brook, on one side of the road, allowed him to drink his fill, while she knelt on the turf and did the same, taking care, however, to keep fast hold of the bridle, lest the horse should start away from her.

After resting by the brookside for a short time, she contrived to fix the stirrups (by shortening one, and throwing the other over the saddle so as to bring them both on the same side, as she had seen countrywomen do in New England, during her school girl days), so she could ride more easily and to much better advantage; and then leading Saladin to the side of the bridge, and standing upon it, she mounted him, and rode on at a moderate pace.

She did not fear pursuit that night. She had reasoned to herself that Ramford and Sam would be a long time in finding their way home, as the moon had left them much to advantage; and a plantation that was really the case, and supposed that it would be midnight at least, if not morning, before they would reach the house. Then nobody could imagine, she thought, which way she had gone, nor get any trace of her until late in the following day, and by that time she would be long and far away.

She did not know where. But she would be far from Ramford. And she could pass for a young lady among strangers—of that she felt assured; and so she rode along, hoping after awhile to come to some plantation, or other abode, of whose inmates she could obtain shelter and food, and under whose roof she could find repose.

Thus thinking, Astréa rode leisurely along, with a feeling of comparative security, until she was suddenly startled by the sound of horses galloping over the bridge which she had crossed not a great while before. She judged by the sound that they were coming at the rapid gallop, and she made haste to her horse. She felt an instinctive conviction that the horsemen were in pursuit of her; and touching Saladin with her switch, she accelerated his pace to a rapid gallop,

in the hope of, at least, not allowing her pursuers to lessen the distance between them.

But Astréa found riding at such a swift gait to be extremely tiring, and she soon came to the conclusion that, in her exhausted condition, she could not long permit Saladin to travel at such a rate of speed. Meanwhile, she tried to keep her ear attentive to any sound of hoofs that might possibly reach it from behind, in order to judge whether or not her pursuers were gaining upon her.

There had been but few elevations in the road thus far, and they were too slight to enable her to see any distance back; besides, there were too many turns in the road for that; so she had no chance of seeing if she was pursued. But by-and-by she heard the sound of horses galloping behind her—faintly, it is true, but she could not be mistaken. In a short time she heard them more distinctly. They were gaining upon her, and she had done her best!

She could not ride any faster than she was then going; and even at her present pace, she thought she could not hold out a great while longer.

As she rode the road brought her in sight of a hill, several rods ahead. That alarmed her, as she feared that in passing over its summit her pursuers would see her, the moon was shining so brightly; and to prevent that, she rode close to the side, in the shade of the tall trees. She cast a quick glance behind; but the turn in the road cut the view off. It was now all she could do. The descent from the hill was gradual, and the road was straight as an arrow's flight as far as she could see.

She knew that her pursuers were fast gaining upon her; and from the top of this hill she was just passing they would be almost certain to get a view of her. Astréa felt that she must now abandon Saladin and seek refuge in the forest. There would be no dogs to find her this time, she thought; and she could certainly hide so that no human eye could discover her place of concealment.

But as she thus communed with herself, Saladin galloped on, and she experienced a feeling of terror at the idea of stopping him and dismounting. While she was being borne so swiftly along, it seemed as though she must be safe; but if she stopped—if she dismounted—why, there was no knowing what ills might come. So she kept on, until, hearing a shout behind her, she turned and saw two horsemen coming over the brow of the hill—one a white man, the other a negro.

"It is they!—Ramford and Sam!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I am lost! I cannot hold out another half hour!"

In her despair she struck Saladin several sharp blows with the whip, and away he flew like the wind. Astréa nearly lost her seat several times, and tried in vain to rein up her steed. Becoming greatly alarmed, she turned him out of the road, against a bank of earth, and by that means stopped him with a suddenness that threw her forward upon his neck. This occurrence determined her to dismount, and she began her efforts to fight and concealment in the woods.

She alighted, ran along the bank until she came to a low, shelving place, over which she scrambled into some bushes, and thence across a small open space into the woods. As she saw how thick the underbrush was in the forest, and as the gloom deepened about her, she began to feel as though she was safe once more. Pressing on, she soon came to another open and cleared space, which stretched away as far as she could see. This troubled her, as the moon shone so brightly down upon the field, that she knew she could be seen, should she attempt to cross it, at a considerable distance behind her. She began to creep along the edge of the woods, skirting the field. In crossing a rise of ground, she saw, at some distance, what seemed to be a group of buildings—a plantation-house, and the cabins and outbuildings surrounding it. Should she go there and

claim shelter? What if Rumford should track her there? Would the family believe her story? or would they not rather believe her?

While she was debating the matter in her mind, the bay of the bloodhounds struck upon her ear, and seemed to freeze the blood in her heart. Oh, what a mistake she had made in abandoning Saladin! If she had supposed that Rumford had his bounds with him she would not have done so; but she had not! Too late. They had found where she had left the horse, and the dogs had again been put upon her track. But she could again baffle them as she had done before. Drawing her dagger from her bosom she looked hastily about her for something to smear with blood. She could find nothing but a few sticks. These would do well in despair at the delay—as the baying of her hounds came rapidly near—she caught her bonnet from her head to use for that purpose, when she heard the patter of feet in the bushes, and looking back, she saw the bloodhounds in sight—she could see the glare of their eyes as they strained to reach their prey, and heard their bay, louder than ever, as they saw their victim within their certain grasp.

She turned to fly; but in an instant they had dashed through the bushes, leaped to her shoulders, and dragged her to the ground.

She swooned with terror; but the last sight that her fainting eyes took in was the form of Rumford, as he emerged from the thicket and stood over her.

"Good dogs! Pretty pups! come off now," said Rumford, addressing the hounds, who having pulled Astrée to the ground, now held her fast without hurting her.

The dogs returned and crouched at their master's feet.

"Here, Sam," he continued, addressing the groom, who had followed him, "take up this girl and carry her to where we left our horses."

The man silently obeyed, and they left the wood by a short cut unknown to Astrée, and came to a spot where the horses were waiting.

"Give her to me now, and mount," said Rumford.

The negro did so; and Rumford set the still fainting form of Astrée on the horse before the man, laid her head upon his broad chest, and directed him to support her with his left arm, while he guided his horse with his right. Rumford took charge of Saladin (who had been caught and tied with the other horses), leading him by the bridle rein; and thus they went on towards home. In due time they arrived at the old plantation-house, where the still swooning Astrée was taken to her own room and laid upon the bed, and given up to the charge of Venus.

The first object that Astrée's eye fell upon when she awoke from her swoon was the kind face of Venus bending over her and dropping tears.

"Oh-h-h, Venus!" exclaimed the poor girl, with a prolonged wail of despair.

"The hard, hard, berry heart! I did all I could for you; I kept you off your track all day yee'day an' dis mornin' too wid a cock an' a hull story of your being gone to bed to sleep de gran' round's. But at las', you see, oh! de day wouldn't bet tellin' no longer, an' so dey baw' open your room an' foun' you gone, an' den wad to hunt you."

Astrée suddenly started, felt in her bosom, and then smiled. The little poniard was safe. It was now past midnight. She knew that the dreaded interview with Rumford could not take place until the morning; she knew also that after that no further grace would be granted her. She determined to husband her feelings to meet the crisis.

So when Venus brought her the very best supper that the kind-hearted girl could make from the plentiful pantry of Ben Lomond, Astrée did justice to it.

Venus carried away the service, and soon returned, dragging a narrow mattress after her.

"Ole marse say how he let me sleep in here long o' you to-night as you's poorly," she said, as she spread her mattress beside Astrée's bed.

"Oh, Venus! that will be a comfort indeed!"

"Yes, honey, I know it will. I spects he is a grime to kill you wid kindness now, and conquer you that way; but I spects he gwine look us in for all dat—dere now! what I tell you?" whispered Venus, as the click of the turning key sounded at the door.

Astrée did not mind that, now her fate could not be decided before morning, and then it would be in her own hands. And for the night the presence of Venus secured her from intrusion.

Venus settled herself upon her mattress, and was asleep in the deep and heavy sleep peculiar to her race.

Astrée, filled with troubled thought, lay long with her eyes closed, yet not asleep. The room was in perfect darkness. How long exactly she had lain thus it was not known, when again, as on a former occasion, a soft, bright light seemed to penetrate even through her closed eyelids, and cause her to open them; and again to look wonderful! she saw the shining apparition of the beautiful woman advancing towards her; but now, though the central star was still a charmed mass in her crown, and the dark stain remained upon her garment, yet her countenance had lost a portion of that seemingly infinite despair it had worn before. She advanced and stood before Astrée, motionless in form and feature, as if waiting to be addressed.

And again Astrée felt a nameless influence dispel her fears and impel her to speak.

"Spirit! what is your will with me to-night?"

The voice that answered proceeded not from those features but from invisible spirits; and she felt not upon the outward ears of the hearer, but seemed rather to proceed from the depths of Astrée's own soul.

"Lady! you have not been regardless of my warning; you have not hesitated to expose your life to the dreadful death of a slow starvation in the woods, rather than transgress. But I had leave her to you while you slept; and again to the deadly reptile of the thicket, and the deadlier miasma of the swamp. So that you took no harm. I will be with you again in your hour of greatest peril. Fear not, therefore, to meet the wicked man. You shall be saved."

And before these words were fairly finished the vision had faded away.

For a few moments Astrée remained in amazement, uncertain whether she had seen or dreamed; of one thing only she felt sure—that whether vision or dream, it had greatly revived her hopes, and so she fell asleep and slept till morning.

Venus was the first to wake and roll up her mattress.

And so when Astrée opened her eyes they fell upon the kind creature, who stood before the dressing-glass tying up her turban.

Astrée also rose and began to look around for the white dress she had worn since leaving the ship, but she saw no trace of it.

Venus caught her reflection in the glass and turned round.

"Lor, honey, you up? Dat right. You looking for your gown? Yes, honey, you jes' ought to have seen it when I took it offen you las' night. Not fit for ole beggar woman, much less young gal. So I jes' rent it down to de laundry. Derro, honey, dem's sent in here for you," she said, pointing to a large trunk that stood open in a corner of the room.

Astrée went to this trunk, wondering whether it contained the wardrobe of her unhappy predecessor in this room, poor Lula. There were gay and even costly dresses, and all articles requisite to a woman's toilet.

Astrée selected the plainest, a black silk. It fitted her near enough for service, and when she had washed her face and combed her hair, she put it on.

"De door's unlocked, chile," said Venus, as she tried the handle and found it so.

They both went out into the passage, where they parted, Venus to go into the kitchen, and Astrée into the dining-room, where her "duties" lay.

Rumford was standing at one of the windows, with a newspaper in his hand. He turned, and on seeing Astrée, said:

"Come in, my dear! Not sulky this morning. That is right. But, say, my girl, you must never play that trick again; we never give me so much trouble again as long as we both live. But, however, we will talk about that after breakfast, when, once for all, we must come to an understanding."

"Yes, sir," replied Astrée, with grave dignity.

"And now, Zola, ring for my chocolate."

Astrée obeyed, and the summons was answered by Cybele, bearing the pot of chocolate.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE TRIAL OF RUTH LINLY'S LIFE.

BY DELIA S. CARLETON.

Yes, she loved him. She realised it for the first time in her life, as she stood before him that bright May morning, holding her white hands clasped in his, and feeling the tender gaze of his deep eyes upon her face. She had known him so long, and her intercourse with him had been so intimate, that the idea of analyzing her feelings towards him, and defining their exact relationship to each other, had never occurred to her. But looking deep into her own heart, she found that a strong and perfect love had kindled there, and that she was, in fact, and as happily as violets in a May soil. The consciousness of this brought a soft flush to her cheek, and the heavily-fringed lids of her eyes drooped slowly.

"Look up, Ruth—speak to me!" cried her companion, impetuously. "Tut me that you love me—just say so, my life!"

His wife! How her heart thrilled as he uttered the word! Those strong, protecting arms always around her, that faithful breast enwrap her resting-place, that noble heart devoted to her happiness! It was a sweet pleasure to think of, and a tremulous smile of pleasure flickered about her lips; but the next instant her whole face was shadowed by a thought so intensely sorrowful as to quench the light in her soft brown eyes, and curve to an expression of grief the ripe redness of her lips. She put her hands before her face, and shrunk from him. A picture of her child-life appeared before her.

"Blessed father, a heart-broken mother, herself shrinking in passionate shame from the justifying gaze of strangers. Her mother's last words, "God save you from such a fate as mine has been!" rang in her ears. And then she could remember, only too plainly, the painful death of her parents, and her adoption by a rich aunt. And since, after a life of flushed, and tears spring to her soft eyes, as she remembered the indignities that had been heaped upon her ever since. Taunting words, insults, and slight, had been her daily portion for the last five years. The face of her lover clouded as she recalled her.

"Dear father," he said at last, "what is the matter? If you do not love me, tell me so. Your pale face distresses me."

She looked up. "Richard, I do love you! My prayer is that you may some time realize how well; but while you raise the wine-cup to your lips, I can never be your wife."

"Ruth, what do you mean?" he cried, "what do you fear?"

"You would not ask that question, Richard, if your childhood had been like mine."

"But you do not think I will ever become a



drunkard?" he said, surprisedly. You have more faith in me than to believe that?"

For a moment she was silent. Then she said, simply and firmly:

"I cannot trust my happiness in your keeping, Richard, while you drink wine."

He regarded her for a moment, with an expression of surprise and annoyance, but the calm gaze of the eyes she lifted to his face, disarmed him of his anger, and he said:

"I do not see how you can reasonably entertain this idea, Ruth, as regards me. You have never seen me affected by wine in your life, and—"

He did not finish the sentence, for she suddenly grasped his arm, and cried:

"Look, look!—a year ago he drank no more than you do."

Staggering through the heavy mud of the road, which the window overlooked, was a young man. His dark hair fell in tangled masses about his unshaven, haggard face, and the eyes, once beautiful, shone out from beneath them wild and bloodshot. His intemperance had not yet reduced him to apparent poverty, but the splashes of mud upon his neat dress made the sight most painful to him. He had been clothed in rage, and staggering forward in this way, while the lovers observed him. Ruth's eyes were filled with compassionate tears, and Richard looked pale and shocked.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "George Allen!"

Ruth put out her hands to him.

"O, Richard, Richard!—take the lesson home!"

With sudden, characteristic impulsiveness, he said, in a low, waned tone:

"I will never allow a drop of intoxicating liquor to pass my lips again, God helping me!"

"Bless you, bless you, Richard! Now I can trust you." And she wrenched out her heart's fullness upon his shoulder.

Strengthened by her love, she met patiently the tirade of her aunt, when that good lady discovered that it was her poor niece and not her dashing eldest daughter that Richard Vane wanted. But their schemes were all foiled, and they were forced to console themselves as best they might. Ruth and Richard were quietly married, and left immediately for their home in the suburbs of a neighbouring city. And how happy and contented they were! Nothing could have been more charming than the rooms of the pretty cottage, after they had been arranged by Ruth's own hand; and how pretty she was tripping through them in her neat home-dress. What a jewel of a wife she proved! What capital dinners she would invent, and with what dainty grace preside at them!—how perfect was every arrangement of the little house over which she held control. When she came home from the office, weary with his day's work, she was always sure of a cheerful welcome. He could see the flutter of her white dress among the shrubbery far down the road, as she waited for him at the gate of the little garden. Then, the long, quiet evenings, so full of heartfelt happiness. The present was very bright; and Ruth, trusting in her husband's word, never dreamed of change.

Richard came home one evening moody and out of temper. Distressed and grieved, Ruth sought for the cause. In answer to her gentle inquiries, he replied that he had joined a sailing-party that morning, had been upon the water all day, and was tired. She waited upon him at supper, noting his flushed face and want of appetite. He retired immediately upon rising from the table, and when she sought her chamber a few hours after, he lay in a heavy sleep.

Not a word of the evening's occurrence was uttered the next morning; but when Ruth kissed him good-by at the hall-door, she noticed that she looked searchingly into his eyes. His lids drooped quickly and he hurried away. Over her sewing that day Ruth shed many bitter

tears. But it all seemed like a troubled dream that night when he came home as usual, and sat down to his supper pleasant and cheerful, and Ruth grew happier again, and dismissed the fears that had tormented her all day.

Summer passed away, and Thanksgiving day came. The young couple were invited to spend the day at Richard's father's house. Ruth, giving up the plan of having a quiet dinner at home, which would have been her choice, yielded to her husband's wishes and accompanied him thither. But she received a shock that blanched her lips and cheeks white as ashes, on perceiving that at the dining table Richard drank wine, with a companion. Quietly she bowed her head, and none knew of the terrible pang at her heart.

When at home she spoke to him gently of his broken vow. With a look of annoyance he answered her lightly, and tried to waive the subject. Earnestly and tenderly she tried to rouse him to a sense of his danger, but without effect. None but herself and a pitying God knew of the agonized tears she shed for him in secret, or of the prayers she put up in his behalf. It became no uncommon thing for him to return at night with his breath tainted by something stronger than wine. The evenings that had once been so bright and sunny finally became partially gloomy—Ruth bent silently over her sewing, fashioning dainty garments; and Richard lay moodily silent, or asleep upon the sofa.

One night she waited for him long past the usual hour. The clock struck seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, successively, but he did not come, and the floor in the painful silence, sometimes with a heavily beating beat to every sound. At last she heard the clang of the garden gate, as it closed, and then heavy, uneven steps upon the walk. Terrified and pale, she waited till the per-  
 son was flung open, and her husband entered, and flung himself into a chair, unable to stand steadily.

"Get me some supper," he said, roughly; and "don't stand there, looking as white as a sheet. What are you staring at, Ruth?"

"O, Richard!"

He gained his feet and staggered towards her.

"Why don't you mind me?" he asked angrily. "Do you hear?"

In her agony she endeavored frantically to free herself, but, with sudden rage, he struck her down, and blows from his clenched hand fell upon her defenceless form. With sudden, desperate strength, she escaped from him, screaming wildly, fled. Down the long road she ran, and away over the fields and meadows, neither knowing or caring whither she went. She grew dizzy at last, and fell heavily; nor knew anything more, until she opened her eyes in a chamber, where she lay upon a bed, with a kind-faced woman and a physician beside her. When she awoke an instant later, she was in the same situation, for she grew delirious, and called wildly for her husband. At last they placed the light form of a little babe in her arms, and after a moment's hesitation, she clasped it close to her breast, and closed her eyes peacefully. When she opened them again the infant was gone, and she could not know that it rested, waxen and still, upon its little coffin bed.

For days she lay passively quiet upon her pillows, her dark eyes wandering restlessly about the apartment, but speaking to no one. But she was carefully nursed, and gradually grew stronger and better, and one morning asked where she was. The kind woman who attended her told her kindly that she was at the house of Farmer Ward, and that they had found her, in the gray light of early morning, lying, like one dead, at their gate, and had taken her in and nursed her, in their godlike charity, nor asked who she was nor whether she came. And Ruth, gristly denied, told him that she knew that smooth-browed man, who laid her cheek softly upon it, with a caressing motion, while her grateful tears moistened the brown fingers. Then she asked for her baby,

and as gently as possible good Mrs. Ward told her that it was dead—that it had never breathed. A spasm of pain crossed her face, ere she hid it for an instant, but the next moment she murmured: "O, God! will be done—it is better so." And she thanked it right, she gave her kind nurse and hostess confidence, and the good women went with her.

"I can never go back to him," Ruth said firmly, as she finished her story. "And now will you help me to find a way in which I can support myself?"

Mrs. Ward, her kind heart filled with sympathy for the young guest, took the matter in hand, and by the time Ruth was able to travel, she had procured her a situation as teacher, in a small town of a few miles distant. With the good woman's assistance, she went thither, and commenced her new life. She met with trials at first; but she found friends, and made herself a home among them. Her scholars grew to love her devotedly, and gradually her life became comparatively peaceful and easy. Seeing daily her sweet, cheerful face, none dreamed of the passionate tears she shed in the still darkness of night, over her ruined hopes, or how she grieved over a little blossom that had been plucked from her baby's life.

She was sitting alone in her chamber some two years after her entrance into the place, and busied with her sewing, when the door was opened and her landlady entered.

"Miss Lily," said the good woman (Ruth had taken her maiden name), "I wish you would put on that sewing and take a little rest. You have worked on it steadily all day. What in the world is it?"

"A frock for Widow Halden's little boy," replied Ruth, holding it up. "I am indeed very tired, but must work a while longer, for it is to be Willie's birthday present, and I must carry it to him in the morning."

Well, I wouldn't kill myself, 'pears to me," said little Mrs. Hall, energetically. "Come, put it away, and I will help you finish it in the morning. I want you to go to the lecture with husband and me this evening."

After some inducement Ruth was persuaded to put her work aside, and accompany the kind people who had brought her to the place, an hour afterwards they entered the hall, which was densely crowded. When she was seated, Ruth looked around. Every body appeared very much excited and animated, and from the throng rose the murmur of hundreds of voices.

"Who was the lecturer? Why were the people so excited?" she asked her companions.

"The speaker was a very popular temperance lecturer. Vane was his name," Mr. Hall replied, and then turned away to speak to a friend. Ruth turned deathly white, while her heart bounded wildly. She did not dare to think. The lights danced before her eyes, and her brain whirled giddily. She felt—for she could not raise her eyes—the two figures were advancing to the platform, and then she heard the voice of an old resident of the place, a clergyman, introducing the speaker to the audience.

"Mr. Richard Vane."

She heard those words, and those only. To her the hall suddenly became dark, and she sank back heavily in her seat. No one noticed her, for the clear, fine tones of the speaker suddenly broke the silence, and the great crowd was as still as if in a death trance. When she realised her situation again the hall was quite still. The lecturer had ceased speaking, and stood erect upon the platform, before the worshipping crowd, while all around her were the faces of weeping men and women, who rose from her seat and tottered dizzily forward.

Richard Vane looked up suddenly, with a thrilling heart. Beside him, and before the wondering throng of people, stood a slender figure with pale, upraised face. An instant more, and



he opened his arms, and sobbing, Ruth flung herself upon her husband's breast.

For a moment the astonished crowd was silent, but when they comprehended the scene they burst into a round of cheers that made the building tremble. Suddenly an aged clergyman, with flowing white hair, stepped forward, and when the people stayed their buzzes, he held his trembling hands upon the bowed heads of the reunited couple, and said, solemnly:

"Those whom God has joined together, let not wine put asunder."

## ONLY ONE FAULT. A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COLE, JR.

"I CAN'T!"

"But, my dear Flora, you can if you try."

"I don't want to!"

Charles Temple did not make an immediate reply to this. It was his wife's only fault, and he could not be harsh. He had been married two years, and he had found in Flora a true and faithful companion, a fond and affectionate wife, and a source of much pure joy and blessedness. In her daily life she was mild and gentle, performing her domestic and social duties with quiet and orderly despatch, and preëminently with serene dignity in the presence of company. And she had this one fault. Her husband sought to lead her into a field of higher intellect, that she might bear him company in some of his richer fancies of reason; but she did not readily follow him.

"Flora, to please me, will you not read this essay? You will find it very beautiful and very valuable."

"I can't!" was her reply, half poutingly, and half laughingly.

"But, my sweet wife—"

"There—now do. You know I can't bear such things," Flora cried, breaking in upon her husband.

He cast a sad, reproachful glance upon her, and, when she saw it, she laid her hand upon his shoulder and looked imploringly up into his face.

"Now, Charles, you shouldn't feel so. Don't try to please you, and to make you happy, by crazy means within my power?"

"All but this, Flora—all but this. If you would only please me in this—if you would only please me here—"

"You would have me sit to converse with your old college friends, I suppose?"

"I would have you able to converse understandingly upon all topics befitting your station, my love."

"Well—it is no use Charles. I can't study those dry themes. I am just as you took me. I love you very much, and I want to make you happy; and if you love me I think you do, you can overlook this one little fault. Have I any other fault you would wish to cure?"

"No Flora—only this one."

"Then," cried the young wife, slipping her arm about her husband's neck, "only think how foolish it is for you to make yourself unhappy for so slight a cause. Perhaps it is a fault of mine, but I can't help it. Indeed, you ought to feel very thankful that I have no worse ones."

"I do, Flora—I do, most assuredly."

"Then kiss me, and say no more about it.—There—now I must go and see to baby. Be a good Charles, and come home early to supper."

How could he be offended with such a jocular, loving creature? He could not. And yet he wished she were different in that one thing. Her unwillingness to learn annoyed him more than he was willing to own, and still he could not work the change he sought. He could not reach her reason. She would not listen long enough. She would fly off in a tangent whenever he approached the subject. It was her only fault, and she looked upon it as a very slight affair. She

did her best to please him in everything else, and surely he ought to bear with her in this.

Charles Temple sat in the parlor for some time after his wife had gone, and he pondered deeply upon the subject.

"If I could only make her see this in its true light," he said to himself, "I am sure she would agree to forego her repugnance to the thing and study. She can learn most rapidly when she is once interested. See what she is in music. She is the finest singer and player within the whole circle of my acquaintance. Oh, if she would only try to improve her mind in another sphere—I should only qualify herself to entertain my friends in intellectual converse. I am sure I do it if she would; and I think if she could only thoroughly understand the case she would try."

As Charles rose from his chair his eye rested upon the pianoforte. It was a superb instrument—one which he had purchased only a few months before, and which had been pronounced by the best judges to be of the first order in the quality and quantity of its tone. The young man stopped, and pressed his finger upon his brow. He had an idea. It was a curious thought, but he determined to carry it out. He slipped quietly up stairs, and got a pair of pincers, and then he returned and opened the pianoforte, and having selected one of the shortest, smallest strings, clear away up in the sixth octave, he let it down just about half a tone. When he had done this he shut up the instrument, and went away to his store.

In the evening Charles came home early, as his habit bidden him, and after tea they retired to the parlor. For hours and hours they conversed upon various topics, and then the young man asked his companion to sing to him one of the songs he loved so well. She gave him a kiss, and when he had opened the piano, she seated herself at the instrument. She played a simple prelude, and then commenced the song. It was a simple, plaintive thing, full of feeling, and she sang it with tender, touching pathos. But she was not to finish it. Right in the middle of one of the most delicate passages she suddenly stopped, and a quick shudder, as though something had grated harshly and painfully upon her feelings, shook her frame.

"What's the matter?" asked Charles, professing much surprise.

"Mercy!" cried Flora, with another shudder, "what a horrible discord! Didn't you hear it?"

"I noticed that you stopped. But where was the discord?"

"Why—something must be the matter with the piano! Just wait a moment."

Thus speaking, Flora ran her fingers over the keys, and in a very few moments she found the discordant note. Her car was very sensitive, and the jar of the faulty member really tortured her.

"Only hear that?" she said.

"Oh there many more notes out of the way?" asked Charles.

She ran the rest of the keys over, and pronounced them all perfect.

"Let us look in and find the string," pursued the husband, at the same time lifting the top of the instrument back.

"There it is," said Flora, touching the key violently, and pointing to the vibrating wire.

"What!" exclaimed Charles, "and must you stop your sweet song for so slight a thing as that! Come—go on and finish it."

"Finish it! Are you crazy?"

"Not quite, my love. Only I want you to sing to me the rest of the song."

"But how can I sing and play with such an abominable discord?"

"Why," urged the husband, soberly and earnestly, "you do not mean to tell me that the simple stretch of that one little string can make such trouble. Just look in here. See how many other strings there are—how many larger, and longer, and heavier. It cannot be that this

one poor little thing can be of so much account."

"Mercy on me, Charles! I thought you knew more of music than that," retorted Flora, almost indignantly.

"But do you mean to say that the simple flat-tuning of that one little string affects the whole instrument out of tune?" asked the young man, snapping the offending wire with his finger.

"Most certainly it does," the wife answered.

"The whole harp might just as well be shattered so far as the tuneful harmony is concerned."

"It is a very wonderful," said Charles.

"What is wonderful?" asked, Flora, looking up into his face.

"That one little fault should create such palpable result of evil."

"I don't see anything so very wonderful about it," pursued the wife. "A discord is a discord, let it be great or small; and when the harmony is once broken it is harmony no more."

"It is a very wonderful," repeated Charles.

"But I hope you understand it now."

"Yes Flora—I think I do. I see that the piano must depend for perfect harmony upon very small things. I understand that even *one little fault* can destroy all its tuneful power, and throw it into jarring discord. *How every life* (as you say) *is a symphony*—and you say this thing is one of the Domestic Life. Upon what slight affairs may perfect harmony depend?"

Flora started as these words fell upon her ear, and as she met her husband's steady, earnest gaze, she read the full meaning of his words.

"Charles," she said, in a hushed, hesitating tone, "you towered that I was wrong."

"I was wrong! I wished so to see if you could produce pure, sweet music from your piano while even one of the very smallest of its many strings was at fault."

"I understand you now," she whispered, laying her head upon his bosom.

"What do you understand?" he asked, winking his arm about her.

"You mean," she replied, "that even one slight fault may destroy domestic harmony just as surely as this simple thing has destroyed the harmony of my piano."

"Aye, sweet Flora. Must it not be so?"

A few moments the young wife remained with her eyes fixed upon her husband's bosom; then she looked up, and, while a hopeful, joyous light broke through the tears that had gathered in her eyes, she said—

"Tune that string again, Charles, and we'll have no more discordant notes in our home."

He quickly restored the wire to its former tuneful tension, and when Flora tried the instrument again she found it true and perfect. She sang her sweet song, and then she went and sat down upon her husband's knee, and promised him that she would strive to overcome the ONE FAULT that had troubled him.

And she did overcome it; and she was simply repaid for all her trouble. It brought joy to herself as well as to her husband. She overcame the fault, and the domestic harmony was perfect; and she never forgot the lesson she had thus received. She had learnt how slight a thing could brow the music of the household into jarring discord, and ever after she was careful that not even the very smallest of all the domestic harp-strings should get out of tune.

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## THE PURSE OF GOLD!

SARAH GOODWIN was the name of a poor seamstress residing in the city of New York. She was not wholly friendless; but those whom she knew, and who would have aided her in her struggles, were very poor and could not. So she, a widow with four boys from the ages of four to nine years, struggled through winter's cold and summer's heat, provided her little family with bread, and that was all. Meat and luxuries were denied Sarah Goodwin and her boys. The latter were good children, always in their homes at nightfall, giving their mother every cent of their little earnings. So often as they found work to do. At last the mother fell sick, and through a weary illness she had no other attendance, save the occasional help of a neighbor, and the constant aid of her boys. They were never from her side, and it was touching to behold their sympathy and their gentle ministrations. Everybody prophesied that they would be blessed in coming years for their thoughtful kindness towards their mother.

The widow recovered; but it was now in the heart of winter, and their little stock of fuel was nearly gone. As soon as her strength permitted, she walked through the cold on a cheerless day, to the shop of her employer, and told him her painful story. But it was a hard thing; and her illness had made room for others as destitute as herself; in fine, they had not one stitch of work to give her. With a sickening heart, but praying to keep her courage up, the poor woman toiled on from one shop to another, until it became late, and, with her tears and darkness, she could hardly see her way home.

"If Mr. Hart himself had been there," she soliloquized, bending to the strong wind, and drawing her scanty shawl closer about her form, "I know he would have given me work."

As she whispered thus, through her chattering teeth, a tall man with a long grey beard passed by her, and as he did so, something fell to the sidewalk, and lay upon the crusty snow. Sarah paused; and a mysterious impression led her to search for it. O, joy! it was a heavy and filled to the brim. Yellow and shining lay the gold within its strong meshes, and she carried it towards a lighted window.

"My poor boys, they shall want for food no longer," she ejaculated fervently; "this is gold! gold! God put it in my way. He saw I was in despair."

Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the thought occurred to Sarah, that not one cent of the new found treasure was honestly hers. But a moment she lingered, pressing the money with her numb fingers, the sorrowful tears passing down her thin cheeks, then starting forward to find the owner of the purse, she walked hurriedly up the street, fearful that the temptation should arrive at the poor room and see her hungry children, might prove too strong for her integrity.

Opposite the great hotel, as she stood hesitating what way to take, she saw the stranger enter. She knew him by his long and singular beard; and timidly crossing the street, she made her way into the billiard-hall; and there, sheltered by the light, knew not what to say or do, until twice asked by the servant what she wanted. Of course she could not do more than describe the stranger by his tall stature and his strange beard. But he had already gone out again; she must call on the morrow, they said, and ask for Mr. Ashcraft.

The next morning, having eaten nothing, for she could not touch a farthing of the gold, she was admitted into the room where she met the stranger. He arose as she entered, and greeted with a curious air till she presented the purse. Then he started with pleasure and surprise, laid down his paper, took the gold and delicately counted it.

"It is all safe," he said, "you have not—"

"Not one piece, sir," she cried eagerly, trembling as she stood.

"You seem poor," remarked the stranger, carelessly.

"I am poor," she replied.

"Got a family, I suppose?"

"Four little boys, sir; I am a widow."

"Humph, humph, so I supposed—that's the old story."

"Ask Mr. Hart, the tailor," cried the widow, stepping forward a little. "He knows me well; he knows that if I am poor I am honest."

A bright red spot burned on her cheek as she spoke, and she forced back the tears.

"Now confess," said the stranger, rising and walking to and fro from the fire, "confess that you expect a large reward for this."

"I did think, perhaps—"

and she turned with quivering lips to the door.

"Stop, stop," cried the stranger; "you know you would never have returned the purse had you not expected to be paid for it."

"Sir!" said the widow, her tone indignant, her thin form towering, and oh! the withering rebuke in her voice and manner! The stranger paused, holding the purse in his hand; then drawing forth the smallest coin that it contained, offered it to her.

For a moment she drew back, but then remembering that her boys were hungry at home, and in bed because there was no fire, she hastened into tears as she took it, saying: "This will buy bread for my poor children; and hurrying away, she buried the bitterness of that morning in her own heart."

It was four o'clock on the same day; Sarah Goodwin sat by a scanty fire, busy in sewing patches on the very poor clothes of her four boys.

"Run to the door, Jimmy," she said to the eldest, as a loud knock was heard.

"O mother!" the boy cried, returning; "a big bundle for us. What is it?—what can it be?"

"Work for me, perhaps," said she, untying the package, when suddenly, there came to light, four suits of gray clothes, with neat, black, shining caps, each set exactly fitting to the dimensions of her boys. Almost paralyzed with awe and her eyes riveted on the words: "A present for the fatherless;" while the boys, appropriating their wardrobes, danced around the floor, shouting with glee.

"What's in the pocket here?—what's in the pocket?" cried Jimmy, thrusting his hand into that receptacle, when, lo! out came the very purse of gold the widow had returned that morning. A scene of joyous confusion followed, and the voice of prayer ascended from Sarah Goodwin's full heart. Again and again she counted the glittering treasure. Five hundred dollars! It seemed an almost endless forest. How her heart ran over with gratitude to God till, to the good stranger. She could not rest, till, to the good stranger, she could not rest, till, to the good stranger, she could not rest, glowing with hope and happiness, she ran back to the hotel to return her thanks. A carriage stood at the door, laden with trunks behind. The driver mounted the steps; and turning her head, there, within, sat the mysterious stranger with the long beard. She had no time to speak; he was leaning his head as he saw her, with clasped hands, standing there. Her very face seemed a prayer embodied.

Sarah never saw the eccentric stranger again. She took a little shop, stocked it well, and put her boys to school.

To-day she is the proprietor of a handsome store. Of her four boys, two are ministers, one is a doctor, and the other a thriving merchant. Nobody knows where the long grey beard has gone, but if he be living, and his eye meets this, he will learn the noble results of his generous deed towards Sarah Goodwin and her four boys.

## A BRIDE IN THE WRONG BED.

Tax Cinematograph is responsible for the following:—

A newly-married pair put up at the Spencer House—they went out shopping—returned—bride had left some things—she quietly slipped out—found her first article: returned—mistook Man for Bridegroom—she left the Man instead of the Spencer—it looked a little strange—asked boy if she was in the Spencer—boy said yes, not fully understanding her—she told him to lead her to 48—she partially disrobed and got into bed—expected her husband momentarily—fell asleep—the occupant of 48 Madison, an Indiana merchant, was heard in the apartment—a little tight—quietly went to his room—to bed—to sleep. The account proceeds:

How long the two reposed there, side by side, with only one foot of space between them, all unconscious of each other's presence, is not exactly known; but probably about an hour, when a tremendous noise was heard in the apartment, from which female screams issued, wildly, piercingly, and ceaselessly.

The hotel was in an uproar; proprietors, clerks, waiters, porters, guests, dressed and half-dressed, were at the door of 48 in a few minutes, blocking up the entrance, and asking each other why, "What was the matter?" "For God's sake, tell us what is the trouble!"

The cause of this outcry may be imagined. The bride had awakened about midnight, and putting her hand over her husband, it fell upon the Indian's face, and the soft, warm touch aroused him at once. He did not understand it exactly, though he did not dislike it; and in a moment more Mrs. R. was up.

"My dearest husband, where have you been all this while?"

"Husband!" echoed the merchant, beginning to see, like Lord Tinsel, that he had "made a small mistake here." "I'm nobody's husband, I reckon, my dear madam, you are in the wrong bed."

"In the wrong bed—horror of horrors!" thought the bride. "What would her liege lord say—what would the curious world say?"

And Mrs. R. screamed terribly, and sprang from the couch just as her companion did the same. He was fully as much alarmed as she, and entreated her to give him time and he would leave the apartment, although it was the one he had engaged—he'd make an oath to that.

Scream, scream, scream, was the only reply to this kindly proposition.

"My God! madam, don't yell so! You'll waken the house. Be reasonably! I swear it's only a mistake. Have some thought of the consequences if you don't stop! You—you—I don't. You'll get me shot and yourself—"

Just at this juncture the throng outside presented itself at the door, and beheld Mrs. R., cowering in one corner, exercising her lungs magnificently, with a sheet wrapped over her face and head, and the Indian in the middle of the room, enveloped in a coverlet, and ejaculating, "My God! madam, don't yell so!"

The junior proprietor, Dr. Cahill, saw there must be some mistake, and requesting the others to retire, called the merchant out, went with him into another room, and there learned the whole story. The Doctor then sent one of the ladies of the hotel to Mrs. R., and the affair was explained, greatly to her relief, though she was overwhelmed with confusion at a circumstance that might have ruined her reputation.

Under the escort of the Doctor she was conveyed to the Spencer, where the husband was found pacing the corridors with frantic mien, and half crazed with grief at the mysterious disappearance of his wife, whom he believed had been spirited away by a villain, or murdered for her jewels in this "infernal city," where, as he expressed himself, they would kill a man for a dollar at any time.

As soon as he beheld his spouse, he caught her

to his bosom and wept like a child. He was smothered with happiness at her discovery, and told her he had secured the city for intelligence of her whereabouts in vain.

## DESERTING.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

THE years of 1837 and '38 were exciting times in Canada, and along both sides of the frontier. Those were the years of the great Rebellion, as we were taught to call it; but which a very respectable portion of the people on both sides of the line designated as the Patriot War.

I was a soldier in the 42nd Regiment of (British) Infantry, and had just served out a full enlistment of ten years. The term expired just about the time the *Caroline* was cut out, and sent adrift over the falls, by a party of overzealous Royalists, led on by Sir Allan McNabb.

This high-handed and shameful event was celebrated in an uproarious manner in the garrison; and during the debauch, which myself and comrades were permitted to indulge in to excess, I was induced to re-enlist for another long term of service.

This was a step I certainly should not have taken had I been sober. But it's a true saying,—"When wins in, wit is out." I was heartily tired of the worthless and unmanly life of a private soldier, and had been looking forward with hopeful anticipations to the period when I should once more become a free man.

When, therefore, I came to myself, and found that instead of being permitted to quit my dissipated and idle companions, and go in search of some respectable employment, I was still subject to the orders and caprices of my tyrannical officers, I resolved at once to escape, if possible, to the American side.

At this time the company to which I belonged was stationed at old Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River; and as several desertions had already taken place from the garrison, a strict guard had been established along the river and the lake shore, making it impossible to escape from that post.

But late in the spring we were relieved by several companies of the 73rd, and marched into quarters a short distance below the village of Chippeway, and near the old battle-ground of Lundy's Lane.

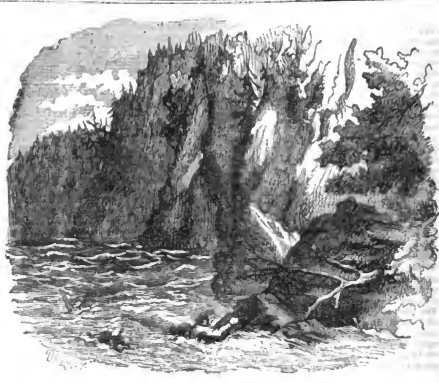
Here, opposite the Falls,—above which for miles heaved the wild rapids, and below gaped the frightful gorge, reaching to the village of Queenston, down through which roared the maddened river, it was not deemed necessary to keep so vigilant a guard. And from this place I determined to make the attempt.

I was a good swimmer, and a stout man in my company, and in fact, for that matter, the crack man of the regiment. I had often, while stationed at Fort George,—for the amusement of the officers, who would wager small amounts on my feats—swam a mile and more out into the waves of Lake Ontario, and back again to the beach, without experiencing much fatigue.

Indeed, of late I had practised swimming with a view of making it a means of escape from the life that every day was becoming more and more loathsome to me.

I now concluded to attempt the passage of the river below the Falls, and between the ferry staircase and the spot over which now stretches the new suspension bridge.

You will think mine was indeed a desperate determination. And so it was. But let it be remembered that we had never been permitted to descend to the bottom of the cliff; and the river at this point, seen from the top of the bank, presented not the wild and frightful appearance that really belonged to it. I have somewhere heard it said that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and certainly in this case it did; for, from the great height at which we were only permitted to look upon the



CROSSING NIAGARA.

fierce torrent, it was robbed of a great portion of its horror; while the thunder of the cataract drowned the roar of its warlike voice.

I had observed, too, that the skillful ferrymen experienced but little difficulty in propelling in safety their little skiffs from one side of the river to the other, but I had not observed that those men took advantage of the eddy formed by the uprush of the waters just escaped from the cataract, and that this eddy was confined to that particular spot. In short, I was totally ignorant of the frightful impetuosity and wild character of the river that surged and roared down through that dark ravine below me.

Had I then known as much of it as I now do, there is no earthly treasure or ambition that would have tempted me to make the desperate passage.

But another ten years of degrading bondage I was determined not to endure, while only the narrow channel of the Niagara lay between me and the land of promise, beckoning me to its green hills. I knew that as soon as my feet pressed that soil, I should be a man once more, and, with my strong hands and willing heart, could soon hold my head up again among men.

I had a friend and confidant named Tom Head, who for years had shared my soldiers' bunks with me. Tom and I were from the same village on the Trent, and I could not bear the thought of deserting and leaving him behind. I thereupon led him into the secret of my intentions.

Tom, poor fellow, was as anxious to quit the idle life as I was, and gladly agreed to join me. Oh! how often since have I regretted that he permitted him to know my plans. He might but for that have still been alive, and the best private soldier of the company.

Tom Head could not swim. He used to say, jocularly, that he "could out-dive any man in the regiment, if he had but a mind to; but when it came to the swimming part, he was not even a match to a cobbler's lapstone."

At first I tried to hit upon some other plan for him to escape, but Tom insisted that he could cross the river with me, if he could only induce John Willis to accompany us.

This man was an expert swimmer; and it was him the officers used to back often against

me in our trials upon the lake. He was a much more muscular man than I, and for a short tussle with the waves, when tossed by a storm, he was more than my master. It was in vain indeed that I excelled him; and although he was really the best swimmer, I could swim *longer* than he could.

John had recently been promised a corporality on the first vacancy, and it was doubtful if he could be persuaded to join us. But one day Tom Head came to me and said that he had just had a talk with Willis, and the latter had consented to go. His (Willis's) pride had been touched, he said, when he laughingly hinted that he doubted if he could stem the current with me. "I'll tell you what, Tom Head," said Willis, "till this moment the thought of leaving the company had never entered my head. But just to let that Bill Hines know that I can swim in any water no can, I'm with you. By Jove! I won't back down to him anywhere—no, not even for a leap down that thundering waterfall yonder! Bill's a good fellow enough, and we've always been friends, but he is a little jealous of me sometimes. But, never mind—I'll join you!"

We soon contrived to have a meeting with Willis, and it was agreed between him and me that we would desert together, keeping Tom Head aloft between us, by means of a plan which I will soon tell you of. All we waited for was dark night, when one of us should be on guard.

It was not long before Willis and myself were drawn for the picket-guard in the vicinity of the Pavilion Hotel. This was at the head of the foot-road leading up from the ferry of which I have spoken.

Fortunately for us, it was a dark, rainy night, just such a one, of all others, as we would have chosen for the attempt.

At that point the cliff is some two hundred and fifty feet high, and in some places perpendicular, while at others the rocky strata projects out many feet over the boiling rapids below.

However, down this fearful cliff lay our way. We could not reach the edge of the water by the foot-road, for a strong guard was always posted there. At the ferry-landing had been



FOREST SKETCHES.—OLD CARL'S ADVENTURE.—See Page 122.

built a guard-house, for the double purpose of preventing descent and smuggling, so that it was "Hobson's choice" with us—down the cliff, or no escape.

Tom Head, according to arrangement, met us here, provided with the halliards of the flag-staff; and with the assistance of these and the stunted cedar bushes growing from the crevices of the rocks, we succeeded in letting ourselves one by one down the cliff.

We now stood upon a narrow ledge of slaty rock, on the edge of the wild river, whose waters, heaving upwards, and then as suddenly falling again, made it extremely difficult for us to keep our foothold.

It was now that for the first time our hearts began to fail us; for never till now had we formed a conception of the horrors of that seething torrent. There we clung to that precarious foothold, where no human being had ever ventured before, while the frowning cliffs closed upon us, and the fierce current flew frantically past. Dark and rayless as was the night above us, a lurid light filled that awful ravine for the leaping billows, as they raved and roared each other impatiently along, and the dashing spray, was lighted with a phosphorescent glow that added a tenfold horror to the place. The lurid light beamed upon the threatening cliffs, and was reflected in dull glow upon the vapor-loaded air over our heads.

It seemed as if we had suddenly fallen into the inner gates of Hades.

To return was now impossible; for even if the upward climb of the cliff could have been accomplished, our desertion had doubtless already been detected, and there now lay before us no other way but to trust to Heaven and strong arms, and attempt the passage of those wild rapids.

We were not long in debating the question; for to tell the truth, with the awful scene before us, we dared not trust ourselves to its decision;

and kneeling in that awful spot, we commended our lives to the keeping of Heaven. Our words were drowned by the thunders of the torrent; but with trusting assurance we prepared for the struggle.

We were some distance below the foot of the ferry staircase, on the American side. But our intention was to reach that spot. We had observed, from the top of the cliff, that it was easy to descend to that point from below, and we also trusted to an eddy on that side to help us to the landing. This we now talked over hastily.

John Willis and myself doubted not that we could stem the current below; but we had to help our comrade over, who had never swam a lick in his life. But Tom Head was a small man, and we hit upon the following plan to tow him across.

Among the drifts at the base of the cliff, we found a light piece of a cedar sapling. This was as buoyant as a cork; and cutting a portion of the flag halliards, we knotted a piece of the cord to each end of this float. The knotted ends were made into a loose collar which Willis and myself passed over our heads, and directing Tom Head to grasp the centre of the timber, we once more commended our souls to Heaven, and pushed out into the current.

Scarcely had we trusted ourselves to the treacherous waves, than we found ourselves thrown and tossed from crest to crest as if we had been only dried leaves of the forest. Of what avail was the strength of mortal man against the head-long rush of that hell of waters? Down, down, the mad current we were hastened with a force that was terrific. Our voices died upon our lips, for in the wild chaos of sounds that rose with a ceaseless roar from the torrent, no human sound could vibrate.

With a few frightful shocks we found ourselves hurled into the centre of the combining rapids, when, borne resistlessly among the froth

and rubbish of the tide, we could gaze down into the seething eddies on either side of us. No terrified racehorse ever flew with half the velocity that we were borne along upon those thundering rapids.

Yet with all this fearful tossing, we three human beings remained together; but the rope upon my neck was eating into the flesh, and almost strangling me, as we were swerved and thrown from side to side.

We could not call to each other, but the phosphorescent light, that made the pent up waters appear like a great cauldron of living fire, made us as visible to each other as by the light of the day.

Poor Tom Head still clung wildly to the cedar float; but I could see that my strong yoke-fellow was suffering terribly. He had ceased to exert himself by swimming—for that was useless, while it was impossible to sink beneath the surface;—and with swollen face and distended eyeballs seemed to be choking to death.

I tried again to call to him to throw the fatal rope from his neck, and leave Tom to me; but the words were not heard even by myself. Once or twice I caught his eyes as he turned them toward me beseechingly, and tried by signs to make him quit the float, and trust to his muscular limbs to escape the death which must be his if he persisted to carry his end of the stick. He appeared to comprehend me, but refused to slip the rope over his head. This he could have done, for I repeatedly slipped mine over upon my arm to show him how easy it was. But Willis would not desert his friend, but still wore the rope over his neck, till after a few seconds more, it really proved his death; and I could perceive he hung to the end of the float, a lifeless form.

I now had as much as I wanted, to attend to my own situation, with the dead weight of two men thrown upon my neck. And reaching out toward my living companion, I drew him to me, and by signs made him catch by my shoulders, while I freed myself from the float, and with the body of poor Willis hanging to it, I pushed it as far from me as my strength would allow.

This effort threw me from the ridging crest of the rapids into an eddy of comparatively smooth water; and taking advantage of it, I plied all the strength of my arms, and to my great joy perceived that I was striking diagonally across the current.

But again the rapids of the American side caught me, and again I was thrown headlong down the leaping waters, out in the direction of the Great Whirlpool, from which I knew no living thing ever emerged.

Tom Head, too, seemed to be aware of the new horror, and becoming frantic with the prospect of the awful death that awaited us, clung wildly to my neck with such force as to suddenly arrest both circulations of the blood.

This was an awful moment to me, when a thousand tumultuous thoughts rushed hotly through my brain, and I was about to sink with the madman still clutching at my throat. But the instinct of self-preservation is strong, even stronger than the love of brother; and tearing Tom's clenched fist from their hold, I sprang from him, and striking him with my foot, left him to die alone. I dared not look over my shoulders upon his drowning struggles. And now, freed from his weight, and breathing freely once more, I uttered a prayer to Heaven, and struck out toward the eddy above the Manitou Rock, and just as the commencement of the frightful cauldron of the whirlpool.

God of Heaven be praised! I reached it, and clutched at the overhanging evergreens of the American side.

But what occurred for many hours after this I never knew. I must have been crazed by the terrible excitements I had passed through; and the first I knew of myself and my situation, the sun was far down in the west, and I was wandering on the banks of the whirlpool, without

rag of clothing, and gazing down into the eternally circling flocks upon which, as I started, there heaped to the surface, and for an instant stood bolt upright, two naked, lifeless forms, which I knew to be those of my late companions. Round and round those converging circles they were carried, till swallowed up in the all-devouring vortex, they disappeared for a little, to return to the surface circles again, and thus to gyrate and toss their limbs in mimicry of life, till decay and the solvent waters should hide them from the sight of man or ever.

## FOREST SKETCHES.—No. 6.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

AUTHOR OF "THE HUNTED LIFE," &c.

### OLD GARL'S ADVENTURE.

GARL was plentiful enough in the valley of the Gae Babs, and we found little difficulty in locating it. Our first day's sport brought us eleven deer—the of the "black-tail" species—and one wild horse. The latter animal was the one which Fitz caught and held while Garl shot him! We had made an excellent supper, and lighted our pipes and cigars, when a call was made for a story.

"Come, Garl," said Harris, "you must have seen something of adventure in your day. Suppose you break the ice."

"Speakin' of ice," replied Garl, "an' then speakin' jes' a bit ago 'bout grizzly bears, puts me in mind of a bit of adventer I had a few years ago all on my own. If yer 's mind to be patient, I would tell it yer."

"We assured him we would be very patient, and he made preparations for the story. First, he took his pipe from his mouth; and having knocked the ashes from it, he put it in his pocket. Then he packed away a cubic inch of tobacco in his mouth, and commenced his story. 'It was 's year ago, about this last winter 'at I wur at the head waters of the Platte River. It wur on the southern fork. They wur a party of six of us in all, an' we wur on a reg'lar huntin' an' trappin' expedition. Ye will understand 'at we wur close 'to the Rocky Mount'n's. The snow wur deep in most places, an' the ground wur fere pretty deep. But we had a good camp—smug an' warm, as a city house—plenty of ammunition; an' I started out didn't want for provisions."

"One day I started out all alone, more for the sake of doin' somethin' to pass away time than anything else. It was the day arter we'd come in from a long hunt, an' we wur in for a restin' spell. I took a turn along by the bank of a small creek, an' hadn't gone more'n half a mile, afore I struck a deer track. We hadn't need a deer for a long while, an' ye may be sure I wur sort of anxious like to carry this chap to the camp. From the track I know'd 'at I wur a large one, an' 'at it hadn't been long gone."

"So I looked to my ride—'twas the same ole iron I've got heyr—I looked at it to be sure 'twas all right for a moment's call, an' then started on. I followed the track 'bout half-a-mile farder, which brought me to the foot of a mighty bit of rock. I went around this yer, an' beyond wur a sort of flat ledge whur the snow had all blowed off, an' left it as bare as a baby's face. Over these yer rocks I crawled, for I could find the track in the crevices whur the deer had put its foot, ye see. I tell ye it came perty high bein' a pity 'at I couldn't put my foot in, too."

"Howsever, I cum to a place whur once more, and afore long I found a fair whur I needed I'd got the feller safe enough. It wur a deep gut, or gully, in the side of the mount'n, as though somebody had chopped a piece out, same's you'd cut a chunk out of a loaf of bread."

"They wur some great cedar trees a growin' in the gut, in one place a sort of bluff made

out from the side of it. Mind ye—this wurn't a small place. No, a mighty big piece had been chopped out. But I went in, an' tracked the deer to the farder end."

"Now if I'd only 'ave crossed over onto t'other side I mout 'ave seed whur the deer 'd gone out again—an' gone out mighty quick, too, with somethin' arter him. But I didn't go over, an' so I didn't see them. When I come to this bluff 'at made out from the side of the gut I found the deer had struck across with a kind of leap. At first I lost the track, an' wur jes' a goin' to wonder if the feller 'd gone right down into the frozen ground, when I seed his next track clean off to the left, some fifteen foot distant. In course I know'd 'at somethin' 'd been shereed that feller. But I didn't stop to consider."

"As I said, I followed the track, but not wholly across. I were perty high on to half-way over when I heard a sound behind me 'at made me jump. I turned, and wur there three grizzlies. They wur a comin' down the gully enough, I tell ye. They wur a smuffin' up the air, an' I know'd they wur a smellin' me jes' as I seed old Ben smell of his hot rum an' anger this mornin'—I smell'd jes' as good to 'em."

"Dan you must 'ab smellin' dwelfin' nice," insinuated Fitz, at the same time making ready to dodge any compliment Ben might send him."

But Ben only laughed, and Garl continued: "Humans allers smell good to grizzly bears when they hungry."

"All except niggers," suggested Ben. "An' ole rum bladders," added Fitz, with a chuckle.

The laugh which was all ready for the darkey fell upon old Ben, and the trapper went on:

"It's perfectly nat'ral to conclude 'at I hadn't much time to consider. The bars wur close 'upon me, an' I knew 'at runnin' would be jest a perty bit of exercise for 'em. A grizzly can run faster 'an a human can, an' I know'd 'at I was on a clean ground. I thought of this yer, an' know'd 'at I wur no use to think of startin' for any assistance."

"I told you they wur some cedar trees in the gut. The piece of timber nearest to me wur a tall, big one, an' it so happened 'at one of the branches had at some time been lopped by the snow, an' hung down so 'I could reach it. I made a leap, caught the limb, and wur jes' a swingin' myself up as the headmost bar made a snap an' nabbed the butt of my rifle. In course he took it out of my hands jes' as easy as nothin'. But he missed me. I wur out of his way quick, I tell ye."

"I wur rather dubsome at first 'at the limb mout break off, as I told ye it wur already lopped by the snow that had lodged on it at some time. But it held me, an' I went out of the way of the bars. About twenty foot from the ground, the first real good stout limb growed an' I was in it, I feel myself an' the trapper looked down at the savage varmints. In course ye know 'at the grizzly can't climb a tree like the black bar. He's got claws long enough—he's got jest the longest, most unconcerned claws of any varmint 'at runs wild—but he don't know nothin' 'bout huggin'." He never claps his hands around anything, an' the trapper does; so ye see he never goes a peer."

"F'raps ye fancy I wur safe up thar. Wal—p'raps I wur; but I rather fancy you wouldn't 'ave felt very glib if you had a been in my place. I know'd enough about the grizzly to assure myself 'at they wouldn't be likely to leave me whur they wur hopes of gettin' 'at taste of me. I mout ground wur so hard, from 'at the couldn't dig up the roots; an' the only f'rins they could git wur the berries 'at hung from some of the bushes, an' once 'at in a while they mout catch a deer, or somethin' of that kind. I seed from theyr looks 'at they wur hungry—an' I wur half-starved—an' I rather concluded

'at they might watch a spell afore they left. And I rather fancy 'at they wur nest wur somewhere about the bluff I told ye of."

"It wur now toward the middle of the afternoon, an' I know'd 'at the varmints wouldn't leave afore dark, if they did then. They wur all three a settin' on theyr haunches a lookin' at me, an' every once in a while they'd give a grunt an' a growl, an' I know'd 'at I was 'n mistake. Ef my companions should miss me, and start out, they wouldn't come afore dark; so thar wasn't much use in holleerin'. Yet I holleered some."

"B'm-be the sun went down, an' the wind blowed harder 'n afore."

It wur dreadin' cold anyhow 'bout them trappins, but up in that tree it wur a little colder 'n 'twas anywhere else. I should 've froze if I hadn't kept hoppin' up an' down, an' thrashin' my hands. I hadn't any mittens, but when I wasn't a slappin' my hands I kept 'em under my shirt."

I had hoped 'at the bars would clear out when it come dark; but they didn't have any such notion. Thar they sat, like determined varmints as they wur, a waitin' for theyr supper. Sometimes they'd start up an' walk around a bit, an' give a few ugly growls, an' then come back an' set down. 'Bout nine or ten o'clock two of 'em got up an' went off, an' I was 'n hopecase for a few minutes, for I thought the other one mout not fancy bein' left thar alone. But 'twasn't so. He stoek to his post; an' somehow arter midnight the other two came back and fetched two more with 'em! The stars wur all out, an' I could see things on the snow perty plain."

"Now them two varmints had been an' called theyr companions; an' I 'spose they fancied they might be more chance of gettin' 'em if they had more. I tell ye humans aren't the only critters 'at can reason. Them bars reasoned then. They left one for a sentry over me while they went arter more 'em. Only they showed theyr ignorance 'at I wur aware of a sick 'er 'e could git me down off in the tree when three 'n 'em couldn't."

"That night wur a long one, too. I kept up a holleerin' every few minutes, for I fancied my companions mout come out arter me, seen 'as I did, 'as come out in the dark. But nobody come. I had holleered till I wur hoarse as a sick 'er 'e could git me down off in the tree when three 'n 'em couldn't."

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"I would 'ave given all I had if I could only 'ave had my rifle. Thar it lay—right under whur I wur, an' part of the time one of the bars wur a settin' on it. I had powder an' lead enough, but I couldn't get it out of the rifle." I kept a sayin' that over to myself. But what was the use? I hadn't got it; and what wur more, couldn't go down to whur it wur without bein' made bar's breakfast. The varmints had been without supper, an' I know'd theyr appetites must be kind of sharp for breakfast."

"The mornin' had come, an' the sun wur up; I commenced to holleer agin, an' I wondered why some of my companions didn't come. I fancied they could find my tracks easy enough, only over the rocky ledge I told ye of. But even if they came that they could certainly hear my voice. B'm-be they was lookin' for the tracks I had made the night afore, and I couldn't find only few clues to the bluff. The wind in the night had blow'd 'em all off, an' piled the snow over 'em!"

"Huyr wur a fix, an' no mistake. My friends mout not find me at all! 'Bout an hour arter sunrise three of the bars went off and wur gone two hours, an' then come back. I know'd thar wur a pile of snow whur they had been 'at I was down. It wur a very unpleasant thought for me jest then. I wur cold an' numb, an' my teeth were a chatterin' like a dozen goats on the ice. In course I couldn't find much exercise on that limb, an' I began to have a fear 'at I mout freeze to death. If my tracks had been all covered up

I must not be found in a long while, for we had none of us ever come that way afore.

"It got to be noon, an' all five of the bars wur under my roost. They wur growlin' part o' the time, an' once in a while one or two of 'em would come up an' bite at the tree. They wur a gettin' as savage as could be, an' I wanted a human to eat. As I said afore, the snow an' ice had slant up most of their food, an such a chance as they had then they weren't very anxious to lose. One of the bars—the biggest one of the lot—came an' stood up agin the tree half-a-dozen times. He'd stand up thar an' snap his teeth at me as though he almost tasted my meat.

"I wur now weak an' faint. I wur hungry—I wur cold—I wur stiff with roostin' on that limb—and my hands were losin' their strength. I must starve thar, an' then the bars would pick my bones! I holered with all my might; I pulled out until my voice failed me! And yet no help come! What could I do? I should soon be past doing anything, save tumblin' down into the jaws of the frightful monsters 'at waited for me! I tried to holler agin, but my voice wur gone!

"It wur now nigh onto the middle of the afternoon, an' no help. I wur cold, growl! My head had grow'd dizzy, an' part o' the time thar seemed to be little sharp, bright, icy stars dancin' afore my eyes. I know'd I wur a goin'!

"I remember 'at thar wur a God above me; an' I asked him to help me. I wondered of what my mother would be wick me in my young wur true. I'd never been 'at sick afore, an' I didn't feel duberose at all in asking him as made me for help.

"Companions—'that wur a strange thought of mine. I can't say 'at God heard me, though I love to think he did. It kind o' does me good in my old age, when my hair is growin' gray, to think thar's a Beir' up in the world of suns an' stars 'at will one day take us home to himself!

"Howeumer—when I prayed I looked up; an' as I looked up I seed a long strip of bark 'at had been peeled down. It hung over my head, an' looked as though the lightning had done it. The thought struck me 'at I must get my rifle!

"This yer new howe' gw' me strength. I got up onto my feet an' reached up. I pulled the strip down, an' it peeled off a piece nigh on to fifteen feet long. I kalkulated a spell, an' then set to work. I was all life now. Oh! I can't begin to tell yo' how my blood started through my body. It wur as though I had come to life aiter bein' once dead.

"Onto one end of this strip I fixed my belt. Yo see an' I ailers carried a few bits of leather strings in my pocket, in case of need. On the buckle end of the belt I fixed a slipplin' noose, an' t'other end wur tied to the strip of bark. I had a mauler about my neck, an' a stout cord to my powder-horn, an' I know'd that would reach the ground.

"I let it down keurfully, and the bars at first kind o' moved back. They wur a feared 'at I was doin' contrivance. The rifle lay on the snow, with the bow toward me, an' as the lock rested on a jump made up one of the roots of the tree, the butt wur up clear so 't I could slip the belt under.

"It went under the first time tryin' an' I had no trouble in drawin' it up to the small part of the bot. Huyr I draw'd it tight—I draw'd it keurful, now, I tell yo';—an' then I lifted.

"The rifle come up. It wur clear of the snow, when one of the bars made a jump for it; but he missed it. I draw'd—draw'd—and—the old shootin'-iron wur mine!

"I wur weak now from tremblin' so much—tremblin' with clat hope. But I didn't rest long. I put a new cap onto the nipple, an' then brought the old thing to my shoulder. One of the bars wur just standin' up agin the tree. I

drew a sight upon his eye, and fired. He fell over backwards, and kicked till he was dead. "I loaded my rifle, and another of the bars rolled over; yo see I had a good shot at 'em as they turned their faces towards me. The grisly eye is a tender spot. It opens into his brainpan, an' an ounce bullet is sure death in thar.

"I had killed four of the bars, an' the fifth one kind o' seemed inclined to back out. He wanted to do it. He smelt of his dead companions, an' finally looked up at me. Thar yer lok wur his death-warrant. My rifle wur at my shoulder, an' the moment he turned up I fired. It wur a good shot!

"When I come down out o' that tree I was a happy, thankful man. I looked up once more to the same place as I had looked when I asked for help, and this time I gi'v' God my thanks. If they wasn't very well put together, they wur sincere. I took a look at the dead bars, and then started for the camp.

"I found my companions jest come in from a long hunt arter me. They had lost my track, as I thought, an' wur just about ready to give me up to a lost human. They went out with the horses and got the five bars; an' they told me I should have a retsin' spell to pay for the game I had shot.

"An' I did have a retsin' spell. I wa'n't able to go out for over a week; but I got over it arter awhile, else I moughtn't 'ave been here with yo to-night!"

## POPPING THE QUESTION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

A MERCHANT tailor in the city of Buffalo, having accumulated a competency at his trade, determined to throw aside his shears and bodkin and spend the remainder of his life upon a farm.

He purchased several hundred acres of land in Tonawanda, and there was a fishing-ground" on the estate. Mr. C., the ex-merchant, was delighted with his new occupation, and he devoted his best efforts with untiring zeal to farming and fishing. Being hard of hearing, he often made ludicrous blunders, which excited the mirthfulness of his friends and customers. His graceful and beautiful daughter was at boarding-school near New York city at the time her father purchased the farm. She had a lover, and promised to marry him, providing he could obtain the consent of her parent to the matrimonial alliance.

The young man travelled West as fast as the iron horse would take him in that direction. On the morning after his arrival he was strolling along the banks of the creek that sweeps through the village of Tonawanda, when he met a phin old gentleman, dressed in home-spun, and inquired of him "if the cars had commenced running to the falls yet."

"Principally yes, and mullet," said he. "I'm a little misinformed," continued the young man. "I merely wished to know if the cars had commenced their trips to the Falls of Niagara, and what the fare is."

"From three to four cents a pound." "Do you intend to insult me?" "I will let you have a large quantity for two cents."

"I have a good mind to give you a caning for your impertinence."

"Well, if you do not choose to give it, I know who will."

"I should like to know if there are any more such fools as you are in the town of Tonawanda."

"We shall make another haul in the morning before daylight."

At this instant another citizen made his appearance, and the stranger stated his grievance to him. He said:

"I have been asking this old man a few civil

questions, and he has given me the most impertinent answers."

"O, he is dead!" exclaimed the third party. "He is dead as a post; but he is a very fine old gentleman—one of the best men in town—one of the most influential and respectable men in the country, indeed. He is not impertinent. He deals in fish somewhat, and so do I. It is possible he may think that I am endeavouring to understand him, will you therefore do me the favor to write down your question on a scrap of paper, and save me from suspicion, and satisfy yourself in regard to the old gentleman's politeness?"

The young man commenced writing, when the old farmer fishermen interrupted him with the remark,—

"I will not take a note-of-hand; cash on the nail, or no trade!"

"He is preparing a note," said the last comer.

"Call me a brute, do you?" exclaimed Mr. C.; "then take that!" and, muting the action to the word, he dealt him a blow straight from the shoulder which prostrated him "flat as a boarder."

By this time the note was finished, and the old gentleman discovered his mistake; and about this time the young stranger made the discovery that he had been picking a quarrel with his prospective father-in-law.

Mr. C. made an apology, and invited both parties to go over to his house and dine. The front door commanded a view of a meadow in which a cow was at the time. Mr. C. was looking in that direction, the youthful lover, whose heart was overflowing with emotion, commenced the task he came such a long distance to perform.

"I am acquainted with your daughter," said he, in a loud tone.

"She is a fine beast," remarked the old gentleman, looking at the cow.

"Your daughter!" screamed the young man. "I have the honor to be well acquainted with her."

"She is a noble animal," was the quiet response.

"Comfound the old cow!" said the young man, in a whisper. "I wish she was out of sight."

"I was speaking about your amiable and accomplished daughter!"

"She is very kind—indeed, never breaks down the fences—never kicks over the rail—never strays away like the other brutes I have."

"You don't understand me, Mr. C. I am speaking of your daughter at boarding-school!"

"No, I never put a board on her face; she never does any mischief at all."

"Your daughter!" shouted the young man, frantic with excitement.

"Did you say I ought to?" "No, sir; I was speaking of your daughter, the young lady at boarding-school."

"Oh, yes—I have plenty of room; but I think she is too old to keep much longer. To tell you the truth, I have made up my mind to shut her up in the stable, and feed her on chop-stuff a few weeks."

"Great Heavens!" remarked the young man to himself. "What shall I do? This deafness will be the death of me! I will try once more, and if this effort fails, I will resort to pencil and paper again."

"I should like to say a word or two to you respecting your daughter!"

"I shall let the butcher have her by-and-by—if he will give me my price," said the old man, with emphasis.

As at last recort the young man used his pencil and paper,—showed his letters of introduction handsomely endorsed by men whose opinion was good authority on the delicate question on the *tapin*. After a little cross-questioning, and a little hesitation, the old gentleman gave his consent; and when the parties were married, he de-

clared it was the best haul he had made in all his life.

#### NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We shall shortly commence a New Tale by Iliou Castellano, entitled "The Pearl Diver." It is a most thrilling and exciting story of Californian Life, and is written expressly for the New York Ledger.

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

#### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

It has been said that many young ladies, for the first year after their marriage, can never look at one of their own sex without a peculiar sort of expression on their countenance of a compassionate curiosity, arising out of a conscious superiority, as much as to say, "Are you a married woman?"

#### THE WEDDING DAY.

A wedding may be very pleasant to visitors, but it can rarely be called a happy, much less a gay day, to those immediately concerned; for either a sense of the mutability of all human affairs, an extreme solicitude to please the object of our choice, or perhaps the impression left by past afflictions which have threatened to sever us at, leaves a sense of fear and anxiety incompatible with present enjoyment. The general cause of depression to a bride on that day arises from her leaving the paternal home, withdrawing herself from those dear ones who have hitherto protected her from every impression, and bestowed on her every species of indulgence.

#### HOME, WIFE, CHILDREN.

Is there a divinity, law, or medical student who does not aspire to be a leader in his profession? Is there a mercantile drudge who does not aspire to be at the head of the firm? These are partial hopes, to be obtained only by a few. Is there one man—however exalted, however humble—who does not look forward to a home, a wife, and children, as the goal of his endeavours, his toils, and his cares. This is a general hope within the reach of all. *Home, wife, children*, are the talismanic words which have guided men to the noblest actions—to the greatest efforts of genius and exertion. All happiness is centred in these blessings, for what can exceed the domestic comforts of our own fireside?

#### THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

Love has a language of its own, which is unmistakable to the close observer; and it is somewhat singular that it should be so frequently misinterpreted. When a young lady makes up her mind that to be the life-long companion of any certain gentleman is to be most blessed, she is pretty sure, in his presence at least, to wear the face upon her face; and the same may be said with regard to the gentlemen. There need never be any mistake in this particular. The eye has been poetically termed the window of the soul, and when love is in the soul he is certain to look out at the window when the object of his deep concern is near. A disregard of this fact has caused much bitter disappointment to young people of both sexes. A gentleman may be fond of the society of a lady, and yet be far from any sentiment of love for her; and a lady may listen with real pleasure to the conversation of a gentleman whose wife she would not become "to save her heartstrings from consuming fires." Young people who wish to find out whether they are

before or not should look in the eyes of the preferred object. If the gaze is steady and unwavering love is not there; if, on the contrary, the eye wanders and seeks another direction, it is the diagnosis of a well-marked case. Love is not a whit different from other felons. He never attempts to steal a heart, but he is fearful of being caught in the act, and consequently he is forced to "face the music." A little attention to this matter will be found productive of great benefit.

#### SAD REFLECTIONS.

It is said that Molieri chastised men by painting them just as they are. Most men, under such circumstances, would cry out like Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear!" Each is quite as bad as he can bear to contemplate. A window in the heart, that would disclose all its workings, would lead either to universal asceticism or universal charity. Yet we are told that there is an Eye that sees all—that there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed, and that what is whispered in secret shall be proclaimed from the housetops! Believing this, as a large majority of the civilized world profess to, how shall we account for the recklessness with which men and women pursue their schemes of lust and lucre? There must be a humiliating judgment somewhere in the future, if all that is taught as morality, and all the arguments in favor of immorality, are not false!

#### TO WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

Good wife, when your husband comes home at evening from his labor, be good-natured. Greet him with a smile. Have things "put to rights." Let him find his SCRAP BOOK in its accustomed place, unopened and unaltered. Do not fill a bill of complaints before him against the children; saying that Johnny has torn his new trousers, that Tommy has soiled his new coat, that Jenny has burnt a hole in her plaid-alk apron, that Sarah has broken a pane of glass in the parlor window, and that you never saw a more mischievous set of children in all your life. If they have done any thing good and amiable, tell him of that, and let the bad go.

On the other hand: When a husband comes home he should bring his best feelings with him. He should brighten up the dear hearthstone with his most joyful smiles. He should meet the playful and boisterous welcome of his children with the cordiality of childhood itself, and greet his wife with the greeting she likes best. Instead of beginning a course of fault-finding, he should seek for something to commend. He should not try to avenge himself on his wife for her shortcomings of some clerk, nor scold and flog his children because a customer has deceived him. He should be sure to bring the SCRAP BOOK home with him, if it be not served at the table. Some men expend all their kindness and friendship upon strangers, and work up their ill-nature at home, where there is no one to witness their tyrannical brutalities—no eye to note the tear that moistens the mother's cheek—no ear to hear the children's piteous wail.

Thank heaven, the retribution of such, is sure!

#### DEVOTION.

"A man should be religious, not superstitious."

It is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out, and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortune, have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A state of temperance, sobriety, and justice

without devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid condition of virtue, and is rather to be styled philosophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science, and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

It has been observed by some writers that men are more distinguished from the animal world by devotion than by reason, as several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmering of reason, though they betray in no single circumstance of their behaviour anything that bears the least affinity to devotion. It is certain the propensity of the mind to relate wisdom, the natural tendency of the soul to fly to some superior being for succour in danger and distress, the gratitude to an Invisible Superintendant which arises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the divine perfections, and the universal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great articles of adoration, plainly show that devotion or religious worship must be the effect of tradition from some first founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reason, or that it proceeds from an instinct implanted in the soul itself. For our own part, we look upon all these to be the concurrent cause; and whichever of them shall be assigned as the principle of Divine worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first author of it.

#### YANKEE NOTIONS.

A FOR'S CON.—Con-ent.

A MATRIMONIAL CON.—Con-nubial.

THE GOOD YOUTH'S FAVORITE AUTHOR.—The "author of his being."

DICE THAT NOBODY WANTS TO TAKE A CHANCE WITH.—The jump-dice.

WHAT MISS will ruin any man? Mis-management.

How do seal fishermen secure their prey? With sealing-whisks, of course.

PUT a good face upon everything, unless you are so ugly that you can't.

THE *shrouds* of a ship are not to enclose the persons deceased.

THE grocer who is dishonest in the use of his scales, lies in weight to deceive.

WHY is snuff like the letter S? Because it is the beginning of sneezing.

DUE is the Latin for a military leader. Nice ducks some military leaders are.

WEEK people are crazy to marry they attach no consequence to consequences.

THE man that drew a long breath has taken another chance in the same lottery.

A CURIOUS FACT IN PHYSIOLOGY.—Dumb persons have articulations in their bones.

WHY are ships never asleep at sea? Because they always leave a wake!

WHY is a man who is fond of pork like a bigamist? Because he goes in for a *spare-rib*.

The greatest organ in the world: the organ of speech in woman; an organ, too, without a stop.

"NEVER be witty at another's expense"—unless you do the clown work for a circus.

WHAT was the ancient Nile in its early years? The Jure-Nile, of course.

A BIT OF A PARADOX.—A man never gets straight to his object unless he's bent upon it.

WHAT a pastoral idea! A modern dandy is rarely seen without a *goatee* and a pair of *kids*.

LIFE is a lottery; but he who draws many *corke* won't be likely to draw much else.

THE most important of all our internal channels of communication: the alimentary canal.

NEVER think of saying *bo* to a goose. *Say* *beats* to the gander—*belle* to the goose.

WHAT letter is it that is never used more than twice in America? Letter *A*, of course.

A MAN should stop drinking before his stomach becomes the theatre of a "whiskey insurrection."

WHY is a man who has fallen into a river like a man ruined by a bank failure? Because he has lost his *balance* at the bank.

THE HEIGHT OF TIMIDITY.—Refusing to be photographed because you're "afraid of your own shadow."

HOW does the President's proclamation conflict with the tariff? One imposes a tax on wool, while the other makes *wool free*.

If a man presents you with a full suit of clothes from head to foot, except a cravat, he *cuts you throat*.

PRETTIES think a woman always dresses the truth up a little. She wouldn't for the world exhibit it naked.

THEY are widely who propose to turn men to the thoughts of a better world by making them think very measly of this.

HOW all of us would hate and despise the man who should misuse our gifts as we misuse those of heaven.

A BRYNER is generally fond of giving you a few staves from his last work as specimens of the whole barrel.

It is a great convenience for a doctor to have two patients in the same street, so that he can kill two birds with one stone.

THE new "kiss-me-quick" bonnets are advertised as "a telling style." A bad idea that; kiss-me-quick bonnets never tell.

WHY is the stern of a vessel leaning like an unwell gentleman? Because it never returns a bow.

MRS. P. AGAIN.—Mrs. Partington is of opinion that Mount Vesuvius should take Townsend's Sarsaparilla, to cure itself of eruptions. The old lady thinks it is *been vomiting* so long, nothing else would stay on its stomach.

PUFF.—An advertising chandler modestly says that, "without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented."

"We have an unusual amount of sheet lightning this year."—*Western Gazette*. We should like to enquire the price of sheet lightning per *ream*.

THERE are two kinds of cats—one with nine lives, the other with nine tails; the former always fall upon their own feet, the latter upon other's backs.

POLITICAL.—It is a noteworthy fact that all the street organ-grinders go for Garibaldi, with the exception of one, who is an Irishman. He goes for Garryowen.

SWEET.—"My wife," said a wag, the other day, "came near calling me honey last evening." "Indeed, how was that?" "Why she called me old *beeswax*."

USEFUL.—Coal-oil will keep your hair black to the latest carboniferous period. In cases of extremely Auburn hair, however, it should not be applied, as it is very combustible.

MEM.—The very instant you perceive yourself in a passion, that your mouth "unless it is

sooner shut by a blow from your adversary's fist. By shutting your mouth you can indulge yourself in gritting your teeth at your opponent.

A NAME.—"What name do you intend to give your boy?" asked a friend of his other friend yesterday. "Well, as he has terrible *soo eyes*, I believe I shall call him Isaac." (Eye-ache.)

LIBERAL.—At a negro theatre in Cincinnati, the printed programme has the following liberal announcement:—"Take notice.—A portion of the upper tier has been reserved for respectable white folks at half price."

PROPER-GANDER.—Very different things are sometimes suggestive so some time of each other. The learned word "Propaganda," read aloud, would almost make any one think of proper gander!

NAUTICAL.—A young man, relating the account of a disaster that happened on board a smack, where he happened to be, said, "While he was climbing up the long stick of wood in front of the vessel, he got tangled in the twine."

MEDICAL.—The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence, and repose. "Yet how advantageous and healthy are the three exactly opposite, a draught of cool air, a glass of ice-water, and a refreshing walk."

SWITCHING.—A clergyman advocating corporal punishment for children said: "The child when once started in a course of evil conduct, was like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes the switch to get it off."

DEMI-JOHN.—"Ever since you have taken to drinkin', John, you're not more than half a man," said a temperance man to a loafing John. "Fact is, you mean I'm only a demi-John!"

A DEAR.—A person was remarking the other day, "How cheap everything has got." "Not every thing," said his friend. "Why, what is not?" "Woman." "Oh, ay! I forgot—*woman* is always dear!"

MRS. P.'S COX.—"Why is a pile of bricks like dead mackerel?" asked Mrs. Partington, the good old soul, at a quilting party. "Give it up, do you say? Because it don't vote at elections." Whereupon the old lady put on her hood and departed.

HAIN COMB.—In one of the Portsmouth public schools, a boy who was reading the morning lesson from the New Testament rendered one verse thus:—"This is the hair comb, let us kill him." It should have been "This is the hair; come," &c.

EDITORIAL CORRESP.—A person said, in our hearing, the other day, that editors, for the most part, were a thin, pale-faced set. A lad standing near made this witty observation to his chum:—"There, Bob, I told you I had often read about editorial corpses."

A GRATING SKILL.—"Have you heard my last wit?" asked a wag, the other day, who is noted for joking at the expense of other people's feelings. "No," replied Simon, "but I saw the grating over its windows the last time I passed by the Station-house."

KNOCKUTNAL.—Brown, on receiving a severe knock from a large man, the other day, which caused him to turn round and round like a top, observed that it was the first *knock-torn* at occasions he had ever known to take place in the day-time.

AN INTERVIEW.—The *Cambridge Chronicle*, in recommending early rising and walking, says:—"Morning interviews with nature are delightful." "Joseph, when you kindle the fire to-morrow, open the window, so if nature wants an interview, she may come in and be with it."

TO FASTEN KNIFE HANDLES.—When knife or forks have come off the handles from being carelessly put in hot water, or otherwise, a

cement, made as follows, will be useful to re-fasten them:—Take of gum shells two parts, and prepared chalk one part; reduce them to powder, and mix thoroughly. Fill the opening in the handle with the mixture, heat the shaft of the knife and press it. Then keep the handle out of hot water.

A WOOD-CRAFTY REFLECTION.—"It's all very well for them poicks to talk about 'the dew of our prime,' remarked an old hunter, as he examined the pan of his fossilized flint-lock rifle; "but if we'd less of 'em around here my old shootin' iron hadn't a missed fire that time!"

MOUTH GOLD.—At Hartford, the other day, a woman went into a broker's office and inquired what he paid for gold. He told her. "Well," said she, putting her fingers in her mouth to remove her false teeth, "I was going to get a new set of teeth, and thought I'd sell the old plate!"

THE FIRST.—"I think," said an old toper, commenting upon the habits of a young man, who was fast making a beast of himself, "when a man reaches a certain pint in drinkin', he ort to stop." "Well, I think," said old Beeswax, drily, "he ought to stop before he reaches a pint."

WHICH PIERCE.—After one of Dr. Lamball's last operations, the resident student stood looking at the two pieces of mortality lying on the surgeon's table. "What are you doing, air?" sharply asked the surgeon. "I was waiting for you to point out which piece is to be put to bed and which is to be buried."

PASSING.—"Willie," said a doting parent at the breakfast table to an abridged edition of himself, who had just entered the grammar-class at the high school, "Willie, my dear, will you pass the butter?" "Thairtly thair; tathkes me to path anything. Batter ith a common thubstantive, neuter gender, agreeeth with hot buickweat eakth, and ith governed by thugher—molatheth underthoode!"

COMMON NOTES.—Grumbling and growling are common notes in many domestic establishments. The music of squalling children are common notes in many others. "Get out of my way," is a common note on working day. "Bless me! a man's hand is never out of his pocket!" is a common note with husbands. "Money for shopping," is a common note with wives. Tax-bills will soon be common notes with the good people of the United States.

THE STICKING-POINT.—New South Wales is reported to be so overstocked with horses at present, that "a contractor has engaged to boil down 3,000 of these animals for glue." The quality of such glue, of course, would depend upon that of the horses from which it might happen to be derived. Race-horses, for instance, would be likely to make *faster* glue than cart-horses. We think we see an idea in the above. Instead of making glue of horses, now, why doesn't some smart Yankee set to work and make horses of glue? They would just suit the Yankee cavalry riders, who want something under them that they can kick on.

THREE R. COTTONS.—We see it stated that, for some particular purposes, cotton has been superseded by basswood shavings. It is to be hoped that the matter will rest here. Basswood shirts with hickory buttons, warranted, would hardly be equal to cotton goods; but, as the Yankee warriors are bringing wooden legs into vogue, we don't see any objection to throwing a few bales of basswood socks into the market.

HARD OF HEARING.—In olden times, before Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well-stocked bar furnished "accommodations to man and beast." He was a good landlord, but terrible deaf. *Final*, the



village painter, was badly afflicted in the same way. One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar-room. Wing was behind the counter waiting for the next customer, while Fish was lounging before the fire, with thirsty looks, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing that some one would come in and treat. A traveler from the South, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said, "Can you tell me how far it is to Brandon?" "Brandy!" says the ready landlord, jumping up, "Yes, sir, I have some," at the same time handing down a decanter of the fiery liquid. "You misunderstand me," says the stranger, "I asked how far it was to Brandon." "They call it pretty good brandy," says Wing. "Will you take sugar with it?" says the stranger, as he spoke for the host and toddy-stick. The departing traveler turned to Fish. "The landlord," he said, "seems to be deaf; can you tell me how far it is to Brandon?" "Thank you," said Fish, "I don't care if I do drink with you." The stranger treated and fled.

#### A CURIOSITY SHOP.

A new curiosity shop has been established in this city. Among the rare articles it contains we notice the following:—

One cake of the soap with which politicians try to wash their hands clean.

The identical first glass which has created all the drunkards.

A pint of that exceedingly hot water into which people are perpetually plunging. Also, the same frying-pan that multitudes have been always jumping out of into the fire.

The lock out of the door through which silly youths have in all ages rushed to destruction.

The hand of Charity standing open with a counterfeited expanse in it.

A specimen of bug, which lives through all the seasons, and thrives the more for every attempt to exterminate it—the Hun-bug.

The portrait of the printer of the *Book of Fate*.

A shell washed up by the tide in the affairs of men.

The shell of the duck's egg that hatched the first quack.

#### LENDING AN AYE.

"Will you lend me your aye—you won't want to use it, I reckon."

"Why, yes, I'll let you take it, seem' you want it."

"In about two months the owner does want to use his aye, and applies to the borrower of it, but he has not got it," "the last he sent on to Mr. Fletcher had it to come outa roots with."

Thus poor owner then goes to Mr. Fletcher: "Stranger, have you seen my aye I lent Mr. Bent Fotherly day?"

"Why, yes, I reckon Mr. Bower's got it; he said he wanted it to chop some firewood, so I lent it to him. You'd best ask him for it."

He goes.

"Mornin', Mr. Bower—how's your wife?"

"Lively, I reckon—how's yours?"

"About right, I reckon—have you had a hold o' my aye?"

"I reckon I have. I have smashed the handle—it was a powerful weak one—but you can mend it; and, when you've done it, I'd like to borrow it again, 'cause I've a smart chance of wood to cut, and want to use it specially."

#### MYTHOLOGICAL MESSING.

Modern things and expressions can frequently be traced to the mythology of old. There was a queer story about the nymph Dryope, who was caught stealing a branch of a lotos-tree, and transformed into a vegetable of that kind, as a warning, by the sylvan deity who owned or leased the premises. Divesting this story of its romance, however, it gives us the origin of our expression, "Dry Up," which were probably the

words used by the sylvan gentleman in question to some old woman hooking sticks from his lotos-tree, and hence the absurd story of Dryope.

Of all the versions of the story about Dejanira making away with her husband, Hercules, by means of a mediated shirt, the most plausible is the following:—Hercules was heard to say that he never could get along without his Club; on which being reported to Dejanira, she looked up his dress shirt. Wives, in general, were displayed a well-founded objection to Clubs.

How old an institution is the punt!—how much more honored in the observance than in the breach! Here is a very ancient one, worth preserving and yet but seldom quoted. When Apollo accidentally killed Hyacinthus with his quest, Bacchus ran to pick up the boy. "If he died," asked Apollo, with breathless anguish, "Quot dead," replied Bacchus, with a drunken leer.

These are awful financial times in which we are struggling. People didn't impose on people in old times as they do now-a-days; we'd bet their front teeth that Jupiter, when he captured Danae in the disguise of a shower of gold, didn't let her in for 384 per cent. upon himself, as the Yankee Jupiters do.

#### EXCITING STORY OF THE SEA.

We are indebted to Capt. Bismarck, recently returned from a shallop voyage, for the following touching narrative:—

"On the voyage home, that awful scourge, the ship fever, broke out. The carpenter of the ship, who happened to have his little son on board at the time, was one of the first victims. His shipmates sadly enclosed his body in a hammock, and they all stood round the body, and looked at it, and then the carpenter, who had been attached to his feet a grindsome, for the purpose of sinking it, committed it to the deep. The poor little boy, perfectly overcome at the loss of his natural protector, sprang overboard, and before he could be rescued, was beyond the reach of human aid.

"The next day, on the following day, a large shark in the wake of the ship. Having procured a hook and attached a chain and line, we cast it overboard, and soon had the exciting pleasure of hooking the monster; and with the aid of our windlasses we hauled the writhing mass on board. We soon dispatched it. As it lay in its death-struggles the sailors heard a very singular rumbling-noise that seemed to proceed from the captive.

"Taking the ship's aye, we cut our way into the dead fish, and to our astonishment we found it had swallowed the carpenter, the grindsome, and the boy; but the former, who had only fainted, had actually rigged up the grindsome in the monster's belly, and with the assistance of his boy to turn it, was in the act of grinding his jack-knife to cut his way out."

#### A SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

All doubts as to the reality of rappings must now be at an end, as a correspondent advises us of the following:—

A few nights since, a young male friend of ours, who from a sneering sceptic had become a devout believer, retired to rest, after having his nervous system severely shocked by the information, through the spirit of his grandfather, that he would shortly become a powerful medium. He was in his first comfortable repose, when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently for a moment—the noise was still going on—very like the raps of the spirits upon the table, indeed.

"Who's there?"

"There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped."

"Anybody there?"

NO ANSWER.

"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I will try."

(Aloud.) "If there is a spirit in the room, it will signify the same by saying aye—no, that's

not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room, it will please rap three times."

The very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

NO ANSWER.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?"

THREE RAPS.

"Are you happy?"

NINE RAPS.

"Do you want anything?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me any communication if I will get up?"

NO ANSWER.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

Five very distinct raps in the direction of the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"

The raps then came from the outside of the door. He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone; and after thinking about the extraordinary visit, he turned over and fell asleep.

On getting up in the morning, he found that the spirit's mother had carried off his watch and purse, his pants, and his great coat down stairs in the hall.

#### MODEL RESOLUTIONS.

At a recent meeting of the Universal Right to Restoring and Wrong Extirminating Association the following resolutions were presented:

Resolved, That in the opinion of the association everybody must and shall have their rights.

Resolved, That women shall have their rights, whether married, single, widows or otherwise, and that the laws of nature, which compel beings to be women against their will, are repugnant to all fundamental ideas of justice, and ought to be abolished. Resolved, That all negroes shall have their rights, and ought, in justice, to be entitled to white skins and straight hair, as well as any other man.

Resolved, That Free Lovers, Mormons, Shakers, and soldiers (provided they be not too old), shall have their rights.

Resolved, That contractors, jobbers, and speculators of all kinds, provided they be of the right political stripe, shall have their rights.

Resolved, That homoeopaths, hydropathists, kinepathists, botanists, steam doctors, mesmerizers, magnetizers, and spiritualists and rappers, shall have their rights.

Resolved, That medical education is a humbug.

Resolved, That military education is a humbug.

Resolved, That education is a humbug.

Resolved, That all men are equal in all kinds of knowledge.

Resolved, That everybody knows as much about anybody else's profession as they do themselves, and a little more.

Resolved, That everybody knows as much about their own business as everybody else does.

Resolved, That whoever does not agree to these resolutions is a Secessionist.

These resolutions were passed unanimously, and the meeting adjourned, but not sine die, by a jug-full.

(Signed),

IMMACULATE CODEMAN, President.

PHILANTHROPEST DONKEY, Secretary.

THE SCOUT OF THE SQUATCHMAN; or, the Mascare of Wyoming. A Thrilling Tale of Revolutionary Times. By Dr. J. H. Robinson. Complete in 7 Nos. (Nos. 1 to 7), price 75¢; by post, 85¢.

THE PIONEER OF KENTUCKY; or, the Adventures of the Border. A Tale of Western Life. By Dr. J. H. Robinson. Complete in 6 Nos. (7 to 12), price 60¢; by post, 85¢.

## ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS.—IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

A TRUE and Perfect RETURN of all ESTATES of DECEASED PERSONS, placed under the charge of the Curator of the said Court, for collection under Act of Parliament of Victoria, No. 90, from the 1st day of January to the 30th day of June, 1861.

NOTE.—The Amount received by the Curator of the said Court, from the Estates in the whole Schedule, amounted to nearly £10,000.

NAME OF DECEASED.	COLONIAL RESIDENCE.	SUPPOSED RESIDENCE OF FAMILY.	REMARKS.
John C. Hooper	Mariborough	England	Died 30th April, 1860
Abraham Gomm	Belfast	Unknown	Died 10th June, 1855
John Mitchell	Warrnambool	Orkney, England	Died 14th September, 1858
William Kearns	Wangoom	Unknown	Died 18th April, 1855
Matthew Gallagher	Geelong	Unknown	Died 22nd March, 1856
Mrs. McFarlane	North Melbourne	England	
John Bishop	Melbourne	Colony of Victoria	Died 6th July, 1855
Michael Fury	Benalla	Ireland	Died 8th December, 1859
Giovanni Guancevich	Ingleswood	Italy	Died 8th February, 1860
John Whitehead	Carlsruhe	Ireland	Died 7th May, 1860
Robert Ferguson	Ballaarat	Scotland	Died 26th June, 1860
Henry Affleck	Yan Yean	Unknown	Died 9th March, 1860
Hugh H. Harris	Indigo	Unknown	Died 16th February, 1860
John Shipper	Melbourne	Unknown	Died 6th September, 1860
Patrick Morgan	None	Unknown	
H. H. H. Haulsch	None	Dresden	Died on board ship <i>Anglesey</i> , from London, 26th June, 1860
John Sangster	Korong	Unknown	Died 2nd January, 1859
William Little	Ballaarat	England	Died 28th April, 1860
Alexander Anderson	Mansfield	Unknown	Died 26th December, 1859
Thomas Logan	Blackwood Forest	Ireland	Died 30th November, 1859
Michael O'Sperry	Melbourne	Ireland	Died 6th April, 1860
John Lalop	Melbourne	England	Died 15th November, 1860
John Shannon	Chinamen's Flat	Ireland	Died 2nd November, 1860
T. O'Halloran	Giabrone	Unknown	
William Russell	Queenscliff	...	Found hung at Queenscliff, 1st August, 1860
Neil Peter Christian Linderkor	Sandhurst	...	Died November, 1860
John Shaw	Melbourne	England	Died 4th March, 1861

## GEORGE SHOVELBOTTOM,

Curator of the Estates of Deceased Persons.—27th July 1861.—Inserted by the Agents-General for Crown Colonies, pursuant to instructions from the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Crown Colonies Office, 6, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.—*London Gazette*, Nov. 26th, 1861.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**CHILBLAINS.**—Put the hands and feet once a week into hot water, in which two or three handfuls of common salt have been thrown. This, it is said, is a certain preventive as well as cure.

**CUTTING BETTER IN COLD WEATHER.**—To cut a slice of butter from a large roll in cold weather, first dip the knife in hot water, and all trouble of breaking the butter will be avoided.

**BAKED MILK.**—Put half a gallon of milk into a jar, and tie it down with writing paper. Let it stand in a moderately warm oven about eight or ten hours. It will then be of the consistency of cream. It is used by persons who are weak or consumptive.

**TO POLISH HORNS.**—Scrape with a piece of glass, or a razor, not too sharp, and without notches, as smooth as possible; next rub the horn with very fine glass-paper; afterwards with the finest emery; and finally with pulverized charcoal, dampened with water. There should be spread on a piece of flannel or cloth. Finish off with a piece of cloth covered with beeswax. This last operation must be performed with pressure and briskness, till the polished surface appears.

**A CEMENT FOR STOVES AND STOVE-PIPES.**—Take fine salt one part, and two parts of fresh hard wood ashes, mix well together, then take cold water, and mix into a mortar. Apply to the crack either warm or cold, and you will find a cement which will answer all common purposes, and is found to be very useful where the stove-pipe joints are not as tight as desirable.

**TO KEEP Suet.**—Suet may be kept a year thus: Choose the finest and most free from skin or veins; remove all traces of these. Put the suet in the saucepan at some distance from the fire, and let it melt gradually; when melted, pour it into a pan of cold spring-water; when hard, wipe it dry, fold it in white paper, put it in a linen bag, and keep it in a cool, dry place. When used, it must be scraped, and it will make an excellent crust with or without butter.

**WATER-GAS.**—The gas known as *Olco* water-gas promises a likelihood of attracting some attention in America. Its mode of manufacture is exceedingly simple. A small retort—say three feet in length and four inches in diameter—fired into a cooking-stove, is filled with pine or other wood, which, when reduced to charcoal, receives a quantity of water and petroleum oil, in proportion of one gallon of oil to every four of water. The chemical preparation generates a solid, clear gas, equal to 50 cubic feet, the cost being from 20 to 50 cents per 1,000 cubic feet. The gasholder can be made of a suitable size, and can be kept in the cellar.

**BUNIONS.**—The treatment consists in removing all pressure from the part. The formation of a bunion may, in the beginning, be prevented *only in the beginning*—for when once actually formed, it is scarcely possible ever to get rid of it, and it remains an everlasting plague. To prevent the formation of a bunion it is necessary, whenever and wherever a shoe or boot pinches, to have it seen at once, and so long as that part of the foot pinched remains tender, not to put on the offending shoe again. When a bunion has once completely formed, if the person wish to have any

peace, and not have it increase, he must have a last made to fit it, and have his shoe made upon it. And whenever the bunion inflames and is painful, it must be bathed with warm water and poulticed at night.

**MEDICAL USE OF SALT.**—In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal pain termed colic, a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a pint of cold water, taken as soon as possible, with a short nap immediately after, is one of the most effectual and speedy remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a very heavy fall. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water, until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy. In a fit the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed; all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool aperient procured if possible. In cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies failed, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood. —*Medical World*.

THE INDEX for Vol. II. of the "SCRAP BOOK" is now ready, price 2d. It contains, besides the regular index, a list of nearly 1,500 names of persons who have been advertised for. Embossed cloth covers for binding Vol. II., price 1s. 6d.; or the Vol. complete, 4s.

THE INDEX for Vol. I. of the "SCRAP-BOOK" contains a list of 2,400 names of persons who have been advertised for. Price 2d.

## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Covers for Vols. I. and II., Embossed Cloth, Gilt .....	1s. 6d. each.
Vols. I. and II., Handbound bound in Cloth, Gilt lettered .....	4s. 6d. "
The Numbers of Vols. I. and II., bound for .....	2s. 6d. "
The Index and Title-page for Vols. I. and II., containing a List of nearly 4,000 Names of Persons Advertised for ...	0s. 2d. "

All the back Numbers are in print. They contain a great variety of  
Tales, &c., and an immense amount of Fun and Family Matters.

## REGISTRY OF ADVERTISEMENTS

HEIRS-AT-LAW, NEXT OF KIN,  
AND PERSONS WHO WILL HEAR OF "SOME  
THING TO THEIR ADVANTAGE."

The following is a list of advertisements for Next of Kin and Persons wanted, with name and date of paper in which they appeared. This list is made up weekly, from the preceding week's London "Gazette," the London, Provincial, Scotch, Irish, Australian, South African, Canadian, and American Newspapers.

**NOTICE.**—We beg to inform our readers that we know nothing whatever of the nature of these advertisements, but merely republish them for the benefit of the public; we therefore trust they will not write to us respecting them.

Persons requiring full copies of any of the Numbered Advertisements that have appeared in "THE SCRAP BOOK" must address (enclosing FIVE SHILLINGS in Stamps), G. Y., "THE SCRAP BOOK," Office, 44, Paternoster-row, London.

\* Be particular in giving the correct number attached to each name.

WHEATLEY.—If Charles Wheatley, or his brothers, formerly clock and watch makers, in Hammer-smith, will apply to Samuel Naylor, Esq., solicitor, of 4, Great Newport-street, St. Martin's-lane, they will hear of something to their advantage.—Times, Nov. 15,

1862.  
Nixon.—Ann Nixon, who was in service in the neighbourhood of Shepherd's-bush and Eccleston-square, Fimlico, about two or three years since, is requested to call upon Messrs. Jenkinson, solicitors, 7, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, City, where she may hear something to her advantage; or any person furnishing her address will be rewarded.—Times, Nov. 15, 1862.

**LEA AND BRAY.**—Heir at Law, or any of the descendants of Dr. Thomas Lea, who married the daughter of the late Michael Bray, of Lincoln's-Inn, barrister-at-law (and who, up to about 1813, resided at the Elms, Ringwood, Hants, and who was of an Irish family, resident at the Causeway, in the county of Kerry) are requested to apply to R. Bontham, solicitor, 16, Eldon-place, London, and they will hear of something to their benefit.—Times, Nov. 15, 1862.

[illegible][illegible]

Wright and Venn, 2, Paper-buildings, Temple, London  
—Times, Nov. 15, 1902.

**TO PARENTS LOST.**—Three pounds reward will be given for certificate of baptism of any child of Timothy Teall and Jane (his wife), who were married at Christchurch, Spitalfields, Middlesex, the 19th of August, 1762, if delivered to H. P. Bird, solicitor, 55, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London, before 10th December next.—*Times*, Nov. 21, 1842.

next.—Times, Nov. 21, 1882

TO PARISH CLERGY.—Two pounds reward for the certificate of the marriage of John Woodrow and Jane (Janet or Jennet) Lewis. The marriage is supposed to have taken place in London in the year 1824, or the early part of 1823. Apply to Messrs. Bothamley and Freeman, solicitors, 39, Coleman-street, E.C.—Times, Nov. 21, 1882.

—**WATNEY**—Pursuant to an order of the High Court of Chancery, made in the matter of the estate of Ann Jane Selby, and in a cause "Ann Doll against William Selby, executor of the last will and testament of the late George Selby, deceased," the said Ann Doll, widow of the said George Selby, deceased, of the town of Plymouth, in the county of Devon, spinster, living at the time of her death (which happened on the 7th of August, 1863), and the legal representatives of the said George Selby, deceased, and the said Ann Doll, deceased, or by their solicitors, on or before the 10th day of January, 1865, to come in and prove their claims at the chambers of the Vice-Chancellor of the Court of Chancery, at the Strand, in the City of London, in the County of Middlesex; or, in default thereof, they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said order. Tuesday, the 30th day of January, 1865, at twelve o'clock, at the chambers of the said Vice-Chancellor, in the County of Middlesex: or, in default thereof, they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said order.

—**DATED** this 18th day of November, 1862.—Robt. Wm. Peake, Clerk. Clerk.—Sole, Turner, and Turner, Solicitors for the said Ann Doll, deceased, and the said George Selby, deceased. Solicitors for the said George Selby, deceased.—*Times*. Nov. 24, 1862.

[illegible]

DENY.—Pursuant to a decree of the High Court of Chancery, made in a cause of "George Burby, plaintiff, against John Burby and others, defendants," the persons claiming to be first cousins of Richard Burby, deceased, to-wit: John Burby, John Burby, John and S. of S. Brackinlake, in the city of London, solicitor (who died on the 29th day of May, 1861), and who were living at his decedee, are, by their solicitors, on or before the 6th day of January next to come in and show cause why they should not be appointed as such Vice-Chancellor Sir John Wood, No. 12, Old square, Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex; or, in default thereof, they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said decree. Prayed, the 16th day of January, 1865, at the office of the solicitor at and by the solicitor appointed for hearing and adjusting upon the said claim.—Dated this 17th day of November, 1862.—Alfred Hall, Clerk. Edward Hodgkinson, 17, Old square, solicitor.—"Baker's" solicitor.

DECEASED. Nov. 23, 1863.

**WALL**.—Pursued to a decree of the High Court of Chancery, made in a cause "George Hildyard and Tenyson (by) Intercoart, plaintiff, against John Sherwin and John Hildyard (by) Intercoart, defendants," the Master of the Rolls (who concurred with the Vice-Chancellor and the Lord Chancellor) has ordered that the plaintiff, John Sherwin, shall call (who is connected with Timothy Wall, late of Christchurch, Spitalfields, in the county of Middlesex, weaver on the 19th of August, 1862, aged 1769, and who was married to a woman named Mary Wall, the day of December, 1862, to come in and prove their claims at the chambers of the Master of the Rolls, on the 19th of November, 1862, at 10 o'clock, in default thereof, they will be presumptively excluded from the benefit of the said decree. Monday, the 22nd day of December, 1862, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the Vice-Chancellor of the High Court is sitting and adjudicating upon the claims.—Dated this 19th day of November, 1862, George Whiting, Chief Clerk of the High Court, by, Lincoln's Inn-chambers, London.—Times, Nov. 22, 1862.

## NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

"THE SCRAP BOOK" is Published every Friday Morning at Five o'clock, and sold Wholesale by the NEWS AGENTS' NEWSPAPER AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED), 147, Fleet-street, who are appointed our London Agents.

COUNTRY ORDERS must be addressed to WILLIAM H. WEEKS, 44, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

**WILLIAM**—**Mary Ann Willis**, deceased.—This first cousin (in the will designated as "sister of the full blood") of **Mary Ann Willis**, late of Kippax, in the county of York, spinster, deceased, who was living on the first day of January, 1862, are hereby required, under the seal of the court, to appear before me, as the solicitor of the executors to the said **Mary Ann Willis**, deceased, the requisite formal and legal proof of their being such first cousins, and of the claim of the said executors to the said estate, and to submit the residue of her estate; and notice is hereby given that the said executors will not be liable to any person whatsoever for the assets distributed by them in pursuance of the said will, unless such person shall have obtained from the said executors such notice as the law had notice, as contained by such legal proof as aforesaid, on or before the said 10th day of January next.—Dated this 26th day of November, 1861.  
JOHN WILKINSON, Solicitor to the said executors.  
Court-street, York, on the 26th Nov. 1861.

County of Essex, 1822.—*Times*, Nov. 27.

**RICHES, CLIFFORD, and TOLLST.—**If Selina Riches (wife of Benjamin Riches), Susan Clifford, Maria Clifford, and John Clifford (all of the County of Essex), formerly of Walworth, Surrey, bailiffs, for the County of Oxford, the said Selina Riches, formerly the wife of the said Benjamin Riches, formerly of Handborough, Oxfordshire, spinster, who were living at the death of their said mother, in the year 1829, will apply to us, the undersigned, or to Mr. Charles Mallam, of 1, Staple-lane, Holborn, London, solicitor, they will bear of something to their advantage.—T. and G. Mallam, solicitors, 135, High-street, Oxford.—November 22, 1862.—*Times*, Nov. 24, 1862.

TANDY.—If Charles Tandy (son of Thomas Frederick and Sarah Tandy) who was born in Greek-street, in the parish of St. Michael, in the city of Dublin in or about the year 1810, and who was educated at the school of the Rev. John Keble, and enlisted in the Grenadier Guards, from which he purchased his discharge about the year 1832, applied to Messrs. Fletcher and Menzies, solicitors, 8, Foster-lane, in the City of London, for a passport to the Continent, with respect to monies to which he is entitled. The said Charles Tandy was last heard of as being resident at 17, Summerhill-street, Highbury, in the parish of St. Mark, in the City of London, in the year 1849; about which time he is supposed to have emigrated to Australia or America. Any information that may be obtained respecting him, or his whereabouts, will be acknowledged with thanks.—*Times*, Nov. 25, 1862.

Rowa—in his Majesty's Court of Probate.—To the most of kin, if any, and all other persons having any interest in the personal estate and effects of Abraham Rowan, deceased, who died intestate, notice is hereby given that the 30th day of November, 1893, has been issued under the seal of his Majesty's Court of Probate, at the instance of William Clifford Marston—(Signed)—that on or about thirty days of the service thereof, to cause an appearance to be entered for you in the Principal Registry of the High Court of Justice, in and for England, for administration of the personal estate and effects of Abraham Rowan, late of Gosw Moor, in the parish of Saint Andrew, in the county of York, deceased; that John Marston, a bachelor, deceased (who died on the 17th day of August, 1892, intestate), or show cause why the said administration should not be granted to the said William Clifford Marston—(Signed)—Chas J. Middleton, Registrar.—J. E. & A. Fox, solicitors, 60, Finsbury Square.

**James**—Public Administrator's Office, No. 271, Broadway. Notice is hereby given that the relatives and next of kin of Sidney Judy, a native of Ireland, late carpenter on board schooner *Mary Harris*, deceased, and who is alleged to have died intestate, that the effects of the said intestate in the hands of the public administrator, will be administered and disposed of by him according to law, unless the same be claimed by some lawful executor or administrator of the deceased by the 5th day of September next at Dukes, New York. Members of the Board of Supervisors, James R. Felt, Public Administrator; Julius R. Pomeroy, Proctor.—New York Leader, Nov. 8, 1902.

**DURYEA'S MAIZENA** is indeed a **LUXURY, WITHOUT A FAULT, and a Food invaluable for Children and Invalids**, can be made, in a very short time, with little trouble, without lard, and few or no Eggs, into many delicious Dishes, for Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner, or Suppers, at a cost that will astonish the economical. Try it once and be convinced. Full Directions on Packets, obtainable at **GROCEHS, CHEMISTS, &c.**

**TOMLIN, RENDELL, and CO., Agents, 33, Eastcheap, N.E.**—Received Two Medals and Honourable Mention at the International Exhibition, 1892.

Published for the Proprietors, by WILLIAM HENRY WEEKS, at the Office of "The Scrap Book," 44, Paternoster-row, London, and Printed by H. K. BURT, Holborn-hill, City.—SATURDAY, Dec. 18, 1869.

# THE SCRAP BOOK

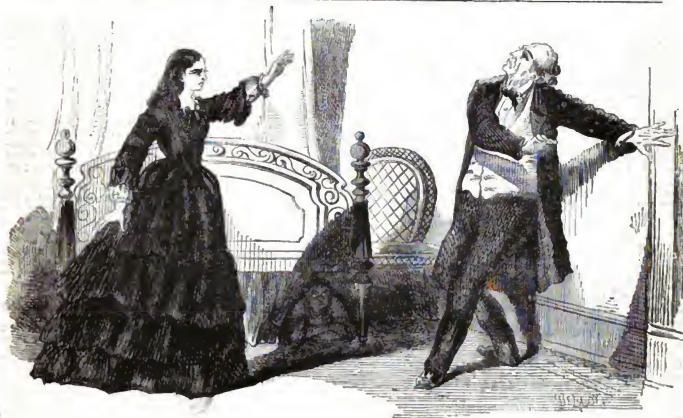
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WIT. FUN. HUMOR. FAMILY MATTERS.

No. 61.—Vol. III.

LONDON, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

ONE PENNY.



ASTREA PRONOUNCING THE DOOM OF RUMFORD.

ASTREA;

OR,

THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the New York Ledger.)

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF  
"THE HIDDEN HAND," "BONE ELMER," "SUDORA,"  
"THE DOOM OF DEWILL,"  
&c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE INTERVIEW.

I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers;  
If swill white hairs become a fool and jester;  
Make less thy toby, hence, and more thy grace;  
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape  
For thee three wider than for other men.  
Hearty not to see with a fool born jest:  
I'nevenue not that I am the thing I seem.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Rumford had finished breakfast, he

deliberately arose, locked the dining-room door leading into the passage, took the key from it, and turning to Astrea, said:

"Sit down and get your breakfast, my girl; I prefer, since you are to be, in some degree, my companion, that you do not eat, or in any way associate intimately with the negroes in the kitchen; neither do I suppose that, brought up as you have been, such association would be agreeable to you. You will always, therefore, take your meals in this room, after me. Sit down now and breakfast, and when you have finished come to me in the adjoining parlor. We must arrive at a mutual understanding, and I shall take care this time that you do not elude the interview."

And, so saying, Rumford passed into the front parlor, stretching the communicating door wide open, so that he could keep Astrea in sight.

Astrea made no reply to his speech, which

seemed, indeed, to require none. She sat down at the table and slowly drank a cup of chocolate.

Rumford, in the meantime, walked up and down the floor of the parlor and watched.

Astrea did not linger at the table with the view of deferring the interview. That which she felt to be inevitable she resolved to meet fearlessly, trusting still in Heaven. She soon, therefore, arose and passed into the parlor, saying, as she stood before the planter:

"Mr. Rumford, I am here."

"That is well, Zora," he replied. And he walked back into the dining-room, rang the bell, unlocked the door, and said to old Cybele, who answered the summons:

"Remove the service."

Cybele looked doubtful about obeying, until she had glanced at the table, and seen by the second view of cup and saucer that Astrea had also

breasted. Then, with a grunt, she set about clearing the table.

Rumford returned to the front parlor, closed the door communicating with the dining-room, and locked it; then tried the door leading into the passage, and found it fast.

Astrée watched the proceedings, and saw that she was a close prisoner; but she felt the little poniard in her bosom, and smiled to know that she was safe!

Rumford threw himself upon the sofa, and signed to Astrée to seat herself beside him.

But Astrée drew herself up with dignity, and took no further notice of the invitation.

"Sit down," said she alone on the sofa by me, Zora, for we are quite alone, and I wish to have some good understanding with you! Come! why don't you move? Sit down! sit down!" said Rumford, impatiently patting the end of the sofa upon which he invited her to seat herself.

"A slave does not sit in the presence of her master," said Astrée, with a fine irony.

"But when her master permits," said Rumford.

"Her position is still too humble to embolden her to assert herself of such liberty," replied Astrée, with a curling lip and flashing eye that neutralized the influence of her words.

"Blame it then, if her master commands!" cried Rumford, half laughing, half provoked at what seemed to him very amusing resistance on the part of a girl entirely in his power; "if her master commands, how then, Zora?"

"The servant, having no other option, would obey, I suppose," answered Astrée, deliberately taking up one of the light straw chairs, carrying it to the extremity of the room farthest from Rumford, and seating herself in it.

"Blas! it! not there! here, here, on the sofa beside me, where I can talk to you at ease. I have much to say to you, my girl, which it becometh you to hear," said Rumford, again impatiently patting the spot where he wished Astrée to sit.

"I have excellent ears, sir, and can hear quite well at this—respectful—distance."

"Booh! come here, here! I say here! I command you!" cried the planter, impatiently repeating his gesture.

"I will not, sir," firmly replied Astrée.

"Nor!" exclaimed the planter, in a state of mind blending surprise, displeasure, and mirth; "did you say, 'Not'?"

"I will not, sir!" repeated Astrée, emphatically.

"By the demon, but that is good! I like that! But I see how it is! This girl has been well educated and well brought up, and is vastly superior to her class; she has never had a lover, and consequently, in her maiden pride, she would be wooed before she is won! And deuce take me if I don't like her the better for it. I am sick of your too willing ones, however tempting in other respects:

"For the fruit that will fall without shaking, Indeed is too mellow for me."

So, this proud maiden beauty, slave as she is, will be wooed before she is won! Yes, and she is worth wooing, and worth winning, too! And I shouldn't wonder the least in the world if she insisted on being married as well as courted! But of course she can't come that game over me!"

These thoughts passed rapidly through the mind of Rumford as he sat contemplating with admiration the stately and beautiful form of Astrée, as she sat like a princess in her distant chair.

At last he spoke up.

"Zora, nonsense, about this relation of master and slave. It is true, I purchased you, and paid a good round sum, too; and now that I know your worth, I would pay ten times as much to possess you! But, child, I did not buy a delicate and beautiful creature like you to make a servant of you, any more than I would buy a costly emine

robe to make a door-mat. No, my dear, I liked you looks from the very first, and I purchased you to make you the companion and solace of my declining years, the pet and darling of my affections, the light and life of my domestic hearth. In one word, my dear Zora, I purchased you for a servile slave, but for a beloved companion, whose should fill, in my heart and house, the place of wife and children, who should rule my house and servants, share my pleasures, command my purse, nurse me tenderly in sickness, close my eyes in death, and finally inherit my fortune! This, my dear girl, is the position I have you for!"

"And you dare to speak these words to me!—to me, a pure woman and a wedded wife," gasped Astrée, nearly speechless with indignation.

"Stiff, girl! that's your monomania again! the one subject upon which you are cracked! But it is the full of the moon, or but a little past it, and with the wane, the hallucination will pass away. In the meantime, pray do not mention it to me again, my dear girl. And, Zora, let me tell you that the tone you adopt towards me is scarcely proper or grateful. And you have something to be grateful for."

"Oh, have I, indeed!" exclaimed Astrée, bitterly.

"Yes, you have, you spoiled and inexperienced child! Suppose I had not purchased you? You would have been taken to New Orleans, and exposed for sale on the auction block. Some graceless scamp would have bought you, and after loving you for a little while, would have grown tired of you, and sold you to some one else; or you would have married a wretch, and become home to queen it over you, and break your heart; or you would have been bought by some married man, to wait upon his wife, whom your beauty would have driven mad with jealousy,—and so, between the favor of your master and the hatred of your mistress, your life would have been a perfect hell; or, come to this, you would have been your Zora, had I not purchased you."

Now, see how much happier your position is! Here you have no jealous mistress to oppress you—no rival to distress you; here you need fear no female despotism and no male inconstancy; here you are the sole mistress of the house—the sole possessor of an old man, in whom you need never fear change—for men of my age do not change like younger ones, my girl. They get used to a pretty, affectionate girl, and the longer they know her the better they love her; and the length of years they live together does but cement the attachment. Come now, my dear girl! think over what I have said. Remember, it is this—that you shall be the only love of my life, that my wife in everything but the name; and that I will not in any case offer any girl of your color, because, however worthy of it she might be, the laws of the State would not sanction it. Come, my child—think of what I offer you! I will not further distress you this morning. But this evening I may perhaps see you again."

And so saying, the planter arose to leave the parlor.

"Stay!" said Astrée, sternly.

Half laughing at the peremptory tone taken by his slave, Rumford stopped, saying:

"As long as you like, my dear. I had supposed my presence to be unnecessary. I am glad to find it otherwise!" And he threw himself into a chair.

"You have spoken words to me which it was dishonor to my ears to hear, and deeper dishonor to your lips to utter! You are an old man—old in years, and older still in a constitution reared in vice."

"Zora!" interrupted the planter, sternly.

"Yes, sir—I will speak to you, plainly! From me you shall hear the truth, if you never heard it before! Let others flatter and deceive you to your soul's eternal perdition, if they will! Heaven knows that I will not! I repeat

that you are an old man—older still by vice than by years! Between you and the grave there can be but a little while—a few years at most, perhaps but a few months, a few weeks, or a few days! Life, at your age, spent as you spend it, is always short and very precarious."

"So much the better for you, my dear, if you will but stop preaching, and consent to comfort what is left of it to me!" said Rumford, with gay defiance.

"Be silent on that insulting subject! I abhor you, old man! There is nothing on earth so loathsome and so appalling to my soul as vicious old age! And yet it is even more in pity than in disgust that I warn you—look to yourself! You are old, infirm, feeble! You are sensual, gluttonous, and drunken! You are despotic, passionate, excitable! At any moment these combined influences may occasion your sudden death! I know it! And then? what then? You would be hurried, without a moment for repentance, and with all your lifetime's load of sin upon your soul, into the awful presence of your Judge! Think of that, old man, and tremble!"

"Well, you see I don't tremble, though you force me to think of disagreeable subjects, wretch!" said Rumford, with gay indifference.

"Mr. Rumford, do you believe in God and in a future state of rewards and punishments?"

"Of course I believe in God; but as to the future state of rewards and punishments, that is all both!"

"Then I can talk no longer with you, sir. If you reject the truths of the Christian religion, I can have no farther hold upon your conscience. I can only pray that the Lord, to whom all things are possible, may enlighten your soul!"

"Girl! Zora! you talk to me as if you thought I was the greatest sinner alive! I am not. I am known as an upright Christian, a good fellow. To prove it to you I sit here and listen to a lot of abuse from my own slave that no other man alive would take even from his wife! I think that proves I am not a bad fellow. And what the deuce! I have never robbed or murdered anybody; never cheated, or lied to, or wronged any one in my life! Of what, therefore, am I accused?"

"Lulu!" said Astrée, in a low, significant voice.

For a moment the planter started and changed color. Then recovering himself, with a light laugh, he said:

"I never wronged Lulu. I bought her as I bought the other women, compelled by her inclinations. She loved me willingly, and I treated her well, and gave her lots of fine clothes and jewelry, and took her to the Springs every summer, where she passed for my ward, and danced at all the balls with the best ladies in the land. And so I will take you, if you will be good and reasonable."

"But she died! And how did she die?"

"Took a fit of religious fanaticism all of a sudden at a camp meeting, and wanted to separate herself from me. Well, if she had been only my companion she might have done it; but being a slave, she could not come that game over the old fellow! And so the foot took her position so to heart that she pined away and died. That was not my fault, you know."

"Not your fault, oh miserable and blinded man! I tell you, that when you shall meet that poor lost girl at the dread judgment seat of your offended Maker, you will find that the sins you have compelled her to commit will be lifted from her soul and thrown upon yours, and weigh it down to eternal perdition! And now I warn you, old man! Slave as you believe me to be, I do not fear you. I can neither be persuaded, tempted, nor compelled to dishonor as Lulu was: Behave me, no woman, pure in thought, word, and deed, ever can. I hold my fate and yours in the hollow of my hand:—I know and

feel it with a deep conviction! Therefore—and this is why I called you back—do not dare to pass the threshold of my room to-night! Slave as you think me, my chamber is my sanctuary, and shall be held most sacred from the intrusion of any man, even of my so-called master! Therefore, Mr. Rumford, if you better for the instant to enter my chamber, this night or any night, it will be at your utmost peril! You are warned!"

"Where!" said the planter, pursuing up his lips, "what a splendid actress you would have made! But I like you all the better for it, Zora! I like you all the better for it, my girl! As I'm blessed, I would give white, to marry you to-morrow! But, as it is, it is no go, you know! As to your defying me to come into your room, I like that, too! That is piquant! That is sauce to the goose! I shall come all the sorer for that defiance, my girl! Do you think I am afraid of your little claws and teeth, you pretty little kitten? No! I have served through the Mexican war, and faced a charge of bayonets, and do you think a woman's nails, or tongue either, can turn me back? Besides, my dear, you will prevail from a very different text a month hence!" And so saying, Rumford unlocked the door, lighted his pipe, and rolled out upon the lawn.

"He had scarcely gone out of sight when the door of a closet beside the chimney opened, and Venus appeared, with a scared visage.

"Why, Venus, is that you?" exclaimed Astrée, in astonishment.

"Yes, honey, what's left of me by the smothering! De Lord! dere snuff a single bream of air in dere cupboard, and dere door an shut," replied the woman, gasping.

"But—how came you in that closet?"

"Debil, I suppose, honey! Nuffin 'tall but de debil! Fact is, I was in dere-a dustin' of de furniture wile de marse was eatin' of his breakfast, an' so I heard him order you to come in, he'n' an' tell me when breakfast was over, and so de debil tempt me to slip in dis very closet and listen, an' see as dere was fair play: an' Lor' knows I was punish enough for it, too! It was hot as an oven, an' not a bream of fresh air; an' if I had staid dere one minute longer, I don't dare with suffocation! 'Twas de debil, chile! 'Twas de debil de debil!"

"No, indeed, Venus! I do not think it was the devil, but rather some good angel that inspired you to go into that closet, and watch to see that there was fair play, as you call it. I hope you heard and saw everything that passed."

"Every single thing, honey! 'deed did I!"

"I am very glad you did, I am glad to know that you was not wot, and did not hear, alone in a closed room with that desperate man. But you said you hid yourself there to see that there was fair play, and I believe that there were inspired to become my witness. But tell me, Venus, if there had not been fair play, what do you think you should have done to help me?"

"Oh, chile! How I know! Dere you might o' tempted of me to do! Take up de poker an' knock ole marse down for dead, maybe, and den get myself hanged up by de neck for it! Somefuss like dat, honey, I knows, 'cause you see de debil was busy wile me!"

"I hope not, Venus; for, as I said before, it was not Satan that was with you, but some good spirit. And now, Venus, since you heard everything that passed, you heard of the threatened visit to-night?"

"Yes, honey, I heard it all good, 'deed did I!—ole scamp!"

"Well, Venus, there is one great fear I shall ask of you."

"What dat honey?"

"To stay in my room with me to-night."

"Lor', chile, I don't 'cive my orders contrary-wise to dat! Ole marse he say to me dis mornin', he say, 'Venus, woman, you can go back to your left to-night; Zora is well enough to 'spence of your services.' So dere, you see, honey!"

"Ah! Venus, I expected something like that; but do, my dear girl, try to alide their vigilance, and conceal yourself in my chamber to-night. You can hide under the bed, or in the wardrobe, or in one of the closets. Will you do this for me?"

"Oh, chile, what good I gwine do you by 'spence of my life to 'struck?"

"The same good that you have done me by hiding yourself in that cupboard to witness the interview between myself and Mr. Rumford."

"An' what dat, honey? For 'fore my 'Vine Marse in hebben I doesn't know!"

"It was this, Venus! Your presence in that closet, to prevent any one from being able to say with truth that I was alone for the first moment, in a closed room with that man. Think of that, Venus! It was for that you were led to conceal yourself in this room."

"Well, Lor', I do really 'spose it was, else how I do it?"

"And now, my good woman, I would have you perform a similar service for me." Conceal yourself in my room to-night, so that I may be able still to prove that I never was alone for one moment in a closed room with Rumford."

"But hi, honey, you gwine to ask you to 'fend an' prove anything 'bout it?"

"Venus, I have told you before that I am a man of great moral and spiritual importance, and my honor should be beyond suspicion. This night may see the last of my life. But whether I live or die, Venus, I want you for a witness that I lived or died a pure woman! Now do you understand me?"

"Yes, honey; and I don't know how it is, I is certain sure I is a great coward, but I feels as dere marse say, 'I gwine to 'fend an' 'spose it is de good spirit as you spoke of.'"

"That is it, Venus! There are angels all about us to inspire and aid us if we are good and true!"

"An' now, honey, what you want me to do in case ole marse should come in an' be obstreperous? Take de poker an' knock him down for dead?"

"No, Venus, I do not even wish you to come out from your hiding-place, or to run any personal risk whatever. I only wish you to remain on the watch to see all that passes, and report of me, living or dead."

"Yes, honey; but, some time, if ole marse do misbehave, an' I see him, and do debil do get into me, which he is apt to do, I can't be no ways 'sponsible for what I shall do! Knock ole marse brains out wid de poker, maybe, an' den get hang up by de neck till I'm dead! An' dere's an end o' Venus!"

"There is no danger, my dear Venus. You will be safe, and, with duty, and do debil do get into me, which he is apt to do, I can't be no ways 'sponsible for what I shall do! Knock ole marse brains out wid de poker, maybe, an' den get hang up by de neck till I'm dead! An' dere's an end o' Venus!"

"That berry true! 'Sides which I got to do ole marse's room, blame him!" said Venus, as she immediately left the parlor to perform this duty.

#### CHAPTER XLV.

##### PREPARATIONS FOR THE FEAST.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festive board,  
To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured;  
Bring flowers, they are springing in wood and vale;  
They reach down east on the southern gale;  
And the touch of the sunbeam bathes withal the rose,  
To deck the wall where the bright wine flows!

—CHATELAIN.

ASTRÉE had no duties to perform. She had not even the woman's little noises, a work-brood. The reader knows that all her personal efforts had been left behind when she was abducted from the Isle. And since that, she had had no opportunity, even had she possessed the desire, to procure working materials. There were books lying about on the parlor tables; but they were of that showy sort whose chief attraction lies in their gaudy bindings. Astrée therefore had no means of occupying herself, even had her mind not been so deeply pre-occupied by the terrors of her impending fate.

She wandered restlessly about the room. She went to the front windows and looked out. They commanded a sunny southern prospect of green savannas interspersed with groves of trees, and bounded on the distant horizon by the cyprus swamp. It was the same country she had passed in her flight.

Wary of this, she left the parlor and went into her own room, which she found already made tidy by the nimble fingers of Venus. She had no means of looking herself in, for the keys had all been withdrawn from the locks. She sat down beside one of the back windows and looked out. There was nothing to be seen from that side but the high, bare, and desolate bleaching-ground, and the poultry-yard. A great smoke was ascending from the kitchen-chimney, as if preparations for dinner were already going on. Through the open door she saw old Cybele moving busily about among pots and pans. In the kitchen-garden old Saturna was going around with a basket, gathering vegetables. In the poultry-yard also Venus is a very common act of domestic tractery and slaughter—namely, with a little basket of corn in her hands, calling, "Chicky! chicky! chicky! chicky!" and while the trustful creatures flew around her, and I even alighted on her shoulders, seizing such as she preferred, for the pot and incidentally, wringing their necks. Astrée turned from this sickening sight to the more agreeable prospect of the bleaching-green, where a half-dozen negro girls in bright turbans were engaged in spreading out newly-washed linens.

Restlessly enough, Astrée watched these various domestic offices for a while, and then, in the afternoon, she went out into the moonlight, and walked out of the front door upon the front lawn.

The moment she appeared, Rumford, who was walking up and down smoking, took the pipe from his mouth and gave a peculiar whistle that brought his blood-hounds bounding to his side.

He took them and led them straight up to Astrée, who sat down, and they sniffed her clothing, and then saying:

"Good boys! pretty pups! watch her! watch her!"

The dogs looked up intently, and wagged their tails.

"And now, Zora," said Rumford, turning to his sister, "if you can find a way to escape my flight, let me tell you that it will be utterly impossible for you to accomplish your design. These dogs will not permit you to leave the premises. I would rather trust your safekeeping to them than to an army of jailors. They are incorruptible guardians, and not to be bribed, coerced, or frightened from their trust! So look to it, my dear girl, that if you should attempt to escape they will be at your throat! And if I should not happen to be at hand to call them off, they may do you a serious mischief! So take care how you even walk upon the lawn. When you are tamed, my wild deer, and I can place confidence in you, then I will teach the dogs a different lesson and give you a larger liberty."

"I have no intention to attempt an escape in the way you think, Mr. Rumford. My fate is in the hands of God, who will deliver me from the spoiler!" said Astrée, with grave dignity, as she retreated into the house.

She returned to her own room and sat down again at the window. Everything in the back ground was going on as before—the kitchen chimney still smoking furiously, old Cybele moving about among her pots and pans, Saturna dealing in the garden, the laundry maid busy on the bleaching-green, and Venus coming out of the poultry-yard with a basket full of new-laid eggs in one hand, and a pair of small chickens in the other. These she carried to the kitchen-door, and having given them into the hands of old Cybele, she turned about and went into the garden, where she began gathering loads of flowers. Having filled her large apron as full as it could hold, she returned and entered the

house by the back door. She paused at the door of Astrée's chamber, and looking in, said:

"What you think, honey?"

"What for?" demanded Astrée.

"Ole marse gwine hab a roun' dozen of gemmen to dine long of him to-day! a roun' dozen! An' he neber tell nobody nuffin 'bout it till arter breakfast, dis mornin', an' 'deed arter he come out from talkin' to you! Ole Aunt Cybele is mose' druv to her wits end! So much to do an' so little time to do it in! But dat is de ole marse! he neber takes a 'sideration on nobody's feelin's 'cept his own! And ole Aunt Cybele she say how he's eberlastin' a gwine on jes' so! 'llus a dinin' out or havin' gemmen to dine long of him! an' a calin', an' a drinkin', an' a stuffin', an' a boozin' all de blessed night! But I know what he's doin' an' do it all! He get an applier fit! an' dat will be de end of 'ee! I see it all right afore me!"

"What are you going to do with all those roses, Venus? They are very sweet," said Astrée, who dearly loved flowers.

"Hi, honey, ornamente de dinin' room an' parlor wid 'em,—which, I s'pose, an' do it immedie, 'cause arter I done dat, I got de china an' cut glass an' silver to set to, an' de table to set! De lora! hurryin' a body up so, till dey don't know whadder dey stan' on dere heads or dere heels! I saw Venus, gathering up the corners of her flower-laden apron and preparing to go.

"Let me help you, Venus. It will be a relief to me to do something to while away this tedious day, and I used to take pleasure in arranging flowers. I will arrange them all for you, if you please, and then you can go at something else," said Astrée, kindly.

"Well, honey, if you like for to do it, sure I'm begg'd to help an' 'tappit may 'nuse your mind, too," replied Venus, gratefully.

Astrée immediately arose and accompanied Venus to the dining-room, where the load of flowers was emptied out upon the table, and where a pair of scissors, a pitcher of water, and a dozen or so of vases were placed.

Astrée was soon wonderfully engaged in clipping and dressing the flowers and filling the vases. And in arranging harmoniously tea-roses, heliotropes, eae-jasmines, geraniums, and other beautiful and fragrant flowers, Astrée almost forgot her miseries. Two hours passed in this way, and when Astrée had placed the floral vases upon the chimney-piece, and the table of the dining-room and parlor, poor, simple Venus was lost in admiration, which she vented as follows:

"Well chile! I has heard tell ob de flower angels, an' you mu' be one o' 'em!"

Astrée was betrayed into a smile at this enthusiastic compliment.

"And now, Venus, as I find strength in being employed, I will assist you in arranging the dinner-table," she said.

"Which I accept your help, grateful, honey, 'count of your ex'ent taste! For pough I hates ole marse worse dan I do rank p'ison, still I wants to have ebery'ing done in a p'erior style, for de credit of us colored people long o' de strange gemmen!"

Astrée, with a cheerfulness that surprised herself, went to work, and soon the dinner-table was splendidly set forth, with its *Sèvres* china service, its Bohemian-glass tumblers, goblets, and decanters, and its silver-gilt cutlery and spoons. A large and tasteful bouquet of fragrant flowers occupied the centre of the board.

The admiration of Venus arose to ecstacy. She fairly clapped her hands and crowed, saying:

"Well, I neber see nuffin more elegantan dan dat, in all my born days, neber! An' it's all in de way you're 'range it, honey! No' all de f'arwe be 't'omish? dat's de way I s'pose!"

"Oh, Venus, don't name dat evil man to me when I would so gladly forget his existence!" said Astrée, mildly.

"Well, no more I won't, honey! Lora knows, I aint no more fond o' talkin' of him, nor you are of hearin' of him, so 'nuff said."

"And now, Venus, I have done all I can for the present. When the dinner is ready to be served, I will come and show you how to arrange the first course properly. After that, you know, I cannot make my appearance, as the gentlemen will be in the dining-room. I hope that Mr. Rumford will not expect my attendance, for, if he should, I certainly shall not be there. 'Oh, Lora, honey, you neber be one bit feared! I thought o' dat myself, an' so I at ole Aunt Cybele, an' she told me how ole marse neber let any of de women folks wait on de table when he has gemmen to dinner; but allus makes Sam wait. An' specially Aunt Cybele say he would no more let you come in de sight of de gemmen dan he would save a precious treasure to a gang of thieves. So you needn't be at all feared for yourself, chile; you's all right dere!" said Venus, confidently.

"Thank heaven for that," said Astrée; "I shall have some precious hours of privacy! But oh, Venus, to-night! to-night! you will not fail me."

"Hi, chile, how I gwine fail you? I neber fail anybody in all my life, neber! an' taint likely as I'll begin wid you! 'Sides which, honey, you jes' keep a stiff upper lip! Dis dinner-party make it all de better for you! I said so, soon as I heard tell of it! I say to myself,—'Thank de lora! in de 'fusion' of one slip o' de apron to de chile's room, an' nobody 'quire for me! An' den, ah, ole marse will be drinkin' and boozin' till mornin' long ob de gemmen, an' dey'll all be tipsy together; and so ole marse he'll forget all 'bout de chile!' Dere, now, don't you see de 'santage, honey?"

"I think you may be right, Venus. I hope to hear from you to-morrow. One day more of respite would be a great blessing to me."

"Yes, honey, so it would. An' now you go right straight in your own room, an' sit down an' rest yourself, while I goes an' get you something to eat. Lora knows, ole Aunt Cybele, nor de needer, don't let us let her starve, 'cause ole Aunt Cybele she want to hab a high-jin' be-ling dinner-party, an' I tell him so good!"

Astrée went to her own room, where Venus soon brought her a delicate luncheon. The afternoon wore away.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### THE MIDNIGHT REVELLERS.

Ring, joyous chords!—ring forth again! A swifter still, and a wilder strain! But thou, though a robbin' mien be thine, And thy cap be crowned with the foaming wine, By the fift hand of the laughter loud, Be chimey quick, each through its foaming cloud, I know thee!—it is but the wakaful fear Of a haunted house that brings thee here! For the first time I have heard the solemn night, With her piercing stars and her deep wind a night! There's a tone in her voice that thou fain wouldst shun, For it aaks what the secret soul hath done! And thou!—there's a weight on thine!—away!

Back to thy room and pray!

ABOUT six o'clock in the evening the guests of Rumford began to arrive.

The first dinner was placed upon the table, Astrée went, as she had promised, to assist Venus in arranging the first course, and then she retired for the evening to her own chamber where Venus took care to bring her tea in due season.

"An' now, honey, you and me can sit down an' be comfortable together de res' o' de ebenin' Ole Aunt Cybele, she don't know nuffin 'tall 'bout me being ordered to go back to de lof to-night, so she won't ax arter me. An' ole marse too busy; he an' de oder boasts just gone to dere feed," said Venus, as, after having taking away the tea-service, she dragged in her mattress, and began to spread it out underneath Astrée's bed.

"Poor Venus, you'll be half-smothered under there," said Astrée.

"Not me, honey. Dere's a good, cool draft; 'sides which, long as you gwine to keep de candle burnin' I will be shady under dere, an' keep off de squalls, which dere's little doubt de torment o' my life, an' makes me 'mit more sin in eussin' an' swearin' to myself at night dan anything else in dis worl'."

"Well, my good woman, suit yourself! At least you will be out of sight there."

"Honey, said Venus, coming out from under the bed, and speaking mysteriously near to Astrée

"honey, what you think?"

"I don't know. What is it?"

"Dere's thirteen sinners set down to dat dinner-table."

"Well, you told me there was a round dozen invited. Of course, Mr. Rumford makes the thirteenth."

"Yes, but, chile, take a 'sideration on it! thirteen sinners set down to one dinner-table!"

"Well, what of that? That is not a very large dinner party."

"But thirteen, honey, 'sider dat!"

"Well, I do, what of it?"

"Lora, chile, how your education has been neglected in this school, be sure! Now, I deesay as you've learned a heap o' music, an' paintin', an' dancin', an' singin', an' dat; but you has neber learned what 'cerns you more to know."

"I certainly do not know what you mean, Venus."

"De lora, chile, don't you know as when thirteen sinners sit down to one table, one of the sinners is certain sure to go to de debil afore thirteen days is over dere heads?" said Venus, in a low mysterious whisper.

"No, I never knew that. It is only a superstition, Venus," replied Astrée.

"Yes, honey, I deesay it is a superstition; but it's *truly* a superstition, be sure! I know it to fail. No more did Aunt Cybele, or Uncle Saturn, ole as dey both is—which dey said it demselves dis blessed ebenin'."

"An' now you look out, honey! 'fore a fortnight is over our heads—an' it is fourteen days—we all heirs of a death! An' it gwine to be one o' dem dere gen'ers as is a sinner 'countin' at de ebenin'! I say to myself, for aught I know; an' 'deed if it was, 'taint Venus as would go rarin' 'ttracted crazy wid grief for his loss. I tell you dat good."

"They are very noisy," said Astrée, as the sound of their revelry met her ear.

"Lora, chile, dat aint nuffin' 'tall. Not as I know anythin' about it, but ole Aunt Cybele say, wait till de cloth is drawn an' de wine put on de table, will you? Den you think ole Niek an' all his imp's done broke loose! Leastways, so ole Aunt Cybele say, an' she ought to know, which it's my belief as dat is de reason why ole marse neber married, 'cause, you see, he was deery wid de idee, dat he was put up wid de long of such high-jin' be-ling goings on in de house! Listen to dat now!" said Venus, indignantly, as the sound of wild revelry rolled in upon their ears.

Astrée felt shocked and outraged.

As the evening passed on, the orgies grew higher and more furious. From loud talking and boisterous laughter, the guests soon reached insouper jests, and anecdotes, and bacchanalian scenes of a character quite unfit for woman's ears.

"Now, jes' listen to dat dere chorus, honey! Aint dat 'nough to make any decent body go run dere head right into de ashies? I aint takin' no notice of de chorus, Venus, 'cause I s'pose not to hake such ribaldry," replied Astrée, in a tone of rebuke that silenced Venus for the time.

It drew near midnight, and still the orgies gave no intimation of subsiding.

"I gwine try to fasten up dis yere room; 'deed is I, 'cause I done got sleepy, an' dere's no tellin' where dem dere folks is, 'till de mornin' dey get blind drunk; I dey won't know dis room door from de front door or de back door, an' dey'll be as like to stumble into here as any



other place," said Venus, as she looked about for some means of securing the room against intrusion. But she had no better success than Astrá had upon a previous occasion.

"Well! I do think how due is a downright barbarous 'treason' of our kind! Every key took doors 'a' de lock, an' no bolt on de doors, an' all de doors swingin' outwards, so you can't even pile up anything agin 'em to keep 'em fast!" exclaimed Venus, in a rage.

"My good woman, if you are tired just close the doors and go to sleep. I shall sit in this chair and watch them till the night. I could not in any case turn myself to sleep through this night," said Astrá, kindly.

"Well, honey, it do seem funny selfish in me for to go to sleep an' leave you a sittin' up by yourself; less ways it would seem so if I could help it, which I couldn't to save my life! An' when de sleep do come on me I can no more keep my eyes open than nuffin at all, an' I couldn't if de house was a-fire," said Venus, opening her wide mouth in an awful yawn that exhibited a deep red chasm therein to contemplate.

"It is a very pardonable weakness, Venus; pray yield to it at once," said Astrá, gently.

"Deed, I grime to, honey!" answered the woman, kneeling down to say her short evening prayer; after which she yawned again fearfully, crept under the bed to her mattress, and was soon fast asleep. Waking up, however, at the rolling in of an unusually uproarious chorus, she started, put her head out from under the bed, and said:

"De lora, if I didn't think robbers had broke into de house! An' it aint noffin' 'tall but dem rip'rates a-roarin' of dere songs! Well! I try it once more! An', honey, mind, if you is 'sturbed in de night, or frightened or any thing, an' I is asleep, jes' you overturn a chair or somethin' an' wake me up, 'cause I shan't sleep so berry sound no ways. Well, good night, honey!"

And so saying, with another tremendous yawn, the woman once more drew in her head, tumbled down upon her mattress, and resigned herself to a sleep too profound to be again disturbed by the most noisy outbreaks of the dining-room organ.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## THE DESTROYER.

Pixed was her look and stern her air;  
Back from her shoulders strained her hair;  
The looks that went her brows to shade  
Hered up directly from her head;  
Her figure seemed to rise more high;  
Her voice displayed a wild energy;  
Had given a tone of prophecy.

SCOTT.

MEANTIME Astrá sat alone in her chair, counting the weary hours of that fearful night as they passed. Wilder and wilder grew the revels in the dining-room, and the clock had struck two before the noise began to subside.

Soon after that she heard the guests arise from the table and prepare to depart. She heard the order given for the gentlemen's grooms, who were following, in the kitchen, the example set by their masters in the dining-room, to bring round the horses. And Astrá, who had clock had struck two before the noise began to subside.

When the last guests had departed, she heard Bumpford and his men start putting out the lights and fastening up the house. Lastly, she

heard the master dismiss the man through the back door, lock it, and enter his own room. She heard him moving about for a little while, and then all was silent.

The house that had so lately been the scene of such high revelry was now as still as a vault. Astrá trembled more at the stillness than she had at the orgies.

The visitors, wild as they were, had still been felt as a temporary protection.

Now she was defenceless, and for the possession of the little point.

Her room was in semi-darkness, being lighted on the one side by the moon, and on the other, a child, the felt more afraid in the dark. So she softly arose and lighted two large wax candles that stood in silver candle-sticks upon the dressing-table, hitherto more for ostentation than service.

The room was now in a blaze of light, and Astrá, standing before her easy chair round until it faced Bumpford's room, at herself down in it, unheathed her little dagger, and fixed her eyes upon the communicating door with the vigilance of a cat watching a rat-hole. She was resolved to die the instant Bumpford crossed that threshold, should he indeed venture to approach upon his prey. But danger seldom approaches us from the guarded point. It comes, when it comes at all, from some unexpected quarter.

Thus, while our heroine sat still with the dagger grasped in her hand, and her eyes fixed upon the door, she felt a heavy hand fall upon her shoulder, and a rough voice exclaim:

"Stand fast, girl! I actually sit here and waiting for me, my love! That was very kind!"

It was the hand and the voice of Bumpford, who had entered by the door leading into the passage, and stolen upon her from behind.

With a ringing shriek, Astrá sprang to her feet, in her haste overturning her chair, that fell with a crash to the floor.

The shriek of Astrá and the fall of the chair roused up Venus, who rolled herself about until she got her head under the valance of the foot of the bedstead, from which had any one stooped low enough to observe, they might have seen her blood face and shining eyes looking out like a wild cat from its lair.

Astrá had sprung several yards from Bumpford, where she stood like a lioness at bay—her form drawn up to its august height, her eyes blazing with defiance, her hand grasping the dagger.

Bumpford stood gazing upon her. His face was bloodied, his eyes bloodshot, his frame tremulous. He was in that particular state of intoxication where a man is still conscious of his acts, though careless of their consequences—in a word, when he is both rational and reckless. He stood staring with stupid admiration upon the beautiful form of Astrá. This new, fierce aspect of her beauty seemed to add fuel to the fire of his passion.

"Splendid creature! you are worth a million of money! and I'll marry you to-morrow, in spite of all the laws in the land, if that is the price of your precious love!" he exclaimed, and opening his arms he advanced towards her.

"Stop!" cried Astrá, in a high and ringing tone of command, that arrested him where he stood.

"Come no nearer, on your life and soul! But look at me, and listen to me from where you now stand! You see this dagger, where I have placed its point against my own throat, just over the carotid artery; my hand is nerve to hold it to its hilt! Come nearer, and I'll cut it off! I drop dead, slain by my own act!"

Bumpford stared at her, appalled, and yet admiringly. He felt well assured that she uttered no vain threat. He saw in that proudly-erect form, on that imperious brow, firm lips, and flashing eyes, a resolution impossible to defy.

His first impulse was to throw himself upon her, disarm her, and have her at his mercy.

But he saw that she still watched him too closely that his first step towards such an act must be instantly fatal to her. He could therefore only seek to disarm her vigilance. So, instead of advancing towards her, he retreated, and began to walk slowly up and down the room, as he answered her.

"Nonsense, Zora! what is the use of your flying out in that ferocious manner? Have I done you any wrong? Have I offered you any violence?"

"You have invaded the sanctity of my private apartment, sir! and I order you to leave it at once!"

"Stuff, girl! that is not the way in which you should speak to your master, and I am your master, though quite willing to become your slave. I entered your room because I had a right to do so; and for the kindly purpose of having some friendly conversation with you."

"At three o'clock on the morning, sir!" exclaimed Astrá, with angry scorn.

"Why not, I was up and dressed, and so were you! I saw that through the key-hole of that communicating door. Deuce take it, how you clutched that door, Zora! One would have thought you expected me!"

"And you looked in upon my privacy through a key-hole!" "Deuce!" though not baser than all your other conduct! And so that was the reason you entered by the passage-door and stole upon me from behind!"

"Exactly, my girl, and to give you a little pleasant surprise!"

"Then leave my room this instant, sir! Every moment that you remain in it is an additional insult! Why do you not obey me?"

"Because it is not the master's place to obey the slave, my girl!"

"I am no slave! I have told you who and what I am, and I need not repeat the story here! You disbelieve, or you affect to disbelieve, my statement. Well, then, you make me forced to abandon my position for one moment! Once more, I command you to leave me."

"Both, Zora! Your story, as you call it, is a moonstruck madness! As to leaving you, I will do it when I please! I shall not harm you by walking about here while I talk to you for a few moments, although you have made me forced into such a belated attitude towards me! And why, indeed, should you have done so? Hang it, girl, do you think I am a beast or a devil, or a mixture of the two, to offer any rudeness to a woman, even though she were my wife?"

No, Zora! do not be afraid of me, girl! I came in here to-night to tell you that your words this morning made some impression upon my mind! They were brave, true, good words. I feel that I am an old man drawing near the end of my career. I feel that I should reform a life that has been rather wild! This evening the conduct of my guests filled me with disgust at the habits to which myself have been too much accustomed to indulge. When they were gone, I resolved to come to you and say what I am now about to say! I love you, Zora! You have awakened in my heart a pure affection and a profound esteem that no woman has ever yet been able to call forth! And, quadsom as you are, for you are much too light to be a musk, was set down by the door, and I shall see you my wife to-morrow! It is true that the laws of this State would not recognize such a marriage; but we can cross into a State where they do! And of course I will emancipate you at once! Come, my dear Zora! what do you say to that?"

"Sir," replied Astrá, unconsciously lowering her dagger, "I thank you for your words, and for what to you, at least, may seem your very generous offer. And I hope that your professions of repentance are sincere, and that your reformation may be complete! But with that I can have nothing to do, as you must be aware that I cannot accept your proposal."

"What, Zora! you actually reject the elevation I offer you—that of a free woman and wife!"

inquired Rumford, in seemingly sorrowful surprise, as he drew a little nearer to her in his walk.

"Ah, sir, why should I reiterate a statement that you refuse to credit? I have already said that I am a wedded wife!"

"This is most strange!" said Rumford in apparent perplexity, as he walked backwards and forwards in the room. "Your adherence to this story is most wonderful. That and the perfect consistency of your statements is truly marvellous, and shakes my faith in the tale told me by Merriek, and almost tempts me to believe your own account of your self to be the true one!"

And as he finished these words, he drew nearer than ever to Astrée.

"Oh, sir, believe it! believe it! or rather test its truth in the way that I suggested to you! Write to my friends, Mr. Rumford!" implored Astrée, completely thrown off her guard.

"I will do so, Zora, or rather Mrs. Greville, as I shall henceforth call you, and cause you to be respected until the arrival of your friends. I will do so to-morrow," said Rumford, standing beside her.

And now, sir, since you acknowledge my rank and position, may I request you to withdraw from my room! And oh, take with you my most sincere and earnest thanks, and the assurance that my friends will richly repay you for all losses that you have suffered on my account," said Astrée earnestly.

"Certainly, Mrs. Greville," said Rumford. And in an instant he had thrown his arms around her, pinned her arms in his embrace, and wrested the dagger from her hand!

Having done this he retreated to the wall, leaned against it, and laughed aloud!

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!" he shouted, leaning back and pointing his finger derisively at Astrée. "Your very humble servant, Mrs. Fulk Greville. How are your health and spirits at this moment, madam? How is the gallant colonel, your husband? Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! Oh! I am impressed with your words, was I? Oh! I offered you marriage, did I? Oh! I was going to reform my life, was I? And, ah! I was going to write to your friends and restore you to your rank, was I? Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! Oh! Zora, what a gall you were to think that I could be outwitted or defied by a child like you!—What do you think of your prospects now? Do you know what they are? I'll tell you what mine are—to pass the remainder of the night in this room, in spite of all earth and heaven! And to take a kiss to begin with, my dear; that will be all the more poignant snatched like a brand from the burning of your wrath!" he said, as he advanced toward his intended victim.

But a marvellous change had passed over Astrée! Her form seemed to dilate, expand, and rise, until she stood a majestic presence in the room; her head was thrown back, her eyes were starting, her arm was elevated on high with a gesture of supreme authority. An awful glow lighted up her face! In her terrible beauty she seemed a Cassandra about to prophesy a Pythian's seat to utter the oracles of a god! or an Angel of Wrath pronouncing the doom of a world!

"PAUSE!" she commanded, as Rumford advanced towards her.

And as if compelled by some all-potent spell, the pliant passed.

"You have profaned the sanctity of a maiden's bed-chamber! You have used treachery and force to disarm her of the only means she possessed of defending her purity. You think you have her at your mercy! You mistake! I have you at mine!"

"That voice! that voice!" exclaimed the planter in horror.

"You have been tried, judged, condemned! And now, in the name of all outraged womanhood, I command you—die!"

Affected by some fearful agitation, the planter stood and trembled.

"In the name of all pure spirits that watch over chaste women, I command you—die!"

Rumford rocked upon his feet and gasped at the wall for support.

"In the name of the awful Judge of quick and dead, whose law you have defied, whose name you have blasphemed, I command you—DIE!" And the planter reeled and fell at the feet of the virgin bride, Astrée.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE FATE FORETOLD.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

It was the dead of night—out of doors all was calm and still—the full moon shining from a sky of deepest blue—and not even the faint tinkle of a distant sleep bell to speak of light or motion—not even the hoarse bark of a watch dog to disturb the listening air. But then it was nearly twelve o'clock, and the good people of L— were sleeping soundly after their day's work—the young men, in the midst of their reverie, the maids thinking, even in slumber, that Sunday night was close at hand—that, dear, delightful Sunday night, which is always sure to bring moonlit rambles through shaded roads in summer, or quiet groupings round blazing fires in winter—and words of love and tender looks—and a kiss that is best of all.

I have said that all were sleeping quietly, but I was wrong. A bright light shone through the windows of Farmer Thomson's kitchen—a bright light glowed and danced from the blazing hearth within to the walls, and back again. Gathered close around the fire—for though summer was advancing, the nights were cold—were four youths—the farmer's three daughters, Emily, Nancy, and Eunice, and their cousin Helen—who had been spending the winter in the city. It was in honor of her return that they were allowed to sit up so long after the family had retired—and they talked as only young girls can talk under such circumstances.

"What do you have come back to us quite heart-whole," said Emily Thomson, looking roguishly into her cousin's pretty face.

"Quite. I told you I should," said Helen, carelessly.

"Oh, I saw John Moore at the post-office yesterday, and he asked when you were coming home," said Emily, looking up suddenly—and there was a general smile, while the color deepened on Helen's cheek, and flushed her forehead.

"John is very handsome," remarked Nancy, "and his farm is the best in the county. He will be a good match for somebody. By the way, I wonder how he happened to have letters from you in New York every week this spring. Did you meet any one there who knew him, Helen?"

"No one," said Helen, quietly. "And I suppose I may as well tell you that the letters were from me."

"What made him ask me, then, when you were coming?" blurted out Eunice, who was rather too young to understand all that "ins and outs" of a lover's behaviour. "He ought to be ashamed of himself, and I will tell him so the very next time I see him."

"Do," said Helen, laughing. And then she began to stir the fire, and gaze into the coals as if she saw a picture there. By-and-by she looked up.

"Emily, are you sleepy?"

"No, indeed."

"Nor you, Nancy? nor you, Eunice?"

No, they had not thought of going to bed, and provided they talked low, so that their father did not hear them, and come out to send them away, they intended to sit up a good while longer.

"Then sit closer, girls, for I have something to tell you." They obeyed with that comfort-

able feeling we all know when we are snugly settled and about to hear a secret.

"Are you afraid of ghosts?" said Helen, suddenly, after poking the fire for a time.

"No! Helen! What a question!" said Eunice, starting in her seat. But her sisters sat firm, and said they were not.

"When I was in New York," said Helen, in a whisper, "I went one night to a party a little in the country. We stayed rather late—later than this. But between eleven and twelve, we began to talk about ghosts and fortune-telling, and one thing and another. One girl was saying how she had melted lead and poured it into cold water to see what her fortune would be. It came into the shape of a pair of scissors as plain as could be—and thereby next week she met a master tailor—and when I saw her, she was engaged to him."

"Bless me!" said Eunice, who was listening with open mouth on her stool in the corner of the hearth.

"Yes. And another girl went to an empty house and threw in a ball of yarn, and said—'Who can I love? And some one took a ball and said—'James Smith.' She met a man by that name soon afterwards—they were married the week before the party."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the three girls at a breath.

"But the queerest thing of all was this," said Helen, leaning over and resting her elbow on Emily's knee, "and some one took a looking-glass and candle and went down the cellar-stairs backwards."

Eunice looked fearfully over her shoulder at the cellar-door.

"At the dead of night—at midnight—"

"Ugh! How could she?" said Helen, "And she saw a man riding towards her on a white horse—"

"In the looking-glass?"

"In the looking-glass. He had a plumed hat on and a sword by his side. Now, what do you think that meant?"

"What? Tell us what!"

"She was engaged to a young farmer, then—but the match was broken off soon after—I don't know why. She went to the city to spend the winter, and a colonel in the army fell in love with her and married her."

"Dear me—I should like of all things to look into the glass," sighed Emily.

Her cousin turned round and looked at the eight-day clock, so suddenly that they all jumped.

"And what is to hinder you? It is just five minutes to twelve. Will you try it?"

"Must I go alone?"

"Quite alone. And as you go down hold the candle in front of the glass and look in. You will be sure to see something."

"No—I dare not," said Eunice, shrinking back.

"It's a tempting of Providence," said Nancy, who was a bit of a drowsiness. "I will have nothing at all to do with it. I should expect to see something with horns and hoofs looking over my shoulder as I am coming."

"Nonsense!" said Helen, though she turned rather pale. And you, Eunice?"

"Oh, I should never dare to try—don't ask me," said the child, hiding her face in her apron.

"Would any one believe that Yankee girls were such cowards," said Helen, laughingly.

"Well, I will try my luck, at all events; and perhaps I shall see another colonel, maybe a general—who knows?"

She took a candle from the table, and a small looking-glass from the wall. Eunice began to whimper in her apron, and Nancy looked very uneasy.

"Helen, don't do it. It is really wrong, and you will be sure to get frightened dreadfully."

"And that dark cellar!" said Emily, shud-

dering. "I would not do it for all the generals on earth. Stay here, Helen, and I will tell you your fortune. You will marry John Moore and go to live on the Home Farm. (You will have six children—three boys and three girls—and die at the good old age of a hundred, universally regretted.)

"No, that does not suit me exactly," said Helen, smiling. "I must see if I cannot find my general. See, the clock is on the stroke. By good rights the room ought to be empty; if you are here, stay; only go farther away from the cellar, out towards the garden windows."

She opened the cellar-door softly, the first stroke of the clock sounding as it creaked upon its hinges. One glance at the deep blackness of the place, and the girls were only too glad to hurry across the room, and seat themselves in its farthest corner. Helen stood by the door, waiting till the clock finished striking, and then prepared to descend. They saw her laughing face turned towards them a moment, then she raised the glass between them and went down. The spectators sat mute and anxious, watching the gleam of the candle as it dipped lower and lower, and at last went out of the room. The moonlight outside made the landscape look dreary; the glowing brands on the hearth threw deep lights and shadows across the room; there was no sound except the ticking of the eight-day clock, the audible sobbing of their own hearts, and the hysterical sobbing of little Eunice, who was afraid that something would come up out of the cellar and frighten them all to death. The clock gave a great "click"—the hands had passed the five minute mark, and yet there was no sign of Helen. The two elder girls looked fearfully at each other.

"Hush, Eunice!" said Emily; and her whisper, low as it was, startled them all unaccountably. "You will wake father and mother, if you don't mind, and then we shall be in a fine scrape."

"But where can Helen be?" said Nancy, timidly. "I think we had better go and look into the cellar. She may have got frightened."

"Yes," said Emily, raising; though Eunice clung to her skirts to leave her. Before they had crossed the room, however, the stairs creaked, and they started back. Helen was coming up. The candle shone over a face so ghastly and altered—it was as if her ghost had taken her place, or rather her corpse, dressed in the clothes she always wore. They sprang to meet her. Emily took away the looking-glass and candle, and Nancy shut the cellar-door without daring to look down. Eunice seemed a little more at ease when it was closed, and going up to Helen, who was lying back in an arm-chair, with her eyes closed, took her hand and said:

"What did you see, Helen? What makes you look so pale?"

The blue eyes unclosed, but no color came to the lips or the cheek.

"What did I see! Why, my own face in the glass, of course, child," she said, glancing cautiously towards the other girls. "We were foolish for thinking anything else would come. Still I would not advise you to try the plan, Eunice."

"Oh, you may be very sure I shall never do it," said Eunice, with great emphasis. "It was quite enough to watch you, and I was so frightened, I cried all the time. And you really did not see anything, Helen?"

"What an unbelieving heathen you are! Must I take an oath—?"

"I am yawning, and turned towards the clock again. A quarter-past twelve. My aunt would be out of her mind if she knew we were up so late. Is the fire quite safe, Emily?"

"Quite," said her cousin, who had hardly taken her eyes from Helen's face since she rejoined them.

"Then we ought to go to bed. I am sure

you are all sleepy enough. Eunice, take hold of my hand, if you like, as you go by that cellar-door; but I assure you there are no ghosts there."

They stole out through the entry and up the stairs as slowly as possible. Eunice and Nancy shared one room. Emily and Helen were to sleep in another one just opposite, but they waited, talking under their breath, till the others were in bed, having brought but one candle from the kitchen. When the door of the sitting apartment closed behind them, Helen's first movement was to put out the candle and draw up the curtain. The moonlight streamed into the room, making it as light as day. Emily looked at her inquiringly.

"If you knew what I had seen with that candle, you would not wonder that I cannot bear to have it burn," she said, slowly. They both undressed in silence, and knelt down to say their night prayers. Helen was much longer than usual over hers. When she got into bed at last, and laid her head down on the pillow, Emily said, quietly:

"What did you see, Helen?"

"I don't mind telling you," but Nancy and Eunice were not to know. When John came towards her looking so well and happy, and just before we met there was a grave between us."

"Go on," said Emily.

"My name was on the stone," said Helen, in a low voice—"and the date was this very year!"

There was a long silence.

"It is nothing," said Emily, at last. "You were nervous in a queer way before you went down there, and I only wonder you did not see something a great deal worse. I know I should."

"Then you don't think it was a bad sign?"

Said Helen, in a voice so anxious that it betrayed what she had been feeling. "I don't think it is a piece of folly like that keep you awake, or I'll tell John Moore of it the next time I see him. Good night."

"Good night," Helen turned upon her pillow with a heart suddenly grown light, and soon slept soundly. But Emily remained awake a long, long time looking out from the window at the minister with a ring in your pocket soon afterwards. The very trees sung low songs as they waved about, the birds paired sooner there than anywhere else, and there was the essence of flirtation in the very air you breathed. No one had better reason to believe this than Emily Thomson and her sister Nancy. They had both been happy there, and as they went to the door of the meeting house with their parents on the Sunday morning after Helen's return, they looked first at the pretty grove, and then at two fine-looking young farmers who stood among the group on the steps in a way that spoke volumes. Old Farmer Thomson, however, was very strict in his notions of Sunday etiquette, and the rustic lovers dared not help the girls

from the wagon, though they did not fail to steal to their sides, as they stopped for a little chat with their old schoolmates and companions, before the bell rang them in and told the minister to his pulpit.

It was a pretty night—the white church among the trees, the smooth greensward before the door, the blue waters of the Pond, and the deeper blue of the far-off hills. There is nothing like a summer Sunday morning in the country—nothing like the Sunday greeting before the open church-door. And all the young people of L— seemed to think, as they crowded around the sisters, leaving Miss Eunice to make big eyes on the outer edge of the circle.

"And so your cousin Helen has come home," was the general exclamation. "And is she well and happy?"

Both, they believed, from all they saw.

"And John Moore will rest easy now, I hope," said a gay young girl of sixteen. "I am sure his poor horse must be glad she has come; we used to see him ride by our house towards the post-office every night, oh, so fast!"

Emily laughed.

"Has he seen her yet?" said her lover, bending forward to kiss her.

"Yes, Walter," she answered, with the ready bluntness of always came when she heard that voice. "Do you think he would be all this while without calling? Why, she came on Friday evening."

"And now it is Sunday morning—one day between. You see what is expected of you," said Walter, if Emily ever goes away and thinks well enough of you to come back again," said his sister, saucily.

"Yes, I see." But he did not look as if he should find it very hard to follow John's example.

"I hope those good people are not going to set a city fashion by staying home from church," said another girl. "You haven't told us, Emily, if Helen is coming."

"Of course. She is to ride with John. I thought they would be here before this time, for he was driving that fast chestnut of his."

Everybody smiled good-naturedly—they could fancy themselves going on the road, though a horse was ever so fast.

"That chestnut is a bad bargain; the very Evil One seems to be in him sometimes," said a young farmer who had been listening to them.

"But, Walter, he goes very well when John is driving him," said Emily suddenly, turning round, as if an unwelcome thought had struck her.

"Aye, let John alone for driving horses—he soon makes them know their master."

"Look, there he is!" said Eunice, pointing down the road. "That is Helen. She has got on her new white bonnet with the apple-blossoms inside!"

Everybody turned to look. Yes, there were the young couple—so handsome, so well-matched, and so happy—seated side by side in a new covered-carriage that John had just bought. The chestnut horse was dancing along sideways, with his ears lying close to his head, and lifting his slender feet high in the air, in a way that excited every eye in the group. Seeing the group of friends who were watching them, John took off his hat and swung it in the air. Helen leaned forward smiling, and waved her handkerchief. "A little breeze rising just then took it out of her hand, and carried it right in the path of the chestnut horse. There was a start—a plunge—a kick, and the horse, starting the iron grasp. Helen sitting beside him, white as death, but calm and still. For a moment the group at the church-door gazed after them in horror; then Eunice cried out:

"Oh, Helen will be killed! Helen will be killed!" And every one started and ran down the road. The minister, coming out of his gate and hearing what had happened, followed them



THE GAMBLER'S VICTIM.

They had not far to go. At the first turn of the road lay Helen, with a little stream of blood running from her temple. A little farther on John was just lifting his head to look around him; and the chestnut horse was speeding over the hill, a mile away, with the wreck of the carriage at his heels. John turned faint and staggered when they got him to his feet. His arm was broken, and there was a deep cut on the side of his face; but he dragged himself along to where Helen was lying, with her head in Emily's lap, and knelt down to look at her.

"Helen, my darling, are you hurt?" he murmured, faintly. There was no answer, and Emily ceased to chafe the cold hands in hers. John looked wonderingly around the group—there was not a dry eye there.

"What is it?" he asked, dreamily; and little Eunice broke out crying.

"Oh, Helen is dead, John; don't you see?"

"Dead! No! it cannot be. Helen, love, don't you know me?" He laid his cheek down to hers—his broken arm hanging uselessly by his side; and strong young men turned away and wept like children. The old minister passed through the sobbing group, looked a moment at the pale face of the dead girl, and laid his hand solemnly on her lover's head.

"My son, the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord!"

### THE GAMBLER'S VICTIM.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

AT twenty-one years of age, Charles Laborde, by the will of his deceased father, came into possession of a cotton-plantation, which, including negroes, was said to be worth one hundred thousand dollars. He was now an only child, the solace and hope of a widowed mother, who almost idolized him. He had received a good education, and been turned out what was considered a finished gentleman. He was fond of a social glass, a social game of cards, and the exciting sport of horse-racing. In the course of his young life he had traveled thousands

of miles on steamboats, had visited all the principal cities of the West and South, and fancied himself an adept in the science of human nature. It was his boast, in fact, that no one could deceive him—that from the face he could read the heart of the most subtle, as if it were a book laid open to his inspection.

The year following his majority, he went to New Orleans, to dispose of some twenty-five thousand dollars worth of cotton, one-half of which belonged to a neighboring planter, to whose daughter he was affianced. Aboard the steamer, on his way down, he was accosted by a pale, delicate, elegantly-dressed young man, who gave the name of Henry Prescott, and claimed to have met him some three years previous, at a hotel in St. Louis. Laborde did not seem to remember his new acquaintance; but as he was in St. Louis at the time mentioned by the other, and at the very hotel he had named, he thought it not unlikely they had met as stated.

"I am going to Havana for my health," said Prescott, "but fear I am not long for this world, let me seek what quarter I may. If I were poor, and had no friend to bind me to the world, I would not care so much; but I have more wealth than I can spend (excuse me, I do not speak from vanity, but merely to state a fact), and a sister who dotes on me, and whose life seems bound up in mine. Ah me!" and tears started to his eyes, and he began to cough like one afflicted with a pulmonary disease. "But pshaw!" he added, recovering himself; "why have I told you this? as if there were no more pleasant things to talk about than self! What I intended to say was, will Mr. Laborde do me the pleasure to take a glass of wine with me?"

The other assented, for young Prescott's face and manners pleased him, and he felt his heart touched with sympathy at the affliction that was pressing his new acquaintance down to the cold grave. One glass of wine very naturally led to another, and in the course of the next two hours the young man became quite familiar—more familiar than the proud young planter would

have deemed it possible for him to become with any stranger in that length of time. Arm-in-arm they walked up and down the gentlemen's saloon, and on their way passed two or three tables, where different parties were playing cards for money, at each of which they occasionally stopped, to see the result of a game where the bets were running high, and some of the players were evidently much excited.

"Do you ever indulge in this species of amusement?" inquired Laborde of his new friend.

"Seldom—very seldom!" replied Prescott, with a languid air. "It always seems to me too much like labor to go through the handling of the cards—shuffling, dealing, assorting, and playing—to say nothing of its being a very slow way to win or lose. For my part, when I want to bet I prefer horse-racing or fero, where you have only to stake your money, and let others do the work."

"Ah, horse-racing!" returned Laborde, with some enthusiasm, "that is my favorite sport!"

"Well, of the two," rejoined Prescott, "I think I prefer fero—for there you are not stopped by the winning horse—but can begin and quit when you please."

"I have never bet on that game," said Laborde. "In fact, I must confess, I never saw the game played but once, and then I did not exactly understand it; and, thinking it a purely gambling game, did not feel any interest in getting information on the subject."

"It is, without question, a gambling game," replied Prescott; "but then it is so perfectly fair and open, that common gamblers, who depend on cheating their victims, seldom indulge in it. The chances are about equal between the dealer and better—if anything, in favor of the latter—at least I could always come off winner from any bank I ever saw."

"How do you manage it?" inquired Laborde.

"Simply by doubling my bet whenever I lose. My chance must, you see, in the nature of things, come sooner or later; and then, when I do win, I get back not only all I have staked,



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but also the amount of the first bet from the bank."

"But will the banker permit you to do this?"

"He has no right to refuse. He opens his bank to take the chances, and you certainly have a right to bet as much as you please, and in whatever way you choose. A real sordid gambler, perhaps—and heaven knows how much I detest the race—might object to this course of proceeding, especially if he saw the luck going against him; but I never play with that class of men; and real gentlemen, you know, Mr. Laborde, are always gentlemen, wherever you find them."

Soon after this conversation, Prescott gave Laborde an introduction to his sister, who was on the boat, going South to keep her brother company, and to nurse him in his last illness, should Providence fail to smile upon her hopes. She was young, lovely, accomplished and fascinating, and, from the very first, the young planter thought he had never met a lady so every way charming—so *soberly* bewitching. And then with so much self-sacrifice! such unselfish devotion!—her whole life seeming, as the brother had said, to be bound up in his. And moreover, too, such immense wealth! with no one to share it with her after the death of the dying brother. Laborde thought of his affianced, and began to wish himself a free man—more especially as he could not fail to perceive that his appearance and manners made a most favorable impression upon the young lady.

On the second day of the acquaintance of these three parties, the boat was nearing the city of New Orleans, but seemingly to the regret of each, as it was the avowed design of the invalid and his sister to sail immediately for Havana.

"Would to heaven, Mr. Laborde, you were going with us!" said Prescott, in a sad, dejected tone, as if the thought of parting was painful.

"Oh, why can you not?" cried Clarine, the sister, impulsively, seemingly without a thought of the construction that might be put upon her language, till it had been spoken, and then coloring deeply and becoming confused and embarrassed.

The young men unintentionally exchanged

glances, and it seemed as if both knew that the heart of Clarine had been touched. The brother sighed, and Laborde turned aside to conceal and control his feelings.

"It would afford me great happiness to accompany you," he said; "but, unfortunately, my business cannot be settled in a day, and you wish to leave at once. I have twenty-five thousand dollars worth of cotton to dispose of, and several commissions to execute for my neighbors, to say nothing of my promise to my mother to be back home within a month."

"Clarine!" suddenly exclaimed the invalid, as if a happy thought had just struck him, "why can we not remain awhile in New Orleans—at least, say while Mr. Laborde is there?"

"Oh, I should be so highly—a—I mean I should be—pleased—if you think your health will permit."

"It is settled then, provided Mr. Laborde will assure me that he has not a host of more attractive friends to take up his time."

"I scarcely have one that I care for in the city," replied the delighted and half-instantly planter; "and if I had a thousand they should not come between us."

"It is settled then, Clarine."

"Thank you, dear brother!" replied the lovely girl, as she glided away, with a look of perfect happiness.

"Ah! there goes a treasure for some one when I am gone!" sighed the brother, as he hastily brushed a tear from his eye, and abruptly changed the conversation.

Charles Laborde and Henry Prescott had been a week in New Orleans, going about the city and visiting different places of amusement—sometimes by themselves and sometimes accompanied by Clarine—when, one night, almost as it would seem by accident, they found their way into a splendid gambling palace, where the principal feature of attraction was the game of faro.

"Ah, now I will show you my plan of winning," said Prescott: "though I always dislike to play in public."

He then went up to the bank, made a small bet, and lost. He doubled, and lost again; and so continued to double and lose, some five or six times, before he won. But win he did at last; and then he kept on playing about an hour

longer, when he declared that he was tired of the sport and stopped. At this time he was some two hundred dollars winner, and remarked with a laugh, that if he were a poor man, he would play himself rich—but as he had more money than he knew what to do with, it would only be an encumbrance and waste of time. If his friend, however, wished to try his luck, he would wait for him. Laborde did try, and in the course of an hour was also a hundred dollars winner, when the two left the place together to seek some other amusement.

The day following this Laborde made a cash sale of his cotton, and received twenty-five thousand dollars, in bank-notes, checks, drafts, and so forth. That same day Prescott introduced him to a venerable gentleman, whom he termed the Hon. Judge White, an old friend of his late father, who had just arrived in the city, on his way to a silver mine he owned in South America, and whom he had just met by accident. After chatting awhile on various topics, Prescott suddenly remarked:

"By-the-by, Judge, do you ever deal any more faro?"

"Not often; I am too busy."

"You know I beat you the last time?"

"Hum! I believe you did."

"And I can do it again!"

"No, sir."

"I tell you I can, as I will prove to my friend, if you dare play."

"Come along, then; a private room in my hotel, and I will take down your conceit," laughed the judge.

The parties repaired to a private room, and, after two hours' play, Prescott was one thousand dollars winner.

"I declare how it is," said the Judge, in a vexed tone, "that you have such luck. Nobody else can win as you do."

"Except my friend here; he can do the same thing."

"I deny it, *in toto*."

"I will bet you five hundred dollars, Judge, that if he plays he will beat you."

"I take that bet."

"Remember the doubled stakes—be not the least afraid—and bring down his conceit with another thousand," whispered Prescott to Laborde, who by this time was nothing loth to try his hand.

Laborde began with five dollars, and lost; he doubled this, and lost again a third time, and made the same result; and, fairly trembling with excitement, he went on, doubling and losing, till he had made twelve bets, by which time he was twenty thousand four hundred and seventy-five dollars the loser. He was now the color of a sheet, his whole frame trembled, and large beads of perspiration rolled all over his face.

"My God!" exclaimed Prescott, in evident alarm; "what does this mean? I never saw luck run so before—never! never! Double again, Laborde; you must win next time, and if you do, take my advice, and quit all games of chance for ever."

"I cannot double again," said Laborde, in perfect agony of mind, as he wildly looked at the notes, checks, and drafts that lay before the Honorable Judge, who seemed to regard them with great indifference. "I have not money enough; and most of this that I have lost does not belong to me."

"But you must not lose it, my friend. No, no; it was my fault. Stay! how much have you?"

"Only about five thousand dollars."

"And I about the same with me, and a large draft sent to Havana. Well, take all I have here, and bet it; we shall certainly get back a good share, at least, with which to operate anew."

"But I may lose again!" said the trembling Laborde.

"Impossible!"

Laborde put down the money with trembling

hesitation; the dealer drew the cards, and again the bank won. His twenty-five thousand dollars, and the five thousand of his friends, were gone! He sunk down and covered his face with his hands, and his friend seemed ready to faint.

"Well, my skilful *putter*, are you through?" sneered the Judge, as he deliberately gathered up the stakes.

"You must give us a chance to win our money back!" said Prescott, excitedly.

"Certainly, my friend, if you play any time to-day or to-night, for to-morrow I embark for Rio Janeiro."

"My dear friend," said Prescott to Labored, taking him aside, and speaking with tears in his eyes, "I am grieved to death to think you lost my money through my foolish advice! I say it was only by one of those accidents that never happen twice in a man's life. I could command any amount of money in St. Louis, but unfortunately that does me no good to-day, and by to-morrow the Judge will be off. What is to be done? If I only had ten or fifteen thousand dollars to play against him, I know I could win it all back, and perhaps a much more. I cannot bear the thought of his going off so triumphantly—it is that, more even than the loss, which vexes me. Can you not raise some ten or fifteen thousand for a short time? I pledge you my honor that, as it was through my fault you played, you shall be reimbursed every cent you have lost or may lose. No objection, my friend! I must have it so. I could never otherwise die in peace! And then my dear sister, who has taken such a deep interest in you! Heavens! I tremble at the thought of her reproaches!"

"Tell her nothing, my dear friend!" cried Labored, grasping the hand of Prescott and pressing it warmly. "I do not, believe you say myself. It was only a mistake, which may yet be rectified. I know a house here which will lend me fifteen thousand dollars on mortgage-notes."

"Get that, then, and we are safe!" exclaimed Prescott.

The money was obtained, and that night the two young men set down to beat the bank of the Honorable Judge White.

They lost—lost all—and both left the room pale, trembling, and in silence—but one felt more than he acted and the other acted more than he felt.

In truth, the whole affair, from beginning to end, was a deep-laid, damnable plot, to ruin the rich young planter. Prescott was a swindler and decoy—his sister a sham—the Judge a notorious gambler. They fled together, and divided the spoils.

When Labored subsequently learned how he had been duped and ruined, he deliberately put a pistol to his head and blew out his brain.

May the foregoing facts prove a warning to all, never, under any circumstances, to venture the first stake!

**CHAMP MODE OF FRAMING SMALL PICTURES.**—First procure a glass of the required size, then a card of Bristol-board (white) the same size as the glass, to which glue or paste the picture after neatly cutting out. Next paste a sheet of strong paper, about an inch larger than the glass, on the back of the card, folding the edges neatly over on the glass, thereby holding glass and picture together. Procure black glazed paper and bind the edge, and trim with a strip of gilded paper inside the black edge. This makes a very pretty and cheap frame for portraits, &c. To hang it, attach loops or rings on the back of the frame.

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## FOREST SKETCHES.—No. 7.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP,  
AUTHOR OF "THE MOUNTED LIPS," &c.

### THE MIDNIGHT MARAUDERS.

We had worked hard all day. Fits had been drying venison, while the rest of us had been eating and taming, or breaking, some wild horses. We had seen in all of the prairie steeds, and they were magnificent beasts. Not so symmetrically beautiful as a pure Morgan, nor so full of taking "points" as many "crosses" we have in Yankee horreodon; but they were *horres*—nothing but horses—and for speed and power they had few equals of their size in the country. Ned and Illaris were in their glory; and I must say that they exhibited more skill than I had given them credit for.

Ned selected first a nut-brown stallion, weighing some ten hundred and fifty pounds, and having fitted a head-gear to his liking he mounted. The new creature, for a few minutes; I had never kept his seat, and the animal became perplexed. For about ten minutes the horse used every means in his power to throw the unwelcome 'embrace off. He reared aloft; then plunged ahead; then upon one side; and then upon the other. He would leap up and down furiously, his head flying about in every direction. Thus he lasted until the horse seemed to have become assured that his rider was immovable, and then he suddenly became sullen and stubborn.

It was now time for the whip, and Ned applied it with right good will. In half an hour from the time Ned mounted, the animal raised his head, and after considering a few moments, during which the rider patting his neck, and touching him kindly, he gave a wild, prolonged snort, let his heels fly, as though with one last expression of indignant disapprobation, and then trotted off smoothly and obediently.

The victory was gained. From that moment the noble beast was docile as a lamb in Ned's hands, and he long seemed to have formed quite an affection for his first human master.

These horses had been caught by spring-snare set in the path by which they went to the river to drink. It was done by bending down a small tree—one stiff enough to require all hands of us to set it,—and then locking it into an opposite tree in such a manner that a slight pull upon it would set it free. This was accomplished by cutting off a branch from each tree; then we cut a notch upon the under side of the branch-stump upon the upright tree, and next bent the opposite one over and locked its short stump under the notch, so that a pull sideways in either direction would unlock it and let it up. The new device was, to fix a noose, with one of our ropes,—the standing end firmly knotted to the top, or near the top, of the bended tree, and the noose so spread out by the branches on either side of the path, that the horse must run his head and shoulders through;—then the noose tightens—then he pulls—then snap goes the tree, and if the animal's neck is not broken, we have him. Let him hang, with his fore-feet clear of the ground until he is tired out, and then release him and take him to camp.

As I said at first, we had worked hard during the day, and retired early. Our horses were secured about two rods from the tent, beneath a clump of trees that stood out from the main body, and the last thing we did before retiring was to give them some grass. Fits had picked an extra quantity of wood upon his fire, and then joined us; and by eight o'clock we were all beneath our blankets.

I went to sleep and dreamed of home; and anon I dreamed that Fits had grown white, and had become possessed of supernatural powers. I thought that by a diabolical incantation he could turn us all into black men; and he was going to do it, too. He commenced with Ben. He had spoken but a few words of his *sondich* jargon

when there appeared a black spot upon Ben's nose. Poor Ben fell upon his knees and begged for mercy; but it was of no use. Fits went on, and in a few moments Ben was black as the conjurer had been himself; and yet I thought my turn must soon come, yet I could not help laughing at the comical figure I never saw in Ben cut. Such another high-bellied darkey I could see in my waking state—never.

At this juncture old Garl, upon whose head horns had grown, and who had by some means gained a caudal appendage that would have done honor to a Chinese nabob, seized Fits by the neck and began to choke him.

"Oh! murder! murder!" yelled the poor cook, struggling with all his might.

His outcry awoke me, and as I started up my ears were saluted by a din that would have crazed a nation.

There stood Fits, with his back to the entrance of the tent, a flaming torch in his hand, and his eyes absolutely staring out from their sockets. I looked to see if he was really white; but the illusion was dispelled. He looked blacker than ever.

"Murder! murder!" he yelled, in gasping tones. "De whole ob de devilful regum an turned loose out! Oh! Ma'r! Dun! Ma'r! Ben! Ma'r! Grizely!—We'll all be up for Sart'n!"

"Shut up yer lip!" cried Ben, seizing his rifle and making for the entrance-way.

"By golly—you'll hab yer lip shot up of yer goes out dar'—now mind, I tell yer," responded Fits, still standing with his back to the door. "I tell yer de whole ob der infernal regum an let loose! Oh! Golly! Bress de Lord! Amen! I wish I was back in a decent country! Oh! Good Lord sabo me! I'd rad' face all de Oxford Bress in de world can see such a sight! Oh! golly for gosh hab mercy on dis poor, misfortunate nigger!"

By this time we had all got thoroughly aroused, and partly from the danger. Ben, who had needed to see Fits what was the matter, thought we did see him if he had been out. He told us he had.

"I heard de horses a kick'n up a fuss, an' I colched a torch an' lighted it an' went out. Bress de Lord, I nebber seed such a sight. More'n a hundred an' fifty ebbin' billions of wolfs war tadin' away at de homes!"

We knew very well what they were wolves.

"But them prairie wolfs are great cowards, nint they?" asked Ben.

"Them ar'n't prairie wolves, not by a long chalk!" uttered Garl. "They don't bark like them snake'n' cusses do. A prairie wolf barks afore it howls. These yer don't, yer see. No—these are de great mountain, wilderness wolf."

"They are hard ones, eh?" queried Harris.

"Ef they're hungry—ye's," was Garl's laconic response, as he raised the canvas and passed out, taking the torch from Fits's hand as his went.

But there was no need of the torch. The moon was up, and it was light enough to see things plainly. We all followed the old trapper, and a sight met our gaze that startled us with horror!

At the little copse, where we had left the horses, were hundreds of wolves, leaping over each other—tearing and snarling—snapping and howling—and actually killing each other in their mad eagerness. Three of the horses had been pulled down and devoured, and the infuriated beasts were now fighting over the bare bones! While off on the prairie were the other four horses, running with all their might, and hundreds more of wolves chasing them!

For some moments we stood utterly confounded; even the old trapper himself appearing to be undecided as to what course to pursue. There were two hundred of the monstrous dogs about the bones of the horses at least, Ned

Hobson would have fired at them, but Garl stopped him.

"Don't yer do it!" he uttered. "While there's a bit of meat as big as a shoe-stitch on them bones then yer fellows 'll stick to it. Ef they see us, an' once git they affections on us, no power on nith ken saro us! Mark my words, now,—for I know it! They haint seed us yet. Let's back into the tent—all on us—quick!"

We hastened back as soon as possible, and when our guide had shut the entrance closed after him, he turned to us. There was a earnest look upon his brown face, and I could see that he was anxious.

"Now look yer," he said, speaking quickly. "Ef them was porco woves couldn't be afeard; but they haint. Thurr's the regular great wolf, sich as yer see east o' the Mississippi. Thurr half starved, as ye can see at a glance. The taste o' them hosses 'll only make 'em ten times more rantantrous. Ef they see us, an' git hold on us, we may gin up, for never one of 'll ever see the sun rise again. My experiance tells me there's no safety in this. So we must be morin'. Now I say this: We'll take all our powder an' ball—o' all 'at we ken well carry—an' our rifles, an' make for the nearest trees. Ef the woves scent us, as they likely will, we ken only pop away at 'em till we drive 'em off."

About five rods from our tent, on the opposite side from where the woves were, and towards the river, were a number of huge sycamores. They seemed to be a sort of spur of the forest, and entirely different from the timber farther up, and also on the other side, being upon a gentle swell of the land.

"We'll make for them sycamores," resumed Garl; "and show our legs, too; for ef the varmints see us we'll have a hard look. Come—all ready?"

We had slung our rifles upon our backs, put our pistols in our pockets, and, at Garl's suggestion, taken each a canteen of water and some dried venison; and then we packed out.

The woves were still fighting over the bones of the horses; a pack of about twenty, nearest to the tent, being all snarling over a single leg, the bones of which were still held together by some of the stout ligaments that had not yet been torn off. But we did not stop to look at this. Noiselessly as possible we started for the trees, and ere we had reached them a howl from behind told us that we had been discovered!

"Don't look behind yer!" shouted Garl. "Up ye go!"

As he spoke he seized a stout limb and swung himself up out of the way. It happened very fortunately for us that there were many large limbs hanging down in this way, and we might have fared worse. As it was, we all reached places of safety, ere the woves came up; though by the time we got fairly seated, there were a hundred of them beneath us!

In one tree were Garl, Ben, and myself; in the one next to ours were Ned and Harris; while Fitts had managed to get up by himself.

"Do ye know," said Garl, after we had become seated, "that them chaps knew we were in that yer tent, an' at they'd be sere of as arior they bid made way with the hosses?"

"I asked him if he thought so."

"I know it," he replied confidently. "Mind ye, them yer cunes ken smell like a bloodhound. They know'd we was there, an' they only wanted to finish the hosses, an' then take us. Ye ken see at they're starved by thurr actions."

I was inclined to believe that Garl was right, for when I came to reflect upon how quickly the woves had followed us, and how angry they were at thus missing us, his ideas seemed reasonable.

We now had opportunity to look off upon the prairie; but we could see nothing of the other horses. They had probably gone off beyond the cross-timber, or else crossed the river. They

could not have been taken down by their enemies anywhere upon our opening, for by the moonlight we could have seen them.

Within ten minutes after this the woves had all left the bones upon which they had been engaged, and were under our trees; and the howling they sent up was enough to drive one mad.

"Hut! Look that!" cried the old trapper, pointing off to the path, or opening, in which we had caught the horses.

We looked, and we saw a long line of dark forms coming towards us. The head of the column was half-way across, and yet the end was still hidden. At length they came pouring in upon the space about the trees, until the very prairie seemed covered with them. There were more than I could calculate—more than I would dare to tell. Once I counted fifty, and then I tried to calculate from the space they occupied. It seemed to me that of the space which was literally crowded with the monsters, these fifty occupied not over a twentieth part of it. If so there must have been a thousand woves about us.

"I never seed sich a sight afore," said Garl. "I've boss o' all 'at 'bout yer this dozen year, an' I never seed so many large woves in one pack afore!"

It really seemed as though all the woves of the country had scented us, and were now only trying to get us to surrender. And there were slight bit would we have made. They had already devoured seven horses, and were only more ravenous than before. Garl assured us that the varmints who had come from beyond the wood had had a partial feast, as he could tell by their actions.

Scarcely were we anxious to begin work, for the seats we had engaged were not the easiest. But—

"It's no use to fire now," the trapper told us "for ye couldn't budge 'em afore daylight of yer knocked over five-sixths of 'em. They'll hang round us till sun-up, ye may depend on't."

It was now, as near as we could judge by the moon, very near three o'clock; so we should not have long to wait. We sat upon our porches as contentedly as we could, and watched for the coming of the day. The woves were growing more and more angry every moment. They leaped against the trees—they howled and snarled—and their eyes glamed in the soft moonlight like balls of fire.

To be sure, we had not much occasion for fear, and yet we were not wholly safe. With such a host of famishing, savage brutes so near us, and bent upon having us, there were fatal possibilities. Ever and anon we could hear Fitts praying. He told us that he was deeply religious, and in danger, and his prayers were full of quaint earnestness.

"Oh—good Lord, sere dis poor nigger! 'Ise lub'd yo allers, Lord—I hab for artin! Oh! Bress de Lord, my soul! Bress his great salvation! Good Lord, gib to mo of yer salvation! De luble me, an' il be glad to interals!"

There could hear him at intervals, when the howling of the woves lowered a bit; and I fancied I could see tears rolling down his black cheeks as the moon-beams glistened upon them; but it may have been only sweat.

Morning at length dawned, and the day opened. Then we saw a scene that no pen can describe. Yet the woves were still making off of it. There were surely a thousand of the woves; and every one of them had their ugly, sneaking-looking snouts turned towards us. They were the common large wolf, with the long, glistering teeth; sharp pointed, erect ears; bushy, sweeping tail; long, coarse hair; and the scolding, lonely gait. Most of them looked thin and gaunt, and were evidently very anxious for us to come down. But instead of presenting ourselves to their fond embraces we concluded to send them a meal of cold lead, which would put

them beyond the reach of hunger as quick as anything.

The trapper fired the first shot, and of course a wolf was "rubbed out." I fired the next, and another fell. Ben now waked up and sent his first bullet, which could not well help killing. It was now loud and free. Thanks to Garl's precaution, we had ammunition enough, and thus there was no fears on that score, unless the pack should grow.

For half an hour we kept up a continuous fire, a wolf dropping at every shot, and yet the mad brutes did not seem to diminish nor to be at all alarmed. Some of them lapped up the blood that had flowed upon the grass, and I had supposed the living ones would have commenced the feast upon the horses; but they did not, any further than merely to lap the blood.

Up to this time Garl had not spoken, but now he gave his opinion.

"Colonel," he said, turning to me with a dark cloud upon his face, "these yere varmints ain't been' down'd off yet. Ef sumthin don't turn up we must be here till mornin' yet. D'ye mind 'em how they durned ef they be? They're mad—every cuss on 'em!"

I did see it as the old man had said; and I was not very happy either under the conviction. Over and over each other the monsters leaped—those who had dipped their tongues into the blood upon the grass, seeming more savage than the rest—upon the bodies of the long standing horse, and anon snarling and gnashing their glazing teeth!

But a deliverance came for which we had not looked. A sudden cry from Fitts called our attention from the woves.

"Dor am de hosses!" exclaimed the darkey, pointing off to the path before mentioned.

We all looked, and there, sure enough, were half a dozen horses. It happened very providentially for us that the wind was setting strongly from the south-east, thus blowing directly from the horses towards us, so they had gained no warning from their sharp scent. One of the horses was foolish enough to give a loud snort, and the instant that the woves turned their ugly snouts in that direction.

The horses took the alarm, and started back. The woves took the scent—saw their victims—and gave chase. Within five minutes from that time the only woves in sight from our place of observation were dead ones!

Garl leaped upon the ground, and seized his knife.

"Them varmints won't be here agin till they've run them hosses down," he said; so we must as well take a few of those yer nicest skins."

But we found not many worth taking off. They were shedding their hair, and the skins were poor—not worth the trouble of carrying. However, we took a dozen in all, and then looked around. It was a curious sight. One hundred and fifty-four dead woves lay upon the grass, within a space of five square rods! It seems a large number, I know; but remember the number we had to select from, and the number of bullets we sent among them.

We concluded to eat our breakfast that morning in the boat. So we packed up our duds as quickly as possible, gathered up all the ropes we could find, and ere long we were floating gently down towards the main stream—the Colorado.

FORB AND APT.—Mr. Biddel Jones, mate of the Connecticut river schooner *Sally* Avar, walked aft, and addressed the captain: "Capt. Spenser, if you keep the skuner on this course, you'll have her hard aground on the flats." Whereupon the captain replied: "Mr. Mate, we must just go for'ard and tend to your part of the skuner, and I'll tend to mine." Biddel went forward, let go the anchor, walked aft and reported, "Captain Spenser, my part of the skuner is at anchor."



## HAWTHORNE ON ENGLISH WOMEN.

I HAVE heard a good deal of the tenacity with which English ladies retain their personal beauty to a late period of life; but (not to suggest that an American eye needs use and cultivation before it can quite appreciate the charm of English beauty at any age) it strikes me that an English lady of fifty is apt to become a creature less refined and delicate, so far as her physique goes, than anything that we Western people class under the name of woman. She has an awful ponderosity of frame; not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive flesh solid beef and strikes me as being, though struggling manfully against the idea—an inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks as if nothing could ever move her. She imposes awe and respect by the majesty of her personality, to such a degree that you probably credit her with far greater moral and intellectual force than she can fairly claim. Her visage is usually grim and stern, not always positively forbidding, yet cally terrible, not merely by its breadth and weight of feature, but because it seems to express so much well-founded self-reliance, such acquaintance with the world, its toils, troubles and dangers, and such sturdy capacity for tramping down a foe. Without anything positively salient or actively offensive, or, indeed, unjustifiably formed to her neighbors, she has the effect of a seventy-four gun ship in time of peace; while you assure yourself that there is no real danger, you cannot help feeling how tremendous would be her onset if pugnaically inclined, and how futile the effort to inflict any counter-injury. She certainly looks tenfold—nay, a hundredfold—better able to take care of herself than our slender-framed and haggard womanhood; but I have not found reason to suppose that the English lady is, on the whole, any greatly greater courage, fortitude, and strength of character than our women of similar age, or even a tougher physical endurance than they. Morally, she is strong, I suspect, only in society, and in the common routine of social affairs, and would be found powerless and timid in any exceptional strain that might call for energy outside of the conventionalities amid which she has grown up.

You can meet this figure in the street, and live, and even smile at the recollection. But conceive of her in a ball-room, with the bare, brawny arms that she invariably displays there, and all the other corresponding development, such as is beautiful in the maiden blossom, but a spectacle to howl at in such an over-blown rose as this.

Yet, somewhere in this enormous bulk, there must be hidden the modest, slender, violet nature of a girl, whom an alien mass of cartilages has unkindly overgrown; for an English maiden in the teens, though very seldom so, is to her own damsel, possesses, to say the truth, a certain charm of half-blossom, and delicately folded leaves, and tender womanhood shrouded by maidenly reserves, with which, somehow or other, our American girls often fail to adorn themselves during an appreciable moment. It is a pity that the English violet should grow so much more than the rose. I wonder whether a middle-aged husband ought to be considered as legally married to all the accretions that have overgrown the slenderness of his bride since he led her to the altar, and which made her so much more than he ever bargained for. The matrimonial bond cannot be held to include the three-fourths of the wife that had no existence when the ceremony was performed? And as a matter of conscience and good morals, ought not an English married pair to insist upon the celebra-

tion of a Silver Wedding at the end of twenty-five years, in order to legalise and mutually appropriate that corporeal growth of which both parties have individually come into possession since they were pronounced one flesh?

### NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We shall shortly commence a New Tale by Illion Constellation, entitled "The Pearl Diver." It is a most thrilling and exciting story of Californian Life, and is written expressly for the *New York Ledger*.

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

THE less of physical force or menacing language we use—the less, to take an expression of war, we scold our children—the more order and quiet we shall commonly secure. We have seen a family where a single word, or a look even, would alay a rising storm. The gentle but firm method is the best security for domestic peace.

### WOMEN AS RULERS.

We conclude that the main disqualification of women to rule arises from the easiness with which they are ruled, and their proneness to give the reins into dishonest and usurping hands; a fault so nearly allied to the Christian virtues of humility, docility, and obedience, so germane to the gentle and confiding spirit, which is at once their safety and their merit, that we doubt whether the defining power of words can fix the mark between the good and the evil.

### LAUGHTER.

Since Adam, who invented laughter, doubtless when he awoke and found Eve by his side, no two men have laughed alike. The laugh is as distinct as the voice—perhaps more so; for the laugh of a full-bearded man is very different from that which he laughs when he has been clean shaven by a barber. Women laugh differently from men, children from women, and some writers even profess to detect national peculiarities in the laugh; as, for instance, say they, the Frenchman laughs with his teeth, like the ape. The Abbe Damascene thought he had discovered, in the various annunciations of the laughter, a sure guide to the temperaments of the laugher. Thus, he said, he, he, he, belonged to a choleric man, he, he, he, to the phlegmatic, hi, bi, bi, to the melancholic, and ho, ho, ho, to the sanguine. It is true that men laugh commonly in A and O, and women in E and I; and it is singular that with all the people, even the cockneys, the aspirate H precedes the vowel.

### SLEEP.

We are no great admirers of those obese and plethoric individuals who doze even while at their daily tasks. We have no sympathy with the sluggard who is constantly sighing for "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, and a little more folding of the hands," nor can we contemplate such a character as Dickens' fat boy Joe with anything like satisfaction, but we do think that people should take sufficient of "Nature's sweet restorer" to keep the human machine in order. It has been said of certain great men that they required but three or four hours' sleep, the remainder of the twenty-four hours being devoted by them to the pursuits of life. But it will be found that such great men have seldom attained to more than middle age. Had they

been guided by a sounder philosophy, they might have lived twice as long, and accomplished twice as much. After all, Franklin had the true idea of apportioning time to daily duties—eight hours to labor, eight hours to sleep, and eight hours to recreation.

### WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

Vice grows rapidly, but virtue is a plant of tardy production. The virtuous are, in fact, the flowers, more or less beautiful, which grow in the moral garden of the human heart; but the vices are the weeds which, owing to a man's innate depravity, spring up spontaneously, and, if not suppressed or controlled, soon leave their nobler rivals no room to exist in the same vicinity. "Why," said a little girl once, "do the weeds always outgrow the flowers?" "Because the soil is the mother of the weeds and only the step-mother of the flowers." A pretty idea was this, indeed. And, considering that—

"In Adam's fall,"  
We ruined all."

it may also be said that the soil of the human heart is the mother of the vicious and the step-mother only of the virtuous impulses. The latter must enjoy exterior care and culture to flourish under such circumstances; but how luxuriantly our evil qualities crop out of themselves, and overshadow all better productions! There is both truth and poetry, unfortunately, in this notion, let us remember.

### INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE.

Habit and long life together are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy without the object of his affection, and until he has married days, and, above all, many days of misfortune, with her. The married pair must know each other to the centre of their souls—the mysterious veil which covered the two spouses in the primitive church must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely seer it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world.

The soul of a man, as well as his body, is incomplete without his wife: he has strength, she has beauty; he combats the enemy and labors in the field, but he understands nothing of domestic life. His companion is waiting to prepare his repast and sweeten his existence. He has crossed, and the partner of his life is there to soften them. His days may be sad and troubled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without woman, man would be rude, gross, solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence, as the creepers of the forests which decorate the trunks of sturdy oaks with their fourfold garlands. Usually, the husband and wife are united together; they reap the fruits of their union; in the dust they lie side by side; and they are united beyond the tomb.

### HORRIBLE SCHEME.

Now that colonizing the negroes manumitted during the present war has become a question of public interest, we hear of some extraordinary methods of making money out of it being adopted by unscrupulous adventurers. Cuba, we all know, is the great mart of the world for slaves. Any number of negroes delivered there can be sold into slavery at a large price per head, and no questions asked as to whence the dealer has brought them. Men, therefore, professing to be in authority in some of the multitudinous islands of the Caribbean Sea, come to the United States, profess to be great philanthropists, make grand offers to contract for the services of a few thousand freed men, having secured the poor laborers on liberal terms, transport them in a steamer to their new home. This done, instead of protecting the helpless creatures, they dispose of them at five hundred dollars each to a Cuban slave-dealer, and that is the

last that is heard of the victims of the white man's cruelty.

We are assured that more than one scheme of this kind is now in progress in the United States, the chief actors in them being renegade Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and so on, who have resided in the West Indies for some years, and are prepared to turn all their knowledge of the Cuban slave-trade into account in this manner. Whether the negroes come from Africa or the American Union is a question of indifference to the slave-trader; and he is just as ready to make a rapid fortune by reconsigning to hopeless bondage the fugitives from rebel masters in Virginia or the Carolinas, as by turning over to chains the naked survivors of a voyage from the River Congo. It seems difficult to believe that men can be found wicked enough to cast away every feeling of humanity in this manner, and enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow-creatures. But so it is. May Providence thwart their evil designs and properly punish them!

## YANKEE NOTIONS.

A FIREMAN'S COX.—Conflagration.

A RELIGIOUS COX.—Con-version.

A HOT BRIM may make a cold hearthstone.

A POT that is kept boiling: the Pot-o'-Mac!

A GOOD NAME FOR A MUSICAL PRODIGY.—Octave-i-us.

THE most useful lass on board a ship: the wind-lass.

THE empty cradle of dead infancy is perhaps a sadder spectacle than the coffin.

THE next best thing to governing yourself is to be governed by your wife.

SOLDIERS may err sometimes, but they are undoubtedly men of good aims.

If a man marry a shrew, we are to suppose he is shrewd?

MATHIMONY is a sort of chess-game in which many a poor woman gets fool-mated.

IT sounds oddly that a ship-of-war when at sea keeps every one of her guns in port.

OUR BITTERS.—Men who are always giving us "bits" of their minds.

USEFUL RECIPE.—To keep water out, use pitch; to keep it in, use a pitcher.

WHEN is an old boot like a barrel of beer? When it is tapped and sold.

WHY is a child whose mother goes to sea like a city in France? Kaze it's mail.

DRUNKENNESS, which is called the besotting sin of the age, is more peculiarly the besotting one.

WHY is an old worn out halfpenny like an apparatus for distilling liquors? Because it is a copper still.

ONE of the saddest descriptions one can give of a household, is that the master of it "generally goes out of an evening."

WHAT is the difference between a ship and crew? One sails upon the sea and the others seizes upon the sails.

WHEN you go out to slide on the ice, choose a pond without water, and then you will be sure not to get drowned.

JEREMIAH was telling how much he liked calves' head for dinner, when the mistress exclaimed, "Oh, you cannibal!"

LOOKS LIKE BUSINESS.—The Federal authorities have appointed for the army a surgeon-artist in wooden legs. Does this indicate a forward or back movement?

POP.—"Popping the question" derives its significance from the fact that it has become a

condition precedent of legally increased population.

PITY.—A "New York lawyer" writes—"Transcendentalism is two holes in a sand-bank—a storm, was away the sand-bank without disturbing the holes."

THAT'S SO.—Things are queerly connected. A late statistician says fall out old maids should marry, the manufacturers of single bedsteads would be utterly ruined.

HUSBANDING.—There is a lady in Boston who was husband to her husband before they were married, and who has given him three husbands since marriage. Her name was Husband, which was unchanged by marriage.

A REFLECTION ABOUT AUTUMN LEAVES.—Like the seasons, so are the Yankee soldiers. It's the beginning of the winter and the clothes of the summer with them.

CHANCE.—A gentleman in an island town tendered a dollar bill to pay a charge of sixty cents, and was greatly offered for, as the pennies seemed to represent the balance due to him.

AMENDMENT NEEDED.—We hear a deal about suspending the Habeas Corpus in America; but when the Government catches a traitor, why doesn't it suspend the Corpus, and let the Habeas go?

A MISTAKE.—When Jack Jones discovered that he had polished his mate's boots instead of his own, he called it an aggravating instance of "laboring, and confoundedly hard, too, under a mistake."

"EMS."—If you would have a wife who is "one of a thousand," you should marry an Emily, or an Emma, for any printer can tell you that "ems" are counted by thousands.

HOOPS.—A sprightly editor, in reply to a correspondent who asks her if she wears hoops, exclaims: "Hoops, indeed! why, we don't wear anything else!" The italics are her own. We suppose she tells the naked truth.

STRICT PRINCIPLES.—A man who married a Jewess, shortly afterwards joined the temperance society, and never dared to kiss his wife from that day, because he considered himself propped up by the pledge from meddling with Jew-lips (Julips).

A MODEST PAIR.—The man who returned his neighbor's borrowed umbrella was seen a day or two ago walking in company with the young lady who passed a looking-glass without taking a peep. It is believed they are engaged.

STATE'S EVIDENCE.—The *Albany Argus* says of a brother editor, that his "allusions to the subject of temperance would come from him with better effect if his nose had not turned State's evidence against his mouth."

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—A new paper called the *Porcupine* has lately been established in New York. We do not know who the "quill" under the faithful *Porcupine* are; but we trust that the journal in question will not stick its subscribers.

ATTENTION, MEN.—Never quarrel with a lady. If you are troubled with her, retreat; if she abuses you, be silent; if she tears your cloak, give her your coat; if she boxes your ears, bow to her in return; if she tears your eye out, feel your way to the door and—fly.

AGED.—Sambo bought a patriarchal turkey. "I took him home," says he, "my wife bile him two hours, and den him crow!" My wife den you him to get wit six pound o' larders, and he kick 'em all out; he mus' 'a been as old as dat Kefoeholm."

SHIPPLAVERS.—A Yankee newspaper editor seeing his neighbors issuing shipplasters for change, concluded to do the same. He handed out copies of his newspaper, valued at four cents each. We do not doubt that they

were better worth the money than the shipplasters in circulation.

SPOTTING.—As two country lads were passing a druggist's establishment where a sign was exhibited which bore on it the words, "Congress Water," one asked the other what sort of water that was. "Why, you fool," replied his companion, "that's what they *spout* at Congress!"

DRAFTING IMMORAL.—There is a man in Lorain County, Ohio, who, having been examined by the drafting surgeon for various diseases, and pronounced sound as to all of them, fell back upon the *moral* of the question, and declared a draft to be immoral and unconstitutional, because it was a *game of chance*!

YENDANT.—A chap reading in a paper that Mexican *flor* had been received in Boston, went into a hardware store and asked to look at some of them. He is probably the brother of the man who inquired for a pound of Liverpool *dates*, received by one of the Cunard steamships.

PREPARING.—One of the editors of the *Ohio State Journal*, having received a threatening letter, thus drily disposes of the missile:—"The junior editor of the *Ohio State Journal* presents his compliments to his friends and fellow-citizens, and invites them all to his funeral the day after he is killed."

FORGERIES WITH THE FUR OR.—Some fellow has been doing a few of the Pennsylvania banks with forged drafts to a large amount. He represented himself as being connected with the fur trade in New York—which is quite possible, if we take the Latin meaning of the word *fur*, which signifies a thief.

BLEACHED AND BROWN.—A COINCIDENCE.—The domestic dry goods market of New York is reported as follows:—"Bleached goods for the last two weeks have not advanced in the same ratio with brown fabrics." It has been the same in the political market. White men have been nowhere, and John Brown fabrics exceedingly lively.

FASHIONABLE ABERFARRY.—"Among the arrivals chronicled at an up-town hotel," says *Family Fair*, "we see the name 'Virtue, of England.' Was the article so badly used over the water that it has lost its luster from the top? We will do what we can for the Virtue of England, but are afraid that it will have a poor time of it here."

SHARP.—The following is a specimen of sharp-shooting between a coquette and her lover:

"You men are angels when you woo the maid.  
But devil when the marriage vow is paid."

The lover, not to be outdone, replied as follows:

"To the change, dear girl, we are always driven;  
For we find ourselves in hell instead of heaven."

LADIES WIGGLES.—Some wag says—speaking of ladies in their present fashionable rig—that "you gaze on this curious concern as if wiggles along the streets, and are reminded of soldiers' tents with steamers waving from the top." "Wiggles" is good, as describing the present popular gait, though we should not have thought of applying it.

IN THE FASHION.—Little Sis: "Oh, Bubby, I'm a-goin' to have a hooped dress, an crystal-shell bonnet, a pair of ear-drops, and a little baby!" Little Bub: "The thunder you is! Well, I'm goin' to have a pair of tight pants, a Shanghai coat, a shaved head, a crooked cane, and a pistol!"

ABOUT SO.—Mr. Vinton once said the threat of secession reminded him of a man in Buffalo who fastened an old canoe to the stern of a steamer, to be towed up the lake. After the boat had got under way, her wheels threw water into the scow, and she was in danger of sinking. The owner cried out to the captain—"Hold on, there! If you don't stop throwing water into this I'll make you." "Well," said the captain,

"what will you do?" "Do," shouted the enraged man, "I'll cut the rope, and let your old steamer go to thunder."

COOL.—A Hroser editor thus pathetically appeals to his debtors for a supply of fuel. It was written during a recent cold snap:—"Those in arrears for last year, or who wish to pay their subscriptions in wood this year, would accommodate us, and perhaps save the county the cost of an inquest, by sending it in before we freeze."

MALE.—That was a mean scamp who feigned deafness in order to cheat a poor washerwoman out of a few cents. The washing came to a quarter-dollar, and he handed her ten cents. "It's a quarter, sir, if you please." "Oh, keep it all—keep it all; you are a poor woman, and need it;" and that was all the poor woman could get.

DIVORCE.—Ten couples being before the El Dorado District Court for divorce, a California paper says, meaning, perhaps, to be funny, but in reality giving a nib for serious reflection, "Let them be joined sunder since they have come to either spouse." How many are farthest apart in spirit, taste, temper, when deemed the nearest together!

SMART.—In one of the Western towns the postmaster has, by skilful manœuvring, managed to retain his office from the time of Harrison and Tyler down to the present day. Being asked how he managed to keep his office through so many changes of Administration, he replied, that "it would take a mighty smart Administration to change quicker than he could."

WHAT THEY WANTED.—The hymn we heard in meeting the last time:—"O take a pill, O, take a pill, O take a pilgrim home!" The hymn we heard—treble and soprano by the fair portion of creation:—"O for a man, O for a man, O, for a man-sion in the skies!" The one Pinks heard the bass singer at:—"O, send down Sal, O, send down Sal, O, send down Sal—ra-lee!"

A SWILING ALLIGATOR.—"Well, how do you like the looks of the varmint?" said a "south-wester" to a "down-easter," who was gazing with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a huge alligator, with wide-open jaws, on the muddy banks of the Mississippi. "Wal," replied the Yankee, "he ain't what you may call an *hannum* critter, but he's got a great deal of *openness* when he smiles!"

CONDUCTOR.—"Who are you asking a long-legged Connecticutian of? Another orated conductor on the New Haven Railroad. 'All I am the conductor of these ears.' 'And all the folks in 'em, I s'pose?' 'Yes.' (Shorter than pie-crust.) 'Wall, I s'wore! if that ain't a poorty go! You a conductor of other folks, and dunno how low conduct yourself! Gosh!"

A HOSE.—"I'll tell you, ole feller, I'm a hose—name and tell!" bellowed a fellow, whose only symptom of claiming kinred with the noble beast he named was his being pretty well covered, to a moustached cockney, who was putting on hairs in a public place. "I can't heractly agree that you har h'oss," said the individual, who aspirated his sitches, "but hi may safely say you har h'ar h'ass!"

NO BOWELS.—An atrocious landlord threatened to turn a poor widow out into the street for non-payment of rent. After beseeching him not to expose herself and her "fatherless children" to the peltings of the pitiless storm, and finding that her supplications had no effect to move his stony heart, she ejaculated, "Have you no bowels of compassion?"—"No, no'm'm," he replied, "not a bowel."

WOULD NOT TAKE THE AIR.—A perronee inebriate, who, having fallen under the festive board at a disgracefully early hour, was strongly

urged by his friends to get out and take the air, "Never!" he said—"a billion times never!" But they nevertheless took him quietly up and set him out on the door-steps. "I'm out here," he said, "by brute force. Thax was (hic) I'm out here; but 'I yer shink I'm gon' to take er air, yer very much 'stakom!"

TANNING.—"O Father," said a hopeful archlin to his paternal relative, "why don't our school-master send the editor of the newspaper an account of the tannings he gives the boys?" "I don't know," said the fond parent; "but why do you ask such a question?" "Why, that paper says that Mr. Brown has tanned three thousand hides at his establishment during the past year, and I know that old Furney has tanned over a hundred more'n twice as many times—the editor ought to know it."

SMILE EXPEDIENTS.—The *Philadelphia Press* treats its readers to the following bit of military information:—"Straggling Stopped." The pernicious practice of straggling, heretofore prevalent in the army of the Potomac, has been effectually checked by a simple expedient. All stragglers, whether officers or men, have one half of their head shaved for the first offence, the whole head shaved for the second, and death is the penalty for the third." As it appears from the above that neither the simple expedient of shaving half, nor that of shaving all the hair off the head has been found an effectual check upon straggling, we are to suppose that the third is the only preventive after all, and that it is properly to be looked upon as a "simple expedient?"

NOVEL LOCOMOTIVE.—In a certain Sabbath-school the superintendent made a powerful appeal to the scholars to be active and useful, and among other things, he told them they should all be locomotives, each taking along its train toward heaven. The next Sabbath, just as school opened, in came one of the best and most zealous boys with the school new scholars behind him, and went up the aisle uttering a noise, *peff, peff, peff*, imitative of the engine, to the amazement of the superintendent, teachers, and scholars. "What does this mean?" said the astonished superintendent. "Why," said the boy, "you said we must all be locomotives, and here I am with thirteen cars behind me."

EFFECTS OF DRAFT.—A rhymester, writing about the alarming diseases which afflict the Yankee "labeled-body" citizens since the ordering of a draft, says:

One is halt, and one is blind, a third is dead as any  
A fourth is gone in consumption, and can hardly walk at noon;  
A fifth is dying daily from a weakness of the spine,  
And a sixth is fading slowly in a general decline.  
If *Jess* Davis was a man of any gunpowder, he would know  
That he wastes his ammunition when he shoots a dying foe!  
Just let him halt in Dixie till a few more months are  
And I'm sure our "loyal citizens" will nearly all be dead!

PICTURE OF A RIVAL.—A Western newspaper thus "sets up" the editor of a rival journal: "The editor of the *Hooking Sentinel* seems to be much exercised about the tone of our paper. Did any of our readers ever see this man of the *Bedford*? If not, here is a description of him:—Take a six-bushel sack, about as long one way as the other; fill it with bran; hit both ends heavily with a club, so as to swell it out largely in the centre. Scant it well throughout with bad whiskey and onions, and you have him physically, small and all. Take a half-witted, wicked Holstonator, ajest in him the largest possible amount of conceit; extract from him three-fourths of his brains, and all his principle; beat him over the head until he forgets what little he did know, and you have him intellectually."

#### WITTHOLOGICAL ANALYSIS.

There is a singular bit of musing, not heretofore commented on, we believe, between Diodorus, the architect of the famous Cretan Labyrinth, and the modern irrepressible negro. Ovid, we think it is, who says as follows, in his account of the building of that intricate edifice:

"Great Diodorus of Athens was the man  
Who made the draught."

And with the Yankee, prithee, gentle reader, who is "the man who made the draft?" Who but the irrepressible negro, but for whom no draft would have been needed.

There's nothing new in the so-called American fancy drinks. Circe, a daughter of Titan, (originally 'Tig'um, from his taste for liquor), was quite famous for the manufacture of herb drinks. It is stated that peries in the habit of frequenting her saloon eventually became metamorphosed into swine—which is precisely the result to be observed in the saloons of modern American Circes.

Men are tougher, in some respects, than the mythical personages of old. Aedon was killed by a boar. Thousands have survived the speeches of George Francis Train.

#### AGE BLUNTLY CONSIDERED.

A Age advances, ails and aches attend;  
It ails builded broadest busts, none heed;  
C cutting cruel comes consuming loss,  
D daling delusions, dively, despair.  
E empty endeavor, eventually ends;  
F fully forgotten, forgotten friends;  
G grief, grief, grief, grief, grief, grief,  
H hosen humbly, hard hearted hate,  
I intention, intention, intention,  
J justly, justly, justly, justly, justly,  
K knowledge, knowledge, knowledge, knowledge,  
L laze, laze, laze, laze, laze, laze,  
M merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,  
N natures, natures, natures, natures,  
O oars, oars, oars, oars, oars, oars,  
P peep, peep, peep, peep, peep, peep,  
Q quaking, quaking, quaking, quaking,  
R raring, raring, raring, raring,  
S sallying, sallying, sallying, sallying,  
T talking, talking, talking, talking,  
U unkind, unkind, unkind, unkind,  
V vices, vices, vices, vices, vices, vices,  
W wailing, wailing, wailing, wailing,  
X xenon, xenon, xenon, xenon,  
Y youth, youth, youth, youth, youth,  
Z zephyr, zephyr, zephyr, zephyr.

#### THE DUTCHMAN AND INFORMERS.

If half the cleverness exhibited in petty swindling were only diverted to purposes of honesty, our list of successful business men would be largely increased. But the poverty which sharpens the wit blunts the moral sense, and roguery glazes in their skilful subterfuges. Here is a case in point. A shrewd way of obtaining a "smile" has not been devised.

Three ragged, wretched toppers stood shivering upon a street corner. They had not a penny between them, and neither had they a drop—in half an hour. They debated the deeply interesting question—how to obtain the next glass. After many impracticable suggestions, one of them said:

"I have an idea! We'll all go in the next shop and drink."  
"Drink!" replied his companions, "that's easily said; but who's to pay?"  
"Nobos!" Do as I tell you. I'll take the responsibility."

Following the speaker's directions, his two companions entered an adjoining saloon and called for whiskey skers. The place was kept by a Dutchman. After he had waited on his customers, and while they were enjoying their orthodox beverage at the counter, in walked toper No. 1.

"How are ye?" to the Dutchman.  
"How do do?" said the Dutchman.  
"Toper No. 1 placed suspiciously at toper No. 2."

No. 2 and 3, and beckoning the proprietor aside asked mysteriously :

"Do you know these men?"

The Dutchman stared.

"I know no more as dat dey call for de whiskey skins."

"Don't take any money of them," whispered No. 1.

"Sir! I not take money for de whiskey skins?" said the astonished landlord.

"No; they are informers!"

"Hey! informers!"

"Yes; they buy liquor of you so as to inform against you."

"Ah! I understand," said the Dutchman.

"Dey not catch me. Tank you, sir. You take something?"

"I don't object," and Toper No. 1 took away with his companions.

"What's to pay?" quoth No. 2, putting his hand into his empty pocket.

"Nothing," said the Dutchman. "Me no sell liquor to me keys for my friends."

And having smiled the supposed informers out of the door, he manifested his gratitude by generously inviting the supposed anti-informer to take a second glass. Of course No. 1 did not decline the invitation.

## DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL.

### SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, the chief city of the State of California, and the principal commercial emporium on the Pacific coast of North America, is in lat. 37 deg. 46 min. N., long. 122 deg. 23 min. W. The mission of San Francisco do Asisi, frequently called the mission Dolores, was founded Oct. 9, 1776, by a Franciscan monk, Francisco Palou and Benito Cambon, both natives of Spain. Their establishment grew, and in 1825 it had 75,000 head of neat cattle, 79,000 sheep, 3,034 heads of 600 bushels of wheat and barley, merchandise worth 35,000 dol., 25,000 dol. in cash, and about 1,600 Indians. For 58 years the missionaries had complete control of the mission, and it prospered without interruption until in 1834 the missions in California were secularized and given over to civil officers. Their downfall was then most rapid. In a few years nothing remained save the adobe buildings, and they would not have been left if any profit could have been made by carrying them away. One of the first effects of the new policy of secularising the missions, placing the country under the control of the civil power, and encouraging colonization, was the establishment of the village of Yerba Buena, which was situated near the present site of the city hall. The first house was erected in 1835, and others followed slowly. The first survey of streets and town lots was made in 1839. A small trade was done in exporting hides, selling wheat to the Russians, furnishing supplies to whalers, and trading with the *rancheros* in the neighborhood. Very few vessels entered the harbor, and those which came usually anchored either at Sausalito or near the presidio or fort. In midsummer of 1846 an American man-of-war entered the harbor, and took possession of the place in the name of the United States. The town was then only a Yerba Buena until Jan. 30, 1847, when the *ayuntamiento* or town council changed it to San Francisco. In the next month a census was taken, and showed a population of 459 persons. Gold was discovered in the spring of 1848, and the town was deserted by many of its inhabitants in June to October; but the return of the adventurers in the autumn, the arrival of others from abroad, the increase of shipping, the abundance of money, and the profits of trade, soon built up a city, and in 1849 San Francisco had become a great centre of commerce. Such rapidity of growth was never before seen. But

the houses were crowded together and built of combustible materials, and several great fires occurred; the first was on Dec. 24, 1849, and the estimated loss was 1,000,000 dol.; the next was on May 4, 1850, loss 3,000,000 dol.; the third on June 14 of the same year, loss 3,000,000 dol.; the fourth on May 2, 1851, loss 7,000,000 dol.; the fifth on June 22, 1851, loss 2,400,000 dol., making a total of 16,000,000 dol. lost by fire within 18 months in a city whose population did not then exceed 30,000. These fires scarcely interrupted the prosperity of the place, so great was its business. Its growth continued to advance until Jan., 1854, when the decline commenced, and the number of built construction was 1,000. Aug., 1858, when it again began to rise, and the second era of prosperity is not yet at an end. The city is situated at the N.E. corner of a peninsula which divides the bay of San Francisco from the Pacific ocean. This peninsula is 18 m. wide at the base and 6 m. wide at its N. point. The city stands 6 m. from the ocean, on the sloping and at the base of high hills. In 1846 these hills were steep and cut up by numerous gullies, and the low ground at their base was narrow, save in what is now the S. part of the city, where there was a succession of hills of loose, barren sand, impassable for loaded wagons. In front of the town of Yerba Buena, as it was called previous to 1847, was a cove extending 4 m. into the land and 1 m. wide, between the projecting points of land known as Clark's point and Rincon point, which formed its sides. Along the front line of this cove the water was 40 feet deep, and around its edges there were mud flats which were bare at low tide. The low hills have been covered with gullies and hollows filled up, the hills cut down, and the cove filled in; and where large ships rode at anchor in 1849 are now paved streets. The country around the city is bare, with no trees and little fertile land within 20 m. The greater part of the peninsula is lilly, and unfit for cultivation. There is but one stream flowing out of the city, and the traveler does not reach pleasant landscape until he is 12 m. away from San Francisco. The business streets are built up densely, but beyond that the houses are scattered at considerable intervals, and the settled part of the city may be said to cover an area of 9 square miles. In the S. E. corner of the city is Telegraph-hill, 294 feet high; in the S. E. corner Rincon-hill, 120 feet; and on the W. side Russian-hill, 360 feet. The densely settled streets are in the amphitheatre formed by the three hills. The streets are straight and run at right angles to each other. In the old survey or northern part of the city, the direction of the street is with the meridian, and at right angles to it; the width of most of the streets is 60 feet, and the size of the blocks is 275 by 412 ft. Each block is composed of 6 lots, 60 varas or 374 feet square, the survey having been made while Mexican law and Spanish measures prevailed. In the new survey, separated from the old survey by the street, the streets run N.E. and S.W., and S.E. and N.W., and are 82 feet wide; the blocks are 550 feet square, each composed of 4 lots, 100 varas or 275 feet square. There are 12 squares reserved for public use, but only one of them, called the Plaza or Portsmouth-square, is an ornament to the city. The bustle of the city is from the old and new streets. The others are planked, both in the carriage-way and on the sidewalk. These planks are mostly of fir, from 2 to 3 inches thick, and are brought from Humboldt Bay and Puget Sound. The city is supplied with gas, made from imported coal, and water is brought by two aqueducts, one from the Creek, 5 m. W. of the city hall, the other from San Mateo Creek, 20 m. S. There are 3 omnibus routes in the city, and a railroad 3 m. long. The principal public buildings are the U. S. custom-house, mint, and marine hospital, the city hall, 3 theatres, 4 hospitals, 2 orphan asylums,

and 1 convent. The city hall is 3 stories high, and has a tasteful front of yellow sandstone; it was built for a theatre, and was purchased by the city in 1852 for 200,000 dol. The custom-house is built on raised ground, where the waters of the bay formerly flowed, and stands upon piles, which were driven about 30 feet through soft earth to reach a solid bottom. The foundation of the building cost 250,000 dol., and the whole structure 800,000 dol. The metropolitan theatre is one of the largest and handsomest structures of the kind in the United States. The city has 12 daily and weekly newspapers, and 4 monthly magazines. Of the dailies, 7 are published in the morning, 1 in the afternoon. 5 are English, 2 French, and 2 Spanish. Of the weeklies, 1 is Methodist, 1 Southern Methodist, 1 Congregationalist, 1 Roman Catholic, 1 Jewish, 1 Agricultural, 1 military, and 1 devoted to mining. There are 25 churches, viz.: 3 African, 1 Baptist, 1 Congregational, 4 Episcopal, 2 Jewish, 4 Methodist, 3 Presbyterian, 6 Roman Catholic, and 1 Unitarian. The number of communicants in the Protestant churches is about 1,000. The Chinese Catholics are attended by a priest of their own nation educated in Rome. There are 26 common schools, sustained entirely by public funds; and during the year ending July 1, 1860, they had an average daily attendance of 2,880. The whole number of children in the city between the ages of 4 and 18 is 7,776. Of the 26 schools, one is a high school, another a school for pupils of African blood, one for Chinese children, and 2 evening schools, one of the last being for foreigners. There are 67 teachers, the principals (men) of the grammar-schools, according to 300 dol. per annum; the first assistants (women) 105 dol., and the second assistants 95 dol. The schools are said to be equal to any public schools in the United States. Their cost during the year ending July 1, 1861, was 114,000 dol. There are about 3,000 children attending private schools. The Germans, Swiss, Swiss-Germans, French, Americans, Scandinavians, Hibernians, German Jews, Polish Jews, and Irish have each a mutual benevolent society. The Chinese have 3 or 4 societies which take care of their own sick. The German and French benevolent societies have each a hospital. There is no almshouse in San Francisco, nor is there any public provision for paupers, who are few in number. Persons are sometimes seen begging, but it is scarcely an exaggeration to say there are no genuine beggars in the city. The population in 1852 was 34,870; in 1860, according to the census, 56,805, though it is supposed actually to have amounted to 70,000, and at present to nearly 80,000. Of the estimated number of 70,000 inhabitants, 40,000 were probably Americans, 12,000 Irish, 5,000 Germans, 4,000 British, 3,000 French, and 2,000 Chinese. The number of Spanish Americans is small. Among the Chinese there are very few women. There are probably 3 adult men in the city to one adult woman.

NEW YORK city boasts two hundred astrologers, clairvoyants, and fortune-tellers.

THERE are 171 places in the United States called Washington.

THE New York *Tribune* thinks there are not less than two hundred thousand men in the Union armies to-day of Irish birth or lineage.

APPLES are so plentiful in Western New York that they can be bought for fifty cents a barrel! Potatoes show no symptoms of disease, and the best ones are sold for a dollar a barrel, including package.

THE highest bounty yet heard of was given by a Philadelphia gentleman for a substitute in place of his son. He gave a tenant of his a house worth 4,500 dol., free of all incumbrances, and the family of the substitute now occupy the property.



# THE SCRAP BOOK

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ONE PENNY.



A CATAPROPHIE.

## ASTREA;

OR,

### THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the *New York Ledger*.)

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"THE HIDDEN HAND," "HORE ELDER," "HODORA,"

"THE DOOM OF DEVILLE,"

&c., &c., &c.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

#### THE FISH-BOY AGAIN.

Look into his eyes, and thou wilt find  
A sadness in their beams,  
Like the pensive shade that willows cast  
(In a sky retreating stream,  
There's a sweetness of sound in his talking tones,  
Betraying the gentle spirit he owns. ELIZA COLE.

WE must now take up the fortunes of Welby

Dunbar, and explain the reason of the resumption of his boyhood's name.

To do this we must make a brief retrospect of a few years.

When Mrs. Greville, accompanied by her daughter and her supposed stepson, left America for Europe, she made her arrangements for a lengthened absence.

On her arrival in England, she engaged a highly-accomplished governess for her daughter, a very learned tutor for her son, necessary attendants for herself, and with this large party left again for the Continent.

She extended her travels not only through Europe, but over Asia and into Africa.

At the end of three years she returned with her party to England, placed her son at the University of Cambridge, where at his own desire he was to study the profession of law, and then proceeded to Paris, where she took up her

residence, and engaged the best masters to complete the education of her daughter.

Welby Dunbar, or Mr. Greville, as he still continued to be called, entered the University with the resolution to make the very best use of his opportunities while there. And he applied himself to study with such unremitting assiduity as to graduate with great honor before he had reached the supposed age of twenty-one (for poor Welby had no accurate knowledge of what his own age really was); but of course he had entered upon the enjoyment of Fulk's Greville's birthday as he did upon all that young gentleman's other possessions and privileges—advantages which Welby did not intend to have forced upon him for one hour beyond that in which he should reach his supposed majority and be free to cast them off.

Although he had graduated, he was still, by Mrs. Greville's desire, continuing his legal studies,



at Cambridge, in the office of a distinguished lawyer there, and he could not fit his next birthday to declare his identity and independence, when he received a letter from that lady, enclosing a cheque for a thousand pounds, and desiring him to occupy and improve himself by visiting all the principal law-courts in Europe, while she and her daughter made another excursion to the East.

You see that Mrs. Courtney, except in the state and history of her mode of travel, was another Madame Ida Pfeiffer.

As soon as Welby got this letter, as he wanted but two days of his supposed majority, he set out immediately for Paris, hoping to intercept Mrs. Greville's journey, and resolving to make his disclosure.

But when he reached Paris he found that the lady and her party had already left for Marseilles. He lost no time in hurrying down to that port, where upon his arrival he learned that the Oriental Steam Packet Company's ship *Filicos* had sailed on her before for Alexandria, having on board Mrs. Greville, her son, and two servants. No other packet for that port would sail for a month. To overtake them was now impossible.

Therefore there was nothing farther for Welby to do but to take the goods Fate forced upon him and obey his patroness. He did visit all the principal law-courts on the Continent, and if the truth must be told, found himself rather confused than improved by their conflicting practices. He heard occasionally from Mrs. Greville and Lois, who were extending their travels as far as they could possibly penetrate with safety into the interior of Africa. And he wrote whenever these accounts afforded him a chance that they would get his letter.

So passed two years and a half, at the end of which time, having sufficiently mystified himself with the science of justice as administered in the various law-courts of Europe, Welby Dunbar fled himself for the winter in Paris. He had just received his letter from Mrs. Greville, dated Calcutta, giving him an account of her travels through Asia, and enclosing an order on her London banker for another thousand pounds, but fixing no time for her return. He answered this letter, but still reserved his disclosure for a personal interview.

However, in settling himself in Paris, he reassumed his own name. He left his card with the American Minister and with other resident Americans. And without the advantage of a single letter of introduction (for while many would have introduced him as Mr. Greville, who would have presented him as Mr. Dunbar?), by the simple force of his personal worth he gained many good friends and even a considerable office practice. It was his intention, on returning to America, to apply for admission to the New York bar. There was but one drawback to Mrs. Greville's—and that was an embarrassing meeting with some one who had known him as Mr. Welby. He resolved in such a case to adopt the only remedy—a full explanation of his singular position. But there was little likelihood of such an event, as during his residence at Cambridge he had avoided forming acquaintances, and afterwards, in going the rounds of the law-courts of Europe, he had travelled incognito.

Early in the spring, to his great astonishment, Welby Dunbar received a letter from his patroness, dated New York, telling him that she had formed the acquaintance of an American family at Calcutta, who were on the eve of sailing for their native country, and that she suddenly formed the resolution of joining their party and returning with them. That she had written to him, giving him all this news, on the eve of sailing; but fearing that he had not got that letter, as the mails were so uncertain, she repeated the intelligence here. She concluded by entreating her dear son to join her as soon as possible in New York.

Welby Dunbar wished nothing better than that. He engaged his passage in the first steamer that was to sail from Havre, and immediately commenced preparations for his voyage. It was while employed in this agreeable task that he learned the American Minister had been recalled home and would return in the same steamer with himself. And the next day after receiving this intelligence, he was introduced to Miss Ida Pfeiffer, who was introduced to him by the same means. It is a reader's strong knees, and we do not seek to tell her with his professional services in her search after her daughter.

The whole party sailed together from Havre, and in due time arrived safely at New York, or rather at the landing at Jersey City.

There was an express train to start for Washington in an hour, and no other one until the next morning. The impatience of Madame de Glens to see her daughter would upon no account admit of twelve hours' delay. So without allowing her young attorney time to call and see his friends, or even to cross over to the city, she, and in fact the whole party, took the express train, after admiring that admiring train.

You have already seen how lucky they were in meeting Captain Fuljoy at their hotel in Washington; how prompt they were in hurrying down to Fuljoy's Island; and how overwhelmed with consternation, sorrow, and despair at the intelligence that met them there.

They heard how Madame de Glens, the first to recover from the terrible shock, and to doubt the fact of the murder of *Astoria*, resolved to remain and prosecute her investigations in the neighbourhood of the Isle, while she sent her young attorney to advertise the missing girl through all the principal cities of the continent.

Young Welby Dunbar went first to New York. One city was as good as another to begin with, and he was really very impatient to see Mrs. Greville and Miss Howard, make his important disclosure to them, and learn upon what terms he was permitted to remain with them.

The western gate was open, and had already given him, the greatest assurance it was fit to give to the trouble of his young life. And now that the problem approached its solution, this assurance was augmented to the most poignant sympathy. He loved, admired, and honored Mrs. Greville, and was very proud of her as his adopted mother. It would be terrible to him to lose her affection and esteem. But *Edith Howard* was the star of his life. He loved her with all the passion of his soul. She was also his betrothed bride. To lose her! He could conceive no possibility of a future life on this planet for himself after such a crushing calamity.

If it were not for this disclosure only for a few weeks he might marry her, and make her and her fortune irrevocably his own!

If he should make this disclosure, he might, and probably would, lose her for ever.

Yet it was his duty to make it, and so, come what would of calamity, it must be made.

In the midst of his keen personal anxiety, he did not forget the business of his mission. He had arrived in the city late at night. But immediately after breakfast the next morning, he went out and distributed among the daily papers a carefully-worded advertisement, offering a large reward for reliable information regarding the missing girl. This duty occupied him all the morning. At noon he returned to his hotel, took a slight repast, made a fresh toilet, and set out to call upon Mrs. Greville, at the earliest hour that lady was expected to be visible.

He soon reached Madison-square, and paused in sorrowful and anxious contemplation before the familiar house. With how many strange memories of pain and pleasure was it connected! Here he had been forcibly dragged from a state of utter poverty and destitution to one of wealth and luxury. Here he had found a mother. Here he had first met Lois Howard. But now how now? Should he cross that threshold,

make his intended revelation, and leave the house he would be ever be permitted to return to it again?

These were questions he scarcely dared to ask himself. He hurried up to the door and knocked, and he wondered, while he waited for admission, if any of the old servants who had known him in his boyhood as *Ida Greville* would appear to add to his embarrassment. He need not have been uneasy. Long years of absence on the part of the family had effected an entire change in the domestic service of Mrs. Greville's establishment. Not one of the old servants remained. A stranger came to the door.

Welby Dunbar smiled his card. The footman bowed, and he into that well-remembered little reception parlor into which, as a boy, he had once been dragged. It had undergone a thorough renovation, and instead of gold-colored curtains, sofas, and chairs, it was furnished with pale blue.

Welby had scarcely noticed these changes when the door opened, and a lady in an elegant morning dress of some fine floral fabric, white and sprinkled with gold—sailed majestically into the room. It was Mrs. Greville, looking as youthful and stately, as fresh and blooming, as she had looked with many years ago. Time seemed to have but little power over her majestic beauty.

As soon as her eyes fell upon young Dunbar, a ray of surprise and joy lighted up her face, and she leaned towards him with extended hands, exclaiming:

"Fulke! Oh my son! What a happy surprise! Why, when did you arrive? You must have left Paris immediately after the receipt of my letter! Did you get my letter from Calcutta?"

Welby could not answer all her questions in a breath, as she had asked them, so he confined his attention to the last, and replied, as he received and returned her embrace:

"I missed your letter from Calcutta; but I received the last from New York, and I left Paris with the express train."

"You good boy! But when did you arrive? There has been no steamer in for three or four days. I know it, because I have been looking out for a letter from you, not hoping to see you so soon in person," said the lady, in a happy tone, as she sank gracefully into an easy chair, and motioned Welby to take another one near her.

Welby obeyed, and when he was seated, replied:

"I arrived by the *Thames*, a week ago—" "A week ago! you unnatural boy, and you have not called to see me, rather come home to me, and tell me all the news of the world, and yourself all this while?" inquired the lady, with anxiety.

"I came over with a distinguished client, whose business was of such eminent importance that it admitted of not one hour's delay. We did not even cross to the city, but proceeded at once from the custom-house to the station, and took the express train to Washington, where we arrived late the same night. I have been kept busily engaged upon the affairs of my client ever since my arrival in America. It was but last night I returned to New York, and this morning I have sized the first free moment to pay my respects to you," said Welby.

"Fulke! I am glad to see you. I do not like your darning so hard at the drudgery of your profession. There is no earthly necessity for it. You will have quite enough to live upon without it. Not, observe, that I find fault with your having a profession. Every man of talent ought to have one. But I will not have you devote all the time of your young life to the drudgery of a profession. I would like to see you an eminent lawyer, like William Wirt or Daniel Webster."

Welby smiled, as he answered:

"But, my dearest madam, do you imagine





asserted themselves to be my legal guardians. And thus, in despite of all my protestations, I was torn from my humble sphere, and the condition of a gentleman forced upon me—upon me, a poor, forlorn, and nameless orphan. I, my nameless, lady, for of my own origin I know nothing, not even that my parents bore the name which was first given to me. But, oh, lady, do you imagine that even while protesting against the greatest thrust upon him, the poor fish-boy was not much tempted to be silent, and to take the goods that nameless orphan? He was. His one dream—poor outcast as he had been—was to rise to the condition of a gentleman by his own exertions. For that came to this land of freedom and equality. For that he would have toiled long years. And when unperceived the opportunity of springing at once into that rank was forced upon him, did you not think that he was sorely tempted to embrace it? He was, Mrs. Greville, he was. But the boy, poor in everything else, was rich in the possession of a pure conscience; that conscience would not permit him to accept a tempting position to which he had no right. He protested against taking it; and even when he knew that his protestations were all in vain, he warned you, when you should find out your mistake, not to brand him as an impostor. And he resolved that during his minority he would obey his self-styled mother and self-constituted guardians; do all he could to prove himself grateful for their bounty, and make the best use of the knowledge he had for improvement; but that as soon as he should attain his majority, and be free to act for himself, he would, at any sacrifice of personal feeling or pecuniary prospects, abandon a position to which he had no just right. Lady, I appeal to yourself to judge whether the first section of those resolutions were not perfectly reasonable. For the rest, I have to inform you that immediately upon reaching my majority I reassumed my boyhood's name. I went to Paris to seek you, with the intention of making the revelation that I have made this day. But you were then far on your journey to the East. My communication was not such a one as would have been made by letter, or trusted to the uncertainty of the Eastern mail. Thus I was unwillingly compelled to defer it to this long-winded personal interview. This, madam, is the explanation I had to make to you. Lady, in all the years of our intimate friendship you have never known me to vary in the least degree from truth. The statement I now made to you when a boy I repeat to you now that I am a man. Do you now believe me?"

Mrs. Greville had listened in perfect silence to this explanation, and, as gradually the conviction of the truth forced itself upon her mind, she grew paler and paler, until at last, at its close, she sank back in her chair, her very lips were quivering. Her lips were mute—her eyes closed—her face as white as death.

On seeing her condition, Welby's feelings entirely overcame him. Throwing himself at her feet, he seized and covered her hands with kisses, exclaiming in a broken voice:

"Lady! Mrs. Greville! you are more than mother! look at me! speak to me! forgive me! I was no willing impostor!"

"Oh! my son! my son! my lost son!" wailed the lady, in a voice so broken by anguish as to be almost inaudible.

"He is not lost, dear lady; he is not lost! Whatever becomes of the poor fellow at your feet, your son is safe. He is found. And if my resolution to make the disclosure that I have made had required a spur, it would have gained it from the moment that I had certain intelligence of the real Fulk Greville's existence. Lady, listen, and be happy. When he ran away from school, he cast himself upon the protection of his uncle, Captain William Fuljoy, of Fuljoy's Isle, an old retired sea-captain, living on a remote island upon the coast of Maryland: But I believe you know who Captain Fuljoy was. Well, the captain brought him up as his

own son; sent him to the University of Virginia, and afterwards to West Point, and finally procured him a commission in the regular army. Now, behold the rank of a colonel, and behold you, my dear lady, who are universally esteemed as a gentleman of high moral and intellectual excellence. Oh, lady, look up; and while you rejoice in the recovery of your rightful stepson, speak a word of forgiveness—a word of kindness—to the poor fellow who has so long and so unwillingly held his rank in society and his place in your affections!"

"And do you fancy it is of him I think? of him, the froward, the perverse, the stiff-necked boy who fled from my charge, and has held himself aloof from my knowledge all these many years? No, no, no—I thought not of him; but of you, of you, my good, my loving, my true-hearted one! And to think that, after all, you are not my son!" exclaimed the lady, throwing her arms around Welby, dropping her head upon his shoulder, and bursting into a passion of tears.

"Neither spoke for a time; but at length the lady lifted her head, and laying both her hands upon the shoulders of Welby, gazed sadly in his face for some time.

"Oh! I might have known that you were not Fulk Greville. Bearing his perfect form and features as you do, yet your mind is so much lighter, your heart so much tenderer, and your spirit so much more refined than ever his were. Oh, my dear boy! it is scarcely half an hour since I saw you, and before I knew you were away from school, I had cherished him from a sense of duty, and as my late husband's son; but that since you came back you had been so changed that I grew to love you for your own personal merits. Ah, Welby! little did I think that the boy who ran away and the boy who was brought back to me, were in person so different, so different in character, were so different in identity too! And to think that you, so good, so true, so loving, are not my son! Oh, what shall I do! Oh, sorrow! sorrow!" cried Mrs. Greville, bursting anew into tears.

"Lady, dear lady! my mother, my serious, almost stern mother, listen to me! You have been a mother to me, you have saved me from utter indigence, you have made me what I am! But for you I might still have been an oyster-carrier; or, worse than that, in the despair of uncultivated talent and unassisted ambition, I might have been a drunkard or a felon! You saved me from all that! You rescued me almost from the gutter! You gave me a home and a mother! You gave me an education and a profession! You have made me a man! And now, oh lady, let me ask you—is not the boy that you have thus nursed, thus reared, and thus established, as near to you, by all that you have done for him, as any student could be?"

"Yes, yes, my own dear boy, yes; but still I wish you were my stepson—I wish you bore my name! It is hard, it is distressing, to find that you are not what for so many years I held you to be!"

"Mrs. Greville! dear Mrs. Greville! I hope you do not hold me to have been a willing impostor during all these years?" inquired Welby, sadly.

"Impostor! No, my dear. How should you have been? You protested against the position in which we placed you, until you were silenced by authority. You renounced what you were conquered by irresistible force. What, then, would you do but what you have done—seek for your legal majority, when you should be free to act for yourself. My boy, you have acted well throughout, and with a rare wisdom, indeed, in one so young. And so, for my part, I cannot regret the mistake we made since it rescued an excellent lad from the perils of poverty and gave me so good a son, and rendered me happy for so many years. You are my dear, that the effect of the shock your communication gave me is already passing away! I shall get entirely over it presently."

Welby kissed her hands in silence.

"And now let me tell you, Welby, dear Welby, that, though I very much regret that your name is not Greville, yet I cannot let you go. To cease to love you, to cease to take pride in you, to cease to look forward with ambition to your professional career, would be to cease to have a future of my own. To cast you off would be death. Therefore, dear boy, take what name you will, but rest in my house, my only son and best beloved."

"My dearest lady!"

"Mother, Welby—I am still your mother."

"Mother, then—angel-mother, your magnanimity overpowers me! Nothing—no, nothing—not my whole life's devotion can ever repay you!" said the young man, in a voice choked with emotion.

"Do you not know that the delight I take in you repays me? It is something, my dear, to have a son like you!"

"Mother, dear mother, there is another, however, who really has a son's claim upon you. I must not supplant him."

"You allude to Colonel Fulke Greville? For the future I can only regard that gentleman as the son of my late husband! Upon me, or my property, he has no legal claim. His father left no property. It is true that I promised him on his death-bed to provide for Fulke as if he were my own son; and I should have kept my promise, but since he withdrew himself from my protection, and threw himself upon that of his uncle; and since he has remained silent for more than a generation, there can be but little regard for me on his part! Nevertheless, when he marries and settles, I will offer him that portion of property which my affection for his father first prompted me to set aside to accumulate for him. But I have much mistaken the haughty spirit of Fulke Greville if he accepts it."

Here Welby felt inclined to relate the story of Colonel Greville's marriage, with all its singular circumstances; but rightly judging that the lady had heard exciting news enough for one day, he resolved to defer that second communication to another occasion.

"And now," said Mrs. Greville, "there is another who must be informed of this change of name—Lois!"

At the mention of her the blood rushed in torrents to his face, and then receding, left him pale as marble, while his whole frame shook with emotion.

"Why are you so agitated, my dear? Believe me, Lois will not be so much shocked as I was. The young man is so unimpaired with so much more ease than the middle-aged."

"Lois! Lois! oh, madam! how will this revelation affect my relations with Lois?"

Not at all, I imagine; for though not Fulk Greville, you are still my son. And what is more, you are still yourself! And that, my Welby, is, after all, the best prize I can bestow upon you. And if you have not inherited the old time-honoured name of Fulk Greville, yet you will do better than that—you will make your own illustrious. Yes, my dear Welby! I am not young; yet I hope to live to see you an eminent lawyer and statesman yet," said the lady cheerfully.

"Oh! heaven grant that I may fulfil your expectations, mother! But Lois! how shall I tell Lois, that for so many years I have born a false name and held a false position?"

You need not tell her yourself. You have had pain enough—extreme pain, indeed—in making the communication to me. Leave me to inform Lois. I expect her in every moment. So now retire to your hotel, my son, and order your luggage sent here immediately. I will have your room prepared for your reception. Come home in time to dine with us at eight, and then you will see at a glance, by the reception that Lois will give you, what effect my communication has

had upon her, for in the interim it will have been made."

Welby arose and took the lady's kind hand, and pressed it fervently to his lips; but she drew him to her bosom in a warm embrace, and kissed him fondly.

And so Welby left the house he had entered two hours before with so many dreadful misgivings—least it happier than he had ever been in the whole course of his life!—for, as the reader knows, before he had ever seen Mrs. Greville, his boyhood had been made miserable by poverty; and since he had been taken by that lady his youth had been darkened by a sense of his false position, and burdened with the secret that he knew must be told, yet dreaded to tell. Thus Welby had never known true happiness until now. Now the terrible secret was off his breast! now the dreaded revelation had been made, and had not ruined him—had, on the contrary, only confirmed his position, which was no longer a false one.

He walked to his hotel as though he trod on air. When he reached it, he sent his luggage on at once to Madison-square. Then he wrote a letter to Madame de Glacia, telling her of the steps he had already taken towards the discovery of Astréa.

When he had despatched this letter it was full time for him to keep his appointment at Madison-square. He went thither immediately. He was shown into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Greville and Miss Howard waited to receive him.

Lois looked beautiful in her evening dress of rose-colored glacé silk, trimmed with fine lace, and her blooming face shaded with her sunny, autumn ringlets.

As soon as Welby entered she arose and advanced to meet him, holding out her hand, and saying, in her frank and cordial manner:

"I am so very glad to see you, dear Welby! Heaven bless you, Welby! But did you really think that your mere change of name would effect a change in my regard? Why, I think Welby Dunbar quite as pretty a name as Fulke Greville."

He pressed the hand she gave him, and led her back to her seat, where they were immediately joined by Mrs. Greville.

He was too deeply moved to trust himself as yet to speak.

But, happily for the relief of all parties, dinner was served. After a long suppers, there was a joyful reunion. All were happy; but Welby was the happiest of the party. The evening passed pleasantly, in music and conversation. Mrs. Greville and Lois told thrilling incidents and amusing anecdotes of their Eastern travels, and Welby gave an interesting account of his experiences in the last courts of Europe.

Unwilling to separate, they sat up until a very late hour, and even then said "Good night" with reluctance.

In the course of the next few days Mrs. Greville took care to present Mr. Dunbar to her circle of fashionable acquaintances—her new circle—for twelve years she had made a thorough change in the ever-shifting scenes of New York, that upon her return from Europe she found scarcely one of the old set remaining—certainly none that had any distinct remembrance of the lad Welby Dunbar under the name of Fulke Greville.

A handsome office, in an eligible situation, was taken by Mr. Dunbar, and he was soon after admitted to practice at the New York bar.

But, alas! brief were slow to come in to the handsome and talented young lawyer.

"It is because they do not know your power, my dear Welby. How should they, indeed! But do you take up the cause of the indigent widows and orphans—there is always plenty of them, with real or imaginary wrongs to be redressed; volunteer to set for the poor who cannot pay for counsel, and do it with as much zeal as if you had a thousand dollars as a retaining

fee. And that course will at least make you known. And if you do not at first get money, you will get fame. And after that, wealthy clients will flow in upon you faster than you can receive them. I really think your present want is merely for the special benefit of young lawyers, as poor patients were for young doctors. They can't pay, but they make the skill of their benefactors known, and so help them to a more profitable practice," said Mrs. Greville one morning to her son.

Welby felt that this advice was good, and resolved to follow it. But he knew, at the same time, that to gain a lucrative business must be the work of years.

One evening, when he had been home about a fortnight, he found himself alone with Mrs. Greville and Lois, in their pleasant parlor, with no prospect of being interrupted, and seized the opportunity of telling them the strange story of Colonel Greville and Astréa, in all its details, as far as they were known to himself.

Of course, the recital filled his hearers with wonder and compassion.

"That poor, bereaved mother—how terrible her grief must have been! But she was the client whose impatience hurried you off to Washington before you could even call upon us, whom you had not seen for three years! Well, I cannot blame either her or you! Poor lady! I shall write to her a sympathizing letter, and beg her to come on and remain with us while these inquiries proceed," said Mrs. Greville.

And as she was a prompt woman, she wrote at once, and despatched her letter in time to catch the evening mail.

In four days Madame de Glacia's answer came back, written in a beautiful Italian hand, and filled with the fervent gratitude of a warm heart. But she declined to come, and said upon the ground that she could not leave her aged friend Captain Fuljoy, or her imprisoned son-in-law Colonel Greville, both so much afflicted, and so much in need of comfort.

"Perhaps she is right; she is happier with them," said Mrs. Greville; and the subject was dropped.

The marriage of Welby Dunbar and Lois Howard was arranged to take place on the first of the coming month. The ceremony was to be performed at ten o'clock in the morning at Grace Church. The young couple were to return to a sumptuous wedding breakfast, and immediate afterwards set out for a bridal tour to Niagara and the Thousand Isles. They were then to return and take up their permanent residence with Mrs. Greville, for so that excellent but despotic lady would have it. And the young people liked the plan. Lois was deeply attached to the mother from whom she had been so long separated for a day, and the opinion of the one and, homelike, year at school. And as for Welby, it would have been difficult for him to have told which he loved with the most enthusiasm—the stately and beautiful mother, or his lovely bride elect. In sober truth, he adored the one and worshipped the other.

The most splendid preparations were made for the approaching marriage. The first tailors, dress-makers, and jewellers of the city were engaged upon the bride's trousseau. Congratulations poured in upon the family.

The evening before the wedding arrived, the table for the wedding breakfast was already splendidly set out in the dining-room, and the room closed up until the morning.

Lois and Welby sat together in the elegant little reception parlor. Upon a round table, covered with a velvet cloth, in the centre of the room, were arranged the beautiful bridal presents—the magnificent sets of jewels, waistcoats, boxes, a writing-desk of papier-mâché, work-box of malachite, a dressing-case of rose-wood, with silver fittings, &c., &c.

More presents were continually arriving. Lois had risen and was showing Welby a card

case of virgin gold that pleased her fancy, when suddenly the door opened, and Mrs. Greville, pale as death, shaking as with an ague fit, and holding in her hand an open letter, rushed into the room.

"Lois! Welby! Your marriage cannot go forward!" she cried, and tottering towards the nearest sofa, sank into a deep swoon.

(To be continued in our next.)

## MAUD MAYER;

OR,

## THE POWER OF GOLD.

BY MAY FORESTER.

WITH the soft-falling rain of an April day sounding in my ear, and the low murmuring murmur of the spring wind through the tall trees, I will draw my tiny table to the wide window and write you the story of Maud Mayer's life.

You would have known she, Maud Mayer, was beautiful long before she turned her dazzling face to your own; you would have known it by the way she carried her head, the way she looked, the coil of purple hair; by the way she arched her swan-like neck; by her every movement you would have known that Maud Mayer carried a face that one seldom meets with in a life-time. Yes, 'twas a face to sway a man's heart at its will—to bring him from his height of pride down to her level like a star;—a face as beautiful—poorly, dazlingly beautiful—with eyes so large, black, and flashing, that 'twas like looking in a fathomless abyss to search their depths; her lips were full and arched with scorn, showing beneath them a set of teeth white and fair as ivory, gleaming like diamonds on crimson velvet.

'Twas a face that would have made any day that she came to our home, and there was scorn in her eyes when she saw the humble home she must call her home. Maud Mayer was my step-mother's daughter, and had been at school when my father won her lady-mother in the place of the dusky-browed, sweet wife that three years before he had married her home for ever. She had not known the man was poor that her mother had married until that twilight hour when she swept gracefully in our cool, little parlor, startling us all from our sweet thoughts as she asked in her cool, cutting tones "if this was home?" weeping over articles of furniture worn with a slow, stately movement, resting a moment longer on the grand old organ that stood like a sentinel above the rest.

Her mother arose with a slight flush, saying softly:

"Yes, a happy home, daughter, if poor. But why did I not know you were coming, you have told us this for a long time! Have you no kiss for your mother, Maud?"

She bent her lips, and for a second her crimson lips lingered on her mother's cheek; then, gathering her evening dress in her gloved hand, she turned toward me, scanning my thin mufin dress with a keen, sharp glance of her eyes, as she said:

"Show me my room, girl."

My brother started from his seat behind the flowing curtains, tossed the book he was reading on the floor at her feet, and while the hot blood mounted his handsome, daring face, he turned toward her and said:

"My sister is no servant here!"

She laughed, in her way, a quick, ringing laugh, that showed her white teeth, then arching her brows, she said, slowly:

"Indeed! how mistaken a person can be!"

But I saw her small hands clenched in momentary anger, and I saw, too, the glances of admiration that she flung through her eyes as she surveyed his tall, handsome form; for my brother was a splendid man made, with the Spanish blood of my dead mother darkening his face and firing his brain. But she, Maud Mayer, never shrunk from the great fire of his eyes as others had done.

She stood proudly there, giving glance for glance, and word for word, her head thrown back, and the corners of her mouth drooping and quivering with excitement. My father had left the room, and I shrank back in the corner of the sofa, my hands over my eyes, wishing to say one word, yet dreading the angry glances of her eyes like the touch of a knife. At last her mother said:

"Maud, Maud, for my sake cease! Come, I shall show you your exceeding folly."

She turned away with a cool laugh, and followed her mother, bending her head as if in fear 'twould touch the low ceiling.

"When I'm thinking we will have fine times now, little sister, eh?" my brother said, dashing back the black waves of hair from his heated forehead, as he came over the window and pulled to pieces a crimson robe that had fallen from Maud's belt. "What think you, fairy, is little sister Hazy's heart encharmed with handsome Maud Mayer?"

I glanced up at him. He was leaning out of the window, his face all aflame, his proudly curled lips parted with a half-pleased, half-curious smile. I do not think he saw anything there but Maud Mayer's face. He bent forward and drew him toward me, and with a fond caress he knelt down, chafing my waist with his arm resting the other hand on my cheek.

"Well, gippy, what now? There is something on your tongue, I see it shining in those great grey eyes. Come, tell me before queen Maud comes back and takes us all by storm again?"

"Brother Shelby," I said, "you mustn't fall in love with Maud, because—well, because I want you always to love little friend Alice Way. You mustn't forget her, because she loves you dearly."

"Forget little Alice! no, no! Some day I'm going to call her wife—my sweet little flower!" His voice trembled with tenderness, yet even then his eyes wandered impatiently toward the door where Maud must enter.

There was a sound of trailing robes in the hall, and in a moment more Maud appeared on the portico, dressed in a thin, flowing robe of white, her neck and arms bare, but glistening in jewels, and her hair looped back with scarlet roses and green leaves. If she was handsome before she was a thousand times more so now, as she bent carelessly forward, looking down the main road leading to the village, and shading her eyes with a hand white and perfect as marble, with one single clasp of diamonds resting on her taper finger.

"She is beautiful, Hazy," Shelby said, getting up and walking toward the window. "She is beautiful," I heard him repeating to himself.

"Well, what if she is?" I said, sharply; but he never heard me. He was bending out of the window, muttering his fingers with a quick, nervous movement, through his hair.

I threw myself down and covered my face with a sigh, and some tears sprinkled my hands; but in a moment more I heard her talking, her voice low and sweet as music.

"How very rude I have been, Mr. Carleton. What must I do or say to atone?"

"Indeed, Miss Mayer, the rudeness was all on my side. I'm so quick to be angry. It is I who must be forgiven."

"No, no! please don't say so; you make me feel much more than ever. We will shake hands and then be friends for ever."

I saw Shelby bend forward and clasp the hand between his two, while a kiss quivered on his lips, and in a moment more it was placed on the pink fingers. Her eyes dropped instantly, and a warm, rich color crept slowly over her cheek 'till it reached the trailing lashes of her eyes.

"Where is that little sister of yours? I must see her, Mr. Carleton."

My brother turned and called me, and I remained where I was like a block of marble.

"She won't come, eh? Well, I will go to her, for we must be friends."

Shelby assisted her through the low window,

and in a moment she came and laid her hands on my brown curls.

"What a happy moment! I shook them off, and Shelby said:

"For shame, Hazy!"

"That was enough. My hot blood was on fire, and turning upon them like an enraged tiger, I said, quickly, the words coming in torrents:

"For shame, is it? Well, Shelby Carleton, it was no shame, I suppose, when she treated me like a gro girl, ordering me to wait upon her. It was no shame for her to scorn every article in our humble home, when she could boast of no better herself; and it's no shame, I suppose, for you to turn from your sister to接待 a stranger who treated you like a dog?"

I turned away with a loathing gesture of my hand as she attempted to speak, but Shelby sprung toward me, and drew me before her, saying harshly:

"Hazy Carleton, ask her pardon."

"Sooner to a dog!" I answered, fairly bowling myself with anger.

"Hazy! Hazy! Hazy! Carleton!" His hands were held out in a vengeful gesture. His powerful arms chained mine to his. I quivered from head to foot.

"This will not do, little sister. It's seldom the Spanish blood overleaps the other in you, and when it does, it comes full force. Now listen to me Hazy, my little Hazy."

I fearfully settled, and when the angry tide swept away before his kind words, I was left weak as an infant.

"Poor little one," he said, drawing me to his bosom, and laying his cheek against my head. "You don't know how I love her, Miss Mayer, and his seldom my Hazy seeks me like she has to-day, just because I wanted to make you two friends."

"I don't like her," I said, quickly, feeling a little stronger after the words.

"You don't? Well, I like you, Miss Hazy Carleton—I like you because you are not afraid to speak your mind. You are a little one to have so much to say. Come to friends, Hazy!"

I laid the tips of my fingers in his hand, and made a cold movement of my head; then I would have left the room, but he would not leave them together, and so I sat till lights were brought in and supper announced, listening to the lady-dids answering each other from the great tall trees.

Six months glided past, and I counted each day like one in an excited dream. I knew summer had gone, that the birds didn't sing any more, that the trees were bare and brown, and the little brook at the foot of the garden all covered with ice. I knew this, yet I never thought of it, for I was watching them (Shelby and Maud) with a quiver in my eye in every aisle of my heart. Shelby and Maud Mayer. In vain had I kept Alice Way, with her little snow-winking face, framed in with golden hair, near my side, to show Shelby how dear she was. In vain had she sat before the organ, with her little fingers making grand music float through the rooms, because he loved to listen. Sometimes he would leave Maud's side and come to the wee bowler he had devalued, and gather the golden mass of ringlets in his hand and join his rich voice with hers. Once I saw his fine lips quiver with pain as he saw how thin and white she was growing, and turning to me, he said:

"God forgive me, but I can't love her since Maud came here; let her go home, Hazy, for she is dying here."

With a stamp of my foot, I replied:

"She will die then, and you will have killed her, all for that fiend. Don't praise her before me!" I said, as his lips parted to speak, "you know me!"

"Can I help it if I love her, Hazy?"

"You were a fool to love her at first," I answered, leaving the room quickly, for Shelby and I were not as we were when Maud came to our home.

That day Alice went home, and then I scarcely remember how the days and weeks went by. I know I went more than with my invalid father, reading what he loved to hear most, and pouring his thanks and blessing with a keen quiver of pain, to see how long it took him to breathe even that, and then he panted for breath.

I believed Maud loved Shelby. She betrayed it in every action. If she heard his step, she only by a groan said that my invalid father, reading what he loved to hear most, and pouring his thanks and blessing with a keen quiver of pain, to see how long it took him to breathe even that, and then he panted for breath.

"Twas a cold, keen night in December when Shelby and Maud went to call on one of her mother's friends. I had remained in my room all the evening, without light, sitting by the window that overlooked the garden. The frost ground was covered with a silvery light, the full moon, and I loved to watch it, glistening the ice like diamonds.

"Twas late when Shelby and Maud came up the walk, she leaning lightly on his arm, and he bending down to catch a glimpse of her rich face.

"They stood for a moment looking up at the sky she saying, lightly, 'How pretty the sky is!'"

"Your face is prettier to me, Maud," he answered, caressing it with his white hand.

"Yes, I won't believe you, though, for you flatter."

"Flatter you, Maud! you speak as if 'twere possible."

"And you as if 'twere not possible."

She answered slightly as she spoke.

"You are so cold, Maud; it's careless of me to let you stand here."

"Cold am I? I didn't know it. See how warm my cheeks are!"

She turned to look her crimson hood as she spoke, and with a tender light in his eyes he bent down and kissed them.

"For shame, Shelby Carleton! how dare you?"

"And why for shame, when I love you so, Maud?" for then he went on in his quick way, asking her to share the home he would rear for her—to be his wife.

Through the moonlight I saw her lips quiver as if with pain, but when she turned her face to his it wore a look of indifference, painful to my brother Shelby, for his face grew white as he looked down in hers.

"You do love me, Maud, don't you?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Love you, Shelby? Why, how absurd! You are forgetting yourself!"

"Forgetting! Oh, Maud, let me forget those words; only tell me you love me, Maud!"

She smiled slightly, but made no answer.

"Maud, have you nothing to say to me—nothing to answer, when I was the whole love of a man's heart lies at your feet?"

"What can I say, Shelby? You have told me you loved me, but you surely do not expect the love of Maud Mayer in return? How could I love you when I am to be the wife of Waynard Clifton, my white-haired lover, in one month from to-day?" You know I was his betrothed even before I left school, and you surely cannot think I could marry you, Shelby, when Waynard Clifton's crown of diamonds stands waiting to clothe my brow? 'Tis a splendid palace, to clasp that I shall rest in; better far than you can ever have, Shelby, and I am born for riches."

"Maud, in the name of God, then, why have you turned on this? Why have you made me love you?"

"Why, now, Shelby, don't get up a scene—they hurt my nerves. Just be calm, for you are not the first man that has knelt for my love. You

know 'twas so loathsome here—I must do something. I was not help your loving me. What a pity, Shelby, that you are not rich, for you are a splendid fellow! What a cluster of purple hair, and what a magnificent forehead, what a smile! She bent toward him, she spoke, lifting the curls of hair lightly over her fingers. "How damp your forehead is, Shelby, and the night so cold!"

"It's the heart's agony, Maud Mayer, for God knows I have loved you like a Christian loves his God and Heaven! But you have scorned me, and every drop of blood in my veins, and it's coming yet! do you hear me, Maud Mayer? it's coming like a flood to bear pride and strength from your black heart!"

He turned away with a curse so deep and dark that she sprung shuddering to the door, her dusky brow white as the dead. The next moment I heard her pass my door to her room, her step slow as a funeral train; and once I thought I heard a sob when the door closed on her, but when Shelby passed her door she was sighing softly to herself "Bonny Doom," her favourite Scotch ballad.

Maud went away that week, her mother with her, to prepare for the brilliant wedding. The morning she went she was in the sitting-room, where I was alone, and leaning lightly over my chair she kissed me over and over again, saying, softly:

"I am going away, little one; may be I shan't ever see you again, for you don't love me well enough to come and visit me; but I am going to tell you how much I love you before I go. I shall miss you so much, my sweet one, though you have scarcely ever noticed me here. See here, I have stolen your picture, and I shall show it to Waynard Clifton, and tell him how I loved the gray-eyed, brown-haired girl, that scorned me the day I met her."

She kissed me twice again, and then was gone.

When I left the room I met Shelby. He took my face in his hands and kissed me, saying softly:

"I'm going away, too, Harry. I have money enough to go in business, since my last book sold so well. I have some thousand dollars now, and one of these days Alice and I will be rich."

"My heart pained, and yet was glad. He was going away, but he had given me a kiss coupled with his name. But he was going away, and looking up I asked, between a sob and a smile, where he was going."

"To New York, Harry."

"To follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Waynard Clifton, I suppose," I said, with a sharp ring in my voice.

"Not to follow in her footsteps, but to be near her; not because I love her, but because I want to watch her." He passed his hand bravely over his forehead as he spoke; and then turning quickly, he went up to his room, where he sat all the day, writing the finishing pages to his novel.

The weeks went silently by until Mrs. Carleton returned from the city; but she was not too soon, for in two days our dear father died, leaving Shelby and I orphans. It was like tearing our hearts from their places for Shelby and I to give him up. He had been sick so long that we had almost forgotten the great sorrow that must sooner or later come upon us. Our stepmother loved him dearly, and her sorrow almost equalled our own, and the weeks that followed his death were full of anguish.

It was a splendid night—the last we were to mingle together in our home; for the next day Shelby was to accompany me to Madam Heliotrope's young ladies' school, two hundred miles from the city, where I was to remain three years; and I was to return to the city, eluding our country house, for Mrs. Carleton was to reside with Maud. It was late that night when we parted, and early the next morning we all went

from this dear little spot that looked sweeter than ever on a parting view.

And so the years went by, I now and then hearing from and answering Shelby's letter. Once he wrote, telling me our mother had died while he was in the city, and that Mrs. Clifton, that he met Mrs. Clifton a student of time, and either was too proud to notice him, or she did not see him; that her pride must fall some time, for they were living at a fearful expense, that would ruin a king almost. Three months before I left school for my father, informing me of Waynard Clifton's death.

"He died in a low gambling house," wrote Shelby, "a wreck of his former self—ruined man. Their splendid house is mine; he sold it to me three months ago, in order to get money enough to meet Maud's demands, and to accompany her to some grand opening ball of the season; where she fairly sparkled with diamonds and lace. The furniture was sold soon by the creditors, and I expect to purchase most of that, for a sweet little friend of yours who has promised to take me for worse, not better—your little Alice."

It was a pleasant day in the early spring when I arrived in New York, Shelby meeting me with the old levity in his eyes. He took me to the hotel where he was boarding, and after I had rested and arranged my dress we started out for Mrs. Waynard Clifton's.

I never saw a more magnificent residence than the one where Shelby stopped. I could scarcely believe it to be possible that he was the owner. The waiter opened the door to us, and showed us into a parlor that was warm and full of splendour. We were talking softly together when the door glided back, and Maud Clifton was before us.

She was taller than when I saw her last, but the face was the same, only a few lines around the small mouth, and a restless, weary look in the great eyes. Her lips half turned in a smile, she held out her white, snow-white, jewelled hands to us, and bent her head to kiss me. I pressed her hand slightly, for, sinful as I knew her to be, still I pitied the proud being; but Shelby scorned with eyes and lips the hand that was still held toward him. Turning, she said, quickly:

"Why have you come here, Shelby Carleton, if you are not my friend? Have you come to mock me because I am poor?"

"I have come, Maud Clifton, to ask if you remember a night when I asked you to be my wife?"

He arose as he spoke, and stood opposite her. "Do I remember? Oh, Shelby, Shelby Carleton, 'twas a bitter night that parted us."

Her face crimsoned, then grew deadly, as she saw his lip quiver with scorn.

"Do you remember how you scorned me then, Maud Clifton? 'Twas Maud Mayer then, and I would have lived up everything else to have had that Maud Carleton; but you scorned me. You wanted gold—you wanted the crown of diamonds. Where are they now, Maud Clifton? They have dropped into other hands. I could never be rich enough for you. A few years have passed since then, and now who has the gold? Maud Clifton, how I loved you then. How I loved you, God knows, and he only I know I loved her better for you! But you took the man of seventy, and now what are you?"

"A miserable broken-hearted woman, and your scorn tearing the bleeding heart to death. Oh, Shelby, have mercy!"

"I have mercy when I asked for your love?"

"But I did love you, Shelby Carleton—I did love you."

She came up close to him as she spoke, and laid one hand on his shoulder.

"See, Shelby!" and she drew a small heart locket from her dress, and showed him a lock of dark hair, the color of gold. "I stole it from your room the evening before I went away; when you was

tired of writing, and was sleeping over your work, and cut it from your head. I wept over you, too, and sinful as I was, dared to pray, and asked God to please to bless you for ever, for I did love you dearly, and 'twas like dying to give you up. I could never have been so hard in the world's eyes, if your gentle hand had held me till now. But I was so young then, and I loved gold so well. I have suffered all these years, Shelby; the lines round the mouth show that. And see, Shelby, there are grey hairs even now scattered through my beautiful jetty waves that you used to love so well."

Her head drooped to his shoulder as she finished, and her crimson lip touched his bearded cheek. He caught her in his arms, and I saw from where I sat. The hard, cold look was sweeping from his eyes. His face flushed as with wine. The old passion was on him. His eyes met hers; their deep, dark depth bewildered him and his face dropped. His lips stood there. He did not kiss her, but they were close, his arms slightly round her, her head against his neck. Her face pale and shuddered, her whole form quivered, and she came the great flash of triumph, lighting up the whole face, and awakening Shelby from his momentary bewilderment.

He put her from him with almost a look of pity, and she sank on her knees, that proud, splendid woman, saying, softly:

"Shelby, I shall die if you do not love me; see, I am kneeling to you because I love you so."

"Too late, Maud, too late! Your beauty dazzles me, but I do not love you. There is a little one waiting for me, one whom I shall call wife in a few days, and then I shall bring her here, for this splendid home is mine, and I would not pain her heart for a thousand Maud Cliftons."

She staggered to her feet with a bitter moan of pain.

"You owner of my splendid home? God! this is too much. I knew 'twas mine no longer, but I did not know that it had passed to your hands. Oh, Shelby Carleton, supply your revenge is complete!" Her hand fell to the marble mantle, and she sobbed like a child.

"You have no money now, Maud?"

"No, Shelby, I am miserably poor."

"Take this then, 'tis a note for five thousand dollars. Take it, and God forgive you for your past sin, Maud Clifton."

"I will take it, for my friend is gone. Oh, Shelby, God bless you, even now when you have rejected my love. God bless you!"

We went slowly away. Once we looked back—she had sank to the floor a miserable, heart-broken woman.

Shelby and Alice are married now, and live there in their elegant city mansion. A sweet little girl plays on the moony carpet, trying in vain to pick clusters of roses from the air. Alice said, "Shall we name her Maud?" but Shelby said, "No, not it must be Alice, after the woman that I love better than all the world," and so there are two Alices in his home.

Maud went to the South, and a year after came news that a proud, beautiful woman had suddenly swung there in that beautiful land, until only a short time, sure I believe she left. Some said that in the darkened room in which she died, two tiny jewelled hands were clasped together, and that she whispered faintly, "I was forgiven, and have mercy, even in this last hour;" others that "Shelby, darling Shelby, had floated away on the last breath she ever drew. I know not whether 'twas true or not, sure I believe she loved him truly at last. God forgive her in my prayer for the sinful life she lived."

Shelby and Alice are happy together. He has forgotten the bitter dream of his life, as he thinks of it no longer with the pain that once clustered round the thought of Maud Mayer. Every night he gathers Alice to his heart, and kisses her for his great joy, his sweetest wife, his Alice.



LEGENDS.—PRAYING TO THE MANITO.

**LEGENDS OF THE MISSOURI AND MISSISSIPPI.**  
By H. Hopewell, LL.B., M.D., author of the "Life of De Witt Clinton," "The Great West," &c., &c. In Three Parts, price 6d. each. Part I. London: Beadle and Co., 44, Paternoster-row.

Two centuries ago, the thousands of miles of space "where course the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers were comparatively unknown to the white man." The former river had been but partially explored by two expeditions—one under the direction of Hernando de Boto; and the other, partaking more of the character of personal adventure than of an expedition, was conducted by Father Marquette, the Jesuit Missionary of Rouen. The course of the Missouri was wholly unknown. The regions bordering on these rivers were inhabited by numerous tribes of wild and warlike Indians, nearly all of whom have melted like mista before the solar beam of civilisation. And where the lowly wigwams sprang up into an Indian village, and where towered the forests, and where rang the echo of the war-whoop, now are seen extensive cities, fields, and gardens, and nothing is heard but the social hum of progressive civilisation. Yet many of the rivers, rocks, and localities still preserve the significant names given by the red man; and some of these are subjects of wild traditional narrative, which, with some rude symbols, form the literature of the North American Indian. Like Sibyl leaves that have been scattered by the winds for years, the collection of these traditional legends has required much time, labour, and research; and for years the author has been untiring in collecting these legends from the most authentic sources. He has visited the Indian tribes on the borders of civilisation; he has sought out old trappers and hunters who have spent a long span of their lives in the wilderness amongst the Indians; and he has garnered from early chroniclers whatever information was to be obtained. To make the legends the more interesting, he has hung them upon, or incorporated them with, historical incidents. Nor are all the legends of Indian origin portraying Indian character; some belong

to the age of *les voyageurs* (the flat-boat men), and *les coureurs de bois* (the hunters), who were the pioneers of civilisation. There are many instances related in this book of Frenchmen becoming Indian chiefs, and adopting altogether Indian customs and habits; and this being so common has caused frequent illustrations of this circumstance. The field of literature which the author has chosen has been but little cultivated; and, of the number of traditions comprised in "The Legends of the Missouri and Mississippi," only fragments of three or four have ever appeared in print.

#### CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

BEAUTY has charms. So it has, almost equal to music. It may soothe a savage breast. It did soothe, or charm, a German music-teacher one day last week. He was charmed with a beauty of a lady, bright as a star—lovely as those who dwell beyond, or in the shining orbs. He saw, and she conquered. He saw her in the street, and followed. Other puddles have done the same. She entered a store—so did he. Not because he wanted to buy goods, but he thought an opportunity might occur for him to speak music to her, or hear the music of her speech. Oh, what a voice!—more sweet than his own fiddle, and its tones vibrated to the very bottom of his larger beer barrel. And her smile—it struck him to the heart, for he thought she smiled upon him. Perhaps she did. She smiled upon a bigger fool in the circus the other night. She looked at silks—he tried to suit himself with a new pair of gloves. Both were hard to suit, and time sped. At length she he and took a stage for her home up town. He took the same mode of getting away from his home, and went up by the same conveyance, without any definite place in view at which he should pull the strap. He waited patiently for the lady to give the first pull. She got out and entered a brown stone house. He noted the spot, and ended his ride at the next corner, and came back and looked up to the cold walls, and thought—yes, he thought

of the warm heart within, and the sweet face that smiled—was it at or for him?

"Hope told a flattering tale."

and he thought if he could only enter that portal he could win the citadel. But how? what excuse should he make, or who inquire for, when the door was opened? Fortune came to his aid, and showed him a dentist's sign.

"Ah, true," said he, "I have a decayed tooth," and walked boldly up and rang the bell. Fortune favored him again. The lady herself opened the door. She had watched him from the window as he watched the house, and, unwilling to let him be seen by a servant, down herself to the door. Perhaps we have seen such things before.

"Is the doctor at home?"

"No; but walk in—you can wait for him."

"Oh, yes, certainly, in your company, any length of time—if he should not come till night, or morning."

The lady led the way to the parlor. Both were seated upon the rug, and time went on the wings of love! Well he thought so. He thought that every woman that smiled upon him was made to love. Perhaps he offered his to her acceptance. She did not accept, but that only served to make him stronger. So flew time, till a loud ring at the door-bell marked a period. The lady ran to open the door, and stopped for a few hasty words with the new comer, and then came in and said:

"My husband—the doctor."

Her visitor wanted to see one just as much as he looked. He would very gladly have given the room to either, but the two in one stood in the door. He looked anxiously toward the fatal charmer who had enticed him into a snare, and she smiled, showed her beautiful teeth, and vanished. The teeth reminded him of his own. The doctor looked stern, and said, sternly:

"Did you wish to see me professionally, sir?"

Of course he did. What else could he say he was there for? He thought of the decayed tooth, and thought he would have that out to get out himself. It was not exactly a tooth for a tooth, but it soon will be. He took his seat, and the doctor applied the nippers and drew the wrong tooth—a perfectly sound one, upon one side of the other. Of course it was a mistake—badly remedied by pulling another. That would be a tooth for a tooth. The doctor would take no excuse, and applied the instrument again and drew—another sound tooth. The decayed one now stood alone, and the doctor thought might perhaps get well; he was tolerably sure that he had cured the musical gentleman of his toothache, and very kindly told him to pay him five dollars, and if his troublesome tooth should ever plague him again all he had to do was to follow his wife home again and he would pull all the teeth out of his head.

#### MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Men have been known to get rich, the proverb tells us, by simply minding their own business. There is often much truth concealed even in a jest; and, therefore, we may say, that he seldom grows rich who don't mind his own business—for a business soon neglects itself which is neglected by its proprietor. There never was a business so well established as to be able to run alone for any length of time with security. Without a guiding head and hand to sustain it amid the fluctuating influences of current events, it will be certain at some moment to topple over and come headlong to the ground. Mind your own business, then, good reader, if you desire success. Attend to it sedulously. Watch its progress. Note its changes. Provide for its exigencies. Anticipate its necessities. As for your neighbor's business, let him attend to it only; for while you are wasting of his consideration, you should bestow on your own, you are eliciting no thanks from him for your self-sacrifice.





AN ALARM.

### THE PEARL-DIVER. A TALE OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.

BY ILLION COSTELLO.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### AN EXPOSURE THREATENED.

HAD it not been for the silver-mines of Mexico and other rival sources of wealth, the pearl-fishery of Lower California would have acquired considerable importance. Notwithstanding the number of sharks in the Gulf, the coldness of the water (as compared with that of the pearl-beds of Ceylon), and the mismanagement of the business, there was a period when it was extensively and successfully prosecuted, especially on the inner coast of the peninsula, south of the 28th degree of latitude, and above and below Loreto.

It is of that period we write.

In the northern outskirts of Loreto, near the shore of the bay, there stood, in the midst of one of those occasional patches of vegetation which save the province from being a desert, a handsome villa—the residence of Señor Moratin and his beautiful daughter. It was built in the usual style of a first-class Mexican country-house, being broad and flat, and having an encircling verandah and low windows. Not to make our description of the *locals* too long, suffice it to say that the sea views in front of the villa, the grounds around it, and the landscape in the rear, with all the features of the neighboring scenery, were almost orientally picturesque and attractive.

On the afternoon which opens our story, the proprietor of this estate was walking to and fro on the verandah overlooking the Gulf. He was a man of middle age, with a visage somewhat vice-marked and repulsive, but with nothing really remarkable in his person or bearing. He had come to Loreto when his daughter was a mere infant, and was understood to live on the

interest of his money, as he followed no business. He had no friends, and exhibited none of the qualities which attract and make society, living in an idle and retiring solitude. His manner, as he continued his monotonous walk, on the occasion we are considering, became every moment more and more uneasy and dissatisfied.

"A man can't always play the prince on nothing," he finally soliloquized. "I shall have to take to the highways again, or to cheating the guardacostas, unless I speedily replenish my purse by marrying the girl to Señor Carnar!"

The remark suggested that he had followed villainous callings in his younger days, and betrayed that he was now scheming to dispose of his daughter to a wealthy suitor—two circumstances entitling him to be regarded with disfavor and suspicion.

"Ah! she's here," he added, a moment later.

"Now to bring her to terms."

A young lady came out of the parlor, near the advanced a few steps to meet her. She was possessed of one of those rich olive complexions peculiar to the women of her nation, a well-rounded figure, dark eyes, and hair as black as a raven. She was intelligent and well-informed, of a noble disposition, clear-eyed and pure-hearted—one of those earnest and thinking women it is happiness to number among one's friends, and blessedness to call by the more endearing titles of communion. Her age was not far from twenty years. After exchanging salutations with Moratin, between whom and herself there was not a single point of resemblance, she informed him that she wished to have a serious talk with him.

"Well!" and his clouded face became darker than ever.

"I desire to know more about you and myself. Repeatedly, in moments of anger, you have uttered declarations which indicated that I am not your daughter. The other day, when im-

portuning me to marry Señor Carnar, you said my obstinacy might cause you to remember that you were not my father, and—"

"Do not repeat those ravings," interrupted Moratin. "I was merely beside myself with rage when I uttered them—that's all. Let's turn our thoughts to more important matters. I was just thinking about you, and debating with myself how I can expedite your marriage with Señor Carnar!"

The girl's face clouded in turn, and she shook her head with a decided emphasis.

"What!" exclaimed Moratin, noticing the movement, "do you mean to say that you won't marry him?"

"That is my exact meaning! I will never marry him—never, never!"

"Car! this opposition to my wishes is not to be endured!"

The maiden looked at the angry man a moment, with an unusual light in her eyes, and with a significant calmness of manner. She then asked:

"Do you proceed to menaces? Do you undertake to say that I must marry Señor Carnar?"

Her demureness convinced Moratin that it would not be politic for him to attempt to drive her—just then, at least—into the proposed alliance. He therefore assumed an injured air, although this expression did not well become his evil-looking face, and said:

"Hear me, Caris! Let me appeal to your reason. For years I have been living like a gracie without any regular income to support the position, and I have finally reached the end of my rope. I haven't a dollar in the world. Worse than this, a host of debts are weighing upon me. The very roof over my head is liable to be taken away. While matters are in this state, Señor Carnar appears, a gentleman of wealth and refinement, who loves you sincerely. Become his wife, and he will pay off old scores, and support us in the same style of living we



have heretofore enjoyed. How do you treat him? If he were a fiend incarnate, you could not avoid him more persistently than you do. Can it be as he says, that you have other views for yourself? Are you really in love, upon that pointless pearl-diver, Leon Brosey?"

"I might answer your questions by asking some," responded Carla, "but I prefer to drop such a fruitless discussion. The answer I have given you, in regard to the suit of your elopement, is an answer I shall never change. As to Leon Brosey, whom you affect to hate, he is as much the superior of Senor Carnar as an angel is the superior of a beast. It is to him that I owe all I know and all I am. Living in this lonely place, and bereft of my mother in my infancy, God only knows how ignorant and degraded I might have been, if my education had been entrusted to you, or to those who make your companions!"

"Well, this is plain language!" cried Moratin, with a fenshish look of rage gathering in his face.

"Plain, Senor," she immediately rejoined, "because the time has come for a mutual understanding. Tell me whether you are my father or not. Stop importuning me to marry. Senor Carnar. Realize that I am not a good-natured imbecile who can be awed by threats or enticed by money. Cease to think and speak evil of Leon Brosey!"

The scowl on Moratin's face deepened, as he exclaimed:

"This, then, is my reward for the care I have taken of you during past years! I must be turned out of doors to become a vagabond, merely because you have conceived a silly prejudice against the man I have chosen for you!"

"The evils you bawled are not yet upon us," was Carla's reply, "nor need they ever come, if you act the part of a honest man to me. Allow me to infer from your lamentations that I have been reared on speculation, as you might rear an ox or horse from the market?"

Moratin winced at this question, in a way which showed that it touched him closely. He broke out in a torrent of reproaches and menaces, to all of which Carla listened with a calm silence. When he had paused for breath, she surveyed him with a fixed and cold look, and quietly said:

"At the pass to which our relations have come, it is easy to see that our paths and lives must soon be divided. You will go your ways and I will go mine."

She reentered the house, leaving Moratin in a state of rage we will not describe.

"So, war's declared," he muttered. "That Leon Brosey is at the bottom of this business—curse him! Her next step will be to run away with him, if I am not watchful. I wonder if they met clandestinely? Could he get rid of him, in some secret and safe way? It is now or never. I must have money to-morrow. Shall we resort to violence forthwith? Shut her up in the cellar, and keep her on bread and water? Ha! here's Toddy, with a letter!"

A shiny young black appeared at this juncture, with a letter he had just brought from Loretto, and Moratin hastened to peruse it. The contents threw him into a sudden and terrible excitement—nothing less than a paroxysm of consternation and horror. He was expressing himself in monosyllabic ejaculations of ruin and destruction, when his eyes fell upon a person approaching from the direction of the village.

"Ha! there's Carnar!" he exclaimed. "He comes at the most opportune moment!"

For an instant Carla looked forth from the parlor upon him, and upon the object of his remark.

"Mischievous will come of this meeting," she then murmured. "I will go and see Leon. Oh! I could only have wished my real parents were, and how I came in such a terrible position!"

She retired to her own room, prepared herself for a walk, and left the villa by the rear door, proceeding up the coast towards the residence of her lover, while Moratin hastened to meet the new comer.

Senor Carnar, the illegitimate Carla was desired to marry, lived in a stone cottage, on a steep slope a short distance north and west of Loretto, where he had resided three years—appearing in the neighborhood suddenly, no one knew from where. His age was apparently thirty or thirty-five, tall and thin, with no sinister features, with dull and ghoulish eyes, and with a countenance possessing that liveliness of hue we imagine vampires to possess, and which is sometimes seen in the face of a corpse, there were few who could look upon him without a sense of terror or fear. In all times and places his face was as expressive as a picture, and he was a piece of parchment, so perfect was the control he had acquired over his thoughts and feelings. Who he was, where he had come from, and what occupied him in his days and nights of solitude, were questions every one asked, but no one could answer.

Silent and sinister being!

Of such a man, so repulsive in his aspect, so reserved in his manner, the wildest opinions and rumors were necessarily afloat. The pearl-divers along the coast shunned him as they would have shunned a rattlesnake or tiger. No opinion was more common than that he was in league with the powers of darkness, and in daily contact with invisible and familiar evil spirits who peopled the world of grimaces and mystery in which he had taken refuge. From certain peculiarities in his appearance and conduct, or from rumors which had lately reached the vicinity, it was generally believed that he was a disgraced priest, guilty of some horrible crime, and that he came to the coast to find a mainland opposite. And so, his department and appearance giving place for the most disparaging conjectures, he could not have borne a worse reputation than he did.

A few months previous to the date of our tale, Senor Moratin had made the acquaintance of Senor Carnar, and discovered several facts which interested him from that moment. He learned that the mysterious being had seen Carla, and fallen deeply in love with her; that he was the possessor of untold wealth—caskets of jewels, and bags of silver and gold; and that he was ready to advance Moratin's pecuniary requirements in any extent, if the latter would induce Carla to accept an offer of marriage from him. Bowing down to these golden inducements, Moratin had tried by every means in his power to achieve the desired end, and we have seen the result of his efforts. Carla had finally consented to see her persistent admirer, that which might be the better informed mind that she did not marry him, and since that time Moratin had been continually importuning her with such appeals as we have recorded.

"Ah! how do you do, Senor Carnar?" exclaimed Moratin, as he shook the cold and nerveless hand of his visitor. "You come just in time to help me out of a great trouble!"

"What trouble? What's the matter? You look sick or frightened!"

"There is cause for it," replied Moratin, with an air of absolute terror.

"Why, what has happened?"

"You shall know. Since we have had so many confidences, we may as well have another. To come to the main point, you must marry Carla, and are willing to let me have ten thousand dollars as soon as the ceremony is performed?"

"Yes. Such are my wishes."

"Very well; mine are to oblige you. But perils have arisen which will defeat us, unless we act with energy and with promptness."

"Be frank with me then, and let me see just what the danger is!"

"To commence at the beginning," Moratin

responded, "you must be told that I am not Carla's father—"

"I never supposed that you were," interrupted Carnar, with his invariable suavity and calmness of manner. "Go on!"

"The individual to whom that title belongs was, nearly a score of years ago, a merchant of Ciudad, Mexico, named Juan Marino, and I was his business agent. After the death of his wife, which event took place when Carla was two years old, Senor Marino went to Europe, taking with him his eldest child, a fine boy of four or five years. Not long after this departure, while he was absent in France, I resolved to appropriate to my own use all the money and property left in my charge. To carry out this idea, I was obliged to say that I had received orders to bring the child to him. I was further obliged to take the girl with me, to prevent a hue and cry from being raised at my desertion. To make a long story brief, I came here, under the name of Moratin, bringing Carla with me, and have reared her in the belief that she is my own child."

This confession not only indicated why Moratin was so poor, but why he had been so ready to sell Carla to her disreputable suitor.

"Go on," said Carnar.

"The father and son came back, of course, in a few months after my flight—not having heard from me, as expected—and made every effort to find me; but for a long time they were unsuccessful in the search!"

The eyes of the listener glittered with a momentary lucency, as he inquired:

"Do you mean that the real father, Senor Marino, has found you?"

"It seems so. I have just received a letter from a friend at Mazatlan, from which I learn that Senor Marino and his son—Carla's father and brother—have arrived at that place, in a renewed search for me, and are desirous to appear again at any moment!"

Carnar had paid the closest attention to the words of his companion, and he now asked:

"What sort of a person is this friend of yours at Mazatlan, and how did he become the possessor of your secret?"

"To answer your last question first, he suspected my designs, and watched and followed me, till I was fairly a fugitive from justice, and then he appeared with a demand for money under threat of exposure. His name is Fernandez—"

"Oh—ah, and you have permitted him to exist until now?" said Carnar, in a tone of reproach and disgust.

"I am sorry to say—I have. He has been a leech to me for many years, and has bled me until I am no longer able to bleed!"

Carnar made a gesture of impatience, as he said:

"You need say no more about him, under the head of character. I comprehend him perfectly, and see just what he has been doing for you. Have the pursuers had time to reach here, since this letter was written?"

"Yes, full time—probably a day or two over. You see, I am not very perdy."

"I do, indeed!"

"Let Carla's relatives once find her, and your hopes of marrying her are destroyed. What is worse, I shall lose my ten thousand dollars, and Senor Marino will pursue me like a bloodhound, both on Carla's account, and on account of the money I appropriated to myself!"

"I see so. The situation is most critical, if affairs are as you say."

"Come into the library, Senor Carnar, and we will endeavor to hit upon some plan to meet the peril."

They entered the house together, and an earnest discussion followed. In thought and action, on the several topics presented, they were equal. Both saw that the proposed marriage must be hastened, and that the danger threatened from

the pursuers must be promptly and determinedly met.

"Rather than allow them to find *Carla*," said Carnar, in his quiet but significant manner, "we must strangle them both! I have been thinking several days of putting that pearl-diver out of the way, and I am not sure but that the time for such a measure has come. The truth is, your 'friend' at *Assatun* has betrayed you. While taking a bribe from *Senor Moratin* to reveal your whereabouts, he has had compunctions enough, or schemes enough—no matter which—to send you this warning. You ought to have suppressed such a 'friend' as that, at the first moment of his meddling. As the case stands, I should not be surprised to see your enemies here at any moment!"

"Nor I," responded *Moratin*, thoroughly aroused. "What shall we do?"

"Let me answer your question by asking one. How does *Carla* regard me?"

"With greater dislike than ever. She declares, in plain terms, that she will never be your wife!"

"Then far means, in connection with this peril, are not to be thought of for a moment." "I agree with you there. What course shall we take?"

"I will tell you," responded Carnar. "I have lately purchased a schooner down the coast, for my own private use, as a gentleman of leisure, and I expect it up the *Gulf* every moment. It will arrive here to-night or to-morrow, without doubt, and we must take *Carla* and go off on a trip together!"

The eyes of *Moratin* brightened, as he expressed his cordial approbation of the proposal. "If we can only get off before the pursuers make their appearance," he muttered, "all will be well. As to *Carla*, I am prepared to feed her on bread and water till she consents to the marriage. I would have tried it long ago, if it hadn't been for those pearl-divers. By the way, we must operate so as not to come in contact with them!"

"Well, to come back to the main question," said Carnar, "we will take the girl away with us, as soon as the schooner arrives. We'll go to the *Sandwich Islands*—to *Peru*—go on a cruise anywhere we please. We can have a priest aboard, or find one ashore wherever we want him; and, when we see, we can bring her ladyship to satisfactory terms, no doubt. At any rate, this plan will prevent her from running away with the pearl-diver, and from being found by her inquiring relatives—two events likely to occur if we leave her to her own devices. What do you say to these suggestions?"

"Capital—capital! We'll hasten to try them!" This conclusion was eagerly reached, when came a heavy knock at the door, which fell like the knell of doom upon *Moratin's* guilty conscience. His face became pallid.

"Ha! they have come!" he ejaculated, in a hoaky whisper, as he sprang to his feet. "The pursuers are here! I wish the traitor was with them!"

The knock was repeated, but did not shake the nerves of *Carla*, whose visage remained as expressionless as ever.

"Leave it to me," he said. "If it is *them*—"

"I know it's them! I feel their presence!"

"Very well—let it be granted that they are your pursuers. Our business is to prevent them from throttling you and from finding *Carla*. As fate will have it, I possess a pitfall up in the hills, in a lonely spot—a trap I prepared several months ago, in the expectation that I might have a disagreeable visitor to dispose of in this manner."

The knocking continued, and Carnar placed his back against the inner door.

"Well, well?" exclaimed *Moratin*, getting impatient at the calmness of his companion.

"Well, if your pursuers have come, I will tell them that you are burning line up in the

hills, and offer to conduct them to your prison."

"But what if they won't be conducted? What if they insist upon entering?"

"Oh, in that case, I will invite them to come in, and you must be ready to give them a warm reception! I dare say we can make them prisoners, especially if we take them by surprise."

"But what if they go to the woods with you and you cannot get them into your pitfall?"

"Oh, that can be provided for. The instant I get them away from the villa, you must arm yourself and await my return. Even if I should fail to secure them, and be obliged to take to flight, I can reach the villa sooner than they can, since I am more familiar with the neighborhood."

Quietly uttering these observations, Carnar took his way to the door, where the knocking had now become suspiciously vigorous, to say the least. As quiet and calm as he was, he felt, almost as keenly as *Moratin*, that a dangerous crisis had come to their solution.

## CHAPTER II.

### CARLA'S FATHER AND BROTHER.

WHEN Carnar opened the door, he found himself face to face with two men. The one nearest to him appeared somewhat past the prime of life, his hair being quite grey, his form slightly bent, and his face thin and wrinkled, wearing an habitual expression of care and sorrow. The other man appeared to be the son of the first, resembling him both in feature and manner. He was noble-looking, and evidently not far from the prime of his life, with a gravo but promising countenance. Examining a distant bow and a searching glance with the strangers, Carnar placed himself in an easy but respectful attitude, and waited for them to make known their business.

"Does *Senor Moratin* live here?" asked the elder of the two men.

The quick eyes of Carnar had already seen enough to assure him that the strangers were the expected pursuers—the father and brother of *Carla*; but not the slightest trace of emotion was visible as he bowed.

"Is he at home?" was the next question.

Carnar shook his head, and responded: "I am sorry to say that *Senor Moratin* is not in at this moment. He is turning time in the woods, about a mile from here. Is your business with him urgent?"

"Quite urgent, *Senor*," responded the elder gentleman.

"Hae I shall take pleasure," said Carnar, "in conducting you to the spot where he is employed."

As he uttered these words with the politest bow he could make, Carnar drew the key out of the lock, and closed the door behind him and locked it, thus intimating that he was at their disposal.

"Can inquiry more, *Senor*, if you please," said the elder of the two gentlemen, who was considerably excited. "Can you tell me"—and his emotions seemed to choke his utterance—"has *Senor Moratin* any family? that is to say, a daughter?"

Carnar again bowed, and a look of relief overcame the questioner's face, as he inquired: "Is she at home?"

"I am sorry to say she is also absent. I believe she is at a sick neighbor's somewhere between here and the village, but I could not undertake to say where!"

The strangers both regarded the sinister looking Carnar as if they were at a loss to account for his being in possession of the premises of *Senor Moratin*. For a moment they evidently expected, from the ghastly color of his visage, that he was the individual, under a disguise of paint, they were seeking; but a closer scrutiny satisfied them that this suspicion was unfounded.

"May I ask," demanded the elder gentleman, "what his relations to *Senor Moratin* are?"

"Oh, certainly. I am his son-in-law!"

The inquirers both uttered exclamations of surprise, in which a feeling of regret seemed to enter. They stared, in a stupor of perplexed and sorrowful emotions, upon the evil-looking visage before them, and appeared unable to repress at first the words he had so carelessly flung at them.

"His son-in-law!" exclaimed the previous speaker. "They told us at the village that the girl was not married!"

"Oh, they did! Well, they might have also told you that we do not have a great deal of intercourse with our neighbors, and that my marriage—which has lately taken place—has not become generally known to them, on that account!"

"We learned at the village how retired *Senor Moratin* has been living," said the elderly gentleman, "but no one told us that *Carla* was married!"

The speaker fairly groaned in the anguish and bitterness of his thoughts. If Carnar had had any doubts of the identity of his visitors, they would have vanished at the utterance of the girl's name, and even at the grief and consternation his simple falsehood had caused them to exhibit.

He knew they were the expected pursuers and had thought so from the first glance he bestowed upon them.

"As I observed," he blandly remarked, "if you are anxious to see *Senor Moratin*, we will proceed at once to his present whereabouts."

"Many thanks, *Senor*—we will avail ourselves of your offer."

"This way, then. If you are not already exhausted, you will find the walk pleasant."

The little party was soon in the edge of the woods.

"And now, *Senor*," said Carnar, "as I have answered all of your questions, perhaps you will have the goodness to answer mine. May I ask you for your name?"

The two men exchanged glances with each other, as if at a loss how to meet the question. The appearance of Carnar was sufficiently against him to make them fear that he was as bad as *Senor Moratin*, and that he would oppose their wishes and intentions.

"I ask," the villain proceeded, in his most mellifluous accents, "because I detect in your inquiries, in your arrival here at this time, and in your very faces, a strong corroboration of the suspicion I have long had—namely, that *Senor Moratin* is not *Carla's* real father!"

An exclamation of surprise escaped each of the listeners, and the elder one cried:

"Can it be that you suspect the truth—that I am to find in you a friend and assistant?"

"Oh, quite possible," was the response, uttered in a friendly and confidential air. "From words which have passed between *Carla* and *Senor Moratin*, from his treatment of her, and from various other sources, I have derived a pretty firm conviction that he is not her real father."

There was another momentary pause, during which the two men again exchanged glances, with increasing agitation. Carnar had resolved to warm himself into their confidence, and learn all he could from them, and he did not lose sight of his object.

"And if this suspicion were true," at length rejoined the elderly gentleman, "and if the real father were to appear here, and expose the miscreant, and claim his child, what would you say to him?"

"I would say, 'My dear father, you come just in time to relieve your daughter and myself from a most painful suspense. You come to take the place of one we can neither love nor respect!' This is the substance of what I should say to *Carla's* real father, *Senor*, if he were to appear here at this moment."

"And if you were to be thereafter informed of the guilt of the false father—of Señor Moratin—would you aid in punishing him?"

"I would."

The elderly gentleman paused in his path abruptly, and gazed long and earnestly upon the guide, while his excitement became overpowering.

"Speak!" said Carnar. "What would you say? Can it be that you are the father of my dear wife, and that the reunion we have so long and earnestly desired is now to take place?"

"I must trust you," said the elder Marín, and men finally exclaimed, "I am Carla's father!"

"I know it from the first," replied Carnar, with pretended joy. "As such I salute you!"

He extended his hand, and it was warmly shaken by both of his companions, quite a scene of congratulation succeeding. After Carnar expressed his feigned delight at meeting the gentlemen, Señor Marín proceeded to reveal the facts respecting his daughter's abduction, in nearly the same terms in which they had been so recently made known to him by Moratin.

"For years," concluded Marín, while his eyes filled with tears at the thought of meeting his long-lost daughter, "my son and I have sought a large portion of every year to seeking a clue to the fate of my child. A week ago, in pursuing our search, we arrived at Maratón. Here, after our object had become generally known to the public, we were waited upon by an individual who professed to be able to give us the information we sought. He demanded a large sum for his secret, but on our making terms with him, agreeing to pay him as soon as we proved his statements to be true. To be brief, we learned that the villain who robbed me of my child was living here, under the name of Moratin, and that Carla was with him. The rest you can imagine. Bringing our informant with us, we have come here to find Carla, and to punish her abductor!"

Carnar expressed his sympathy and approbation, and uttered some timely denunciations of Moratin.

"All will now be set to rights," he said, "and we will be happy together. I think no punishment can be too severe for the wickedness you have described, and I would advise you to seize and hold Señor Moratin, that he may suffer the full vigor of the law."

"That is my intention," replied Marín. "While I could forgive all the miseries and agonies he has caused me, during this terrible agony of twenty years' duration, I owe something to the outraged spirit of humanity, and something to my daughter. Will you aid us to seize him?"

"With pleasure. That done, I will mount my horse and go in quest of Carla. I long to have you meet her here."

"My poor child!" sighed the elder Marín, as his form shook with emotion. "Since you are my son-in-law, by what name shall I call you?"

"You know it already. You heard it at the village."

Marín shook his head, but Moratin's and Carla's, he said, "We were too much occupied therewith to think of any one else."

"Oh! then I will hasten to answer you—my name is Carnar."

"Thank you. Now tell us all about Carla, her appearance and intelligence—something that will assure me that her natural faculties have not been destroyed or perverted by the villain in whose hands she has been."

Carnar gave the two men a glowing description of Carla's graces and accomplishments, and his words took a great load from their minds. They both expressed their joy in unmeasured terms.

"Let us hasten," said the elder Marín, resuming his way. "I long to see her!"

As they went on together, Carnar shaped his

inquiries and observations in such a way as to learn all he could about his companions. He discovered that the brother's name was Palo, and learned various other particulars concerning him, including the fact that he was unmarried. He also learned that the "ferret" who had betrayed Moratin had come to Loreto with the pursuers, in order that he might receive his promised reward as soon as the truth of his statements should be apparent.

"Are we almost there?" finally asked Marín.

"Nearly."

They continued to advance, going deeper and deeper into the woods, where their way every instant became more lonely and desolate.

At length the keen look we have noticed appeared again in the usually dull eyes of the guide.

He beheld the pitfall, only a few rods from him.

"Here we are!" he whispered. "Caution!"

As they advanced towards the concealed trap, it was easy for Carnar to keep a little in the rear of his companions—such was their impatience—and this was his position in respect to them.

At the ground suddenly gave way beneath their feet, and they were precipitated into a well-laid pit about twenty feet deep.

"Powers of mercy! what is this?" the villain exclaimed, with well-feigned astonishment, as he recoiled from the edge of the pitfall. "If here isn't a trap to catch the animals running in the woods! Strange—strange!"

A cry of pain and surprise came up from the pit, and the pursuers once again fell into it. He saw Marín and his son gathering themselves up, and judged from their movements that they were considerably injured. The hole had been covered with brush and weak poles, and the whole hidden under a thin layer of earth, so that no one ignorant of it would have been able to detect its existence. Uttering a groan, the pretended regret at the accident, and making a sweeping denunciation of the carelessness of the parties who had prepared the trap, the hypocritical villain hastened to say:

"I shall have to go for help to get you out, Señors. Be quiet till I can procure assistance."

"Hold!" exclaimed the young Marín. "Can't you put down a pole or something?"

The villain looked searchingly around—to assure himself that no one was near—and then replied:

"There is not a pole in the vicinity, and not an axe to cut one."

"How long will you be gone?"

"Perhaps an hour. I may have to go back to the village. In the mean time, lest Moratin should discover you here, and do you violence in my absence, I will cover you up!"

"Cover us up! How?"

"I'll show you," he replied, changing his tone, and then he placed a pile of planks close at hand, suitable to cover the mouth of the pit, and I will soon make you safe."

Unheeding the demands of the imprisoned men for further information, Carnar hurried to a pile of hewn planks he had provided against such a service as he now required, and lost not a moment in placing them over the mouth of the pit. By the time the father and son became thoroughly aroused to the nature and intention of their guide, he had his planks all in place, and was covering them up with a layer of earth, having a shovel at hand for that purpose.

"There you are," he observed, accompanying the labor of his hands with his observations.

"That place was prepared against the expected arrival of a personal enemy, and will therefore be found safe. It would take you at least a week to dig out of it, with anything at your command."

"Hold, there!" exclaimed Palo Marín, the younger of the two men. "What do you mean, you scoundrel? Take off those boards! Help—help!"

"What is it you are saying? Help—help!"

The dirt came rattling down upon him through the cracks between the planks, and the faint light which before came down into the pit, now rapidly gave place to a dense gloom. He continued to shout and expostulate, but no response was given. When Carnar had placed earth enough to satisfy him over the mouth of the living tomb thus provided, he hid the shovel, and scattered leaves and brushwood over the newly-dug ground.

"That settles you!" he exclaimed, as the voice of Palo Marín came up to him like a whisper from the depths of the earth. "We shall have no further trouble from you."

He did not rave of his expected triumph, as he took his way towards the villa, but his silence was like that of the concealed adder, which lies in readiness to bite. His ghastly face became spotted with little flushes arising from his gratified thoughts, till it looked as mottled as the skin of a serpent.

He now saw his way clear.

His vessel would speedily arrive, and Carla would soon be in his power.

"I must seize her immediately," he muttered.

"I must have her in hand against the arrival of the schooner. Ah! how pleasant it is to have such a prospect of paying the proud beauty for her scorn!"

He was not long in making his way back to the villa. All was quiet as he drew near. The servants were busy at a little building in the rear of the gardens, and Carla had not returned. Moratin, armed to the teeth, and terribly excited, met him at the door, uttering in a husky whisper the single word—

"Well?"

"I have been successful. The pursuers are safely hired in the pitfall!"

Moratin uttered a cry of relief and joy.

"Then all goes well," he exclaimed, leading the way to the villa. "We will be safe now. We will be back, and we will seize her. Your vessel will soon arrive, and we will go off in her. Let's have some wine and refreshment, and complete our plans and preparations for the voyage."

(To be continued in our next.)

## FOREST SKETCHES.—No. 8.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP,  
AUTHOR OF "THE ROTTED FISH," &c.

### UNWELCOME VISITORS.

The reader will remember that at the time we were upon the Colorado the affairs of Texas were not in a very settled state. The Mexicans were still under arms in many places against her, and the powerful plundering Caganaches were committing depredations wherever and whenever they liked opportunity. We had been assured at Austin that there was no danger below the Pecos Bayou, and hence we were where we were.

One afternoon, while the sun was some two hours high, the old trapper came into the camp from the timber, where he had been alone after some time. He looked very sober as he came in, and set down his rifle with an emphatic movement, and then lighted his pipe and commenced to smoke. We none of us asked him any question, because we knew he would speak when he got ready.

Very near half an hour must have passed away, and at the end of that time Carl rose and went to the river. He had not yet spoken a word. We saw him walk up the river's bank toward the edge of the timber, and we noticed that he carried his rifle more carefully than usual.

In another half-hour he came back, and by that time supper was ready. The two men spread out on the tent, upon the grass, and as we sat down the old trapper spoke:

"Boys," he said, "how should you like to see

some two-legged varmints?—reg'lar murderin' red-skins!"

We all were startled, for we knew by the manner of Garl's speech that something was in the way of more than ordinary import.

"Do you mean that there are Indians about?" asked Harris.

"Yes," responded Garl, spreading some salt bacon first upon a piece of bread with a sort of demonstrative movement. "I 's' he sed Injun sign, for sure!"

"But they may be friendly ones," suggested Ben.

"Cameanches s'int likely to be over an' above friendly," quietly responded Garl.

"Cameanches?" uttered Ben, turning pale. "Yes," said the old man; "I 's' he sed the sign, an' it be them Cameanches. They're 'bout here, an' no mistake. They may 'ave seed us, an' then agin they moun't, 'ye know. But we must be ready for 'em. There mus'n't be a minute without a pair of open eyes."

"But how do you know they're Cameanches?" asked Harris.

"How do I know? How do you know the odds atwixt a hoss an' a mule?"

"Easy enough," said Harris.

"So do I the odds atwixt Cameanches an' any others. Cameanches wear their own mocassins, an' others are different. I won't say 't I could swear to 'em; but I wish I war as sure they war honest white men as I be that they're murderin' Cameanches."

Of course we believed Garl was right, and we at once began to consider upon the movements we had better make. I asked how it would work to start off down the river immediately.

But Garl thought that would be poor plan.

"Ef," said he, "they're about, they may be as likely to be layin' along the stream as any way. There arn't many of 'em—no more'n a dozen—an' 'f we start off at this time they'll know we're scented 'em; but if we stay whar we be, they'll be a little too sure, mobbe."

It was concluded that we should appear to behave as though we suspected nothing. We finished our supper, and then went into the tent and made a lot of cartridges. If we should come to a fight we could load and fire much faster by having our powder and ball thus together, as all we would have to do would be, to bite off the end of the cartridge, put it in, and ram it down,—then put on the cap, and fire.

After this we put our rifles and pistols in thorough order, and then set about our usual occupation of conversation; but there was not the same lightness and fun as usual.

Talk as we will of course, there is something in the anticipation of a deadly fight that is far from pleasant. I must own that the few first times I was in danger of this sort there was a sensation about the heart which most men call fear. And even on the present occasion I wished many times that we were free from danger.

When once the conflict has begun—when the air is filled with smoke—when we see our companions shot down by our side—when we see the enemy planning for our death—when the ear is assailed by the mingling groans of the dying and the mad whoops of the living—then that fearful sensation leaves the heart, and a spirit of dire revenge, of deadly hate, takes its place; and the man who has trembled so much—be upon whose cheek the blanch-pink has been most deeply set—very often proves the most reckless and daring.

When the darkness had fairly settled upon the prairie we set our watch. Garl said that he should not think of sleep until after midnight, at any rate; and none of us lay down, until after that. By this time we had begun to hope that there might be no danger, but the old trapper shook his head.

At about eleven o'clock Harris and myself turned in, Ben and Fitz being already snoring, leaving Ned to watch with Garl. They were not to show themselves, for if there were Indians

about we meant they should not know that they were suspected.

We had one advantage: Our tent was at some distance from any cover, so that no one could approach without being seen. We had opened places in the seams upon all sides, and so fixed them that we had room to put through a rifle and take it in. All of us saw Fitz had two rifles each—or two heavy pieces—Harris and Ned having rifles, while Ben and myself had each a rifle and a double-barrelled fowling-piece.

It was very near one o'clock when a low "His-s-s-s!" from the trapper aroused us. We sprang upon our feet and seized our rifles. Of course we had removed no clothing.

"Be careful!—be careful!" whispered Garl.

"They're comin'!"

He pointed towards the west, and we looked out. As soon as my eyes had fixed themselves to the dim starlight I saw the cause of Garl's warning very plainly. Not over fifty yards—perhaps sixty—distant, I saw a number of dark forms creeping upon the grass. We looked in other directions, but could see no others. They approached very slowly, and we soon saw that they were upon their hands and knees; though ever and anon one of them would start up and seem to watch a moment, as though he would see or hear if any one were moving about the camp.

As soon as they came near enough to distinguish them plainly—which must of course have been very near, on a moonless night—we counted thirteen of them! The only words which were spoken were by Garl, and they were simply as follows:

"Now how to take 'em as we be now. Each one take his mark from the right, an' no puttin' two bullets into one varmint."

By this time the savages were within a very few yards, and still upon their hands and knees. We could see very plainly that they were Indians; and of course we were sure that their march, in such a manner, could only be a murderous one. About four feet from the bottom of the tent there was a seam running clear around, and this we had ripped open, leaving only enough whole at regular intervals to hold it together, and bear the weight of the rifles. This afforded us an excellent opportunity to take aim, and we fired as carefully as possible; while, if our rifles having been in place for some time.

The savages were at length so near that we could see the gleaming of the starbeams in their eyes, and from their motions we knew that they were about to start up. In a moment more they stopped. We could see them stretch out their necks as they listened to hear if any one within were moving.

"Now!" whispered Garl.

I stood next to the trapper, and had aimed at a tall, stout fellow who wore a lot of feathers upon his head. I could see the whole length of my rifle-barrel, and I took my sight directly between his eyes. We all fired very nearly together. For a few seconds we heard nothing but the deafening echoes of the reports of our pieces; but after that there arose such a howling as I never heard before. I have not the least doubt but that they feel that their yelling has the power of concealing them from view. They seem as though they fancied it threw dust in their enemies' eyes.

As quickly as possible we grasped our other weapons, and this time, as before, we fired very near together, Ned being the only one behind; but his shot took effect, nevertheless.

The savages must have imagined that we should have started to reload, else they could not have remained where they were, dancing up and down as they did. But the instant we had fired this second volley they who still lived gave a deafening yell and leaped towards the tent. Had they done what I suddenly feared they would do, we should have been very sure of falling. I feared they would fire at random through the

tent; but they forgot it. Standing as we did, within a space only eight feet square, half a dozen balls could not easily have passed through without hitting some one.

But they were too eager and excited. They made a leap for the tent, in all probability without knowing how many of them there were alive to help in the work. By this time they reached the entrance we had our pistols ready, and, acting upon our jointly conceived plan of Garl's, we overreached them again.

"They're comin' in!" he cried, starting towards the entrance with a pistol in each hand. "Out upon 'em, and astonish 'em!"

The idea was a fortunate one. Quick as thought we leaped to the door, and with a yell as loud as their own we poured upon them. Their rifles were of no earthly use to them at the moment, for we were too near for their being levelled. We shot them down as we met them. There were only four of them, we having shot nine with the twelve bullets we had fired before.

This last movement was most fortunate, and we were in a few minutes all safe. Supposed, of course, that they were either loading up again, or else preparing to defend our tent; and they meant to rush upon us and shoot us down before we could regain anything like order or system. But as we rushed out we caught them with their pieces raised half a point-blank range, and here they could draw a knife or axe we had shot them all down!

Only one lived long enough to tell his story. He could speak no English; but he could mutter a kind of Spanish jargon which Garl understood. He said that they had been down towards Austin on a marauding expedition, but had found only two men. They were two warriors from the old Mission of San Saba; and they had robbed and murdered them. They detected us early on the preceding morning, and had been hanging about in sight all day, with the intention of murdering and robbing us also. He assured us that there were no more Indians about.

But we slept no more the night. In the morning, such as the sun arose, the last Indian died. We found the whole gang to have been stout, middle-aged warriors, and looking ugly enough to do anything wicked. We considered our escape, so free from harm, almost a miracle.

We took their weapons and what else of value they had about them, and having put all in the boat, we prepared to pack up our own effects, which we did in a very short time after breakfast, and then started from the shore.

We had found that region not wholly safe, so we turned the head of our boat towards Austin.

A "LITTLE-MOORE."—A gentleman who had lost his wife, whose maiden name was Little, addressed the following to Miss Moore, a lady of diminutive stature:—

"I've lost the Little once I had,  
My heart is sad and sore,  
So I'm writing you a little glad  
To have a Little more to care."

To which the lady sent the following answer:—

"I pity much the loss you've had;  
The grief you must endure—  
A heart by Little made so sad,  
A little Moore was true."

MY MINNIE DEAR.—The sweet friend I ever knew, and one with whom I dare not trifle, who in all danger sees me through, whose aim is ever good and true, is my sweet Minnie Rife! She generally rests upon my arm, is always ready, always willing. And though in general somewhat calm, when we are upon the first alarm to show she can be killing. And she is very fair to see, the most fastidious fancy auting; her locks are bright as they can be, and that her sight is good, to me is just as sure as shooting. The heaviest load appears not to weigh more upon her than 'twere a spider. She's highly polished; and I'd pray, my friend of friends this day, "Oh, leave me Minnie Rife!"

# American Scrap Book.

LONDON, DECEMBER 27, 1862.

## SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

A good woman is not thoroughly known before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware until he has placed her in his own mansion to be the guardian angel of his household happiness?

### INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

The mind of woman is peculiarly constituted, and exquisitely adapted for playing upon and influencing the finer parts of man's nature; and whenever the heart of man is dead to that influence, it is dead to almost every higher and nobler feeling which alone distinguishes him from the beasts of the forest. As women are respected by the men of the age, so may, from time to time, be traced, by an unerring measure, the degree of civilization to which that generation has attained. We do not mean by respect the servile adoration—the outward adulation, but real contempt—displayed towards women during the middle ages, but a deeper, a more lasting, a more valuable kind of respect.

### HOW NAMES CHANGE.

The following story was told of a humble Scotchman by the late Edward Livingston, in a note to his pamphlet to Mr. Jefferson. A Scotchman named Feyerston settled among some Germans in the western part of the State of New York. They translated his name by the sound into the German Feuerstein. On his return to an English neighborhood, his new acquaintances discovered that Feuerstein in German means Flint in English. They retranslated his name, and the family name became Flint. One of the grandsons settled on the Acanian coast of the Mississippi, and with the common fate of his family, his name of Flint became translated to the French into Pierre-a-Fusil. His son went North, and the last transformation was a retranslation, and Pierre-a-Fusil, his son, became Peter Gun.

### HYPOCRISY AND INJUSTICE.

It is very fashionable, in this reformatory and hypocritical age, to prate about the rights of woman, the equality of the sexes, &c., but we are yet to find a moral attempt to realize what looks so beautiful and inviting in theory. The "sphere" of woman, as it is called, is gradually being enlarged, but it is done, not by elevating her, but by degrading man and narrowing his sphere of action. Women are introduced into places heretofore monopolized by men, not as matters of justice, but because they can be had for a less price, and greater profits are enjoyed by the employer. If woman can succeed in carrying on some business for herself, she stands something like an equal chance with men; but as an *employee* she always occupies an inferior position. Nobody thinks of paying her as much for a piece of work as they would a man; but by what rule of justice this distinction is made we never could understand. We rather think the rule is based on the selfishness of man and the comparative weakness of woman; and we do not see how any man can talk of the equality of the sexes without blushing, while he is willing to pay a man (say fifty or a hundred per cent. more for making his shoes) than he is willing to pay a woman—that is, he pays the tailor the extra percentage, and the tailor employs the woman to do the work at a price that affords him a good profit, and the customer is willing to submit to the operation, though he

would refuse to pay the woman the full tailor's price for doing the work. This is the principle carried out everywhere—or, rather, the *lack of principle* manifested everywhere—and there is little hope of woman's finding her true position in the scale of being until this piece of self-evident injustice is remedied.

### ALL WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

We all like to be beautiful—to be objects of admiration either in mind or person; and we employ all the necessary means in our power to enhance those natural attractions which we have from nature. The art of dress is merely the art of cultivating the beauty of the person. Education is the dress of the mind; and accomplishments are the dresses with which it clothes itself. Even household furniture and equipments, and all other varieties of ostentatious display, may be classed, without much stretch of meaning, under the same category of the art of beautifying ourselves in the estimation of our fellow-creatures. No money is more freely spent than that which is spent upon this favourite art, whose foundation rests upon the vanity of our nature; or, to speak in a more respectful manner, on our love of the beautiful, and our desire to be possessed of it, and to be admired or envied for the possession of it.

But the most valuable and lasting beauty is that which is least cultivated—and this is the beauty which is born of amiability—of genuine goodness of heart. This is indeed Beauty herself, and she is ever a favourite. She never ceases to grow old. The longer she is known the better she is loved. She is prepared with comfort for every emergency; and the heart that is once wedded to her is bound in a bond of everlasting bliss.

### THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"He's dead!" How frequently is that brief but salutary sentence uttered without exciting any but the most transient emotion—withholding a deeper or more powerful reflection than the next passing thought will entirely obliterate from the mind! Two friends shall casually meet after a temporary separation, and inquire after a third and mutual friend. "He's dead!" is the melancholy and impressive rejoinder. If men of business, perhaps he also was one who entered largely into their speculations—all their projects for the advancement of their fortunes—all their worldly-minded schemes of aggrandizement—yet "he's dead!" The intelligence is received with an exclamation of surprise—a significant shake of the head—a sensation nearly allied to pity and regret; but it is not long before "if an angel appeared and passed their hurry off without further comment to their respective counting-houses, where the unexpected information of the rise in sugar—the depression of the money market—the failure of some great house in which they had placed implicit confidence—or some equally vital and important affair, demands their immediate attention—it totally absorbs their minds, and they entirely forget that they have just heard an echo of their own inevitable doom!

### LITTLE CHILDREN.

We pity the man who does not love little children. We pity the heart that can listen to their innocent prattle, or look into their sparkling eyes which are the mirrors to their sinless souls, and not feel the refreshing influence of such companionship. There are such men, we know, in the world, and they may be good ones in the general sense, but the those whom the poet says have "no music in their souls," they are fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils. It will not do to say that they are absorbed in more important life duties than playing with children. There is a time for all things. There's a time for business; a time for devotion; a time for recreation. And what purer or better kind of

recreation can a great mind have than the unbanding of itself to caress and toy with a little child? It is not gravity that prevents any man from enjoying such a relaxation. Shall we tell the truth and say really what it is? Well, then, it is selfishness—intense selfishness!

It is not very complimentary to make such a remark; but as to its accuracy, good reader, just note for yourself. Think you the man who "don't like children." Observe him well. You will find him an overbearing egotist. You will find him so wrapped up in himself, so absorbed in the contemplating of his own schemes, so intent upon everything connected with his own gratification, that he has no emotions to spare upon subjects that cannot in some manner minister to his vanity or to his desires. Children will not flatter him. Children will not do homage to his genius or to his good looks. Children are unable to lift their tiny natures up to a level with his self-conscious complacency, and his dignified idea of himself will not allow him to lower his mind to a level with theirs. That is the whole philosophy of his indifference for children; and, as though he may disguise it to excuse it, his selfishness lies at the bottom of his peculiarity. When his indifference for children amounts to a positive dislike, Heaven help him! We have no wish to say what we think of him. If he is not positively a very wicked creature, it is because circumstances, so far, have favored his exemption from crime. Let him beware! Let him distrust his own nature. It is not entitled even to his own confidence.

### YANKEE NOTIONS.

STOCK-IN TRADE—Hoaxery.

SOUTHERN COYS—Contrabands.

LINCOLN'S LAST COX—Con-clusion.

OFNOT a soldier to wear a persecution cap?

SAUCE FOR "KILKENNY CATS"—Kilkenny catsnip.

TAMPER is so good a thing that we should never lose it.

JUST the General for the Federal exempt—General Delibity.

It is easy to say grace, but not half so easy to practice it.

To cure a bachelor's ache: carry to the patient eleven yards of silk, with a woman in it.

Few ladies are so modest as to be unwilling to sit in the lap of ease and luxury.

To ascertain a ship's speed: examine her fore foot and see her run.

DON'T put your watch under your pillow: a man should never "sleep upon his watch."

WHY is a mouse like a loaf of hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

If women do the greater part of the talking, they also do the better part of it.

To form an estimate of the beauty of a bouquet, put a face in it.

WHAT piece of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as it is finished? A-gate.

A MAN's boots and shoes get tight by imbibing water, but the man doesn't.

MANY a man tries to play the devil who isn't smart enough to act the part; he makes a poor devil.

A MAN named Mamma advertised for a wife in a Western paper. No woman could ever keep him.

COTTON may have been a sort of king once, but gunpowder beats the crown and the sceptre now.

"Know thyself," was the remark of a gentleman to his son, in the course of a parental lecture. "Thank you, my list of acquaintances







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ONE PENNY.



A SURPRISE.

## ASTREA;

OR,

## THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the *New York Ledger*.)

BY MRS. E. D. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"THE HIDDEN HAND," "JOSE ELMER," "EUDORA,"  
"THE DOOM OF DEVILS,"  
&c., &c., &c."

### CHAPTER I.

#### ORPHAN ETTIE.

If you but knew her good and tender heart,  
Its girl's trust, its woman's constancy,  
How pure yet passionate, how calm yet kind,  
How grave yet joyous, how reserved—yet free  
As light where friends are; how imbued with love  
The world most prize, yet the simplest.

BROWNING.

We left Ettie Burns weeping over the grave of

her grandfather—her only friend. But little time was given Ettie to weep. The hard hand of necessity, with its very rough pocket-handkerchief, wiped her eyes.

Old Captain Fuljoy, in the midst of his own bitter griefs, lost no time in discharging the trust left him by his deceased friend.

He had personally directed the funeral, and from the grave he would have led Ettie to his own house. But the weeping girl begged that she might be permitted to return to her old home, and remain there till the last moment, before departing for the distant abode of her grandmother. The farm and farm-house were to be rented out, and the rents to be devoted to Ettie's support, or left to accumulate for her benefit, as her grandmother should prove to be able and willing to keep her or otherwise. The stock and furniture were to be sold at once, or as soon as possible, to pay the funeral expenses

of the major, to give Ettie and her attendant a respectable mourning outfit, and to defray their expenses to their future home.

But as this would probably be a work of time, the good old captain, with his accustomed liberality, advanced all the money necessary for these purposes.

Thus, then, it was on a lovely summer morning that Ettie Burns, Miss Pinchett, and Captain Fuljoy stood upon the rustic porch of the old farm-house, watching up the creek for the distant appearance of the *Bossy Bee*, who was that morning expected on her return trip from Creekhead, and by whom Ettie and Miss Pinchett were to take their passage to Baltimore. On the summit of the hill in front of the house waved a little red flag, as a signal for the boat to stop and send a skiff ashore there for passengers.

Poor Ettie loved her home as a kitten does.

That morning she had visited and taken leave of every room in the house, every barn, corn-house, and wood-shed on the farm. She had fed the poultry for the last time; she had stroked the cows and hugged the sheep, patted the pigs on the head, and cried over the horses. And she had fondled her dog and cat, and committed them to the tender care of Captain Fuljoy, who promised to take them all with him to the Isle and love them for Ettie's sake. And to prove it, the old man held in his arms the torpid-looking cat, which he continually caressed, and the little lap-dog, which lay sleeping with its head on his shoulder.

Ettie's large, dark eyes were red with weeping at leaving her beloved old home, and yet sparkling with light at the thought of the strange new world into which she was going.

"Here comes the steamer! Courage, my little girl! You are about to enter upon the great world," cried the captain, as he levelled his glass far up the creek, where, through the thin, golden morning mist, the white smoke of the steamer was seen. And soon the sound of her paddle-wheels was heard, and soon after she came in sight—like a bird, as she sped onward over the break, bright waters, shining in the morning sun between their green-wooded shores. She saw the signal, for she turned her course so as to come down on this side between Fuljoy's Isle and Burnstop.

"Now, my brave girl, come along, and never look behind you," said the captain, as he transferred both cat and dog to one arm, and gave the other to Ettie to lead her down the hill.

Ettie's full crimson lips trembled, and her large dark eyes filled with tears.

"Good-bye, old home! good-bye, dear old home!" she cried, as she stepped on the deck, and the rapidly descending hill, and came down to the water's edge. Their luggage was already on the beach, in charge of the captain's servant, Stepey.

The steamer had stopped just opposite the spot where they stood, and sent out a boat, and was now receiving the guests to its main, where every stroke of the oars that brought her nearer seemed to fall heavily upon Ettie's heart. As it grated upon the sand, on reaching the beach, Ettie threw herself sobbing into the arms of the old captain.

"Here, hold this dog and cat, Stepey," said the old sailor, transferring the pets to his man, while he drew Ettie into his embrace, kissed her, and solemnly blessed her. Lifting his hat from his venerable white head, and placing his hand upon her head, he said:

"My the Father of the fatherless watch over you, my beloved child. May He preserve you from all temptations, and may He give you grace for your youth, and joy, and happiness. May He lead you through a righteous, useful, happy life, to a good old age, a peaceful death, and a blessed immortality, for the Saviour's sake. Amen."

Thus he put on his hat, lifted her as though she had been an infant, and placed her in the boat.

Ettie was sobbing as if her heart would break.

The captain then courteously assisted Miss Pinchett into the boat, seated her comfortably, shook hands with her, and stepped back upon the sands. The rowers took their oars, and were about to push the boat off, when Ettie looked up from the handkerchief in which she had been sobbing, and said:

"My little dog and cat! I haven't said good-bye to the poor things yet!"

But even while she spoke, the captain was bringing them to the boat.

"Take them, Ettie; take them with you, dear child!" he said, placing them in her lap.

"But, oh, may I? Will the people on the boat and in the cars let me take my little dog

and cat?" said Ettie, eagerly, smiling through her tears.

"Yes, my dear, they are so small and gentle. They will annoy no one. Miss Pinchett can take the cat and you the dog. If any one objects tell them that you are a poor fatherless and motherless girl, going among strange relatives, and your two little friends are all that is left of your home. My word for it no one will wish to deprive you of them. Have faith in the good feelings of your fellow beings, Ettie! One more good-bye, my child!" said the captain, and he gave a kiss upon her forehead, and then turning hastily away and striding to the shore to conceal the tears that rushed to his eyes.

The boat put off. Ettie clasped her pets to her bosom, and sat watching the hill, the house, and the captain, until the steamer was reached.

Then in the bustle of getting on board, of course she lost sight of them. But as soon as she reached the upper deck, she turned her face to them again. There they were—the old wooded hill, the house, with its rustic porch, peeping out between the trees, and the good old captain standing on the beach waving his handkerchief.

Through rising blinding tears Ettie watched them and waved her own.

The boat started gallily down the creek, but Ettie's face was still turned to the home and friend of her childhood. She watched them with a loving curiosity until the hill, the house, and the old man dropped behind, receded far, and faded in the distance.

"Oh, Father in Heaven, grant that I may come back to them all again!" prayed Ettie, bursting into a passion of tears and sobs. Miss Pinchett sat in silence by her side, holding the cat in her lap. And thus they passed down the beautiful creek, and reached the little steamer's town of Cornport at its mouth. Here the boat stopped some twenty minutes, to take in the mail, some freight, and a few passengers. At this time Ettie sat buried in grief, not caring to look up. She had often been to Cornport, so the little place had nothing new to attract her. But Cornport had been the utmost limit of her travels. She had never been farther than the home that she left. To her experience that was the end of the world, the jumping-off place. Still she was familiar with it, and there was nothing at its crowded and busy little wharf to win her for one moment from her sorrow, so she sat with her arms around her little dog, and her weeping face hidden upon his curly white hair.

The truest sympathy is silent, and therefore Miss Pinchett sat beside the young mourner without just now, making any attempt to say her tears. She thought, and justly thought, it was better that Ettie should have her cry out. Such gusts of tears and sobs refresh a thoughtful mourner's heart, as thunderstorms do the face of nature.

At length the boat started, and left Cornport, with its busy little traffic far behind.

Then Miss Pinchett thought it time to speak.

"Look, Ettie, my love"—she said—"we are out in the bay now. You have never seen the ocean before."

Ettie looked up with her dilated and fearful eyes. She was so much of a child that she was pleased with a new scene. She looked around.

Water! water everywhere! rolling out in vast, liquid, heaving fields to the utmost verge of the horizon.

"How grand!" said Ettie, wiping her eyes and smiling like a sun-burst after a storm. And fascinated by the first sight of the sea, she sat sending her gaze out to the far distant line of light where the water met the sky.

But presently she happened to turn her head and see the dark blue line of the Maryland shore behind her, and her mood changed, and she threw herself in Miss Pinchett's arms and burst

into a fresh gust of tears and sobs, exclaiming between them:

"Oh, my dear old home! oh, my dear good friends! my dear old Maryland! shall I ever, ever, ever, see you all again?"

"Yes, dear, you will see them often and often again, please the Lord," said the old lady, gently comforting her.

"But, oh, look, Miss Pinchett!" she exclaimed, pointing to the receding shore. "It is going, going, going, disappearing behind the horizon. My old Maryland! shore! My dear old Maryland shore! (Oh! how long will it be before I see you again?) But I will never love another place like you, old home! no splendor of fortune in other lands shall ever turn my heart from you! And when Ettie is from me she will come back to you again and be happy."

## CHAPTER II.

### ETIE ENTERS THE WORLD.

Oh, wonder!

How many goodly creations there are here! How beautiful are mankind! Oh, brave new world That has such people in it.

SHAKESPEARE.

Ettie watched until the last faint line of the shore had faded quite away and there was nothing around her but a vast expanse of water, of which her busy little steamer seemed the centre.

Presently a bell rang.

"That is the dinner-bell, my dear. We had better go down to the mess room and take off our bonnets," said Miss Pinchett.

Ettie had never in her short life been on board a steamer. All her trips about the creek had been performed in her grandfather's little canoe, therefore of the interior course of a steambot she knew just nothing at all.

It was, then, with some degree of childish curiosity that she followed Miss Pinchett down the little winding stairs that led to the small compartment in the middle of the boat called the Ladies' Cabin. Fortunately there were no ladies except Ettie and Miss Pinchett. They had the cabin all to themselves.

Ettie looked around with much interest. There were eight berths, four on each side. There was a bureau and looking-glass at the end, a little centre table with a Bible on it in the middle, and two rocking-chairs beside it. There were the private accommodations offered by the *Busy Bee* to her lady passengers. And they were amply sufficient—lady passengers being very rare on the little steamer.

"Well, said Ettie, gazing around her, "the steamboat seemed to me like a living thing, moving through the water, and this close place might be its stomach. But where are we to sleep?"

Miss Pinchett pointed to the berths, saying: "We are the only occupants of the cabin; we can have a choice of all these."

"What, these shelves! We shall roll off, Pinchey," said Ettie, with something like a return to her old gaiety. "Prudely" was Ettie's pet name for her friend, by which she always addressed her except in moments of grief or gravity. The old lady smiled at now as a sign of Ettie's returning cheerfulness.

"There! there is the second bell! They don't give a body time here to comb their hair," said Miss Pinchett, as another bell sounded through the boat.

The stewardess, a short, fat, motherly-looking black woman, came in to show them the way to the little dining-saloon.

This was also the gentlemen's cabin, and their berths were ranged upon each side, tier above tier. The long table, covered with a good dinner, stood in the middle. There were about a dozen guests seated, comprising farmers and tradesmen, who were going to Baltimore to sell or to buy goods. Among them was a neighbor of Major Burns, with whom Ettie had a slight acquaintance. Meeting him there afforded another diversion to her mind. A steamboat

dinner is usually disagreeable enough to most people, but to Ettie it was a most interesting novelty.

When it was over, accompanied by Miss Pinchett, she returned to the cabin to see after her pets. Here also was met by the stewardess, who pointing indignantly to where the little dog Flora and the cat Nanny were running about, said:

"See here, ladies, we never allow no cats nor no dogs, nowhow, into our boat!"

"Oh, but please—" began Ettie, when Miss Pinchett stopped her, and slipping a gold piece in the hand of the maiden, said:

"There are no ladies but ourselves in the cabin, to be annoyed by these little creatures, so perhaps you will bring them something to eat."

"Oh yes, mum, cert'n," said the woman, instantly changing her tone.

Ettie had the satisfaction of seeing her pets well fed, and then they went up on deck, and sat and watched the rippling waves as they reached the boat's side, or noticed the track of foam left behind its stern, or looked over the blue expanse of water, observing here and there a distant sail. Thus passed the evening until the late tea hour.

Even after that, Ettie came up on deck to see the setting sun sink down, as it were, into the abyss of the sea, drawing after it a long line of light from the surface of the water. Then, as the stars twilight passed away, she watched the short shine out from the clear, blue-black sky above, and the phosphoric fire sparkle on the rippling dark waters below. There were neither winds nor waves to disturb the beautiful motion of the steamer as it glided on its way.

At length, however, Ettie, wearied by a day of unusual excitement, went below and turned in, and was soon rocked to sleep in the cradle of her berth. She slept a sound and dreamless sleep through the night, lulled by the gentle motion of the boat. She was awakened at length by the stopping of this motion. She opened her eyes and saw that it was dawn, and that Miss Pinchett, already dressed, was standing before her.

"We are at the landing," said that lady; "get up and dress, the passengers are all ready to go on shore. We have only time to snatch a hasty breakfast, if we wish to catch the early train."

In an instant Ettie rolled out of her berth, and she got herself into her clothes quicker than she had ever done in her life before.

Miss Pinchett busied herself with gathering together all their little personal effects that lay about the cabin, and tying them up in parcels.

Presently the stewardess, whose soul had been bought by the bit of gold, came in to bring a plate of meat for Ettie's pets, and to say that the breakfast was on the table.

They went into the saloon, made a hasty meal, and then, having gathered all their luggage together, not forgetting Flora and Nancy, they had had piled in and about a hack, which they entered, and ordered to be driven to the Philadelphia railway station.

They were fortunate in just catching the express train, and soon found themselves seated in the comfortable ladies' car, and flying along the country.

To Ettie, who had never seen a railway train before, this was all like necromancy. And as cities, towns, and villages, fields, forests, and fairs, fled behind the rushing cars, she looked after them with eyes of terror. And when a train from the opposite direction came flashing past, she shrank up in a little heap and clung to Miss Pinchett for safety. Ettie's pets did not seem to approve of these goings-on any more than their mistress did; for while Ettie would shrink and tremble, the little dog would bark,

and the little cat put up its back and spit defiance at the frightful monster.

The car was not full. Ettie and her companions had four seats to themselves. And, moreover, there was no one sitting very near them. Perhaps that was the reason why no one objected to the presence of the pets. It is true that when the conductor came around to take the tickets, he did look rather hard at these unusual passengers; but as Ettie raised her large, dark, appealing eyes to his face, and he noticed her calm and contented and deep mourning dress, he merely said:

"Well, well; all right," and went on his way; but not until Ettie's bright smile, bursting like sunshine through her tears, had thanked him.

In an hour or two, also, finding that she was not ground to powder by the rushing, thundering, and crashing trains, she plucked up courage and looked around, and her spirits rose. She was passing through miles and miles of a richly cultivated country, the like of which she had never beheld in her own home-state or wild region. She was entering upon a strange, new life. She looked with the greatest interest upon everything around her, yet the thought of the dear old grandmother she was to find at the end of her journey charmed her more than anything in the course.

Miss Pinchett, overpowered by the swift motion of the train, settled herself in the corner of her seat and fell fast asleep. The cat and dog followed her example. And so did many of her fellow passengers.

Ettie fell to day-dreaming, and all about her grandmother and her maiden aunt!—for, alas! there was a maiden aunt in the corner, and she thought of the latter was not an absolute horror to Ettie, it was at least a very serious drawback to her anticipations of happiness; for she knew in her own mind, without any one's telling her, that this obnoxious maiden aunt was tall and bony, with a sharp nose and a sharp voice, and she spent her time in scolding and making pickles, and that she would be sure to want to teach her, Ettie, to do croquet work and add up sums, both of which the child's soul abhorred!

But it was the nature of Ettie's boyish spirit always to look upon the bright side. So she specially cast the image of her repulsive maiden aunt to Coventry, and called up that of her grandmother. Ah! that was something to delight in!

Ettie had never known her mother's perfect love, nor a grandmother's indulgent fondness; but she had dreamed of both. A mother's love would never be hers; but she was about to enjoy a grandmother's. She had noticed how other girls had been loved by their mothers and grandmothers, and that the manifestations of a mother's love were part caresses and part rebuke, while those of a grandmother were all petting. And she greatly preferred the latter.

She recalled to mind the rustic grandmothers she had seen in her native region—good old women in stuff gowns and large aprons, and white caps and round spectacles—comfortable old ladies, who were bottomless pockets with endless supplies of gingerbread for the children.

Then she pictured to herself her own grandmother who lived in the city, and was said to be wealthy, and she imagined her to be a nice old lady with soft, silky white hair just parted beneath her close book-mulin cap, and wearing a black bombazine dress, with a book-mulin tucker folded around her neck inside her dress, and a black silk apron and black lace mitts. She liked this old lady, and thought how happy she should be to have such a one to pet her.

This grandmother she fancied lived in a pretty cottage with a flower garden near the suburbs of the city, quite away from its noise and heat and dust.

And this grandmother would give her a pretty bed-room all to herself, with white dimity cur-

tains to the bed, and a white jasmine vine growing over her window. And she would find out how destitute Ettie was of all conveniences for neatness, order, and comfort; and being herself a very particular old lady, she would take Ettie to the city and present her with a Japan dressing case, a painted work-box, and a little mahogany writing desk, all completely furnished. Of anything more elegant than these, the orphan never dreamed.

And, oh! she resolved to be so attentive and dutiful and affectionate to this dear grandmother, and to repay her so richly for all her love.

So absorbed was Ettie in her day-dream that she never awoke until she was startled by the raising of every one in the car, who began to hurry on their shawls and pick up their traveling bags, as for a general stampede. As the train was still in motion, Ettie did not know what to make of this. But as this mode of travelling seemed to present a succession of novelties, Ettie would not betray her surprise. So she only gave Miss Pinchett a sharp nudge to wake her up, and said:

"The people are all going! I don't know what is the matter."

"Have we reached the ferry-boat? Oh, yes we have!" yawned the spinster, starting up and beginning to gather together her traveling bag, umbrella, and extra shawl. They followed the crowd, thus reaching in safety the ferry-boat, where Ettie and Miss Pinchett went to a long and crowded table, and got a lunch of hot coffee and stewed oysters, and where Ettie bought a slice of beef-steak which she gave to her pets in the privacy of the "Ladies' Dressing Room," where nurses "most did congregate" to attend to their babies.

Again following the crowd, Ettie and Miss Pinchett entered the connecting train of cars and once more found themselves rushing over the land with lightning speed!

Again Miss Pinchett, overcome by her lurching and the motion of the train, fell asleep.

And Ettie fell to day-dreaming about her nice old grandmother, the suburban cottage, the white curlicued bed-room, the dressing-case, work-box, writing-desk, &c. And so she continued to dream until late in the afternoon, when the train once more stopped at the water's side, and they had to leave it to enter a ferry-boat and cross a broad river like an arm of the sea.

But when this ferry-boat approached the opposite shore, Ettie, who was on the look-out, beheld a magnificent city, the grandeur of which had never even entered her dreams, although those dreams were one of the grandest. They landed in the midst of a bustle that nearly stunned little Ettie into idiocy.

"Here we are, my dear, at our journey's end. In an hour we shall be seated at tea in the old lady's parlor," said Miss Pinchett, as she beckoned a hackman, and gave him the tickets to get their luggage.

"Hold your pocket in your hand, Ettie, or it may be picked in an instant," said Miss Pinchett, while they were waiting for the hackman to return.

Ettie clapped her hand on her pocket, but the next instant exclaimed, in dismay:

"Oh! it's too late! He's already picked! my pocket-book is gone!"

"Goodness, gracious, me alive! how much was in it?" cried Miss Pinchett, in consternation.

"A quarter and a flip and three cents and two postage stamps!"

"Why was that all this money you had, child?"

"All I had in that pocket-book! The two golden double eagles that dear old Captain Fuljoy gave me are in my new crimson purse, at the bottom of my trunk."

"That is fortunate. Now, here comes the hackman with our trunks," she said, as that functionary approached.

The luggage was put on, the order where to

drive was given, they entered the carriage, and started.

The gas-lamps in all the streets and all the shop windows were now lighted, and poor little rustic Etie was half stupefied with amazement. As the carriage rolled over miles of illuminated, crowded, and noisy streets, Etie felt dazzled by the splendor of the gas-lamps, blinded by the glare of the gas-lamps, deafened by the clatter of the omnibuses, confused by the throng of people, and generally overwhelmed by the wonders of the great city. Through miles and miles and miles of this street, and then into another, more illumined, more splendid, and more crowded than the first. Etie tumbled from one side of the carriage to the other, never tired of gazing out.

"I declare, this city is like our great St. Mary's forest, and the houses are as thick as the trees!" she exclaimed.

Through miles and miles of this street, and then into a broad, quiet avenue, where there were no shops and no crowd, but where lofty place-dwellings lined each side.

#### CHAPTER LIII.

##### ETIE'S SPECTACULAR GRANDMAMA.

Full blown and rich in her maturity.  
The dwelling of a great and noble family.  
But ever mingling with the pure and high  
Concepts of a soul that spreads its wings  
To fly where mind, when bodied, dwells to soar.  
J. G. FENIMORE.

THE carriage drew up before one of the most imposing of these buildings—a large, double-fronted, four-storied, brown mansion, with wrought-iron balconies, plate-glass windows, marble steps, and all the external evidences of wealth, taste, and munificence. Lights gleamed through the nearly-closed shutters of the windows, showing life, warmth, and brilliancy within.

While Etie gazed in stupefaction upon this magnificent dwelling, Miss Pincnett said:

"Here we are, my dear Miss grandmother's house; take up your little dog, and let's go out."

"That!" exclaimed Etie, with mouth and eyes wide open with astonishment. "Why, that is not my grandmother's house! My grandmother lives in ever such a pretty white cottage, with a flower garden all around it; not in a grand palace like this!"

"Who told you so, my dear?" inquired Miss Pincnett, as the driver opened the door and let down the steps.

"Why, nobody told me; I thought so of my own self," said Etie.

"Then you were mistaken, my dear; your grandmother lives here," replied Miss Pincnett, as she alighted and assisted Etie to get out.

The driver had already gone up to the door, and knocked and rang.

Etie and Miss Pincnett went up the steps, and by the time they had reached the top, the door was opened by a black footman in livery.

"Tell your mistress that I have brought her granddaughter home," said Miss Pincnett to the footman.

"Yes, mum; cert'ney, mum; please to walk in here, mum," replied the man, with a bow at the end of every phrase, as he led the travellers through the fine staircase to an elegant little reception parlor, where a carpet brought her a blue and silver velvet carpet, so rich that Etie hesitated to step on it; and whose window curtains and chair-sofa covers were all of pale blue and silver satin damask. A chandelier of silver and crystal hung from the ceiling and illumined the room. Etie took out a clean pocket-handkerchief, and laid it with careful reverence on one of the small reception chairs before she ventured to sit down on a thing so elegant.

As soon as the servant had disappeared, Etie, sitting upon the very edge of the chair, whispered, in sweet tones:

"What does the black man wear such fine soldier's clothes for, Miss Pincnett?"

"It is not soldier's clothes; it is livery, my dear."

"And what is livery, Miss Pincnett?"

"A particular sort of a servile uniform, worn by the servants of individual families, to distinguish them from the servants of other wealthy families."

"Oh! But how very light the house is—as light as day, and a great deal lighter than soldier's uniforms. It really makes my eyes ache. What a deal of oil it must take; not only to light this house, I mean, but to light the great streets we passed through. Why, I should think it would take all the oil of all the whales in all the oceans in the world to feed them!" said Etie, gazing open-mouthed at her.

"It is not oil, it is gas, my dear."

"And what is gas?"

"Well, I hardly know myself; except that it is a subtle, invisible agent, made from coal, and much used by the people of the cities to light up their streets and houses, and also by politicians in their stump-speeches to dazzle the intellects of the vulgar."

As Miss Pincnett got through the luminous description of a luminous subject, the footman re-entered the parlor, and with three bows, said:

"If you please, mum, you and the young lady, mum, is to walk up-stairs to be dressing-room."

"You must show us the way, then," said Miss Pincnett.

"Cert'ney, mum, cert'ney," replied the footman, with two bows.

Etie and Miss Pincnett arose and followed their conductor through the spacious hall, up the staircases, and into a lofty dressing-room on the first floor, the splendor of which so blinded the eyes of Etie, that she could make out nothing but a glow of rose-colored satin damask chair and sofa covers and window curtains, a gleam of lofty mirrors, a drift of lace, a draped dressing-table, and a dazzle of gaslight over the walls.

At last, through the splendid confusion advanced a stately and beautiful woman, whose elegant mourning dress of black more antique, trimmed with ermine, only rendered her blonde beauty more radiant by its contrast. Her plump neck and arms were bare and adorned by a necklace of jet beads set off by the gleam of the advantage the snowy whiteness of both. Her fair and classic face was flushed with a delicate bloom. Her graceful head had no other ornament than its own rich golden auburn braids and ringlets. There was a shade of deep sadness upon this stately lady's face, yet through it she smiled as she advanced towards the travellers, and giving the precedence first to age, offered her hand to Miss Pincnett, saying:

"I am very glad to see you, ma'am, and thank you very much for bringing Miss Burns so safely to us. Please take a seat."

Miss Pincnett bowed, and said:

"I am quite a pleasure" and sat down upon one of the rose-colored sofas.

Then the lady turned to Etie, and drew her to her own bosom in a warm embrace, saying:

"You are welcome, most welcome, to my heart, my own dear Esther. Come and sit by me, and let me look at you, my child."

Etie sat down beside her to another sofa, immediately under a gaslight, and making her sit quite close to herself, threw her arm around her, and to Etie's infinite confusion, looked steadily in her face, saying, as she pursued each feature of that blushing countenance:

"Yes, you are like your mother, the way I love the style of your features, the way you are wearing jet black hair, the same burning black hair, and the same glowing crimson cheeks and lips! Yes, you are like your mother, and she was as like her father as a girl could be to a man. How old are you, my darling?"

"I shall be sixteen on the first of August," said Etie, trembling.

"A summer-child—just what your mother

was at your age! I could almost imagine it was my own Esther sitting by me! You are just at the age she was when—oh, Esther! Esther!" cried the lady, suddenly overwhelmed by what seemed a paroxysm of remorseful love.

Etie began to cry, partly from nervousness, partly from fright, and partly from sympathy. And she had no pocket-handkerchief to wipe away her tears, having left hers spread over the bottom of the elegant chair upon which she had sat in the parlor. So Etie rubbed her flint into her eyes incessantly.

"Do not weep, my dear," said the lady, taking down the little hands. "All this is long past, and cannot now be mended. Think of something else, my love. Tell me about your journey. Was it very disagreeable?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, it was beautiful. I was delighted all the way; first with the lovely steamboat, and then with the grand train, and now with this magnificent city."

"You are an enthusiast, my dear Etie. Ah, yes, like your mother and her father. But you look tired, child. I will ring for cook to send up your tea here, and then you shall go to your room." And the lady rose and rang the bell.

"If you please, ma'am," said Etie, and then she stopped and blushed.

"What, Esther? Speak, dear. What is it?"

"If you please, ma'am, then, I should like to see my grandmother first."

"Your—what did you say, my dear Etie?"

"I said, if you please, ma'am, I should like to see my grandmother first." That is, if she has not gone to bed; because I know she expects me to-night; but if she is gone to bed I would not disturb her for the whole world."

"Your grandmother, did you say, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am, please."

"Why, Etie, is it possible that you do not know the name of your grandmother?" inquired the lady, in astonishment.

"Yes, my grandmother!" said Etie, half angry at what she took to be an ill-timed jest. "Oh, no, ma'am, I know better than that, too, if it was brought up in the woods! You could not possibly be my grandmother."

"What!" cried the lady, asked the lady, amused at the perfect sincerity of Etie's manner.

"Because, ma'am, you are a beautiful young lady," said Etie, glancing at the blooming face and sunny curls, plump white neck, and graceful arms of her hostess—"and my own nice, dear, good grandmother is quite an old lady, with hair as white as cotton, and she wears an old-fashioned black bombazine gown, with a white muslin inside handkerchief, and a large black silk apron and black lace mits, and a nice white cap tied close under her chin, and also spectacles."

"But, my dear, who gave you this minute description of your grandmother?" inquired the lady, with a smile.

"Nobody at all, ma'am; but I had seen a great many grandmothers in our neighborhood, if I never had one before; and so you see, allowing for the difference between country and town, it was very easy for me to figure out what my own dear old grandmother would look like, and I am quite sure I should know her among a thousand!"

The lady for a moment forgot the grief that lay heavy at the bottom of her heart, and laughed a low silvery little laugh, as she said:

"That grandmother that you have described is the creation of your own fancy only—a fictitious grandmother. I am the real one! Can you not see that?"

"No, ma'am," replied Etie, stonily, "because, as I said before, you are a beautiful young lady, in a splendid evening dress, with low neck and bare arms. And my grandmother is a very old lady, in a black gown, white cap and spectacles."

"My love, what was her name?" laughed the lady.

"Mrs. Gertrude Courtney Grenville."

"That is my name, my child."

"Ma'am," said Ettie, with rising wrath—"if I am a simple country girl, I know one thing. I know it is neither kind nor lady-like to try to hoist a poor orphan who is longing for her grandmother, by telling her such stories! But you cannot humbug me in that way! I am not to be sold at that price! And so far from being my grandmother, you cannot even be my maiden aunt!"

"Your maiden aunt! By the way, I will introduce you to your maiden aunt!—Celeste!" said the lady laughing, and addressing her French maid, who was busy in another part of the room: "go and say to Miss Howard that I wish to see her here."

"Oh, Madame," answered the girl, leaving the room for the purpose.

The lady sat smiling upon Ettie, who remained in offended silence until the door opened and a lovely girl, in deep mourning, with a tall, slender, and graceful form, regular features, snowy forehead, rosy cheeks and lips, clear blue eyes, and pale golden ringlets, and with a countenance of the freshest youthfulness, entered the room and advanced smiling towards her mamma.

"Lois, my love, this is your niece, Esther. Ettie, my dear, embrace your—maiden aunt!"

Ettie looked up at this fresh and blooming girl, and then at the beautiful and stately woman. Mother and daughter were the rose and the rosebud, with the morning dew still sparkling on them.

But they were not what Ettie had expected to find, and so she bowed very sullenly, and went off in indignation to Miss Finchett, and said:

"Pinchey, take me to my grandmother and auntie, or else take me back home again! I won't stay here for that big wax doll to make fun of me!"

"My dear, bless your heart, that lady is your grandmother; she is younger than you expected to find her—perhaps she is not over forty-eight or fifty—and she has taken care of herself and uses all the arts of the toilet to improve her beauty, that is all; now come right back with me and behave yourself," whispered Miss Finchett, rising to lead Ettie up to her relatives.

"Pinchey, I know you would not deceive me! Is she, though, really now?" inquired Ettie.

"Yes, my dear, on my word," said Miss Finchett, as they crossed the room.

When they stood before Mrs. Greville and Lois, Miss Finchett said:

"I hope you will forgive poor Ettie, Madam; she is country-bred, and failed at first to recognise in you the relative she expected to find."

"Oh, I will forgive her, for the implied compliment she has paid me in so sincerely doubting that I could possess the beauty of her grandmother!" said Mrs. Greville, smiling and drawing the blushing girl to her.

"And now, Ettie dear, as you favored me with a description of the grandmamma you expected to meet, let Lois hear what sort of an aunt you had pictured to yourself?"

But Ettie stood embarrassed and blushing, until Lois suddenly seized and kissed her, and said:

"Mamma! this child ought to have her supper and be put to bed."

"Yes, certainly; I rang once, but you see no one has appeared. Ring again."

Lois did so, and this time the summons was answered and the necessary orders given. And in a very few minutes a nice little supper for two was served in Mrs. Greville's dressing-room.

Ettie and Miss Finchett sat down and did ample justice to the delicacies spread before them.

After this the service was removed, and Celeste directed to show Ettie and her attendant to their chamber.

(To be continued in our next.)

## FOREST SKETCHES.—No. 9.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP,  
AUTHOR OF "THE HUNTED LIFE," &c.

### A NIGHT WITH A PANTHER.

It was easy, pretty sailing down the river. The current was gentle through the prairie land, and not swift as the mountains. The scenery was delightful; and the many birds that flew to and fro, at times sailing over the bosom of the stream, but gliding away as we approached, were clad in gorgeous plumage, and some of them had voices far from unpleasant. The weather was lovely, a fine morning, and the wind was just what was needed to overcome the heat of the sun.

The forenoon had been spent in relating adventures. But it was with an adventure of old Gari the Grizzly's that we have particularly to do at this time.

It was near the middle of the afternoon, and we let the boat go with the current, simply keeping out a guiding oar at the stern. Up to this time Gari had had the helm, but he gave it up to one of the others, and then answered our request for a story as follows:

"Well, friends, I'll tell you of a bit of adventure 'at I was in in Louisiana. I set started from St. Joseph, on the Mississippi, to cross to Columbia, on the Washita. The distance aren't far from sixty mile—an' a long sixty mile it wur, too. I had five good sized rivers to cross, besides some smaller streams. There wa'n't but a few cabins on the way, an' no regular settlements; so I took a little fodder along with me in case of need."

"I owned a pooly good kind of a hoss—a strong, faithful animal, but not so very handsome. I set out one forenoon in the late part of the season; it wur in September, I think—'cuss the corn wur ripe. I crossed the Tensas just as the sun set, and went on to reach the cabin of mine who had gone out thur the spring afore. I jogged along, but I didn't reach the cabin. In course I know'd I wur upon the right track, 'cuss there wa'n't no other; so 'twur kind o' strange 'at I didn't find the cabin. But by-m-by 'twas't strange at all."

"When it wur comin' right down dark I reached a hill 'at I know'd, and I know'd, too, 'at my friend's cabin wur half a mile east of it. I mout a' rode by an' not see it;—it mout a' been back in the timmer a little, so 't I missed it. Onyhow, I jest turned back an' put old Gertup into a trot; an' afore a great while I reached the spot where the cabin had stood. But they wa'n't no cabin thar now. Old Bill had pulled stakes an' gone, sure enough."

"This wur rather unpleasant. Howsever I couldn't mend the matter by grumblin, so I moved on a bit furder. By-m-by I come to a place whur thar wur a spring of fresh cold water under a high bluff, an' here I thought I'd camp for the night. I made my horse fast to a tree, un' when I had eat a bit of supper I spread out my blanket and lay down. I heard no noise anywhere in the woods, so I went to sleep without any fear."

"It mout a' been somewher 'bout midnight when I mout 'a' woke by a tearin' racket close to me. I stretched my ribs an' started up, but it took a bit of rubbin' to get my peepers wholly open. Ye see I wur a sleepin' mighty sound, an' when I reached my feet I wa'n't more'n half awake. But I come to in a hurry, though, for my hoss wur a tearin' away like mad. I looked up an' seed 'at my hoss wern't alone. Thar wur somethin' on his back, an' wa'n't a human; an' in a moment I seed it wur a panther!"

"Ye may think I wur kind o' fear-startled at first. Wal—I mout a' been; but if I wur I didn't know it. I wur mad to think the sneakin' varmint had come onto my hoss in that fashion. I looked up close, but afore I could see it the hoss snapped his rope an' started, like a streak

o' lightning, with the painter on his back. But I fered, onyhow. What I hit I never know'd, for that wur the last I ever seed of my hoss. I started upon the jump, an' kept it up for an hour; but I never found anything 'at looked like the animal I had lost."

"When I'd got all tired out I found a good rostin' place, whur I dumped myself for the rest of the night."

"In the mornin' I made a breakfast on a little dried meat an' bread, and by way of seasonin' I put in a few cusses now an' then on all kinds of varmint, but on painters in particular. In course I had no thought of turnin' back, for, as I said, some high onto half way, so I wur 'bout as nigh to one end o' my journey as to 'other. As soon as I'd swallered my breakfast I throw'd my rifle across my shoulder an' set out."

"In the course of an hour I come to a river, which I swim without any trouble. The trail wur plain, but not very easy. 'T wur realy in a good many places, and late rains had made bad work whur the ground wur soft. About noon I come to another place whur 'ad been a cabin; but the squatter 'd gone now. 'T wur in this way 'at I got so completely famwolved. I'd spected to find a few cabins, at least, but 'cuss the rain, I didn't find no sich thing. I had that tramp all alone."

"A little arter noon the sky began to grow daz. Great clouds come over, and the a' fell rain. At night I wur fifteen mile from Columbia; an' I had the promise of bein' out in a few days, considerin' a bit of a storm. The rain, as we black ink, was a real vied wur a rain, and afore long it come. The rain began to fall—it come in great drops—and sounded on the dry leaves like thousands of little rabbits runnin' through the woods."

"By-m-by it began to lightnin' an' thunder. I tell y' 'twur a sight to see. It set me on the s'lf 'at I couldn't see my way at all. The holes filled up with water; the logs an' stumps wur in the way; an' I couldn't get on nobow. Once in a while, when 'twould light'n, I could see; but the dark that follered wur so thick 'at I believe I could 'a' cut it up into chunks and made balls o' it. I wa'n't afeared to try to poke along in that fashion; so I made up my mind 'at I would find a roost somewher."

"When it began to thunder I began to hear other noises, too; an' this was one reason why I wanted to roost. It wur worles I heard—and plenty on 'em, too. In course, I didn't want to run the risk of havin' a peak o' them half-stranded varmints fall afoul of me, so I determined to find a good tree. I wa'n't long doin' this, for by the very next light'n I saw a huge white oak, with limbs so low 'at I could reach 'em."

"You'll understand 'at I wa'n't on bottom timmer now, an' I wur in the arms the Macon an' the Bouff. I waited a while, an' then I seed the lightnin', and then I mounted the tree. I had got up thirty foot from the ground when I dropped my rifle. 'Cuss the thing!' says I, as I turned about to go down again. I reached the ground, and, when it light'n'd, I saw my rifle. An' bow dyer think I found it? The infernal thing wur broken short off from the bar'l!"

"Wa'n't there a fix? The look wur on one piece, an' the bar'l on another. I stood thar a long time as though I expected 'twould grow together agin. Howsever, I come to my senses arter a while, an' then, havin' stowed the stock away in the foot of the tree, I took the bar'l up with me. It wur kind o' nat'ral to have somethin' heavy in my hand, so I took the bar'l as the best thing I had. In a little while I got back to the place whur I wur afore, and thar I found a great limb on which I could squat very comfortably. It wur as big as my body—about the bigness of a small tree. I took the below for my feet. So I put my back agin the

trunk, and felt quite easy, only the rain wasn't very nice; nor war the loss of my rifle very pleasant.

"In course I war tired, and in spite of the heavy rain I nodded. I didn't really sleep, but I sleet my eyes an' dozed as I allers do when everything aint just right, an' yet I'm too sleepy to keep my peepers open. The rain war a fallin' all the time, and every once't in a while I heard the thunder break overhead.

"By-m-by I opened my eyes. A clap of thunder louder'n any of the rest had shook the whole forest, an' I had fussed I heard another noise, too. I couldn't tell 'xactly what 'twas—I thought mebbe I war dreamin'—but still it startled me. I war wholly awake, an' I looked around; but—Lord o' mercy—I'm not as well 'ave tried to look through the butt of a tree! The light'n laid off a long while. I waited for it, but at the same time I kind of nat'ally looked around. The rain war a fallin' as fast as ever. It come down in great drops, an' I knowed 'at the streams war a risin' fast, for I could hear 'em roar around me like the big falls of a river. And then the wind was a blowin', too,—it mized up its roarin' with the streams, an' ye may believe I had music.

"Footy soon I felt the limb I war on move different from what it had moved afore. I cast my eyes around, an' I seed something 'at at first looked like great drops of rain on the leaves. But in a second I remembered 'at thar wa'n't any light to shine on 'em of 'twar war drops of water. I looked a little closer, an' I tell ye my heart kind of gin a leap towards my throat. Then two bright spots—thay'r wa'n't but two on 'em—war the eyes of a varmint!

"And now what kind of a varmint war it? In course it must 'a been a tree-climber. And what war 'thar in that yer forest of that kind? Ye must say a wild-cat. Ah—but then eyes war too big for that. No, no—I know'd it war a painter!

"With my nat'ral feelin' I grasped my rifle. But shed a rifle for such a time! Didn't I cuss the accident 'at broke my rifle then? Ef it had been a percussion I must 'a fired it by poundin' the cap with my knif; but it war a flint-lock, so that yer lock war at the foot of the tree! The varmint must 'a knowed 'at I had disskivered him, for he commenced to pur. Thay'r wa'n't no more mistake, I tell ye. When I heerd that pur I seed knowed what was afore me as well as though I had seed him; an' I knowed it war a big one, too.

"By-m-by the light'n come. It come long and bright, an' I seed the painter plain. He war a monster!—as big as one as I ever seed! Thar he lay, flat on his belly, right on the same limb with me! His head was bent down like they allers are—his back and rump up—and his two great fery eyes fixed straight on to me! I seed his ugly face—his great green nose, with the flaps of the upper jaw raised jest enough to show them lovely teeth! I felt kind of funny about them.

"In course the painter must 'a been thar when I cum up, only he war furder out on the limb, an' as bid by the thick leaves. As the wind blew, he as heented me, he come in, an' I was 'bout 'at I felt his motion. I war kind of dubious 'bout what to do. Ef I turned my back to go down he'd be poorty sure to nab me. Some folks says as how 't the painter's a coward. Wal—p'raps be in in one sense of the word. He's been bunted so much 'at he'll run from a man on general occasions. Thar's when it comes to close quarters, an' he finds 'at ye haint got no

rifle, or 'at ye don't shoot, then ye'd better look out. At any rate, I thought so then.

"It war now not far from mornin'. I knowed I could do nothin' in the dark as I just waited as patiently as I could. I held the old rifle bar'll so 'at it p'inted right at him; an' then I drew my knif. I had a beautiful knif—long, heavy, and sharp—and I knowed that war all I had to depend on; so I beld it with a good strong grip, and resolved that thar should be a tug at it come to personal matter.

"I waited for it to light again, but it didn't; and after waitin' nearly an hour I concluded that it had gin up. And then the rain began to hold up, too; and the wind war cold. I war wet through an' through, and if I hadn't 'ave been kept warm by poorty warm kind o' thoughts I should 'ave been cold enough.

"Thar I sat, for so long as, with the painter not more'n eight foot from me, a watchin' all those green eyes all the time. Ef I'd 'a had my rifle I should raythur 'ave liked it; but I hadn't it. Every once't in a while the varmint 'ud pur a bit, an' at such times I could hear his sharp claws as they gathered upon the bark; but for the most part he was as still as 'thin' as ye must fancy an' elephant 'ud breathe with a drefful cold.

"Air long the light come in the east—the clouds broke away—and the painter come out into bold sight. Thar war concealment no longer. I seed him plain enough now, and he had plenty of 'em. As I looked at him it war light enough I studied the varmint's expression, an' I seed 'at he meant mischief. Thar war no mistake about that. His back were bent in unconommonly, an' thar war an ugly look about his face. He war hungry, an' he imagined that I had no means of harmin' him. The moment I put my eyes on him the light of danger war in his war anxious for my blood; and 'twas'n't a great while afore I war just as sure 'at he meant to tackle me.

"As soon as I seed this I held my knif in readiness, an' let the rifle bar'll go. That war of no use—it only hampered me. I tell ye plainly as the moment I considered it I turned my rifle agin me. Only in one earthly way could I help myself. Ef I could strike at just the right time—and strike 'xactly in the right place—and strike with force enough, I must savor myself. But only think! To strike jest so under such a situation! It war a hard thing. I tell ye a man in a predicament without his rifle is like a boat in a bayou without any oar.

"But I wa'n't to have much more time to think. The painter set his hind claws down into the bark, and the ha'r on his back ran! I knowed he war a comin' then. I put my back firmly agin the trunk of the tree, an' kept my knif ready an' my eyes peeled. Had I turned my head, or even turned my eyes, I should 'a bount dead man! I had knowed this (for an hour)—yes—for four hours.

"Footy soon I seed a movement 'at I can't describe; but no man could have told me more plainly his intentions than the painter did then. His whole body seemed to draw in like for a second, and then I saw the great chunder in his legs all move together. My heart stood still as death, and every bit of power in my whole frame war jest draw'd into my right arm.

"He come! He come like a thunderbolt! My left arm war raised quick, an' it took him right under the jaw. My right arm war draw'd back, an' the instant I raised it I raised his jaw I struck him right across the shoulders above the breast. Would it hit a bone, an' gnice off? No! It went into the hilt, clean through the heart, an' as I started back he gave a leap an' landed on the ground!

"My knees war both torn some wile he'd pained me, but I didn't mind it. I turned, I come down an' took his hide off, an' then took my shirt to pieces an' bound my legs up. In jest about one hour I come to a snug lookin' cabin. I seed a man at the door 'at I war sure

I knowed. It war old Bill Watkins—the very man I'd expected to find forty mile back. I went into his cabin, an' was at home.

"The painter had only got his paw onto my legs once, but when I showed his head up he nat'ally giv' em a dig. At that time, I didn't move out of Bill's cabin for over two weeks. He went to Columbia an' got a doctor, an' so I got my wounds dressed, or it mount 'a been worse.

"However, I didn't grumble about my pain now, for I looked upon them two torn legs as what I'd paid for my life."

## JOE MILLER'S REVENGE.

COLD—bitterly cold! The late-clinging leaves that yet bung, like crimson jewels, on the trees, seemed absolutely to shudder in the bleak gusts of wind, and the sky was all shrouded in driving racks of linky clouds. Talk of the heights of Greenland, or of the icy shores of Labrador—we maintain that it was quite cold enough for all reasonable purposes, in the drear fastnesses of those desolate Vermont hills, upon the December night.

All alone upon one of those hill-sides nestled the homestead of Job Miller, almost suggesting the quaint ideas that it had been wandering in search of some companion farm-house, and sat down among the pine forests, in very weariness and despair. It was a low-cased building, good use of parts, but dilapidated by the winds and rains of half a century, with a broad door-stone in front, and a creaking well-sweep lifting up its gaunt arm in the rear—and Job Miller had dwelt there, in toiling poverty, for thirty years!

"Put on another log of wood, Jasper—a good dry one, mind," spoke Job to his eldest son, as he came from the barn, and shut the door.

"It's a bitter cold night, and I shouldn't wonder if we had snow afore mornin'." And the great log crashed in among the blazing embers with a force that scattered the sparks hither and yon, in eddying showers. Job expanded his horny hands before the genial fire, the silent but burning blaze, and the little woman in blue calico and rolled-up sleeves, pared vigorously away at a pan of red-striped apples, and stalwart Jasper considered how bet to cobble up a piece of broken barn-wood on his knee.

"Hosh! I didn't I hear the click of the gate-latch?" asked Job. "Well, it's rather 'riry for Hannah to be hum from Squire Field's grand folks, ain't it, wife?"

"It's ten o'clock!" said Mrs. Miller, with a glance at the time-piece in the corner, "and—"

But Mrs. Miller's speech was cut short by the entrance of Hannah, her eighteen-year-old daughter!

Reader, have you ever seen a rose-touched peach, nestling upon a bleak and gnarled branch? or an exquisitely pencilled ash in the ragged rifts of some rocky beach? If you have, you will know just how Hannah Miller looked, in that rude home-circle. She was rather diminutive, but certainly had those rose-tinted cheeks, lively brown eyes, and rippled bands of golden hair, and sweet-pea complexion, which was softly set off by a dress of bright blue merino, daintily fitted to her perfect figure. And as she stood there, eye and cheek brightened by the bitter cold, and the tiny hand falling away from her snowy hair, she seemed a type of the best type of that glorious American beauty which is not rivalled throughout all the world!

But she was not alone—for close to the door stood a tall, handsome young man, with dark curling hair, and that indecipherable manner about him which tells of travel, cultivation, and refinement. Not that he had those rose-tinted cheeks of the sister, for whose elated his wrappings, none the opal whose mystic light flashed from his fore-finger.

"Father," said Hannah, putting her little

\* The Panther, or, as it is called by the western hunters and trappers, the painter, is more properly the cougar. It is our ferocious wild lion in the old world; and is the most powerful animal of the cat kind in the present. The same animal is called "cat" in some parts of South America, and in Peru it is called "puma." It is a strong, heavy body, of a tawny red color; short, stout legs; is an expert tree-climber; and at material measure generally sits six feet from the end of the tail to the nose.



glowed hand appealingly on Job Miller's broad shoulder, "will you not speak to Horace Clay? I asked him to come home with me to-night!"

Job stood with his back to the fire, surveying the new comer with a sort of grim displeasure.

"I thought," he at length enunciated, in slow, distinct tones, "that I had sent you word, young sir, that I wasn't expectin' this honor, nor yet wishin' for it!"

Horace Clay came forward into the full glow of the firelight.

"I know it, sir," he replied, frankly; "but I could not obey your intimations!"

"May I ask why?"

"Because, sir," said the young man, fixing his clear eyes upon Job's brown face, "I love your daughter Hannah. Will you give her to me, to be my cherished wife?"

Hannah would have stolen to Clay's side, but Job Miller's iron clasp was on her arm.

"Never!" was his energetic reply.

The blood rushed to Horace Clay's cheek.

"Perhaps, sir, you are unaware who I am?"

"On the contrary, I am perfectly aware. You are Eustace Clay's son—the millionaire's son. And, you are," he added, Miller, with a cold gaze, "you are very like your father!"

"Is that a crime, sir?"

"To me, yes! And you want my reueud?"

"I love her, sir, with my whole heart and soul!"

"Very well. Go back to your millionaire father, Horace Clay, and tell him I say that I will never give you my child!"

"Have you no reason to render for this?" asked Clay, struggling to repress his passion.

"Ask him if he remembers when we were young together; ask him of the business transactions, in which he let the brand of disgrace—unremembered disgrace, and you lie upon me, to further his own ends! Ask him if he remembers the tardy justice, which could not restore the lost years of life—which compelled me to hide my head among these rocky hills! Perhaps he has forgotten it—I have not. I am miserably poor and obscure—he is rich, with all that money can procure! He has to use to see if those treasures of gold will buy his son's happiness!"

There was a moment's silence, then Miller turned to his wife:

"Rachel, take this child away—she has fainted!"

And as Clay sprang forward, Job Miller's strong arm interposed—a wall of iron between him and the drooping figure that hang like a broken lily on Mrs. Miller's shoulder.

"Never again Horace Clay! Go and deliver my message to your father—you have looked your last upon the face of my child!"

"Forget her, my boy!"

The tinted light from oriel windows of richly colored glass streamed softly into the spacious room that Eustace Clay called his study—a room where wealth had garnered every luxurious trifle. The floor was carpeted with violet velvet, the windows were half hidden by draperies of embroidered lace, the very arm-chairs looked like violet shells of silk and down. And, though the snow lay white in the streets without, there were roses on the table, fresh and fragrant, and a tiny basket of silver slag-ware held crimson-cheeked peaches, close beside a gilded stand of rare wines.

Eustace Clay's hand was on his son's shoulder as he spoke. Horace half turned, and at the one glance at that ghastly face, the father instinctively recoiled.

"Father, I cannot!" he said, in a low, hollow voice.

"Try the effect of travel," pronounced the millionaire, carelessly. "Phillips said your nervous system is shattered—that change of air will do wonders for you."

"Dr. Phillips knows nothing of it," said Horace, almost impatiently. "I know I am ill,

air—but I do not think I shall die. If I do—"

"My child—my son!" appealed Mr. Clay, "do speak in this manly way. You are all I have in the world to love—if I lose you I lose all!"

"If I die," persisted the young man, calmly, "it will be of a broken heart! I do not say this to wound you, sir—but it is necessary that you shall know all. Father, will you not lay aside the pride that is a part of your very nature—and let me write to you—?"

"I have written, Horace. I have humbled myself before that man as I could scarce have deemed possible a week ago. I have implored him to forget and forgive; and all for your sake, Horace!"

"And he has answered—"

"He has refused with bitter words of scorn. Horace, I would lay down my life for your happiness, dear boy; yet even that, I fear, would be in vain. There is but one alternative left—you must strive to forget this girl!"

And while the words were yet on his lip, Mr. Clay saw how impossible it was that they could ever be set out.

The snow lay in freezing drifts among the deep clefts of the solitary hills; the January starlight wrote its silver hieroglyphics on the narrow window-panes of Job Miller's lonely house. He lay staring strangely with the ruddy flicker of the fire within.

Job Miller sat beside the blaze, his eyes fixed mechanically upon the pages of the worn Bible that lay on his knee, and as he shifted his position, a letter fell from his waistcoat pocket to the ground.

"What is that, Job?" said watchful Mrs. Miller, who was darning stockings on the other side of the hearth.

"Eustace Clay's letter," answered Job, carefully replacing it. "Ah, wife, is a grand thing for the millionaire to be begging and imploring of his old enemy the one thing that his money can't buy!"

During all the weeks that had elapsed since the evening in which the hopes of the young lovers had been blighted, Job's lips had been sternly sealed upon the subject, and no one, not even trembling, heart-broken Hannah, had dared approach it. Now, however, Mrs. Miller's work dropped to the floor, and she had come to his side.

"Job—will you not relent?"

"Relent? No!"

"Husband," entreated the wife "Eustace Clay has wronged you—but there is a nobler revenge than this dream of you. You ask God to forgive you your trespasses, while you have not forgiven them that trespass against you!"

Job Miller sat in silence, with immovable brow and compressed lips.

"Job!" continued his wife, her dim blue eyes eclipsed in tears, "have pity on this poor young man! If it were your own Jasper—if—"

She watched her locks with a kindly hand—he was evidently touched.

"If Hugh had lived—our dear boy," she faltered. "O, husband, let the memory of dear Hugh plead for his living sister."

She broke down here, that poor, wistful mother, in a flood of crying. Job smoothed down her grey locks with a kindly hand—he was evidently touched.

"There is much reason in what you say, Rachel," he uttered; "but one thing is certain, I will be revenged on Eustace Clay."

He rose up the next day, colder and firmer than ever.

"Daughter," he said, turning to the chair where his golden hair and drooping head over the book she was but pretending to read, "put on your bonnet. I want you to take a journey with me."

"Father, I would rather stay at home."

"My child, it will do you good to accompany me."

Hannah shook her head gently, but she did not venture to remonstrate. Job's will was law in that family.

"There is an old man, sir, below, wishes to see you."

Eustace Clay—ah, how old and grey he had grown in these few weeks—glanced impatiently up from his no nap, and gave orders that the stranger should be shown in. But the calmness with which he awaited his visitor changed to blank surprise when his eyes fell upon his visitor's face.

"Job Miller!"

"Yes, Eustace Clay, it is Job Miller. We have met once more after all these years. Do not fear to give me your hand, Eustace—the wrongs riddled long in my heart, but they are forgotten at last. And in token thereof I have brought you a present."

"A present!" vaguely repeated Mr. Clay, his hand still enfolded in the rough palm of the old farmer.

"What it is," said Job, "I will tell you better than I can."

"Your smile will tell me better than I can," said Job, composedly, all unawed by the splendors that surrounded him. "I believe the man said he was in yonder room."

As Miller pointed to an adjoining door, Clay threw it open.

There were only two persons in the stately room—Eustace Clay standing by the window, and beautiful Hannah Miller, with her soft cheek close against his breast.

Eustace looked one instant at the two lovers, and then turned with swimming eye and quivering lip to Job Miller. But the old man interrupted the words he was about to speak.

"I have just entered this room," he said, "and Hannah's tear and her mother's prayers melted the ice in my heart. I give her to you, freely, old friend, as an everlasting bond of unity between our two souls!"

And when Job Miller looked in Eustace Clay's face, he knew that he was revenged.

## A LIVING CORPSE.

BY EMERSON BERRY.

"She is dead!"

These three words, proceeding from the lips of an eminent physician in the low, solemn tone so generally used to convey sad tidings, announced to my weeping friends that I had ceased to be.

But the doctor, as doctors often are, was mistaken. I was not dead. I was not even asleep. I heard, as distinctly as I can now hear, every word that was said, and completely as I can now feel, the clasp of his fingers upon my wrist and pulse. But the power of motion had ceased—the motion of will, the motion of lungs, the motion of heart. All was still throughout the body—still as if death reigned there. Yet every sense seemed alive—acutely alive. I could hear, I could see, I could feel as keenly without it that I could not but be smelled and tasted.

There was a strangeness about these senses, though. I seemed to be in the body, and yet out of it. I seemed to hear with my ears, as with my eyes, feel with my nerves, and at the same time to be so independent of my mortal form as to have a complete identity without it. Where my actual, living self was, I could not clearly comprehend. My body I knew was there, on the bed—stretched out as if in death—pale, still, lifeless—and around this body were collected my weeping family—my mother, my husband, my two children—together with the doctor, and a host of complete idiots, and some two or three sympathetic friends, strangers to me, who had come into my acquaintance only my condition and remained to see me die.

I was at a hotel, in an interior town of Virginia, and had been travelling for more than



a month for the benefit of my health, which had been on the decline for a year. We had last been in New York, stopped at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and were at last on our way to the famous White Sulphur Springs of Greenbrier county, Virginia, travelling slowly through a mountainous region, when I had gradually become so ill as to be unable to proceed. A week's sickness—during which I had the best medical skill of the region, and the most devoted care and attention—had resulted, as was believed, in my decease.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning of a beautiful day in midsummer. The windows of my apartment were open, and the clear, delightful air of that mountainous region came gently in, bringing the sweet perfume of flowers, the soft rustle of leaves, playing with the curtains, and lightly kissing the fevered brows of the mourners.

And they were mourners indeed—that group of four of my nearest and dearest kin—that were gathered around my bed. There stood my grievously-affected mother, silently gazing with her intimate friend through the great sliding tears that rapidly chased each other down her furrowed cheeks. There stood the beloved partner of my bosom, speechless and tearless in his heaving agony, slowly rubbing one hand over the other, with no power to give vent to feelings that were continually reaching his very frame. There stood my two children—my slight and delicate son, and my sweet little girl of eight—both crying and sobbing as if their little hearts would break. Oh, how I longed and struggled to force my lips to move and say I was not dead!—that a loving daughter, wife, and mother was still with them in the earthly land.

Slowly, with respectful steps, the doctor followed, and one by one the other strangers followed him, till only the black nurse and my own family remained.

"Oh, mamma! my dear, dear mamma!" now burst from my little fair-haired Ada, as impulsively she seized and pressed to her bosom the dear hand the doctor had just taken from me. "You speak to me again? won't you speak to me again? if only just once, dear mamma! if only just once! Do speak once more to your dear little Ada, mamma! won't you? won't you?"

Oh, how I struggled to comply with her passionate prayer; and what a strange thrill of agony went through my whole being when I found myself powerless to move a single muscle of my lifeless form.

"Your poor mamma is dead, my dear child," said my own mother, in a choking voice; "she will never speak to any of us again."

"No! no!" cried Ada, with childlike eagerness; "dear mamma's not dead. I won't have her dead. Will you, Edger? Will you, papa?" and she passionately kissed my hand, again and again, and fairly bathed it with her tears.

"Oh, my God! my God! this blow will kill me!" groaned my husband, wringing his hands and beginning to pace to and fro.

"Henry, my son," said my mother affectionately laying her grief-trembling hand upon his shoulder, "you must not give too much way to your grief! but, while thinking of your great loss, bless the Lord that He has left you your two dear children for a comfort and consolation. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord! Mary was a good daughter—a true, affectionate wife and mother—and I would that Heaven had spared her and taken me instead; but I feel to say, the Lord has done it and it is for the best. She suffered a great deal while she was with us, and now that she is at rest, I feel it almost sinful to stir her back again in the world of pain and trouble. Let us resign her into the hands of Him who has taken her for His own wise purpose, and endeavor to be prepared to meet her in that blessed world where there will be no more sorrow, no more parting!"

"Oh, mother! mother!" groaned my poor

husband, with heaving breast and tearless eyes—"I cannot, cannot give her up—it will break my heart!"

"And mine, dear papa!" cried Ada, kissing my hand; "it would break my heart, too, to have her dead; and I can't have her dead—I won't have her dead; she must come back—again to life, and speak to her dear little Ada like she used to do. Oh, won't you, dear mamma! won't you, my dear papa?"

I would have given the world then, had it been mine, to have been able to say yes; but though I tried, in my great agony, till it seemed as if my soul would burst, yet the lips remained as motionless as if the seal of death were indeed upon them. Heavenly Father! was this indeed death? Had my life really departed for ever from the body? And did my consciousness truly belong to the mysteries of another world?

"Henry," said my mother to my husband, gently taking him by the arm, "had you not better retire into another apartment? We can no longer do any good here, and the sight of poor Mary is too galling a sensation for us."

With deep, heavy groan, he suffered her to lead him away; and then she came back and led off the children, both crying and sobbing fearfully. After this the old black nurse came up and closed my eyes, by carefully pressing down the lids with the fingers, and then, somehow, I seemed gradually to lose consciousness, as sinking into a calm, deep sleep. For a time there was a low, confused sound, as of persons moving about and talking at a great distance; and once or twice I fancied myself being lifted and turned; and then all seemed to close up in a calm and sweet oblivion.

My next remembered sensation is of being in some close, confined place, where all was dark and still. At first I could not recall what had happened, nor imagine where I was; but by degrees the scene of my supposed death came back to me, and then a fearful horror thrilled me at the thought that I might be already in my coffin, and perhaps buried. Oh, my God! heaven! the agony of that thought! what language can describe it! I tried to speak, but my lips were sealed; I tried to turn, to raise my hand, but not a muscle could I stir; I tried to open my eyes, but the lids were fast; my coffin was sealed, but not a sound broke the awful silence. My soul was alive though, and mentally I prayed:

"Oh, my God, deliver me! Oh, merciful God, deliver me!"

Some time after this, as if in answer to my prayer, I heard the sound of moving feet, as some one was stepping slowly, solemnly, and lightly across a floor. The steps drew nearer and nearer, and seemed to halt beside me. Then there was a slight noise, as of something being moved above my head, and a sensation as of a light shining suddenly on my face, as when one closed eyelids. This was followed by the sound of a long, deep sigh, ending in a suppressed and mournful groan, and then by a long, heavy pressure of the human lips upon my own. Oh! the unspeakable agony of not being able to respond to the devotion of him who was more to me than life—for my very utmost soul acknowledged it to be my loving and beloved husband who was with me, in the lone watches of the night, mourning me as if gone for avar from the realm of time.

"Oh, my dear, dear Mary, why did you leave me thus?" he said, in a low, mournful, sobbing tone: "why did you leave me thus, to struggle on alone in the world that will henceforth be a dark and dreary one to me? Oh, God, why could she not have been spared to me, and to her children, a little longer? Oh, merciful God! I know it is sinful in me, a poor mortal, to repine at this wise decree, and therefore I beseech Thee to give me strength to bear up under this great affliction! Oh, Heavenly Father! support and sustain me, that I be not utterly crushed with the weight of this great sorrow!"

These words I heard and felt through all my

being, and yet could not move—could not respond. Was the misery of Tantalus equal to mine?

Again I felt the warm, holy pressure of my husband's lips upon mine; and as he drew back with another heavy groan, I heard him murmur:

"Oh, how beautiful art thou, Mary, even in death! Thy lips are thy death, to a calm and peaceful sleep! Ha! what do I behold! moisture upon those lips! and a color upon those cheeks! Gracious God! perhaps she is not dead!"

He rushed from the room, and for the first time my soul trembled with hope. Might I not be saved at last?

In a minute I heard quick steps returning, and the voices of my mother and husband speaking excitedly.

"There! there!" he exclaimed, as he came up to my side; "look! look! is that death? It seems like life—it really seems like life!" exclaimed my mother, in a more agitated tone. "Oh, Heaven! if it should be! if it should be! But do not hope too much, Henry—do not hope too much—it may be a cruel deception after all!"

"Quick! it!" he cried, "let us take her from the coffin, roll her in blankets, rub her, and try every restorative! Quick! your spirits of hartshorn!—quick! quick!"

A moment after, a shock seemed to pass through my system—my eyes unsealed—my breath came—my tongue was loosed—and—"Dear mother! dear husband!" issued from my lips.

A wild shriek of joy greeted my returned animation—wild confusion followed—the coffin-lid was torn off—it was lifted out and carried to a bed—the house was roused—the doctor was sent for—and before morning my dear children were led to the bed of their living mother.

I need add but little more. I recovered rapidly—my disease left me—and in three weeks I was able to resume my journey homeward—a living woman!

It was the second night after my supposed decease, that I was restored to life. I had been placed in a coffin, which was to have been sealed up the next day, for the long, homeward journey of the dead. The devotion of my husband, under the providence of God, saved me.

I am now in the bosom of my happy family, alive and well; and in my daily prayer of thanksgiving for my wonderful deliverance, I earnestly pray to be long spared to those who so devotedly love me.

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THE SHARK-KILLER.

**THE PEARL-DIVER.**  
**A TALE OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.**  
 BY ILLION CONSTELLANO.

**CHAPTER III.**

**BUILDING ON A TREACHEROUS FOUNDATION.**

THE two men had just finished a hasty supper, when Moratin, chancing to look forth from a window, beheld Carla approaching in the distance, attended by Leon Brosay. Our hero's ability and industry had made him a chief in his profession, so that he was accustomed to have a score of hardy fellows in his employ, in the regular seasons of the fishery. He was tall and strong, straight as an arrow, the beau ideal of manly strength and beauty, possessing a clear-ringing voice, and eyes like an eagle. It would have been no wonder to those who knew him that Carla Moratin had betrothed herself to him, for he was universally loved and admired, as good and generous as he was able and intelligent, and had long borne the reputation of being the finest young man between La Paz and Loreto.

"Ten thousand curses!" exclaimed Moratin as he thus looked forth from the window upon the approaching couple.

"Hallo! what's the matter?" said Carnar.

"If here isn't that infernal pearl-diver, in Carla's company, coming here!"

The little flush on Carnar's face blended in one roseate hue. He peered a moment from the window, sensing himself behind the curtains.

"It's he, sure enough," he muttered. "I thought you had forbidden him the house!"

"Forbidden! theascal hasn't been here in a year, and wouldn't dare to come, if matters had not in some way reached a crisis. Perhaps they're married already! How else shall we account for this bold boarding of the lion in his den? Or, perhaps, having matters between

themselves, they now wish my fatherly approval!"

"That's probably the cause of this visit," Carnar knew it would accord with the frank and upright nature of Brosay to present himself to Moratin, and demand Carla's hand in marriage, however cold and unfriendly had been the previous relations of the two men. He expressed his views to this effect.

"Very good," said Moratin. "We have no time to lose. You must not be seen here, of course. Just step into my bed-room, and take care to preserve strict silence, whatever you may hear. If Brosay comes on any such business as suspected, I will humbug him in the shortest way I can, and so get rid of him. Have patience."

Our plotters had no sooner made their dispositions for the arrival of the young couple than they reached the house. Carla brought her lover directly into the parlor, meeting the stern glances of Moratin with a firm and self-possessed air, as she said:

"Senior Brosay, padre mio. I suppose you require no formal introduction to each other."

The two men bowed distantly, and Carla placed chairs for them both, as she continued:

"I have taken the liberty of bringing Senior Brosay here, as our wishes are—his wishes and mine—to enter upon our new relations with all honor, and with your approval, if it is possible for us to secure it."

Moratin looked from one to the other for a moment, with a countenance convulsed with rage, as if he could have gladly strangled them both. But the calm demeanour of Brosay had a significance that even rage was bound to respect, and the enraged conspirator managed to keep his passions under control.

"Ah—ahem!" he ejaculated. "I suppose you mean that you have set my wishes at defiance."

"She means," promptly said our hero, wheeling his chair in face of Moratin's, "that I have

proposed for her hand in marriage, and been accepted; that we deem ourselves in possession of the fullest right to take this step, and to disobey any past or present injunctions to the contrary; and that we are here to discharge a courtesy of relationship, and a formality of society, by requesting your approbation of our conduct and your blessing."

"You take high grounds, Senior Brosay, for yourself and for Carla," said Moratin, "and express your wishes and intentions in a manner which is decidedly offensive."

"I will confess that circumstances may give that coloring to my remarks," said Brosay. "My acquaintance with Carla has ripened into affection, under your disfavor and disapproval. I have been forbidden your house. Carla has been forbidden to receive my visits, and enjoined to bestow her heart and hand elsewhere. Now, without entering into any extended defence of myself, permit me to remark that the ordinary forms of asking a parent's consent to a marriage would not suit this case. A variety of considerations have entered into this expression of my wishes—your opposition, menaces, and possible persecutions—and I have accordingly been obliged to take grounds and claim privileges which, under other and happier circumstances, would never have demanded so much as an allusion!"

"Well, well!" exclaimed Moratin. "The substance of your communication to me is, that you are intending and are engaged to marry Carla. If I consent to the arrangement, very good—if I do not consent, you will go on and marry without it!"

"This may be one way of stating the actual and possible facts," rejoined Brosay, bowing. "While we hope for the best, and ardently desire everything to be pleasant between you and us, it would, nevertheless, be folly for me to deny that we have contemplated the possibility of your anger and opposition."

"I dare say I—and made every preparation to make war to the hilt upon it. Well, well, suppose I am good-natured and indulgent; can you meet the requirements usually exacted from a proposed son-in-law? Will your means warrant you in marrying? Have you surveyed the whole field uncovered by the step?"

"I think I can give you a satisfactory answer to all these questions," was Brosey's reply. "I have been doing a good business for a number of years, although I have not been in the habit of boasting of my success. I own the little cottage where I reside, with my sister—and there's a quite room enough in it for another. I own a few acres of the best land in that neighborhood, and do not own a dollar of stock. I have a few money laid up, and a collection of people, which cannot be worth less than two thousand dollars. Better than all this, I have several pearl-beds ready to take up, and expect in a few days to make a large increase to my means from that source. The deduction from these facts, I respectfully submit, is that I shall be able to provide handsomely for all Carla's wants and wishes."

As heartless as he was, Moratin experienced a momentary realisation of the difference between the noble young man before him, with his handsome face and warm heart, and the evil-looking and evil-minded Carnar. He even felt a sudden respect for him, in view of his encouraging pecuniary prospects—so much better than Moratin had ever supposed—and for a moment busily inquired of himself if he could not join hands with him, approve his marriage, and so obtain from him, instead of Carnar, the money of which he had such pressing need.

"What you have in hand," he replied, "is all very well, as far as it goes. The rest is at the bottom of the sea, and cannot be counted at present. Suppose I make no objection to your marriage, at what date do you wish the event to take place?"

"We have not yet decided that point," replied Brosey, "but I will suggest next week or the week after. I am going up to my beds to-morrow, to be absent a day or two, and the sooner thereafter we are married the better I shall be pleased. The whole matter is, however, in Carla's hands."

"No, Leon, I shall leave it to you," said Carla, with that directness of speech to which she had been educated by the stern events and circumstances of her young life. "You know what my views are. I shall never cease to shudder at the snake-like eyes of Senor Carnar until we are married. I shall never feel sure of father's consent and approbation till we are one!"

Moratin looked from one to the other, in a grim attempt to appear kind and obliging.

"Let us not name the happy day yet," he said, "but leave it for discussion after the trip to the pearl-beds. I do not wish to as shall make any opposition to either the marriage or any date you may fix for its occurrence. When you come back, pay me a visit, and we will further discuss the subject. I dare say you would be willing to render me such assistance as a father-in-law might expect in case of need?"

This question was asked as much for the benefit of Carnar as for Moratin's. It had occurred to the prospective father-in-law that he might make better terms with his partner in iniquity, if he seemed to favour Brosey. As to any serious intention of favoring the pearl-diver, that was out of the question. Moratin could not forget his own confidences to Carnar, nor the perils the pitfall was holding out for him.

"Rest assured," declared Brosey, as he arose, "that I shall endeavor to act the part of a true and worthy son to you, if all goes on pleasantly between us!"

"Oh, then, in happiness and hope," said Moratin, with a hypocritical pretence of emotion, as he extended his hand. "Things shall remain

as they are, and I will expect a visit from you as soon as you come back!"

Adieus were uttered, and Brosey took his departure, attended to the garden by Carla, for a parting word, while Moratin plunged into the bed-room, where Carnar had been playing the part of a listener.

"Now to business," said the latter. "That fellow will be out of the way for two days, and in that time we will vanish!"

"Yes—if you bring us the money. I wish to see my way a little clearer, on that point!"

"You shall have it to-night—within an hour I am determined!"

The sentence terminated in an excited and unintelligible whisper. The position of Carnar was such at the moment that he was able to look forth from a window upon the sea, and his eye had rested upon a sail far down the coast.

He struggled, in a peroxysm of joy, for utterance.

"See! he whispered, with a recurrence of the Ariel gleam we have noticed in his eyes. 'There she is—the schooner; it's Leon!'"

Carla entered the house at this moment, and went to her own room.

"That does it!" said Carnar, as he resumed his contemplation of the distant sail. "We'll keep an eye on the girl until she is wanted. The schooner 'lly here in hour or so, and we'll off for the Sandwich Islands, or elsewhere. Ha, he!" and for once he laughed, rubbing his hands together—"the situation of affairs couldn't be better!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### YOLA BROSEY.

THE two men continued to watch the sail which had appeared down the coast, and were soon able to make out that the approaching vessel was a sloop. Carnar was visibly disappointed by this discovery, as well as rendered a little more apprehensive. Moratin left the room several times, to assure himself that Carla remained in her own apartment; and once, as he returned, he heard Carnar muttering to himself about a terrible crime he had committed, years before, and expressing a fear that the sloop was in some way menacing him on that account.

"See, Moratin," he observed; "she looks like one of the nine little vessels which form the present navy of Mexico. I will wager anything she is a national vessel. Are there any contrabandists in these waters? Is anything unusual going on?"

"I have heard of nothing. If she is a national vessel, why is it that she has no flag flying?"

"I do not know," responded Carnar. "It looks suspicious, just as if she were creeping up this way for some business of her own! I wonder what she can be after in this quarter!"

He again regarded the sloop attentively, making a number of uneasy speculations and reflections.

"Very well," rejoined Moratin. "You seem to have a singular interest in the stranger. Hope you do not anticipate any trouble from that quarter—any failure in the affair of the schooner!"

"Ah, no—not at all. The man of whom I bought the vessel is perfectly honest and reliable. As to the sloop—I was actuated by mere curiosity—that's all!"

They went out on the sea-shore together, Carnar talking and acting, notwithstanding his disclaimer, as if the arrival of the sloop had aroused his extreme watchfulness and suspicion.

At the same time the pearl-diver had proceeded to his cottage. It stood at the end of a small bay, about three-quarters of a mile north of Moratin's, near a small village of fishers and farmers. It was a weather-beaten and humble looking building, having been the birth-place of our hero, and the life-long residence of his parents before him. The interior, however, presented quite a

contrast to the outside, the floors being neatly carpeted, the walls painted, and the different rooms handsomely furnished, to say nothing of the little signs of taste and comfort which attested the housekeeping qualifications of Brosey's sister.

In a word, it was a plain but comfortable home, surrounded by small but handsome gardens, in which were flourishing flowers and fruits, in abundance, including figs, olives, and dates.

"Where are you, Yola?" was the exclamation of Brosey, as he entered the kitchen. "Hello! are you at home?"

"Here, Leon," said a nasal voice, proceeding from a little curtained alcove in the interior of the house. "Are you back already?"

"Yes, Yola—and now I must be off with the boys. All's settled between Carla and me, and Senor Moratin treated us with a great deal more consideration than I expected."

"Then he has some more villainous object in view than you have yet suspected," the nasal voice replied, "and he will be sure to keep your guard against him. Where's Carla? Why didn't she come with you?"

"Oh, I thought—that is, I didn't think to ask her. I did have sense enough, however, to tell her that I would send you up to stay overnight with her, and, as usual, to leave her."

"You wish me to run this very instant, of course. I am afraid she is only in too much need of society and protection."

The possessor of the voice was now visible, Yola Brosey coming out of the pantry, bearing in her hands a large basket filled with sandwiches and other provisions she had prepared for her brother, and on her rosy cheeks was one of those fortunate beings who attain the golden mean of existence, being material without grossness, and spiritual without dreaminess. Under the loving and intelligent tuition of her brother, she had developed into a quietly and gifted woman. While she was beautiful and gentle, like her mother, she was also strong, with a variety of those lighter graces and accomplishments which adorn her art, she was as notably a good housekeeper, a student, and a worthy companion of her brother.

The first movement of Brosey was to make an examination of the basket, and his next to embrace Yola with a cordial affection.

"You are always thoughtful," he said—"the nicest sister a man ever had. When I have two of you to warm my slippers and toast my bread, this world won't be big enough to contain me!"

"I am glad you have come to an understanding with Carla, for both your sakes," said Yola, "and that she is to be my sister in reality, as well as in spirit. Her life at the villa has been a most wretched tissue of annoyances and persecutions, and I shall rejoice in seeing her in the shelter of your kind heart and strong hand."

"Thank you, dear sister: your approval is pleasant."

"My only fear is that harm will come to Carla in your hands," continued Yola. "That Carnar and her father—who isn't her father, no more than I am—mean her no good."

"I have thought of all these things," was Brosey's response, "but what can I do? Throw up my trip to the pearl-beds, and come to open war with Moratin? It appears possible for us to win his money, but never by fair means. I have a gift, and I have accordingly taken that course. Besides, let one hair of Carla's head be harmed, and I'll take a force of my dire and punish those two plotting knaves, without the benefit of judge or jury!"

"Well, brother, we will hope that all may be pleasant. I will endeavor to keep Carla with us every moment while you are gone, and so assure myself of her safety."

"Again I thank you, dear sister. I leave her in your care!"

"Must you go so soon?" asked Yola, as she took the basket of provisions, and

"Yes. The men are waiting for me, no doubt. Everybody is to be on hand by sundown, and twilight is already upon us. Don't fail to go right up to the villa. Carla is expecting you, and I want you to guard her. Good night, my dear sister."

Yola gazed after him, until his form was no longer visible in the gathering shadows, and a deep and solemn emotion thrilled her soul as she turned away and commenced closing up the house.

The proposed marriage of her brother had awakened her to a realization of the loneliness and unrest of her own life. She did not understand that another was dearer to Brosey—on the contrary, she rejoiced in the happiness of the lovers as sincerely as if it had been her own. But the expected change in her brother's condition had naturally turned her thoughts towards the future.

These were the thoughts which passed through her mind as she locked up the cottage and took her way towards the villa.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE DIVERS' FLEET.

HEAVING along the beach in a northerly direction, after bidding his sister adieu, Brosey soon reached a little arm of the sea, in which the divers' fleet was lying. It consisted of ten or a dozen boats, of various shapes and sizes, several of which had their masts stepped, and their sails unfurled and flapping lazily in the breeze. In nearly all of them were two cabins, like the chair of a gondolier, in which the divers could sleep and dress; and throughout the entire fleet were heard the busy notes of preparation, and beheld the stirring and picturesque scenes peculiar to such a nocturnal gathering upon the face of the deep.

The wives and sisters of the divers had gathered at the anchorage, to see their protectors off, and their little cottages were standing silent and deserted in the sheltered valley bordering the cove, just a few rods back from the sea. Husbands and fathers were conversing with their wives and daughters; children of such sort were gambolling on the shore and among the boats; and young fishers and maidens were walking about the vicinity in couples, and exchanging their temporary farewells. And so, with all the world of toil and reality about the actors in the scene, were blended many of those charms of thought and feeling which make up the divine compensations of existence.

As we have indicated, all of these men were in the employ of our hero, who had inaugurated the plan of paying every diver fair wages, at frequent intervals, and taking the risks of the business in the aggregate, thereby preventing the want in which such an uncertain occupation frequently leaves its successful followers. As young as he was, he was regarded with veneration by many a grey-haired man around him, for he had used his intelligence to benefit them, and by countless acts of kindness had endeared himself to them, living and toiling for their happiness and advancement, and not for his own personal gain.

It was perfectly natural that he was an acknowledged and respected chief among them.

A cry of recognition, in which admiration and affection appeared equally expressed, resounded along the shore as Brosey made his appearance. Bidding a comrade here, and exchanging an observation with another there, while smiling upon all, he proceeded to his boat in a gracefully-aided old diver was diving, by way of preparation for the sleepless hours before him.

"Well, Cayetano," said our hero, "call Doty and the rest, and pass the word along, and we will be off. Is everything ready?"

"Yes, Senor mio," replied the veteran fisher, stretching himself and rubbing his eyes. "Shall I light up?"

"Yes."

Cayetano lighted a lantern and drew it up to the mast-head, and then cast off the fastenings of the boat. By this time the man to whom Brosey had alluded—his immediate companion—made their appearance, and the old man pushed the boat off.

"Good luck to you, Senor Brosey!" cried a dozen voices from the shore, in a variety of keys, from the cracked tones of an old man to the soft lips of a child. "A safe return!"

Our hero returned these cordial greetings in a like spirit, as his boat moved out to its position as the head of the fleet. One after another, the boats got under sail in his wake, and he was soon stretching out of the cove, under easy sail, with his comrades closing up around him.

The fleet was fairly started on its way up the coast, presenting a pleasant picture.

"I am sorry the wind is not more favorable," remarked Brosey to his companions. "We shall have a night's job of reaching the uppermost bed, unless the breeze freshens a little and shifts a few points!"

"Never mind," rejoined Cayetano. "Let us be thankful that we are favored in other things. We shall have a moon by nine o'clock, and this, with a summer night, a familiar route, and a drop or two of brandy to keep off the chills, is not a bad condition of mundane existence!"

"I say, Cayetano, you are as philosophical as ever," remarked Brosey, "and we will look to you for our consolation!"

Thus the fleet continued its way.

At length the moon rose, dissipating the dismal shadows from the scene, and the spirits of the divers began to brighten with the change. Songs were sung, and a general sentiment of jolliness prevailed. A few, like Brosey, had serious thoughts to occupy them, and a few others were thoughtful and practical enough to betake themselves to their blankets and berths, and go to sleep. This latter class of sleepers, however, is not half of the divers were required at a time in the management of the boats. Watch relieved watch, in regular sailor fashion, and night finally exalted its tribute from all who had the opportunity of accepting its woeings.

In this way the fleet went on to its destination, and the long hours of the night rolled away.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE PEARL BED.

WITH the first gleams of the morning's light, Brosey came to anchor, and announced that he had reached the northernmost of the pearl beds under his control. In a few moments the divers were all aroused and prepared for business; the boats were anchored, the sinking-stones and receiving-baskets made ready; and the full beams of the new day found the entire party of divers fairly ordered upon their task, which was here endeavor to make plain to the reader.

The dress of the diver is a closely-fitting pair of pants and a woolen shirt. His capital is, a good boat, a thorough proficiency in swimming, and a strong constitution. His tools are, a stone to drag him to the bottom, a basket to receive the oyster, and a stout knife to protect himself from the sharks which infest these waters. Both the stone and the basket are attached to the boat by ropes. The average time the diver remains under water each dive is a minute or a minute and a quarter. There have been instances in which hardly one hour is made to number from twenty-three minutes; but that can be done only at a terrible sacrifice of health and strength, the blood generally gushing from the mouth and nose, and even from the eyes, of any person so overtaxing himself. At the best, the pursuit is very exhausting and destroying to the human system, and a few years of continuous labor is enough to destroy the strongest constitution, unless every care and precaution is taken.

As to the pearls—the object of this work and fatigue—they lie scattered here and there in the oysters, not averaging, perhaps, a pearl of any consequence to each thousand of the bivalves. If the common opinion is the true one—that the pearl is a secretion which owes its existence to a stone, or wounding of the oyster—they would not bear so great a proportion to the pearlless shells as the sick and afflicted portions of society bear to the well and active members. Occasionally a pearl of great size and beauty is found, and there are plenty of those which are classed as medium, both as regards size and quality. The most beautiful specimens have heretofore found their way to Europe, and some of the finest pearls in the possession of the crowned heads of the old world were taken from the Gulf of California.

As Brosey had been assured by some Indians of Sualala, the preceding summer, that almost every oyster could be made to produce pearls by a certain method of wounding it, he had prepared a large number of them, and was now to learn whether there was any truth in the pretended process or not. Alas, for human ingenuity! he found nothing but decaying shells where he had hoped for the precious pearls.

Determined to get through with the fishing as soon as possible, Brosey took an active personal part in the gathering of the treasures from the sea. The first bed was soon exhausted, and the fleet dropped down the Gulf a couple of miles to another. A few hours of continuous labor being sufficient to exhaust them, they did not look beyond filling their boats, the majority of them being unable to endure a longer fatigue.

The hours of the morning were along, and brought a fair share of success to the divers. The boats began to settle in the water with their weight of oysters, and the best of spirits reigned throughout the fleet. While the older and more experienced divers pursued their labor in dogged silence, the younger ones found time for wagers and pleasant rivalries, and even for considerable jollification, during their breathing-spells. To several of the latter the business still retained its novelty; the rush of the descent and ascent still interested them, and the strangeness of their momentary sojourns in the depths of the water resting in all its force upon them.

In good truth, few situations can be more novel and exciting than that of one of these divers. With a plunge and a rush, they go down from twenty to fifty feet—down into a gloom and stillness of which the denizens of the upper world can form but a feeble conception. The enormous pressure of the water at the higher depths gives the diver a feeling like that of living in a light and crushing covering of iron or other weighty substance. There are no tides and no billows to tell of the bottom, and the oysters are bedded—so goings and returnings of liquid mountain, however heavily the storking may tread upon their surface. In an eternal stagnancy, and in an awful dampness, the waters press upon the waters, and a dull glare comes down from above into those weird abodes, which would seem to be the very retreat of Death and of Silence!

"For my part," said our hero to Cayetano, during one of his breathing-spells, "as used as I am to this business, I can never descend into profound abysses without emotion. The very ringing in my ears seems to take the form of a menace and complaint, and I feel that I am a rash intruder in those solitudes!"

"Well," replied the veteran fisher, "it acts differently on different persons. All the effort it has upon me is to make me as hungry as a grizzly on short allowance!"

Brosey smiled at this practical reference to his little pains and discomfort, and again descended under the water.

"I suppose I am a nervous old sinner, and would have been laughed at for my pains,"

Cayetano muttered, "if I had told him my impression, but—may I be shot if I didn't see a man-eater on that last trip!"

"Eh, is that so?" asked the man who had officiated as steersman on the previous night.

"Such is my impression. You see I stayed down a little too long, and I frequently see sharks and derils, and all manner of fowl and reptile, when I do that sort of thing; and that's why I am uncertain whether my gay shore-lore and bottle-tail was a reality or a delusion. You know how Senor Brosey is in regard to this matter—the first to laugh at any one who craves shark, and that's why I didn't care to say anything till I was sure."

The old man tucked his knife in a handy position, and promptly took his departure for the post-boat, notwithstanding a warning from his companion to wait advice from Brosey, and to make a reconnaissance from the surface.

The steersman had a breathless interval of watching and anxiety, and then our hero appeared on the surface, with his stout knife clutched significantly in his grasp.

He climbed into the boat with unusual alacrity.

"Notice to quit, eh?" muttered the steersman.

"Yes. There's a regular school of them," was the reply. "Where's Cayetano?"

"He's gone down to assure himself that they are not creatures of the imagination."

Brosey looked incredulous at the veteran's account, and peered anxiously down into the water, as far as his vision could extend, both he and the steersman at the same time raising a cry of alarm.

"Sharks!" they cried. "Look out for the sharks!"

At the same instant Cayetano reappeared, flourishing his knife wildly around him, and exerting such strength and quickness in his movements that the water fairly foamed around him.

"That is not a mere image on the brain!" he ejaculated, as he clambered into the boat, "but a veritable shore-lore, big enough to be the granddaddy of his tribe. When I thought for a moment, as he ran his head over my eye, that he intended to get his stomach outside of my anatomy, in about three-quarters of a second."

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE SHARK-SLAYER.

ALL was bustle and excitement in the fleet as the alarm passed from mouth to mouth, and there was a general scramble for the boats. All diving operations were instantly suspended, the divers at the bottom being summoned to ascend, and those rising at the instant hastening their advent from the water. For a moment there was considerable confusion and inquiry, but as the several divers all made their appearance in safety, one after another, and it was found that nobody was injured or missing, all traces of apprehension passed away.

"That's good!" exclaimed Cayetano, with a long sigh of relief. "I feared that somebody would terminate his career in the form of a dinner."

The first movement of the divers was to compare notes, and see who had seen the sharks, and the next to see if the intruders were still to be seen. Sure enough, a number of fins were visible above the water, at times in rapid motion, and at other moments stationary, with the exception of that wary and regular swaying of the fin back and forth which characterizes the shark's so-called school of rest.

"Quite a school of them, as I thought," exclaimed Brosey. "We must have some fun with them. Where are our destroyers?"

This question produced a slight commotion in one of the boats, and a half-breed arose to his feet from the reclining posture in which he had been resting during the last fifteen minutes. He

was a tall and sinewy man, lank and muscular in his appearance, with large and powerful arms, keen eyes, and a countenance expressing the indomitable courage. His name was Pulgar, but he was more commonly called the *Shark-Slayer* by the divers, on account of the ferocious combats he had had, at one time and another, with these unpleasant intruders.

"You are right, Senor mio," he exclaimed, as he threw off his tattered shirt, and his tawny skin glistened in the sun. "I kill sharks whenever and where I find them. Since they have made a meal of my brother, twenty years ago, I suppose I've taken vengeance on more'n a hundred of the infernal vagrants!"

He whetted a huge knife upon his shoe, and quietly eyed a fin going through its beatings about a rod from him. A resolute and self-confident light appeared in his dark eyes, and a look of fierce determination mantled his visage, which was probably quite as ferocious in its way as any expression at the command of the shark.

"Add that fellow to your list of victims," exclaimed Cayetano, encouragingly, "and I will give you the first pearl that falls to my share on this trip!"

The divers generally expressed similar words of encouragement and approval.

The shark-slayer produced from his kit in the little cabin of the boat a couple of stout sticks eight or ten inches in length, and sharpened to a point at both ends. One of these he placed in his hand, and the other he held firmly in his left hand.

I don't know as all of you, amigos, are used to my operations in this line," he observed, as he looked around upon the expectant divers.

"Just give me time to say that I shall kill that fellow in less than a minute!"

A shout of applause greeted this speech, and then all became breathlessly still. Holding his formidable-looking knife in his right hand, the shark-slayer plunged headlong into the water.

The fin was seen to move towards him like a flash.

The dread combat was instantly commenced!

In less time than it takes to write it, the surface of the water was colored with blood.

The shark was repeatedly visible, and once leaped half-way out of its element, but nothing was seen of the half-breed, owing to the lashing and splashing of the water.

The roddy bub of the water deepened. One or the other of the strange combats was evidently getting hardly used in the encounter.

The divers held their breaths, in their eagerness, and a horrible silence prevailed.

At last the head of the shark-slayer appeared above the water, with his long hair floating back from his face, and a grim smile of triumph resting upon his visage.

"It's done!" he exclaimed, tugging at the body of his victim. "Pass me a line."

The line was passed to him, and he fastened it to his prize, and then sprang lightly into the boat.

The roddy bub of the water, and the head of the shark appeared, the next instant, in full view. It was then seen that Pulgar had thrust the sharp stick into the open mouth of his enemy, upright between the jaws, so that the attempt of the monster to bite had fastened a sharpened point of the stick into each jaw. In fact, this was the way in which he had managed the shark, and in which he now held him.

"Up with him!" said Cayetano, "Dios! how you have cut him!"

It was now seen that the body of the shark was full of gaping wounds—in plain truth, ripped open almost from end to end.

"Well done!" said Brosey, with undisguised admiration of the half-breed's courage and dexterity. "You have fully redeemed your promise!"

The process by which the shark-slayer had so readily despatched his victim can be stated in a few words. His first care was to get the

sharpened stick firmly planted in the mouth of the shark, at the commencement of the struggle. His next step was to dive under the maddened and astonished monster, while he was biting his painful mouthful, and plunge his long knife into his vitals. As it will be seen at a glance, coolness and a perfect self-control, as well as strength and dexterity, are requisite for the execution of such a task.

"Eh, boys?" concluded the good-natured hero of the adventure. "Let's have a little brandy, and I will kill another!"

"Never mind!" cried Brosey, as his comrades passed a bottle to the half-breed. "One such fight as that is enough."

"I'll kill just one more," rejoined Pulgar. "It won't take but a minute!"

He again plunged into the water.

This time it was not one fin alone that was seen darting towards the daring adventurer, but two!

A murmur of apprehension went the round of the observers, and several voices called on the half-breed to come back.

"They will kill him!" ejaculated Cayetano.

"Mere foolhardiness!" exclaimed another.

The water was again discolored with blood, and boiled like a pot under the movements of the combatants. This continued a moment, and then the previous stillness began to resume its sway.

A moment later, Pulgar appeared upon the surface, as smiling as ever.

"They are finished!" he observed, pulling himself into the boat, and casting his eyes around. "What's better, you don't see a fin in the neighborhood!"

It was true. The sharks had taken the hint from his prowess, and had left the vicinity of the post-boat.

A deafening cheer followed this discovery, and then Brosey said:

"It seems that the water is cleared, ready for us to renew operations. But what do you say? Have we done enough for to-day?"

The question was soon settled in the affirmative, whereupon our hero observed:

"It is not! Ho for Lorenzo, as soon as the wind will carry us!"

"That's the word!" cried a dozen voices in concert. "Hurrah!" And in less than ten minutes the divers' fleet was homeward bound. We will leave it to pursue its course, and pass on to the events which were in progress elsewhere against its return.

(To be continued in our next.)

ONOR FOR A SICK ROOM.—Dried lavender stalks put upon brown paper and ignited give a most refreshing odor in a sick room.

MARTINSBURG, Virginia, is an enterprising and flourishing post-town, the capital of Berkeley County, in the State of Virginia, situated on Tascara Creek, and on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 150 miles north of Richmond, twenty-one miles northwest of Harper's Ferry, and seventy-seven miles from Washington City. It is situated in a fertile and elevated region, a short distance west of the Blue Ridge, and is surrounded with beautiful scenery. It has an active trade, and is an important station on the railroad, containing the machine-shops and engine-house of the company, where they manufacture the most of the "working material" for the road. The abundant water-power furnished by the creek is employed in the manufacturing of flour, iron, and other articles. It contains a jail, and county-office, two churches, an almshouse, a market, six breweries, numerous large and fine stores, a furnace and foundry, three tanneries, two newspapers, florist and grist mills, and manufactures of various kinds. The population of Martinsburg is about 3,000 inhabitants. It is very close to the outstanding armies, it will become noted in future history.

# American Scrap Book.

LONDON, JANUARY 3, 1863.

## SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

NEATNESS and order are enjoyed, not only by the wealthy, but by comfort. Every negligent mother reigns one of the choicest pleasures within her reach—that of seeing her house and home surrounded by the marks of neatness, industry, and taste.

### MOTIVES.

It is the motive that more than anything else renders an action good or bad. However fair the look of an action may be, if the right motive be wanting, the action is hollow; if the motive be a bad one, the action is rotten at the core. Who cares for an outward seeming or show of friendship or affection, unless the heart be also friendly and affectionate? Who does not prize a rough outside when it covers an honest inside, more than the most fawning fondness from a heart that is cold and false? Thus it is right to insist on the principles for their own sake; because the principles give their value to the action, not the action to the principles.

### RESPECT YOURSELF.

The man who does not respect himself does not deserve to be respected by others. Nor will he be, if he shows them he does not respect himself.

Want of self-respect should be considered the synonym of a lack of true manhood. In fact, the true man will not only feel self-respectful, but will show this feeling also.

"What! Seem haughty?" do you query? No, by no means. Haughtiness and self-respect—these the phenologists would call it—are very different mental exercises. The one is compatible with dignity—with a proper regard for the feelings as well as the rights of the neighbor—in a word, with the noblest usefulness. The other is contradictory and destructive of all that is expressed by the monosyllables "good" and "great."

### THE EVILS OF LIFE.

Never let us wonder at anything we are born to; for man has no reason to complain we are all in the same condition. He that escapes might have suffered, and it is but equal to submit to the laws of mortality. We must undergo the colds of winter, the heats of summer, the distemper of the air, and the disease of the body. A wild beast may meet its end in one place, and a man more brutal in another. It is the part of a great mind to be temperate in prosperity, and resolute in adversity; to despise what the vulgar admire, and to prefer a mediocrity to excess. We are subjects to ill accidents, unkind seasons, distempers, and diseases, and why may we not reckon the actions of base, designing men, among these accidents? He who is well-tempered will stand all the changing shocks of life without perturbation. It is only man's inward fear that makes us curious to know what is going on abroad.

### THE PAST.

The past—with what a sad and spiritual voice does the memory of the past come over the vast dim ocean of time, reflecting as it were in a mirror, thoughts and images long buried in the heart, and obscured and forgotten amid the turmoil of daily life. Alas, our very hearts seem to have changed; with the progressive alterations of our physical frame we are not what we were—unconsciously we have lost the freshness and innocence which made the true charm of youth, and

have grown colder, more calculating, and more selfish. It is only when we take a retrospective view of the past that we feel that we are, thus changed. Many of us will find, that the past was much like the present, that young, joyous hearts alone made "sunshine in the shady place," and that if it were possible to recall the past, we could no longer take pleasure in it. It may be so; but still cannot thus coldly reason away the memory of past felicity.

### DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH.

The woman who refuses to marry when a suitable opportunity offers, because the gentleman is not perfect, will be very apt to die an old maid. The man who does not wed because he cannot find an angel in a hoop-skirt, will be certain to go to the grave an old bachelor. You will never have a friend, says the ancient proverb, if you must have one without a failing. The best of men have their faults; and so have the best of women. Indeed, to be very candid, as there is no diamond without some flaw, we should begin shortly to suspect the human quality of any man or woman who seemed to be wholly destitute of infirmities. Don't expect too much, therefore. Consider yourself a pretty good specimen of humanity, manufactured when Nature was in charming spirits, and had her "hand in," and ask of nobody to be much better than you are. You will discover that to be both a safe and a certain rule in estimating the value of others.

Don't expect too much, or else you will be certain to get too little. One extreme inevitably begets another. Men differ materially, and some appear to be sent into the social world especially to put to a slow death, by torture, the gentle, confiding, unerring creatures who call them husbands. Women differ quite as greatly; and not a few, like Xantippe, are admirably constituted to teach patience and philosophy to the domestic martyrs who enjoy the honor of paying their bills and denouncing their "darlings." But the majority men and women do not belong to this extreme class, nor yet to the smaller class of extremists, who seem to live like turtle-doves, with no diminution of love to occasion doubt, and no species of care to introduce matrimonial diatribe. The great mass, on the contrary, belong to that *forte milieu* in which "love-pats" are not infrequent, and moments the positive wedded happiness are by no means rare; in which mutual "tiffs" occur, just as summer-clouds dim the sunlight, only to render the subsequent *déclarcissement* doubly delightful. This is the general experience of wedded life. Expect no more, and you will seldom enjoy less. Never expect too much, we repeat, and you will never be severely disappointed.

### YANKEE NOTIONS.

CAN a naval ram butt, *weather* or no?

A PAIR of milk often drinks as much water as a cow.

MANY sin away shame instead of being ashamed of sin.

A NET OF TROUBLE—The Washington Cabinet.

A REVOLUTION IN GREASE—That of almost any cart-wheel.

If a woman does keep a secret, it is pretty sure to be with telling effect.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask how much the waist of time measures round.

HE who despairs without having reason for it, will very soon have reason for it.

PROBABLY EVE took up with Adam because she found herself no match for the devil.

The sick man, who pays a fee to the doctor, is often paying for a box-ticket.

THERE'S no use in your ever taking a lazy man to task. He won't perform it if you do.

A RETURNED Californian says he lived for ten days on the broth he made of an old door-mat.

OUR human generations are but sands in the hour-glass that the stars use to count their time.

THE ship's track is not a four-wheeled vehicle—it merely carries the banting.

"I AM bound to do good," as the Bible said, on receiving its coat of leather.

OWING to the material of a ship's deck, the crew are compelled to walk the plank.

THERE is an inveterate smoker out West who is always very deaf when informed there is no smoking allowed.

A BOSTON spiritualist has discovered that cats have souls. Probably their heaven is the milky-way.

In reading the puffs on gravestones, we can only hope that the dead are not spoiled by gross flattery.

AN escaped contraband gives his occupation as a milkmaid. Henceforth he may consider himself a free-man.

If you make a thing perfectly plain and simple to a man, he will give you no credit—he will think he knew it before.

"Sir, I will make you feel the arrows of my resentment." "Ah, Miss, why should I fear your arrows when you never had a bow?"

THE man who took "time by the forelock" has been placed on General Pope's staff and gone to scold the Indians in Minnesota.

THE discovery has been made that without a mouth a man could neither eat, drink, talk, kiss the girls, nor chew tobacco.

DEARS are troublesome; but, as a general rule in these days, they don't give half as much trouble to debtors as to creditors.

A YOUNG man out West says his aunt has promised him a dead for sixty acres of land if he will enlist. Indeed! she is a regular sixty-acre aunt.

THE New York *Piedpiper* says carpenters are generally plain men, but do things on a square, and no posing.

THE evening dews are Nature's tears for those who died in the day; the morning dews for those who have perished in the night.

A CONTEMPORARY boasts that he "can stand on his intellectual capital." We suppose he means that he can stand on his head.

THE method most in repute among our forefathers for killing time was to kill each other; and we are getting to be exceedingly like our forefathers.

CONSIDERATE.—"Mrs. Dobson, where's your husband?" "He's dying, marm, and I don't wish anybody to disturb him." A very considerate woman that.

IS IT?—A friend says the following is good grammar:—"That that 'that' that that man uttered was not that 'that' that that man uttered referred to."

QUEER.—A Quaker, praising an organ in church, said that if people would worship God by machinery, he wanted them to have a first-rate instrument.

SAD.—In narrating the circumstances of a recent suicide, the papers say that beside being deaf, dumb, and an old bachelor, the unfortunate man exhibited signs of insanity.

BE PREPARED.—There is a man in Cleveland, Ohio, who announces that the world will come to an end on the 17th day of August, 1863, and on that day a mass convention of the whole



earth will assemble at Cincinnati to settle up the business of the past and arrange matters for the future.

**WHO.**—"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, isn't he?" "No, sir-ee!" "What makes him stop, then?" "Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say 'whos' and he shan't hear it."

**SILLY MISTAKE.**—A paper wishing to say that many rats are floating down the Delaware, leaves out the *and*, and has it, that many rats are floating down the Delaware.

**A SLING.**—An exchange paper says, that when David slew Goliath with a sling, the latter fell stone dead, and of course was quite astonished, as such a thing never entered his head before.

**PRESERVING.**—The latest advertisement of an air-tight coffin is, that it protects the form from decomposition, "and can be retained in the parlor as an elegant piece of furniture, without any annoyance whatever."

**QUEER.**—"I say Jim!" "What?" "Take Black Peter's harness and put it on Jenny Lind—give Napoleon some oats, take Little Nell to water, and then rub down Fanny Elliler."

**AT, SIR!**

**PATRONIC.**—A Western man says that on hearing "Yankee Doodle" performed on an organ, in the Crystal Palace, he felt the Declaration of Independence and a couple of Bunker Hills rising in his boom.

**PET THAT IN YOUR PIEK.**—An agricultural writer informs farmers that "The want of drainage on clay is ruinous." In reference to this, a smoking friend of ours says that it's "nothing compared to the tax upon cigars."

**RAPID.**—A Philadelphia paper says that one "James Douglas, of Stony Creek, was born in Rhode Island, August 1st, 1873, and is now in his 110th year." It would seem that James has lived a very fast life, to say the least of it.

**USEFUL.**—A Vermont farmer has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of his boarders memorizes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal—the memorized being satisfied from sympathy.

**A NOSE.**—An advertisement appears in one of our western exchanges, which reads as follows:—"Ben away—a hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of ordinary pants, much worn."

**WINDY.**—A countryman recently came to the city to purchase an article of household necessity, and in visiting a music store, observed on a sign, "All sorts of wind instruments for sale here." He forthwith stepped in and asked for a pair of bellows.

**VERDANT GREEN.**—A female poet remarks that "there's an emerald region in every heart." Considering the greenness of divers rhytms, both male and female, we incline to think that the "emerald region" is more generally in the head.

**GOING.**—A queer-looking customer inserted his head into an auction store, and looking gravely at the knight of the hammer, inquired, "Can I bid sir?" "Certainly," replied the auctioneer, "you can bid." "Well, then," said the wag, walking off, "I bid you good-night."

**WHERE IS HE?**—"So you are going to teach school?" said a young lady to her maiden aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children." "I would prefer that myself," was the quiet reply, "but where is the widower?"

**LIVE.**—Every available article seems bound to go to limit just now in the States. The oddest instance of this that we have yet heard of, however, was furnished by a Missionary reporter, who, on being asked for a loan of his umbrella, said that it was *lost* already.

**LET 'EM RIP.**—"A 'five Yankee' being awakened by the captain of a steamboat with the announcement that he "must" occupy his berth with his boots on," replied,—"Oh, the bugs won't hurt 'em much, I guess; they are an old pair—let 'em rip!"

**YANKER DRAFT.**

"Say what's to be done with this winko, dear Jack?"  
The old rakes through it at every crack."  
Quoth Jack: "I know little of carpentering!"  
But I thank you, my dear wife, you will have to go through  
The very same process the rest of us do;  
That is—you must 'list, or submit to the draft!"

**FIKE MORAL REFLECTION.**—A man's disposition may be ever so good, or he may be ever so bad; but you may be quite certain that the estimate given of it by survivors will depend less upon his own disposition than upon that made by him of his property—if he had any to leave.

**AGREABLE.**—"Philure, dear," said a loving husband to his lady spouse, who was severing yards in junior, "what do you say to moving to the West?"—"O, I'm delighted with the idea! You recollect when Morgan moved out there, he was as poor as we are, and he did it in three years worth 100,000 dollars."

**SEEDY.**—It is stated that "scarcely a weed comes to maturity without scattering from 1,000, to 10,000 seeds." On the other hand—regarding youth as the seed of manhood—we should remember that scarcely a seed comes to maturity without putting a prodigious number of weeds. Facts in natural history are very fascinating.

**THE "DISCORDEON."**—"I couldn't get a wink of sleep," said a newly-blessed Benedict, "on account of a discordance that kept playing all night." "Discorleon!" inquired the confidant of his troubles. "What new instrument is that?" "Only the baby," was the yawning reply.

**PROGRESSIVE.**—A new mode of travelling has been invented, which entirely supersedes the tardy method of railroads. A large hollow cannon ball, capable of holding eight persons, is fired from a gun of corresponding dimensions, and the passengers speedily arrive at the end of two journeys at once.

**PHRACTIC.**—The following are believed to be incontrovertible facts—in fact, solid chunks of wisdom:—

Breast stop-cocks do not stop;  
(You don't know you didn't know it!)

Railroad sleepers do not snore,  
(Ever heard of that before?)

Rustling water has no taste,  
(I wonder there can't be lost!)

Blending armies often move;  
(Statistical you must quite approve!)

Jolly men ain't always merry;  
(You may see reflection—very!)

Criminals the more display  
(Only o'er the muddy way!)

Only he will quit his row  
(Fast there isn't one who doesn't!)

**THE TRUTH—BY ACCIDENT.**—An eminent phenologist advertises that he "will tell you what you are, and what you may become, at small cost and but little loss of time." The italics are ours. The words to which we have adapted them evince a degree of candor not to be sufficiently admired.

**CONSOLING.**—"Ah, John, you won't have me much longer!" I said never less this bed alive!"—"Pieces thyself, Betty, and thee'll please me," returned John, with great equanimity. I have been a good wife to you, John," persisted the dying woman. "Middlin', Betty, auldin'," responded the matter-of-fact husband.

**AN AFFECTING COLLOQUY.**—*Juvenile Arithmetic* No. 1. "Now, Jimmy, I'll give you a 'stumper.' Look here: If it has cost 'Uncle Samuel' six hundred millions of dollars to carry on the war, up to the dismissal of General McClellan, what will the future policy of the Administration be likely to come to?" *Juv.*

*Arith.* No. 2. "Golly! I give that up, Bill!" *J. A. No. 1* (*triumphantly*). "Well, Jim, it'll be likely to 'come to grief,' I calculate."

**ANOTHER "IGNORANCE OF WAR."**—War makes its mark upon language as upon other social necessities. See now if the word "ram," so constantly before us, of late, in the sense of an aggressive floating engine, doesn't lead to "ramification" being applied to a series of them, just as "fortification" is to a series of forts.

**PRATING.**—Here is an interesting scrap from the prayer of a man who was in the habit of flitting about in his positions with the syllable, *er*:—"O Lord, we pray for our poor brother, who has lived for more than ten years on the Lord's side-er, and has one foot in the grave-er, and the other all but-er."

**LIFE IS BUT A SPAN.**

Life is but a span—of hours;  
Ours is "Age," the other "Prime,"  
Up to the hour the latter comes,  
"Go in," ponies—"make your time,"  
Boyhood plies the whip of pleasure;  
Youthful folly gives a stroke;  
Manhood guards them at his leisure,  
"Let 'em rip," they're tough as oak,  
"Hil, ya!" there! the stakes well pocketed,  
To the world let care be sent;  
"Prime" is decreed in later years,  
"Give 'em string and let 'em wait,"  
On the sunny side to fifty,  
"Prime" is decreed in later years,  
"Age" is left, old maturity;  
Life then proves "a one-hour man,"  
"Age" logs on, grows quiet, unostentatious,  
"Kicks the bucket," always ready,  
"Kicks the bucket," always ready,  
"Gives it up"—Death wins the race.

**MY COCHETING ADVENTURE.**

While traveling in the State of Maine, I put up for the night at a fine farm-house. The owner was truly one of Nature's noblemen. After partaking of a sumptuous supper of pudding and milk, the old farmer lighted his pipe, and the conversation reverted to the past—his settling here, &c. when the old man said:

"Now I will tell you a real joke which was played off on me when I went a courting my old 'omen. Well, it is high on to fifty years ago; it was an evening of the Sunday in January, just after the January thaw, which had carried off nearly all the snow."

"Jenny's home was two long miles off. I rigged up in my best Sunday-go-to-meetings, and walked over there as soberly as a Methodist minister. Now, Jenny had two sisters who were as wild and 'up-to-snuff' critters as you could comfortably scare up. Well, I reached the house, and of course was invited in by the girls. Well, the evening passed quickly away, and the family retired, leaving me and Jenny by the old fire-place all alone. Well, as I had on my thick cowhide boots, and they made such a confounded noise, I took them off and carefully set them in the entry-way, so I could grasp them at any moment."

"Well, the hours sped dreadful quick—the old clock in the corner struck one, then two, and still I lingered; till at last, taking one parting kiss, I seized my hat and glided into the entry. I found my boots, but thought they felt confounded hard. I put my feet into the log of oak and tried to pull it on, but it wouldn't go—felt in with my hand and touched something hard and cold—Jerusalem!—there was them ar boots half full of water from up so high!"

"I cautiously opened the door, took the boots in my hand—and the way I set stakes for home was a sin, to keep my feet warm; and the way I used and swore was a hint to Peter."

"Then ar peaky gals saw my boots, filled them with water, and it froze as solid as a log. In fact, I was fearful to keep my boots on my feet, and my hat where I could see it."

After a hearty laugh at this cool practical joke, the jolly old farmer retired for the night.



## ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS, IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

A TRUE and Perfect RETURN of all ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS, placed under the charge of the Curator of the said Court, for collection and adjustment under the Act of Parliament of Victoria, No. 99, from the 1st day of January to the 30th day of June, 1862.—*London Gazette*, Dec. 2, 1862.

NOTE.—The Amount received by the Curator of the said Court, from the Estates in the whole Schedule amounted to £16,908 3s. 7d.

NO.	NAME OF DECEASED.	COLONIAL RESIDENCE.	SUPPOSED RESIDENCE OF FAMILY.	REMARKS.
1	Moses Brindle	Tyah, Western Port	England	Died 22nd December, 1861; from the effects of a snake bite
2	Selmae Queedenfeldt	Ararat	...	Died 10th November, 1861
3	Unknown	Mulgrave	...	Died 4th January, 1862
4	James Groves	Mullewa	...	Died 7th September, 1861
5	William Selgwick	Gipps Land	...	Died 13th August, 1861
6	W. H. Robinson	Nons	London	Died 21st September, 1861, passenger per Prince of Wales from London
7	W. P. McFarlane	Geelong	...	Died 16th December, 1861
8	Thomas Cooper	Horsham	...	Died 1st or 2nd December, 1861
9	Thomas Hsen	Geelong	...	Died 6th December, 1861
10	Ah Sue	Stanley	...	Died 2nd December, 1861
11	Thomas Baylis	Tarnagulla	...	Died December, 1861
12	John Scott	Russell's Creek, Gipps Land	...	Died 12th December, 1861
13	Michael Duddy	Sandhurst	...	Died 31st December, 1861
14	Robert Edwards	Horsham	...	Died 30th October, 1861
15	Frederick Patterson	Casterton	...	Died 9th July, 1861
16	Unknown	Seymour	...	Found suspended from a tree, 30th November, 1861
17	Abelom Gomm	Belfast	...	Died 28th June, 1856
18	John Franklin	Lancefield	...	Died October, 1861
19	George Karanagh	Collingwood	...	Died January, 1862
20	Donald McEllan	Deep Creek	...	Died 11th January, 1862
21	William Keern	Wangoom	...	Died 19th April, 1856
22	William Walker	Maryborough	...	Died 12th December, 1861
23	David McMullen	Tarnagulla	...	Died 10th January, 1862
24	Charles C. Weston	Ararat	England	Died 19th December, 1861; administered by brother
25	Samuel Cutts	Melbourne	...	Died in Melbourne Hospital

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**RAIN SPOTS may be removed from cloth by carefully sponging the article all over with cold water, and hanging to dry in a cool place.**

**TO REMOVE COFFEE STAINS.**—Mix the yolk of an egg with a little milk-warm water, and use it as soap on the stain. For stains which have been on the material some time add a few drops of spirits of wine to the egg and water.

**TO OBTAIN FLOWERS FROM BULBOSUS ROOTS IN THREE WEEKS.**—Put quick-lime into a flower pot until it is rather more than half-full; fill up with good earth. Plant your bulbs in the usual manner. Keep the earth slightly damp. The heat given out by the lime will rise through the earth, which will temper its fierceness, and in this manner beautiful flowers may be obtained at any season.

**TO POLISH GLASS.**—Cut some brown paper into very small bits, so as to go with ease into the decanters; then cut a few pieces of soap very small, and put some water, milk-warm, into the decanters, upon the soap and paper; put in also a little pearl-ash. By well working this about in the decanter it will take off the rust of the wine and give the glass a fine polish.

**HOW TO PRESERVE FANCY MIRRORS.**—Let the substance to be preserved be first somewhat polished, the brass being previously removed. Then put the metal into a tin cylinder, fill up the vessel with brine, and solder on the lid, in which there must be made a small hole. When this has been done let the tin vessel thus prepared be placed in water, and heated to the boiling point, to complete the cooking of the metal; the hole in the lid is now to be closed with solder while the air is rushing out. The vessel must then be allowed to cool, and from the diminution of volume in the contents, in conse-

quence of the reduction of temperature, both ends of the cylinder are pressed inward and become concave. All kinds of animal food may be preserved in this way—beef, mutton, veal, and poultry, roasted and boiled.

**GLASS PAINTING.**—The producing a transparent pattern on the semi-opaque surface of ground-glass is as follows:—Having determined on the kind of window which is to be made, and the size of its panes, we cut out in drawing-paper the shape of the pane or panes, and sketch the pattern on this paper with Indian-ink in clear distinct lines. The pattern should be something bold and artistic; a scroll, any variety of star, or style of diamond, or lattice-work; or groups of vine-leaves and grapes, or oak-leaves and acorns; or motto, or initials in old English letters. It is by no means necessary that all the panes should be alike in pattern or in size, diversity in these points, if tastefully managed, being an improvement rather than an injury to the effect. When the pattern is drawn, lay the pane of ground glass on it, with the rough or ground side upwards, and with a fine camel hair pencil, moistened in copal varnish, trace the outlines of the pattern on to the glass. This done, remove the pane of glass on to a sheet of pure white paper, which will enable the tracing to be seen, and then, with appropriate brushes, put in the shading and the clear parts, and perfect the pattern. Wherever it is intended that the glass shall be clear, there with copal varnish fill up the space, as every touch of the varnish clears the glass. The untouched portions, by retaining their whitish, semi-opaque appearance, serve as a background and to throw up the pattern. The varnish used should be obtained at an artist's colorman's, and should be as clear and devoid of color as possible. The camel-hair pencils should only be moistened with it, for, if loaded or saturated, they are apt to make

blots, or jagged, uneven outlines and strokes. Enough varnish to render the glass transparent, but no more than enough, is to be laid on, or the pattern will look rough and unequal, instead of smooth and even. A phial of spirits of turpentine should be standing by, in which the camel-hair pencils may be washed before they begin to dry, for if suffered to dry, or put away with any varnish on them, they harden and become useless. They must, therefore, be immediately well washed in spirits of turpentine, and then carefully wiped in a soft rag or an old silk handkerchief. When the pattern has been duly elaborated, in the manner described, the pane of glass must be set aside for eight or ten hours, in a warm, dry place, where nothing is likely to touch it, and where dust cannot settle on the sticky surface. After it has thus had time to dry, slowly and completely, it must be immersed in clear, cold, spring water for five or ten minutes, and then be placed on edge to drain itself. If the varnish is good, the pattern will now be firmly set, and stand out in clear relief on the semi-opaque ground. Exposure to moderate heat will turn the transparent parts of the glass from crystal white to orange brown; but this is an operation requiring great care, as too great heat will often split the glass, or at least render it very brittle. The cake water colors are those used for this transparent painting. We need not add, that the heat alone will produce such effects as will confer pleasure. Those which are opaque must be avoided. The following, with the combinations they are capable of producing, will be found sufficient for most purposes: Prussian blue, ultra-marine, indigo, gamboge, yellow-lake, scarlet or crimson-lake, Vandyke brown, madder brown, and ivory black. The greens must be made by combining gamboge with one of the blues; as almost all the lake greens, except verdigris, are opaque.



# THE SCRAP BOOK

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ONE PENNY.



A CROSS EXAMINATION.

## ASTREA;

### THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the *New York Ledger*.)

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

AUTHOR OF

"THE HIDDEN HAND," "ROSS ELMER," "EUDORA,"  
"THE DOOM OF DEVILLE,"  
&c., &c., &c."

#### CHAPTER LIII.

##### MRS. GREVILLE'S BRIEF.

All things that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral;  
Our instruments to melancholy bells;  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;  
Our bridal flowers might serve a buried corpse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

SHAKESPEARE.

When Mrs. Greville had kissed and dismissed Etie, she beckoned Lois to her side and said:

"My dear, just go after that girl; and when you get to her chamber send Celeste back to me; and then make an excuse to help Etie to unpack her trunk; and do you notice what she has got and what she has need of, and then come and tell me."

Lois flew out and overtook the party on the stairs and accompanied them to the door of an upper chamber, immediately above the dressing-room of Mrs. Greville.

Here she dismissed Celeste and introduced Etie into a spacious apartment, elegantly fitted up, the wall-paper, carpet, curtains, and chair-covers of which were all of the most delicate pale-green and white.

"Mamma had this room fitted up expressly for you, dear; how do you like it?" said Lois.

"Oh! it is splendid," cried Etie, with a burst of enthusiasm.

"There is nothing splendid about it, dear; it

is simply what I should call a neat room for a young girl."

"Oh, my goodness! our rooms at Burnstap were as neat as ever they could be. But they were not like this, were they, Pinchy? Why, here everything is silk and lace and velvet, and all corresponding; even down to the basin and ewer, everything is green and white!"

"Well, dear, isn't it as easy, while one is sitting up a room, to have the furniture to correspond as not?"

"I suppose everything is easy to my splendid grandmother. But where is Pinchy's trunk? There's mine; but I don't see Pinchy's."

"Here, dear," said Lois, opening a door leading into a small adjoining bed-room, neatly but plainly furnished; "here is Miss Finchett's room and her trunk is in it. If you both please, you can always leave the intervening door open, so that you may talk all night if you like."

"Then, if you please, ma'am, I will retire at once," said Miss Pinchett, thinking perhaps that the two young girls might like to be left together for a while. And after kissing Ettie, and taking up the cat and dog, she entered into the little room and shut the door behind her.

"Is she angry?" inquired Lois.

"Oh, no! Pinchey is never angry. She is only going to say her prayers. I dare say she will open the door before she goes to bed," replied Ettie.

"And now, dear," said Lois, "I will help you to unpack your trunk."

Ettie, with great pride, unlocked her trunk, and displayed her morning outfit—everything brand new, and of the best materials to be procured at Cornport; and all her under-clothing in dozens, and got up in the best style by Aunt Prixy, the laundress at Barnstaple.

"See," said Ettie, confidentially turning her treasure over, "how nice everything is! The black is as black as ink, and the white as white as snow! It is true, I haven't got anything as shiny and watery like my splendid grandmother's dress; but then they don't have 'em down our way."

"No, I suppose not," said Lois, with half a shrug; adding, "my dear, I think you had better not take out anything more than just what you want to-night."

And when Ettie had done so, Lois led her up to the easy chair in front of the dressing-table, and made her sit down in it, and then kissed her and bade her good-night, saying:

"My apartment is on the right-hand side of the hall as you go downstairs. If you should feel lonesome, or frightened, or ill, send your Pinchey to my door, and I will come to you."

As soon as Lois was gone, Ettie began to amuse herself with the novelties around her.

There were two gas-burners each side of the dressing-glass, and she turned them on, then and lower the light. Ettie now turned them on full, and gazed at herself in the tall mirror, until she was tired. Then she rambled all over the room, examining every article in it. Finally she went to Miss Pinchett's door and inquired,

"Pinchey, are you gone to bed?"

"Going," was the answer, in a low voice.

"Well, give me my little dog."

The dog was handed out, and Ettie undressed herself, blew out the gas, and went to bed!

Meanwhile Lois returned to Mrs. Greville's dressing-room.

"Well, my dear, has the poor child a proper outfit?"

Lois shrugged her shoulders as she answered:

"Mamma, just fancy that she has nothing!"

"Nothing!" echoed Mrs. Greville.

"Nothing whatever."

"And yet that was a heavy trunk that went upstairs, if I may judge from the many times I heard the men set it down and break it."

"Oh, yes, a regular wardrobe, mamma, and packed full of such a lot of rubbish—coarse alpaca and coarser delaine dresses—made in such a style! and cotton under-clothing and night dresses, and—"

"In short, mamma, though the poor child is as vain of her wardrobe as if it were the outfit of a princess, there is not an article in her possession fit for her to wear."

"And so you must make up your mind to send her to Blank's to-morrow and order her a complete wardrobe from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot! And for the contents of the wardrobe, we can send them to St. Martha's Orphan Asylum, where the uniform of the children is black and white."

"And, mamma, I am sure, that is a good night," said Lois, tripping upstairs to her chamber, and feeling very tired soon undressed and went to bed. She had fallen comfortably asleep when she heard a loud knocking at her door, and the voice of Ettie crying:

"Maiden aunt! maiden aunt! maiden aunt! come here!"

"What is the matter, Ettie?" said Lois, springing out of bed and going to the door.

"Oh! maiden aunt! something dreadful ails my lungs! They keep such a hissing, and blowing, and roaring, that I can't sleep for them! And they smell so awful they nearly smother me, and even my little dog has nearly smothered his poor little nose off!"

Before Ettie had finished her speech, Lois had thrown on a dressing gown and come out.

"Oh, Ettie, the gas is escaping enough to kill you! Did you turn it off?"

"No, I blowed it out all right! I had some enough to do that, much, if I was born in the wrong!"

"You blowed it out," cried Lois, in dismay, hurrying to the burners and turning the gas off, and then knocking the windows to clear the room.

"You blowed it out! You unlucky imp! It's a miracle it hadn't blown you up! Don't you know, Ettie, that if anybody blows the gas out, the gas returns the compliment by blowing them up! Now, never venture to do that again."

"Maiden aunt, I'll never touch the unchancey things again as long as ever I live, three!"

"I think you are right, Ettie. You had better let your Pinchey attend to them in future. There, now—your room is clear again, and I will be your good night," as she closed the windows and left the room.

Ettie returned to bed, and in ten minutes was fast asleep.

Late in the morning, Ettie arose and dressed herself with much care in the very best dress she possessed; and not without the contempt of her black lock, very neatly pressed in her plain black alpaca, with her white linen collar and cuffs. At least she thought so, as she surveyed herself in the tall dressing-glass. Then leaving Miss Pinchett at her morning prayers, Ettie hurried out and rapped at Lois' door, exclaiming:

"Maiden aunt! Maiden aunt! I am ready to go out to breakfast when you are!"

"Come in, you troublesome elf! I am likely to have a nice quiet time with you!" said Lois, laughingly, from within.

Ettie entered, and found Lois, in an elegant white morning dress, trimmed with black, sitting before her toilet table. Her maid stood behind her, giving the last twist to her ringlet. Lois rose smilingly to meet Ettie, and then conducted her down stairs. In the breakfast-parlor they found Mrs. Greville and a handsome young man, whom the former presented to Ettie as her uncle, Welby Dunbar.

Ettie had never heard of this uncle before, yet his face seemed so familiar that she could hardly take her eyes from it. Ettie had never had but one imperfect look at Colonel Greville, but it was the strong resemblance between the two men that perplexed her now.

During breakfast, Mrs. Greville seemed overclouded with a deep gloom, that spread its contagion throughout the circle. Scarcely a word was spoken beyond those demanded by the courtesies of the table. After breakfast, Mrs. Greville arose, saying:

"Lois, my love, take Ettie out this morning, and get her whatever she requires," left the breakfast-parlor, and retired to her private apartments.

"Lois, my dearest," said Welby Dunbar, coming to her side, "I had hoped that the arrival of this young lady would have aroused your dear mother from brooding over this affair."

"It did for a little while. She was quite cheerful last evening, even gay; but you see she has relapsed. Will you drive out with us? Shall we go down at your office door?"

"If you please, dearest."

Lois rang the bell, and ordered the carriage to be at the door in half an hour, and then took Ettie up stairs, to get ready for the shopping expedition.

They were soon in the carriage and driving towards the city. They set Mr. Dunbar down at his office door, and then turned into Broad-

way. And if Ettie was astonished at the great city by gaslight, she was no less so when viewing its splendours under the blaze of the noonday sun.

Lois stopped at one of the gayest bazars in the city. They entered and passed inside through all the various departments, Lois selecting in each all that she deemed necessary for Ettie, and then directing that the articles should be sent home the same morning.

"Maiden aunt, I do believe you have not laid out less than fifty dollars on me this morning," said Ettie, as they returned to the carriage.

Lois smiled; the bill she had just paid was nearly ten times that amount, and she thought it very moderate.

"And now, Ettie, I have got everything for you that I can think of. Is there anything else that you would fancy, my dear, before we go home?"

"Maiden aunt, I should like a dressing-case, and a work-box, and a writing-desk, so as to keep all my things separate and in order. I never had either of them, though I have been longing for them all my life; but if you think I do not really want them, why you need not get them."

"Not want them! Why, I do not see how you have been able to do without them! They are among the necessities of life!" answered Lois, as she gave the order to drive to a certain establishment where such articles were exhibited for sale.

When they entered the show-room, Ettie was bewildered by the beautiful and costly objects around her; but Lois had article after article taken down without being able to satisfy her own fastidious taste. There were boxes and desks of rosewood, satinwood, ivory, mother-of-pearl, tortoiseshell, malachite, papier-mâché, &c.

"Ettie, I cannot make a choice; choose yourself among them," said Lois.

"What's the price?" asked the practical country-girl.

"Various prices, you observe, miss—from ten dollars up to a hundred, and we have some even much higher," said the shopman.

"Oh, mamma, such a dear set of these are too dear! I don't want anything like these; but something plain—quite plain!" said Ettie.

"Put up that satinwood dressing-case, that papier-mâché writing-desk, and that malachite work-box," said Lois to the shopman, as she selected three of the most expensive articles on the counter. Ettie watched her in dismay.

"They are all completely furnished, Ettie, having everything that you could possibly desire in the dressing, working, or writing department," said Lois, as they reentered the carriage, and gave the order, "home."

"Maiden aunt, it is really awful to see how you spent money! If you go on at this rate, you will be up at the poorhouse yet," said Ettie, solemnly.

"Lois' silvery laughter was the only reply to the friendly warning."

They were soon at home, where they found luncheon spread in the dining-room.

Mrs. Greville joined them at the table, but she looked more weary than ever. Lois tried, by telling of Ettie's prudent economy, to raise her spirits, but Mrs. Greville only answered by a grave rebuke, and the meal was finished in silence, after which, as before, Mrs. Greville rose and retired to her private apartments.

Lois took Ettie up stairs to examine the things that had been sent home.

As soon as they were alone in Ettie's chamber, the latter said:

"Maiden aunt, what is the matter with my splendid grandmother? She looks very dull to-day! Is she mad with me for blowing the gas out?"

"No, my little goose! No, Ettie; but about two weeks ago, a great blow fell upon poor

mamma. It nearly crushed her. When it came she fell to the floor in a dead swoon. I never knew her to swoon before, not even at the death of her nearest and dearest. And ever since that blow fell, she has looked just as you see her now."

"She seemed cheerful last night!"

"For the first time since the news came. It was not a healthy cheerfulness—only the excitement of your arrival, that was all. This morning she was as low as ever."

"I wish I could arrive every day, then! But, Maiden said, what was the blow that fell upon her?"

"My dear, it was the sudden death of her only brother, to whom she had been once fondly attached, but with whom she had quarrelled many years ago, and from whom she had held herself aloof ever since! Poor mamma thinks now that she was wrong from the beginning, and very wrong of late, in rejecting his repeated overtures for a reconciliation."

"But why was she so implacable?"

"She did not approve of the life he led, my dear."

"And what sort of a life was that?"

"I do not know, Ettie! But I do know that mamma suffers very much! Oh! it is dreadful dreadful! to hear of the death of a dear brother, to whose earnest entreaties for reconciliation we have returned only disdainful answers!"

"Poor splendid grandmother!"

"And now, Ettie, I have something to tell you! Do you know that this death has made it necessary for us all to take long journey? We should have started before this, had we not waited for your arrival. I suppose we shall go now in a very few days."

"Another journey! Oh!" exclaimed Ettie, and despite the gravity of the occasion, she was delighted.

## CHAPTER LIV.

## IN THE CHAMBER OF DOOM.

Her eyes unmoored, but full and wide,  
Not ones had glanced to either side;  
Not once did those sad eyes  
Or shake the glance or shift the stare;  
Not turned their throes of deepest blue  
The smiling, white, dilated, grew,  
And there with stony face she stood,  
As ice were in her curdled blood.

BURNS.

We left Astré, standing like a destroying angel over the prostrate form of Rumford.

Venus, from her lair under the bed, had witnessed, without fully comprehending, all that passed. She now emerged from her place of concealment, inquiring, with a scared look:

"Hi, honey, what you hit him with?—Not de poker, 'cause dere it stan; you must a hit him wid somethin' dough! You's done for him, anyways, an' s'arre him right—old camp. I's sorry for him too—poor feroke old sinner, gone 'twaight to de debil widout a minute to 'pent of his sins. No help for it, dough. It was de onliest way to save yourself. It get you into heap 'o trouble, I's 'fraid dough, ehlie. Dere have you up to court, sure's ever you're born. But you s'ant tell me yet, what you hit him wid?"

"Oh! laws a messy on top of my poor ole black soul!" she suddenly broke off and exclaimed, as she happened to look at the prostrate form of Rumford, "the strange form of Astré. There she yet stood in the same attitude in which she had pronounced the doom of Rumford—her form dilated and elevated, her head thrown back, her hair streaming behind, her arm raised on high, her terrible eyes fixed upon her fallen victim—there she stood, so awful and majestic presence, but turned to a lifeless statue."

"My goodness gracious me, allee! Wint de matter wid her? Honey! ehlie! Zora, I say! Miss Zora! Miss Astré, I mean! Mrs. Full Orville, den! Speak to me myself! Answer me! It's I! Venus, your friend Venus, ehlie! What de matter wid you?" cried the woman, going slowly round and round Astré, but not

daring to approach too near, much less to touch her.

"Oh, lor! she's turned to a dead corpse! Sie's turned to a standin' up dead corpse!" said Venus, finding that she could make no impression whatever upon this statue. And opening her throat in a succession of ear-splitting shrieks, she ran through the house, ringing all the bells, and finally sounding the alarm-bell in the hall.

This clangor was in a short time answered by the rush of all the negroes within hearing to the house. They came, some thumping at the front door, some thundering at the back one for admittance.

Venus ran distractedly from one door to the other, in her utter confusion of ideas, for some time defeating her own object, and drawing more bolts instead of undrawing any; at last, however, she succeeded in opening the doors and admitting the clamorous crowd.

She now saw that it was daybreak, and that the negroes were all in their working clothes, and had probably been on their way to the fields when summoned by the alarm-bell.

"What de row?"

"Is ole marse took ill?"

"De house a fire?"

"Is dere debil in de matter?"

"Can't you speak, Venus?"

These were some of the questions put by the excited crowd as they gathered round the affrighted woman.

"Be silent, all of you. Order, there," said the voice of the overseer, who was now seen adorning through the throng. "What is the matter here, all of you? What has happened?"

"Venus know."

"She in de house."

"She run de 'larm," were the answers given by the crowd.

"What is it, woman?" inquired the overseer, standing before Venus.

"Oh! oh, dear! Oh, Marce Steppins! Oh, sir!"

"Speak, you fool! Is your master ill? Or Zora run away again, or what is the matter?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, sir!"

"Will you speak?"

"Yes, sir! I gwine 'deed it is!" said Venus, wringing her hands in agony.

"I'll be patient if you do, answer me in one instant, if I don't—"

"Oh, sir! yes, sir! Oh, sir! Zora done kill ole marse an' turned to a dead corpse herself!"

"Zora killed Mr. Rumford!" echoed the overseer in horror, while the negroes stood around, dumb with astonishment.

"And turned to a dead corpse herself, sir! a standin' up dead corpse horrible to behold!"

For an instant the overseer stood gazing at the speaker in a state of petrification, and then recovering himself, with a start, he said:

"Where are they?"

"Here, sir! here! Oh, please to come in with me! I's 'fraid 'o my life to go in dere by myself," said Venus.

Steppins needed no further invitation. He hurried towards the fatal chamber, saying to the crowd of negroes that were pressing behind him:

"Back! back, all of you! except those that I call! Venus, Cybele, Saturn, Sam—come with me!"

And Steppins, followed by the four negroes he had named, entered the chamber.

As soon as the eyes of the overseer fell upon the group we have described—the awful form of Astré standing over the prostrate body of Rumford—he paused in breathless dismay. But when one of the boldest among the party round him laid hands upon them, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Stop! I dero'n't touch 'em, nor allow 'em to be touched! Sam, saddle Saladin, and ride fast as ever you can and letch Dr. Herkimer! He's a physician and a magistrate, besides being your master's nearest neighbor and most intimate

friend. He is altogether the most properest person to send for."

Steppins had scarcely finished speaking before Sam started on his errand.

The messenger was excited, the horse was fast, the distance short, and the occasion imminent.

In less than half an hour Dr. Herkimer arrived, and on entering at once into the chamber of death.

First of all, on throwing his eyes encountered the rigid form of Astré.

"That girl is cataleptic, not dead. Lay her on the floor, and open her eyes!"

Venus and Cybele started eagerly forward to obey this order.

They laid their hands upon the stony form of Astré. And at their touch, as if it had dissolved the spell that bound her, her form relaxed, and she sank into their arms, limber, feeble, and pliable as the meekest child! As they laid her on the bed, her eyes softened from their stony stare and closed.

"She's not a dead corpse after all," said Venus to herself; "an' it's all de worse for her, poor, dear ehlie, for now de law will hold of her for a-killin' of ole marse, dough she did it in self-defence, and he richly 'served it! I could bite my ferrally tongue off for tellin' on her! But den I thought she dead herself, and I so scared I had no wits 'bout me! Never mind, dough! I long as ale's 'lure, and has to answer for it, I know what I do! I's de onliest one as saw her do it. 'I's de onliest witness 'gainst her! And I jes' up 'n' 'obeyin'! and ebout eat my own words! 'Deed will I!"

Venus soon had an opportunity of putting her resolutions in practice.

Dr. Herkimer knelt down beside the fallen form of Rumford, felt his pulse, and examined his face.

"This is an attack of apoplexy! Lend a hand here, Sam, and you also, Saturn, and lift her master up, and take him to his own room."

Sam and Saturn obeyed, and Rumford was carried to his chamber, undressed, and put to bed, and freely bled, cupped, and blistered. The doctor having done all that his medical experience could suggest for the relief of his patient, left him to be watched by Sam, and returned to the other room to look at the "cataleptic girl," as he called Astré, and also to institute some inquiry into the immediate cause of Mr. Rumford's attack. He found Astré in the deep sleep that often succeeds an attack of catalepsy, and after making a careful examination, pronounced her doing as well as could be hoped; and then consigning her to the care of old Cybele, called Venus to accompany him into the drawing-room, where the overseer and some of the principal servants were lingering to see if they could be of any use.

"My good girl," said the doctor, throwing himself into a chair, and beckoning Venus to approach and stand before him, "I gater from the discourse of your fellow-servants that you were the only one of their number, with the exception of the girl Zora, who passed the night in this house, and can give any information as to the origin of your master's illness."

"Yes, sir! I decess it was de oranges as made him ill! Dere was lots of dem dere bilious yellow things for de desert," said Venus, with much animation, delighted that the doctor had, as she thought, found a satisfactory solution to the mystery. "Yes," she added; "fa' is I know if ma'st' been de oranges as made him ill!"

"I am not talking of oranges, you block-head! I said origin! I want to know the origin, that is, the cause of your master's sudden attack."

"Oh, dat it! But hi, marse doctor! how I know who 'tacked him? nobody didn't 'tack him as I knows it!"

"You were in the room with the girl Zora last night, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; I have slept in Zora's room long of her obsequies since her death," said Venus, recklessly.

"Very well! Now, then, it was in that room that your master was found in a fit, with Zora standing over him, quite incapable of giving any explanation! Now, then, what had happened to bring about this extraordinary state of affairs? You must know, since you were there present all the time!"

"Hi, marse doctor, how I gwine know, when I soun' asleep all de time? I 'sures you, marse doctor, when de sleep do come ober me, I can't keep awake—no, not de do house was a burnin' up an' me in it!" said Venus, earnestly.

"Yet you must have heard something of this, else how came you to give me the alarm?"

"Oh, yes, marse doctor! while I was soun' asleep, I hear someb' heavy fall down—flump-bung-de-lung!—and shake de whole house; and den I look out, and dere lay ole marse, fallen down for dead! Dere! dat is all I know about it!"

"But the girl Zora, who was standing over him in that threatening attitude?"

"Oh, yes, marse doctor! You see Zora was sleepin' in de arm-chair same as me sleepin' on de mattress! And when she hear dat flump-bung-de-lung fall down and shake de house, she jump up same as I did! Only you see she was struck all of a heap, and I had my senses about me, and I run out de alarm! I brought all de people! And dat is all I know about it!"

"Why then did you say that Zora had killed your master?"

"Hi, marse doctor, sir, who go tell you dat false? Who say I say it?" inquired Venus, with a look of righteous indignation.

"All your fellow servants!"

"Lo', marse doctor, you needn't b'lieve dem niggers! I dry say everything but der prayers."

"Then you didn't tell this story upon Zora?"

"Who, me? How I gwine tell it when it wasn't true? I never ober thought of such a thing, marse doctor, sir! All dem niggers' farnally false!"

"Take care, Venus, how you deny your own words and slander your companions. Remember it was to me you told this tale, in the presence of others!" said the overseer, joining in the conversation.

"Oh, Marse Steppins, sir, you neber was more 'stakin in your life, sir! D'eed and 'd'eed, and 'd'eed and 'd'eed, I neber said nothin' like it, sir!" persisted Venus, with an astonished look and an emphatic earnestness that made the overseer doubt the evidence of his own senses or memory.

"The fact is, I suppose the poor creature was so frightened that she did not know what she said," suggested the doctor.

"That's it! She did look as wild as a witch," admitted the overseer.

"Then she is not to be held responsible for them I suppose. She is certainly honest in making the declaration she does now. And really I think she is not very capable of giving any more lucid account of the affair than she has already given. You may retire, my girl," said the doctor; and as soon as Venus had gone, he added:

"The cause of Mr. Rumford's attack is easy enough understood. That late dinner! He has been for years predisposed to apoplexy. And I have warned him against the heavy dinners and suppers, but quite in vain, as you know, Steppins. I saw how it must end, and it has ended just as I expected."

"How is he, sir? Is there any hope?"

"He breathes! And while there is breath there is life, and while there is life there is hope! Nevertheless, I say to you, Steppins, that if he has any near relations, they ought to be summoned immediately."

"I will go to the city and telegraph to them directly, sir."

"Also, Steppins, if he has not already settled up his worldly affairs, his solicitor ought to be sent for instantly, to remain at the house in the event of his being wanted; for the patient may possibly have an interval of consciousness, in which he may be able to make his will."

"Exactly, sir! I will endeavor to bring Mr. Fulmer out with me."

"And last, but not least, a clergyman should be at constant attendance at his bedside, to watch for the opportunity, and offer him such religious aids as the parting soul of sinful man requires!"

"Ah, sir, a death-bed offers but a short space to repent of a long lifetime's sins!" sighed the overseer.

"And he has led a wild life, and will say! True, but then he had a kind heart, and—who you dare to limit the mercy of the All-Merciful? The repentant thief on the cross was pardoned."

"Well, sir, I will fetch the minister, and hope for the best."

"And the quicker you set about the whole of this business you have undertaken to do, the better."

"Exactly, sir! Good day," said the overseer, picking up his hat and retreating.

When he reached the hall he found the gaping crowd of negroes still lingering there, and said:

"Boys, every one of you go to your work in the east field. Sam, do you put the horses to the treadmill, and bring it around to the door immediately, and get ready yourself to drive me to the city."

The negroes all dispersed to obey these orders, while Steppins walked to his own cottage to put on his Sunday clothes.

## CHAPTER LV.

### THE OLD HOUSE CHANGES OWNERS.

Nothing in his life. Beams him like his leaving it. He died As one that had been studied in the death. To throw away the dearest thing he owed As were a careless trifle. A few hours of care, which he himself Forfeited would be his lot, full of repentance, Confused meditations, tears and sorrow. He gave his riches to the world again. His blood part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

CHARLES BRADSHAW.

MEANWHILE the doctor returned to watch beside his patient.

It was a dreary and a hopeless watch, which lasted all through the forenoon, until the return of Steppins from the city, bringing with him Lawyer Fulmer and the Reverend Mr. Palmer.

These gentlemen were met in the hall by Dr. Herkimer, and after a short interview, in which the doctor put them in possession of the facts of the case so far as they were known to himself, they passed into the sick room and took up their watch by the dying man. To the most inexperienced observer it was evident that he was sinking fast.

They watched eagerly for some such sign of returning consciousness as the delicious or comatose patient often exhibits just before death, but some time they were vain—his pallid and sunken face, rolling head, wandering fingers, and inarticulate murmurs gave but little hope that he would ever speak a word or recognise a face again.

At length, however, when it was late in the evening, a change came over him. He opened his eyes, looked around, and knew the friends that stood about him. He was quite cognizant of his situation, for he beckoned feebly for the physician to stoop low, and whispered:

"Doctor, this is Death!"

"Oh no, you are better," said the physician, telling the usual benevolent story.

A shake of the head was the only answer of the dying man, who, with another feeble effort beckoned the other two gentlemen to draw near.

When they had approached quite close, he faltered forth:

"The girl Zora—must be free."

"Had you not better dictate a will, sir?" inquired the lawyer.

A slight shake of the head was the only reply. "There is no time," whispered Doctor Herkimer to the lawyer, "he has not half an hour's life in him; and what he has left, short as it is, should be devoted to prayer."

Not a word of this speech reached the patient's ear, for the reverend minister was evidently passing in his own mind, for he looked wistfully in the face of the minister.

Mr. Palmer stooped down to hear what he wished to speak.

"I have been a bad servant! What will the Great Master say to me?"

The minister took up his nearly powerless hand, and spoke to him of the infinite mercy of the Father; of the perfect atonement of the Son; of the free grace offered to the greatest sinner who repents, even at the eleventh hour.

Rumford, with all his faults, had never been harsh, implacable, or unforgiving. This softness of heart, preserved even in the midst of the life of rectitude, rendered him more impressive by religious truth, more receptive of divine grace, and more affected by the infinite love revealed in the atonement. Broken, subdued, helpless, dying, he was melted into tears.

Seeing this, the minister knelt by his bed, and prayed earnestly to heaven for the repentance, pardon, and salvation of this sinner. The dying man clasped his hands and silently accompanied the minister in this prayer. And when at last Mr. Palmer arose from his knees and looked upon the patient, he saw that the soul had already passed, leaving the dead hands clasped in prayer for pardon, and the dead face still wet with the tears of penitence.

"A good man," said the doctor, with his finger on the dead man's pulse.

"May peace be with him," murmured the minister, as he gently closed the sightless eyes.

"You are witnesses, gentlemen, to my expressed will in regard to the girl Zora," said the lawyer, as he left the chamber of death, to give orders concerning the interment. For in that hot climate short space is allowed between death and burial.

(To be continued in our next.)

## STUDYING INTO IT.

"My name is Archimedes Buzzy, lady, and I am looking to obtain board."

"Pleose to walk in."

It was a drizzly evening, and the stranger shook himself like a dog, as he complied with the invitation of Mrs. Forage, left his hat to the porter, and entered the room, and took a seat in the parlor.

He was a little man, with a big head and high dicky, about forty. He wore shoe-string shoes, Shaker socks, and looked simple, honest, matter-of-fact, and old-fashioned.

Mrs. Forage had a little room he could have by himself, a painted board, and, as he asked for it, he occupied it.

"I am a deviser, lady. Yes, lady, a planner, inventor, a person of ingenious constructive faculties, devoting my time to the origination of new ideas, in a mechanical way, for the convenience of mankind."

"Is it a regular business, sir?"

"It is a regular business, I may say. I am my own employer, lady. That is, I invent when I choose, and when I don't choose, I lie still. At present I am without means; but I can satisfy any gentleman in your house, if you will call, that I am reliable."

Mrs. Forage at once called Mr. Probe, a shrewd gentleman whose counsel she respected; and Probe and Buzzy were left alone together,

while the landlady superintended the supper-table.

Probe at once saw that he had "a character" to deal with, and he did so deferentially.

Buzzy rose and sat down with him formally, and then cleared his throat for an explanatory and defensive speech, with as much solemnity as if he had been called upon to say wily sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him according to law.

"I am Archimedes Buzzy, of whom you may perhaps have heard. I am a devisor, sir; a man of inventive power. If you feel of my head you will see that I have constructive-ness large."

"You have a very large head, sir."

"And the world says there is something in it. Take it not immodest in me, sir, if I say that I have a great head, intellectually considered; though I admit that my education was limited when young. Out of nine boys of us, I was the only one who was allowed by my father to neglect school and run at large when I chose. He said that my natural head was enough to carry me through the world. I never followed a trade, neither. In fact, I am not familiar with any calling except that of a devisor, with the exception of the fact that I have a knack of keeping a set of books. By a way of my own, I can keep a set of books for anybody."

"That is a faculty which too many of my friends have. I am sorry to say," said Probe. "They keep my books so well that I have seldom recovered any that I have lost from them."

"His, his' sir, I understand that to be a joke. But to return: Through life I have ever lived upon my inventive power; and as it has an unlimited range, I apply to myself the distinctive name of a devisor. Since the South broke out with a seaker rash, sir, I came to New York—which is a great city, I assure you—presenting immediately upon Governor Livingston. Inventive power is wanted now. I have it. See what originality has already done! Look at the iron-clad *Monitor*, for instance. But my genius is unlimited, versatile. I can devise anything. I have invented innumerable things. I am still poor, but so were Watt, Fulton, Whitney, and many other high geniuses of the world. But I do not ask people to look at my pocket. I ask them to consider my power. Let them employ it—greatly to their own good, even if little to mine."

"I see, sir," replied Probe, "that your mind is too large to be selfish. Art and science, which are synonymous with the good of the world, are what you wish to advance, rather than your own personal interest."

"Exactly, sir. The mind of Archimedes Buzzy has over been studying to that end. You see that I am frank as to my means and capacities; and being at present in want of board, I have applied to this seemingly high-toned boarding-house, confident that I should find co-operation among the gentlemen of the house, and that my inventive power would not long lie unemployed."

"I will confer with my fellow-boarders, Professor, and be with you in a few moments."

Probe consulted them, and speedily returned. "I have fixed everything with you, sir," said Probe. "I am security for your board for the present; and fortunately it so happens that several of the gentlemen are in need of your services. I find that Green wants a new article of Christmas toy; Black is in search of an original mouse-trap, warranted to entice and annoy; Brown wants a device for the pen; White wants a hat-cooler for silk hats in summer; Carmine desires a device in the way of a postage-stamp canceller; and Lemon, who is in the publishing line, is eager for a Valentine design, suited to the times. Your genius as a devisor no doubt embraces all these?"

Buzzy bowed loftily.

"I will introduce you at once. They cannot resist engaging you, and, in confidence, I will

say to you, that, as they are all men of means, I wouldn't advise you to hurry. Take your own time, and make them pay handsomely for it. Genius is apt to sell itself too cheap, being ever too modest. While thoughtful people might buy it at times as they would a wood-sawyer's, at such a price per hour—not admitting that a moment of genius is sometimes worth a century to mankind."

"You are my valued and appreciative friend, sir," replied Buzzy. "I would see these gentlemen forthwith."

"And you will have supper with me, Professor," said Probe, leading the way.

The devisor made himself familiar directly, like a true philosopher; and the boarders found that they had an interesting acquisition to their number. They confirmed the statements of Probe as to what they needed at the hands of Buzzy, and he promised to commence studying into it at once; though he took all things with a leisure air, and from time to time, calmly conversed upon the improvements under way, in reply to their daily inquiries as to how he progressed.

"I am studying into it—studying into it," he would say. "All these things, as you are aware, take time; and I am revolving them constantly in my mind. I already I have many half-completed, which must be carefully digested. The truly constructive mind is never hasty. It studies. It ponders. It doubts. It experiments. It apprehends. Finally it conceives and comprehends. It is the process of nature, gentlemen. Genius and nature are one. I have no doubt that the world was subjected to many queer experiments before it formed a world."

"Do you find much difficulty with my Christmas toy?" asked Green. "I attach much importance to it; because, if highly ingenious and original, I may sell millions." "I am giving the toy profound attention, sir. Thus far I have devoted three days and nights exclusively to it. The true devisor cherishes the offspring of his invention with fatherly solicitude. The toy, sir, shall not be neglected."

"Excuse me, Professor," said Black, "if I inquire, also, as to my mouse-trap. I suppose you bear the fact in the chambers of your mind, that all such traps have hitherto proved failures. They may be for awhile, but soon the mice smell them out, and refuse to go into them. Some mice, I think, inherit a suspicion of traps; or, perhaps, warning traditions may be handed down to them, from father to son."

"The question is rather too abstract for me," replied Buzzy. "But a regular, original, live mouse-trap you shall have, if head-work goes for anything."

"You will prevent many sleepless nights to others, even though at the expense of your own."

"Speaking of head-work," said White, "my hat-cooler is no small item. It may produce a revolution in the sale of hats. You shall certainly be the last for conferring a blessing upon sweating heads."

"And I anticipate much from the calico pattern," added Brown, "though it will not become me to suggest anything to your imaginative mind. To an intellect which lives by devising, I have nothing to submit."

"I reverence the inventive power myself, sir! Planning, inspiration, construction, devising—it made the universe, sir!" said Buzzy. "Creation, gentlemen, or, rather, I should say, space, was a vacuum till the devising power entered into it—studied into it. What does the poet say? Poetry and philosophy go hand in hand; and the poet says:—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole!"

From the largest to the smallest, if I may add, from the elephant to the musquito, all help to fill up the book, and make it instructive, happy, and equally complete. I will be most respectful consideration; hence I feel enabled

when engaged in filling up the hole, in my way. However trifling the invention may seem to some, it is yet sublime; for its originality helps all up the void."

"Bravo!" cried all. "I hope for an ingenious postage-stamp canceller," suggested Carmine. "That will fill up a void in the Post-office Department."

"And my Valentine," added Lemon, "will draw hard on your most elegant stock of ingenuities."

"I speak knowingly, my friends. I feel warranted in saying that you are warranted in trusting to a constructive mind, *par excellence*, which I believe in Latin or Hebrew means, the ps, or father of excellence! I shall endeavor to excel, and I am studying into it all the time. I am bound to you, and your interests shall not suffer at the hands of the devising mind of Archimedes Buzzy."

"This talk all sounds very well," said Probe to him, one day, in private, after two months had flown by, and no sign of an invention had yet come forth. "You do well to take your time, as they can well afford to pay for it; but although you have assured them so often that you are studying into it, I fear they are growing impatient. I hope they don't secretly think you are neglectful."

"Why, sir," said Buzzy, "these things require years, sometimes, before they arrive at fruition! I may appear idle but I am really studying into it all the time. I often lay awake all night, planning; I seldom get a sound sleep; and I make twice as often, three times a day, regularly. Yet I take pride in this, considering what to come! You may have observed that I take long meditative walks every day, apparently viewing the beauties of nature, but, in reality, studying into it. I have three times narrowly escaped with my life, while in these fits of glorious abstraction."

Buzzy had had, indeed, an easy time of it. Adopting Probe's original advice, he had taken all things easily, especially presents of cigars, clothing, tickets to amusements, &c., receiving them as matters of course—graceful little tributes to his worth; and as to who paid his board, or how much he received, he was sufficiently indifferent.

Probe found it necessary to urge him a little further. He came to him with a positive face. "They say they must know by to-morrow! No wish to hurry you, but don't want the inventions to come too late. I hope you'll have them ready. You will get your recompense the sooner."

"It is a little premature," replied Buzzy, with dignity, "but happily I shall be ready. You can inform the gentlemen that I think I have achieved six inventive triumphs. Had I not, however, studied into it so unremittingly, I should not have been enabled to do so much in less than a year of time."

With a pomp, on the morrow, he took his seat in the parlor, in full dress (dress bestowed by them), Probe by his side to call them in one by one. Probe being his fast friend, was allowed to stay and hear each invention explained; and it had been agreed that each, on being duly informed, was to retire to make room for the one next in order. Probe was to be last at leisure.

"Call Green," said Green, and Green came.

"Mr. Green," said Buzzy, triumphantly, producing a square top, "for a Christmas toy, what do you think of that?" And he twirled it.

"It looks tip-top," said Green, examining it.

"I say I suggest the device on it." "It is a capital article," said Green, "as you see, it is thus arranged: It is square. The words *Constitution and Union* are on two opposite sides. On the other two are a *Skull and Cross Bone*. The word and is on top. Twirl the top, and if *Constitution* comes uppermost, it reads: '*Constitution and Union*.' If the *skull* comes uppermost, it reads: '*Skull and Cross Bone*.' Thus the motto is changed. It will be immensely popular. I call it 'The People's Choice.' You will have all



the world running after 'The People's Choice. Take the top. You may retire. Call the next color. Call Black." And Black came.

"Mr. Black, this diagram presents to you a proud result of my inventive power for a mouse-trap. If the mouse is in the wall, and there is no hole, of course one must be bored, to save the noise and trouble of the hammer. He comes out. The trap is four feet square, with a wide door raised, forming the hole. The end opposite the door is full of gimlet holes. You place a light outside. It shines through the gimlet holes. The mouse comes out. The box appears to him as big as a room, and no trap. He naturally wishes to see what makes the light come in through the gimlet holes. The box is not, and he is not afraid. He enters. You hear him. A string is attached to the door, the other end fastened to the head of your bed. You loose the string. The door falls. The mouse is caught. The same contrivance will do for rats. The beauty of the thing is, you catch the victim without getting out of bed."

"But the expense of the light?"

"What's that, to a sure thing?"

"But one don't want to keep awake till the mouse comes."

"Yes he does, if he wants a mouse. It's a sure thing, and he will soon catch all. Please retire with the diagram. Call the next color." And Brown came.

"Mr. Brown, the chief merit of invention is its simplicity. There is the celico design, which will take the lead till the war is over, and figure on the patch bed-quilts of our patriotic granddaughters. The heads of Washington and Lincoln, surrounded by free negroes, quints, and the American flag! Riches and leisure at leisure. There's food for reflection. Next color." And White appeared.

"As aforesaid, friend White, ingenious simplicity is soonest appreciated by the mass. This is a bit of sponge, with a wire attached. Stick that inside all your sick hats. Wet the sponge, and it will keep the head moist, the hottest day. Advertise 'Vapor Hats,' and make a fortune. Call the next color. Call Carmine." And Carmine entered.

"As you are in the interest of the Post-office, Mr. Carmine, and Government will doubtless pay well, here is a device for which they can afford to pay well, as otherwise it will cost a mere nothing, and so get the more ready acceptance. It is simply a punch. To cancel postage-stamps, let the clerk punch a hole through the centre! There's no erasing then, and it will do the letter no harm. It would facilitate filing, without defacing. Ha! ha! That's a joke! Have the goodness to withdraw, with me, make short work of the other color, and so have done. Call forth the other color. Call Lemon, and let me squeeze him. He! he! That's another of my jokes." And Lemon dropped in.

"My friend Lemon, you here perceive the result of long and painful cogitation. You solicited a design for a Valentine, which should be at once original, ingenious, romantic, and suit the times. Behold it here! Here, you see, are two birds, labelled 'North' and 'South.' They are perched on a tree. That means the Tree of Liberty. They confront each other, and their bills meet. This, you see, may represent that they are united, and are billing and cooing; or, that they are presenting each other their bills of expenses for the war, with a view to an amiable settlement; or, that they are feeding each other as they used to do; or, that they are still at war, and pecking at each other. Here will be an interesting study for the people, to tell what the ingenious little thing precisely means. It will do at once as an emblem of love, peace, and war. Surrounded by ornamental birds are thirty-four stars, rising in the form of an arch, the two bases resting on two niggers' heads, signifying that it is too base to keep them in bondage; also, that the foundation of rebellion was slavery—with a side allusion to nigger-head

to horse, while at the top of the arch is a balloon, with the original motto, 'Exceeding' meaning either that the Union is rising still higher, or that Secession is a bladder, and has gone up. I signed that as the proudest triumph of my studies in the realms of fancy. You need not retire. Friend Probe, if the other gentlemen are still in waiting, call them in. I am now ready for any proposition."

"And with a sigh of satisfaction, Archimedes' Buzzy reclined at full length upon the sofa, while the patrons of his genius re-appeared before him."

"Well, gentlemen. Satisfied? Perhaps more than satisfied. No doubt astounded. I knew it. But what propositions? No flaw, eh? No alteration?"

"We have nothing to say."

"What?"

"No terms to make. We have conferred, and concluded that the devices don't suit."

"Impossible!" cried he, astounded. "Attention some price."

"In consideration of your having studied into it so long we don't mind making you the present of a dollar each, with the amount of your board, and—"

Buzzy sprang to his feet, and paced the room in much agitation.

"Board, and a dollar each! And are these the rewards of ingenuity in an enlightened age? My God! What is the use of studying into a thing at all? Whitney got 1,000,000 dollars for his cotton gin, which was considered an eternal stain upon the Southern name for generosity, when his genius has made half the wealth of the cotton planter. But I imagined that the day of such liberality was past."

"In considerations may be of use to me. We promise not to divulge, nor use them."

"We'll take our oath we won't!"

"And I'll do my best," said Probe, "to dispose of them in some way."

Buzzy at last became pacified, shook hands, and even smiled, through tears, on being assured that they would remain his friends, and do their utmost to place him in a position to be appreciated, though they were too stolid to appreciate themselves. And thus, from the ashes of his hopes sprang the phoenix of a better state of things for him.

For long, Probe obtained a berth for him as clerk on board a gunboat, whither he may yet be heard from, whether he studies into some great naval invention, or gets blown up, or not. In either or any case, as our Archimedes' Originality is at a discount ever, and fails of its reward, unless its aim is to be laughed at.

## FOREST SKETCHES.—No. 10.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP,

AUTHOR OF "THE HUNTED LIFE," &c.

### GARL AND THE CHICKASAW CHIEF.

Our tent was pitched twenty-five miles below Austin. The day had been spent in fishing, and if fun could be termed of any account we had most excellent luck. Fitzben had been in the river twice, and old Ben had taken a ducking with him. Once we had tipped our boat over and spilled out all hands, adding the third plunge to our sea-experience, and giving Ben a second taste of cold water. But we caught plenty of fish, and had a fine supper.

In the evening we were ready for a story. Garl had not told one since we left the San Saba, and we claimed one from him now.

"Well," said he, "suppose I give you a little adventure I had when I was a younger—than I am now. I wasn't so old as I be now!—though I must say, I weren't very young then! nor am I very old now."

We bade him go on and tell us just what he'd

a mind to, promising that we would listen. So he told us as follows:

"It must be now twenty years ago 'at I war out on the Red River, near the Chickasaw nation. I had gone out with a party of trappers, and we'd fixed a camp by the Upper Washita. Our ovenin' when we were all in camp—thar war nine of us—a party of traders come along, and wanted to stop over night. In course we couldn't deny 'em, nor did we any idee on it. It weren't in our natur to do any sich thing. We gin 'em upper, and found 'em room for sleepin'. Afore they turned in we saw 'at they had two lugin tomahawks; some beads 'at we know'd had belonged to Ingins; an' two lugin blankets. We asked 'em whar they got 'em? One 'em winked, and they found 'em. I didn't believe it; but it weren't for me to dispute 'em, so we said no more about it."

"In the mornin', afore they got ready to go, I heard two 'em talkin', and from what I heard 'em say I know'd—er, at any rate, I suspicion'd—'at they'd been killin' redskins. Howsever, I thought, mebby, they'd had a row, an' I wouldn't say anythin' 'bout it. I was about to go to bed, way soon arter breaky, and we heard no more on 'em. But I tell ye, I didn't forget what I heard them two traders talkin' about. Thinks I, if they've been killin' Ingins mayn't the 'tarnal redskins be for takin' vengeance on us? I couldn't help a wishin' 'at they'd move out of 'at; but war afraid to say so for fear my companions 'd call me a coward. I kept the thought to myself."

"It war three days arter that that I war out above the river all alone. About two mile from the camp, thar war a sort of bluff whar we'd seed an eagle's nest. It war a great bald-head eagle. Old Doctor Beauchamp, of Columbia, had offered me twenty dollars a pair for these very birds, as many as I could get. I'd 'a' gived 'em five fifteen dollars a piece, if I'd bring 'em alive. In course I war sort of anxious like to trap a few on 'em. I'd already shot three on 'em; but my great pride war to git one or more on em a livin'."

"Well—as I war a sayin'—up on this bluff I seed a nest. It war a sort of great shelf on the side of a ledge. On it was a couple of eggs, and great boulders of rocks, while on the other hand, I looked down into a deep run. It war all of a hundred yards deep, and right straight up an' down. At the bottom thar war a small stream 'at run over a bed of rocks. I tell ye it made me dizzy to look over the edge of that place. When I looked I couldn't help thinkin' what 'ad become of me if I war to tumble over. Howsever, er, it didn't take long to decide on that matter. I'd been a piece of jolly, an' nothin' shorter, 'bout the time I'd fairly found bottom."

"On this high shelf war the eagle's nest; an' on that nest I'd set a snare made of strong cord. It war right on to the middle of the afternoon when I war out to see if I'd caught anythin'. Ye see the whole party on us war comin' up the river, and when we got to the foot of this bluff I left them to go to camp while I went up to look at the nest."

"I'd clambered up part way when I thought I heard somebody behind me. I looked around, but couldn't see nobody. I tobses it war only a stone eagle I'd kicked over. A little while arter that I agin, Thinks I, some of 'others are comin' up. But when I looked I couldn't see nobody agin; so I jist kept on."

"When I got fairly to the top of the ledge I looked, and thar war the eagle fast as a coon in a bar-trap! I jumped for 'rd an' took a look at the crittur; an' then began to kalber how I should scare him. A full-sized, bald-head eagle, on her nest aint one of the easiest things in the world to handle, now I tell ye. She war caught by only one leg; an' I seed 'at that would be free afore long if she weren't took. I pondered a spell, an' finally concluded to tackle her. I laid my rifle down, an' crept up; and when I war near enough I fired a potshot. I caught the bird fair by the wings, and shut 'em right up; and thus I held her. I meant to cast off the cord

from her leg and bind both her legs and her wings with it; for I couldn't carry her no other way. I'd just got the net untied when I heard something behind me. I turned, and what d'you s'pose I seed?

"It wuz a 'tarnal redskin! A reg'lar Injin savage! A Chickasaw chief, as I could tell by the tall feathers a stickin' up all over his head. He had picked up my rifle; an' I feel as if I looked he wuz a thoroughbred. He wuz a powerful critter."

"My salvation didn't I just kind o' cut 'em 'bout the gizzard jest then? I hadn't no weapon only the knife in my belt. My rifle wuz gone, an' I wuz defenceless. -The redskin had a rifle an' tomahawk. An' he wuz a powerful critter, too-tall and stout, an' ugly as any cuss possibly be."

"As soon as I got fairly turned round the varmint raised his rifle, an' took a cool aim at my heart. What could I do? He would fire in an instant. If I moved I wuz a dead man; and if I stood still I wuz dead, too. It's a kind of a cuss' feelin' that yer—w' a rifled yer heart—an' an infernal redskin stin' on 'em—an' you expectin' every moment's yer head 'at I didn't, an' then, he grined a reg'lar grizzly bar's grin, an' sez he:

"You killed two of my people!"

"Ses I, 'I didn't do it!"

"Then ses he, 'never mind; some of yer pal-faced murderers did it!"

"I seed him wuz his finger agin the trigger, —I know'd quick enough he wuz a gain to fire, an' I shut my eyes. I heered a snap—I looked up—an' I found his rifle had missed fire! Quick as lightning I sprang for him. He snappin' agin, but the piece wouldn't go. He throw'd it down and caught his tomahawk. He made a blow at my head, but I dodged it, an' then I caught it by the handle."

"For a few seconds we both tugged away at that tomahawk; but finally it fell. The Injin hit his heel agin a rock, and as he went over backwards, I stumbled and fell on top of him. 'That was the time I caught o' 'er thought of my knife, but I forgot it. The tomahawk had been thrown, but I didn't feel enough—no time to think of gittin' it. I wuz a 'tarnal fool, no mistake. If I'd only draw'd my knife I could 'ave put it through the varmint easy enough. Howsumever, I didn't, an' ther's an end on't."

"As I said afore I set my eyes on the tomahawk; an' I made a rush for it. But I wuz a little behind the mark. I didn't see no sign of my foot then the redskin pin himself a whiff on his hip an' caught me by the ankle. I gin him a kick, but couldn't break his hold."

"Now I thought o' my knife. The Injin wuz on his knees, an' as I carried my hand to my side he leaped to his feet like a flash, and tried to throw me. He had no knife all his own weapons wuz beyond his hand. He found himself put to his own powers. I had a knife, but couldn't draw it yet. It weren't many moments afore I found out 'at I'd got a painter in power to deal with. He wuz stronger than me—twice as strong; I know he could do with me as he pleased if he had fair play."

"A little while we struggled, and then he threw me upon one knee. With his right hand he grasped my throat, and with his left he seized my right wrist and held it out as if it had been in a vice. I caught the wrist of the dark hand that held my throat, but I mount as well 'ave tried to shake off the hold of a lion. He bent over—he threw my head back—and while he gripped my right wrist and tighter upon my neck he glared at me like a real devil."

"Oh! my soul! how list sarapa's face looked! He was a middle-aged Injin—his body naked from the waist up—and his arms, and shoulders, and breast, seemed to be only one great, solid mass of stout, dried muscles. His eyes stared at me like two green diamonds—his lips were part way open—his nose wuz hooked like an eagle's beak—and the feathers on his head seemed to stand up 'er feet like the hair on a wild-cat's back when

she's frightened. He spoke not a word; but he did wint war wuz—his growl! jest like a mad painter! The growl 'peared as though it come up from his inside; and it come, too, with a vengeance. I remember 'at I jest then made up my mind 'at them fellows weren't human. They'r a cuss, that's the wild hog an' the copperhead cuss, that's what they are. If they be human they're—saints—all, all."

"But I didn't have much time for such thoughts. I wuz a dyin'! He had my back bent so I couldn't neither bend one way nor t'other."

"He held my right hand off at arm's length, and that grip on my throat wuz a gittin' wuz an' wuz. My eyes began to start out, an' my tongue lolled. I'd done breathin', for my gulch—my neck—had as though I'd been a langin' by the neck from a tree."

"When I know'd 'at I wuz a goin'—when I know'd 'as my breath was fairly stopped—then I made up my mind for one last trial. I gathered all my power into that single effort—and made the attempt. The aim was to gin my feet. But, good mornin'! I mount as well 'ave tried to pull up these old oak trees! I couldn't move an inch."

"I thought of my mates at the camp—and I wondered if they'd ever find my body. At fust I wondered if they'd know how I died; but when I come to think 'at the varmint 'ad hove my scalp a hovin' up in his wigwag, then I fanned my wings, and I wuz ready to fly home."

"I think I must 'ave been held down there as long as five minutes when I began to feel 'at I wuz a dyin'. Ye see 'at fust he didn't wholly stop my wind. He mount 'at I should suffer as long as he could make me. But I felt the eend a comin' at last! Things began to look dark afore me, and I didn't feel jest extry thought if I wuz a goin' to bust—my brains wuz a drivin'—my eyes wuz startin' right out—and my throat felt as though all the pain I'd ever had in my life wuz brought back and all put right into that one pain."

"That wuz one more struggle to come. A stout, healthy, young man, like me, wuz then, couldn't resist one such fiery death-struggle. I felt it a comin'. I felt the shiver givin' through my limbs—I felt the passin' of somethin' like a thought lightnin' wuz a rannin' along my cords;—and I know'd it wuz meant for my death-struggle—for the last effort of my poor body on this yer earth."

"At that time I'd had hold of the varmint's right wrist with my left hand. It had kind o' seemed as though if I should let go of that I should die in an instant—as though if I let that hand of his free he'd break my neck. He wuz standin' with his back to the precipice, and his right foot, which wuz stretched back to give more room for his arms, wuz set on wuz set on eight inches from the edge of the rock. I had just that moment noticed it. I don't mean 'at I had jest then seed for the fust time, for I couldn't look down to his feet now;—but I had jest at that moment thought of it. Among all the things 'at had come to my mind that wuz the last."

"The struggle came."

"Wildly I dropped my left hand to my knife. I clutched it by the haft and drew it out. He saw the motion, and he had to let go of my throat to catch my hand. Quick as lightning the idea come to me—he had my left hand, and was a goin' to take my knife from me. He would flash me with it! As I said—with the long blade he held on his left, he let go of my throat, and I took the idea come to me quick as lightning, and I wuz as lightning! I put it through: I brought my head down a bit, and then, with all the power of the struggle that was on me, I dashed it for'd and planted my crown right fair in the pit of the red-skin's stomach. Mind ye, my head wuz party back, and I give the blow with all the power which hope, madness, death-strugglin', and vengeance could possibly lend to it."

"My eyes! It doubled the varmint up as though a cannon-bell 'ad struck him! In an

instant I war on my feet. I didn't stop to think I didn't stop to do anything only to plant my foot in the dead body as I wuz leant up 'er thar on his knees;—and then I swooped and caught him by the ankles, and jest hit him over that precipice! I heered a shriek, like the yell of a frightened night-bird—and next I heered a dull echo as though somethin' had fell on to the rocks in the deep chasm below."

"I wuz a dyin'—and though I'd rest. A swimmin' sensation come over me, but agin my eyes seemed to grow dull and heavy—and in a little while it was all dark!"

"The next thing I know'd comberly 'ad hold of my shoulder. I gin a cry and started up."

"'Gar!,' sez a voice, 'what ye doin' agoin' to sleep up here?'"

"If I wuz my mates come to me. I got up and found it wuz night. We hunted round and found the Injin's rifle and tomahawk, and then started for the camp. As we went along I told my story; and that night a guard wuz kept, and the men slept with one eye open."

"In the mornin' I wuz well enough, only 'at my throat was still sore for many a week. We went out to the gully under the precipice; and thar we found my rifle with the stock broken into a dozen pieces. Close by wuz the Injin chief. He wuz all in one piece, but I tell ye that yer piece wuz party considerably smashed up."

"We wuz all at that time traders had picked a fuss with the redskins, so we packed up our traps and moved farder down toward the human settlements."

## HOUSEHOLD MARVELS.

"A REMARKABLE MAN, a very remarkable man." Why so, I asked. Why? "He is head man of Mr. So and So's large establishment. He attends to all the little perplexing details of the business; he keeps everything under his own eye; he knows everything that goes on in his department, his negligence, or an omission of duty, immediately he—" Oh stop, said I; for this man you are praising, I will find you five hundred women, within speaking distance, who do just all that, only it is taken so as a matter of course, that nobody thinks of praising them, or even mentioning it. The good house-mother, for instance, who is often at once housekeeper, cook, chamber-maid, sempstress, dressmaker, school-mistress, nursery-maid; who goes to market; who does the shopping; who entertains company; and who has eight or nine children too look after, and who performs all her motherly duties spite of the drawbacks of occasional sickness, with a patience, cheerfulness and quiet perseverance which has not its parallel among business men."

Listen.

In the first place, your business man has certain allotted hours when his work is over. He does not generally sleep with one eye open, after it, watching a young child or baby. In the next place, he has an uninterrupted daily *quies* in his labor; and at night is able to see some result.

Now it is impossible for a business man's family to have an uninterrupted "system." She may indeed plan upon her pillow that day's work; but can she foresee how long that dear little troublesome baby's forenoon nap will be, which is to give her the only chance she has for that day to accomplish some necessary bit of mending or sewing? Can she ward off the unlucky fate which brings an early afternoon nap, a "drop-in" call in the golden hours of the forenoon? Can she build a high pen around herself, as does a business man in his counting-room, nor see, nor hear what is going on outside, though the children's pinnafles may catch fire, or say any of the playing the mischievous generally, when she is the business mother, who brings an early afternoon nap, no matter how hurried she may be, so, just little, nice, diffident, unassuming questions of "mum and tum" between little brothers

and sisters? And when night comes, and she lies wearily down, after all this toil, to be broken of her needful rest by her babe or young child, does she not often, poor soul, reproach herself with "not having done anything all that day but to see those children." "Nothing but"—I should like to see the man who, through all these discouragements, and often, with intervals of sabbath health, would keep on patiently and cheerfully doing this "nothing but," as do these women, whom I declare that only God and his angels can fully appreciate. And don't the business men have their invigorating open-air walk to and from his place of business, at least twice a day, while these house-mothers bleach out for the want of it, sometimes a week or fortnight at a time, never leaving the house for rest, or change of scene, or recreation? Business men! Look at these patient business women. Who ever thinks of praising them for such common, every-day, feminine virtues? Not that I think they are praiseworthy for working so till they drop dead for want of breath to work any longer. I would have them take time for needful out-door exercise, whether they can "get it" or not. I would have them, since they are to be the hope and salvation of the future, through their healthful motherhood, consider this duty of preserving and maintaining it before all other duties; no matter how many buttons or strings need sewing on; or how much "house-cleaning" may be left undone; or how many "calls" or "visits" may be unreturned. The mother of children comes first; should be cared for first. Let her assert herself. Since, unfortunately in many cases, if she does not, there is no salvation for her in this life.

"How is this?" I thought you did not like women!" whispers a voice at my elbow. They have a way in Yankee land, where I and every other good come from, of answering a question by asking another. Did you ever know me to allow anybody to find fault with women but myself?

FANNY FERN.

## THE WINTER BOUQUET.

"Do not turn my words into jest Evelyn; never me, eye or no, in mercy!"

"No, then!" and she deftly wore a wreath of immortelles and held it up for her lover to admire.

"Will you not tell me why?" he asked.

"O—because—I wish you would not tense me so!" she pouted, her eyes beginning to fill with petulant tears.

"I will do so no more, Evelyn!" said Charles Vane, quietly. "Can I help you with your flowers? No? then, good night."

As the heavy oaken door closed upon him, Evelyn sprang up, as if to call him back, but she did not, and so they parted—the pretty coquette, and the man whose heart she had toyed with.

Evelyn Marsland spent no more winters at Cedar-place—for there were no more hearts to win and throw aside. But in after years, she remembered all these things—remembered them in bitterness of soul!

Sunset on Broadway! the church spires bathed in liquid gold—the acres of plate-glass glimmering with transient brightness! And the pitying sunbeams were their jewelled splendor round the shrinking child-form that crouched upon the marble step; albeit the tide of human beings flowed by without vouchsafing her a single glance.

It was bitterly cold, yet the child had sat there all day, her purple fingers wrappled in the thin shawl she wore, and her flaxen ringlets blown from beneath a shabby silk hood. The little cheeks were blue with cold, and stained with tears, and the voice, which nobody heeded, was tremulous and broken with sobs.

"Bouquets, ma'am? Please stop and buy my winter bouquets. They are only sixpence, and—"

"O, mamma, mamma! what pretty white and red flowers!"

A child like herself had spoken—yet how widely different she seemed, with long brown curls falling from beneath the shadow of snowy ostrich plumes, and blue velvet dress, embroidered with arabesques of gold.

"Buy one, mamma—it will just go into my china vase at home!"

And she took the purse from an elegantly-dressed lady at her side, and placed a silver coin in the small outstretched hand, with grave, childish thanks for the want of it.

How deliciously warm and fragrant the atmosphere of that house was, after the biting air without—how luxuriously the foot sank into the purple pile of velvet carpets, and the eye rested on tinted walls, and pictures glowing with light and sunshine which could never fade!

To Mr. Vane was reaching, by the light of a jet of flame. Ten years had changed him but little.

"Uncle Charles! where are you?" echoed a clear, imperative little voice, and the small elf in the blue velvet and ostrich plumes bounded into the room, and pressed her fresh cold cheek to Mr. Vane's forehead, and held up the red and white blossoms.

"It's a winter bouquet, Uncle Charles—it will not fade!"

Charles Vane took the flowers into his hands with a wondering, inscrutable look.

"A winter bouquet—strange!" he exclaimed, as if to himself. "I never saw the blossoms arranged in this manner save by but one person! Can it be that—"

He rose and paced once or twice across the room.

"Where did you buy this, Blanche?"

"A poor little girl had a basket full, on the step of that great hotel where we used to live once, and she looked so cold, I felt sorry, and—"

But the child's prattle was cut short by the abrupt disappearance of her auditor. For Charles Vane had hastily assumed his hat and shawl and was already threading his way through the twilight crowd on Broadway!

"Bouquets, sir! Buy a winter bouquet!"

The parrot cry, half choked with quivering sighs, fell on no unresponsive ear this time, for Mr. Vane's tall figure was bending over the child.

"Where did you get these flowers, little one?"

"Mother made them!"

"And what is your name?"

"Mrs. Kennedy, sir!" "Kennedy—Mary Kennedy?" repeated Vane to himself. "Yet surely I cannot be mistaken! Will you take me to your home?" he added, aloud. "I should like to see your mother."

The little creature gathered her basket in her arms, rose submissively, and walked quietly along by the side of her strange companion. Though the lighted thoroughfares of golden narrow-diamond streets, and up long flights of creaking wooden stairs she guided him, and opened the door of a back room at the end of a dark passage.

"Mother! here is a gentleman to see you!" A kerseene lamp was burning in the window seat, and close beside it, with a shawl thrown round her shoulders, and heavy bands of golden hair shining dimly in the lamplight, sat—Evelyn Marsland. Her dress was of some cheap black stuff, but sadly worn and insufficient, but as she looked up, the blue, liquid eyes were as beautiful as ever.

She rose at sight of the stranger, and awaited his explanation with calm, quiet dignity.

"Evelyn—do you not know me?"

"Charles Vane!"

She sank back on her chair, covering her face with her hands, while the crimson tide of bitter mortification mounted to her brow.

"Tell me one thing, Evelyn—are you a widow?"

"I am," she sobbed.

"You are poor—suffering—yet you never came to us?"

"I would have died sooner than appeal to you! I have brought this upon myself—and I would have suffered it in silence, if—if you had not—"

"Evelyn, this must not be. I loved you dearly once—may do not tremble—I am not going to persecute you again."

He stopped, suddenly, for Evelyn had raised her tearful eyes to his face, and a sudden light flashed through his voice and manner.

"Look at me once again, darling! Surely—I surely you are not deceiving me? Evelyn—may I hope?"

"And do you love me still? Ah, I am not what I was—I am changed—awfully changed!"

"To think how you have suffered!" he murmured, holding her to his heart with inexpressible tenderness, his voice and manner.

"Not in vain!" she said, with an earnestness far different from the coquettish Evelyn Marsland he had known ten years ago! "I needed this bitter life-lesson to teach me the value of your love! O, Charles—had I but known my own nature when I—"

The mother's sentence, for Charles Vane's hand was upon her lips.

"We will forget that, dearest, for ever!"

Upon the carved mantel in Mrs. Vane's boudoir at Cedar-place there is a tiny chalice of Bohemian glass, netted with silver, which holds a simple bouquet of white and crimson immortelles. Too for statues of alabaster or hot-house blossom will Evelyn exchange it for the pale delicate flowers are an unworried memento of the valley of darkness through which she passed into the sunshine of Charles Vane's love!

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## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE GIRLS AND THE MARINER.

YOLA BROSEY had not only remained with Carla over night, but had kept her company during the day. The two girls had made a visit to the cottage, and had climbed the hills together until they were tired, roaming here and there in the woods and along the shore, and exchanging pleasant confidences and sweet hopes. Neither had seen anything of Senor Carnar; and Senor Moratin had been unusually kind to them both, so that the day had glided swiftly and pleasantly away.

The incidents succeeding the departure of our hero had been few. The sloop *Carnar* and *Moratin* had seen had anchored, early in the evening, off the mouth of the bay, and its commander had sent a messenger ashore to inquire for Leon Brosey. On learning that the pearl-diver had gone up the coast, and would not be back under a day or two, the messenger had returned to the vessel, and no further communication had taken place between it and the shore.

The incident, however, had caused Carnar and Moratin much speculation. The somewhat anxious interest the former had at the first manifested in the stranger, had now become a permanent characteristic of his manner. He asked his partner in inquiry more than a hundred times during the day what the commander of the sloop could want of Brosey. In company with Moratin, he had also made several visits to the pitfall in the woods, to be sure that Carla's father and brother had not escaped, or made any movement to that end.

The day had thus passed.

It was getting along towards night, when

Carla and Yola came down from one of the wild ranges of hills to the northward of Loreto. They had been to see a ruined church, a mysterious old building, built in the days of the domination of Spain in Mexico, and having the reputation of being haunted. Having satisfied their interest in this object, they were on their way home through the woods and ravines, occasionally pausing to rest, and continually conversing.

"What a gloomy place this is," said Yola, at one of these intervals of rest, as she looked around. "Do you believe there are any such beings as ghosts?"

"How do I know? I dare say there are ghosts for those who are fond of them," replied Carla. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I was just thinking how frightened I should be, if a great tall figure, white as a sheet, and with such eyes, should meet us here, in these woods, and say—"

She left the sentence unfinished, and sprang to her feet, trembling with apparent terror.

"And say what, Yola? Why don't you finish your remark?"

It was a moment before Yola could speak.

"Didn't you hear it?" she then said.

"Hear what?"

"A faint and hollow voice—"

"A voice? What did it say? Where was it? Do you hear it now?"

"A voice which cried: 'Help—help!' Hark! there's again! Don't you hear it?"

They both listened eagerly, and the cry which had startled Yola was repeated. It was apparently the voice of a person in distress, coming faintly and indistinctly to the ears of the girls, and appearing to proceed from a great distance. After it had been repeated several times, Carla asked:

"Can anything be more strange? it seems to come from the ground under our feet!"

"That's just what I was going to say, only I

thought you would laugh at me. There it is again! Shall we run away Carla, or will you answer?"

Carla looked through the woods, in the direction of the village, not exactly as if she had experienced a sentiment of fear, but as if she was puzzled at the strange voice. Notwithstanding all her patiences of search and acuteness of hearing, it was a long time before she could locate the direction of the sound, so as to trace it to its source. At last, however, an expression of pleased surprise escaped her, and she knelt upon the ground, after advancing a few steps from the spot where she had been seated.

"Here's the place," she exclaimed, "apparently a cavern in the ground. There, don't you hear the voice plainer than before? It seems to be here," and she looked carefully around. "If it were not so dark here, we might be able to find the entrance of the cave right away!"

She carefully searched the surface of the ground, stirring the leaves and underbrush, and immediately discovered a hole of some extent, from which the dirt seemed to have been recently removed. Another moment, and she saw, as she made a further stir among the leaves, the end of a plank.

"What's this?" she murmured. "Here's some sort of a contrivance in the ground!"

"Be careful," said Yola. "Perhaps somebody has been opening a mine here, unknown to us, and this may be the shaft!"

"That's just what it is," replied Carla, as she tugged at the plank she had discovered.

"There!"

She succeeded in moving the plank a little, and instantly heard the rattling of dirt and stones, as they fell down into a pit across which the plank was laid. What was of more startling importance to the girls, a sort of an opening was visible in the ground, and the voice they had heard now came up to them with a greatly increased

volume, the faint cry becoming a loud and coherent appeal for assistance.

"Help—help, up there, whoever you may be," cried the voice. "We are in great distress! Save us from a horrible death by cold and starvation. We have had nothing to eat during a period which seems to be many days! Help—help!"

The girls were monotonically appalled by the terrible earnestness of these appeals.

"How shocking! how dreadful!" exclaimed Yola. "What shall we do?"

"I see how it is," responded Carla. "Poor men! they are the miners, and some accident has happened to them. We must help them to get out!"

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Yola. "It's almost night already! I shudder at the idea of being here in the dark. How can we help them?"

"We must pull away these planks! Surely this does not look like accident. I should say that design has brought them into this trouble. Take hold of this plank with me, dear Yola, and we will make the hole large enough to enable us to see them!"

While uttering these words, Carla had been toiling with all her might, and another effort or two, with Yola's aid, effected the object she desired. The cries of distress had been suspended for the time being, while the loose earth was rattling down into the pit, and the aperture was being enlarged by the removal of the planks, but the voice was soon heard again, exclaiming in fervent tones:

"Thank God! this looks like relief. Cheer up, father! These are not enemies, but friends! I can hear their voices—oh, blessed voices! They are women!"

Carla placed herself nearer to the aperture, and endeavored to look down into the pit. As the shadows of twilight were beginning to darken the air, particularly in that lonely and desolate locality, she could not see the imprisoned men, or perceive the nature and extent of the place in which they were entombed.

"We shall have to remove all the planks, dear Yola," she exclaimed. "Quick! let us not lose a moment!"

They toiled earnestly at their task, and soon removed so much of the covering as to be able to see the shape of the pit, and to perceive the indistinct figures of two men at its bottom—one standing upright and looking upward, and the other reclining on the ground.

"Oh, there they are!" exclaimed Carla. "Joy—joy!"

"How can you aid us?" asked Palo Marino—for the upright figure was he. "Have you a rope?"

"No, Senor!"

"Nor a pole which would serve as a ladder?"

"No. But why wouldn't three planks do?" asked Carla. "Can't you use them?"

Marino reflected a moment, and then asked:

"How long are they?"

"A little longer than the pit is wide!"

"They are just what I require, then," said Marino, responded, "I will do it as fast as I could." "Pass down one, lady, if you please, and let me try it!"

Carla complied with the request, dropping the plank at the point indicated by Marino, and he hastened to put it into use. By lodging one end of it in one side of the pit's wall, and allowing the other end to descend, he was able to climb—which left it at an elevation of fifteen or twenty degrees—he found that the plank remained firm and stationary, and was sufficiently stable to bear his weight.

He set up a loud cry of joy.

"See, dear father!" he exclaimed, as he sprang upon the plank. "Half a dozen such steps will take us out of the pit!"

At these words, the elder Marino, who had been considerably injured by his fall into the pit the preceding night, roused himself up, and stood upon his feet.

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Carla. "They will now speedily make their way to us!"

"More plank!" shouted Marino, "and pardon me, ladies, if my excitement gets the better of my politeness! If you will pass down a number of the planks—all there are—we will soon build our way out, and once our lives and liberty to you!"

Carla and Yola dropped the planks into the pit, taking care not to hit either of the two men, and Palo continued the process of building his way out. It was a slow operation, for the soil forming the sides of the pit was very compact and firm, so that he could not readily form a shelf for the lower end of each plank rest upon. The girls both watched him anxiously in silence, and while they stood in the gathering gloom. At length, when Palo had mounted his third plank, and paused to rest—quite weak and exhausted, from the effects of all he had undergone—Carla inquired:

"Can you hear us quite plainly now?"

"Yes—yes!"

"How long has your way out been in such a terrible condition?"

"I will tell you with pleasure," was the reply. "We were imprisoned here by a person calling himself Carnar!"

"Carnar! is it possible?" exclaimed Yola.

"Why—how did he do it?"

"He continued to use the plank, as he was conducting us to a person we were anxious to see. From all appearances he had the pitfall in readiness, but whether for us, or without any special purpose, I am unable to say. I—"

A moan from the elder Marino interrupted the speaker, and he looked down upon his father, and immediately sprang to his aid.

"See, ladies," he called to them a moment later; "my father was much injured by the tumble we had into this den, and is chilled through and through with the cold!"

"Put our shawls around him," replied Carla, as she took off the garment, and dropped it into the pit, and Yola hastened to follow her example.

"Thanks—thanks! I was just going to make a proposition to you. Do you live in this vicinity?"

"Yes, within a mile."

"Then I will submit my proposal. As it will be some time before I can get out of this place, and still longer before my father can effect his escape, I propose that you go—one or both of you—and bring us something to eat and drink, so as to have it ready against our appearance above ground. It's getting dark, and the ground seems harder than ever as I ascend; and as I am compelled to be particular in bedding the planks, lest we have another tumble, the job will be one of some magnitude for a man in my condition."

"We will do just as you say," rejoined Carla.

"We wish to aid you all we can."

"Bring us something to eat and drink, then, at the earliest possible moment. If you have any friends you can rely upon, bring them with you. I would, do not say a word which can bring that Carnar and his friends here. He has visited us, in company with a fellow we didn't see, several times since he caught us in this trap, and is doubtless liable to appear at the very moment when his presence is the least desired."

"Adieu, then, for a few minutes," exclaimed Carla.

"Good-bye, Yola!"

The girls hastened away in the direction of Morstin's, and Palo resumed his labors.

"Work away, my son," said his father, who had recovered from the sudden pang which had convulsed him. "I will save all my strength for the final struggle."

Palo set the planks up on end, where he could reach them when wanted, and commenced embedding the end of another one in the side of the pit. The instant this was made secure, he mounted it and toiled at placing still another,

and thus continued to labor until he was near the surface of the ground.

"Well done," exclaimed the elder Marino, who appeared endowed with new strength by his increased prospects of escape. "A few moments more, and you will be in safety."

An exclamation of alarm suddenly escaped Palo, he having felt that the apparent plank he had been using was giving way under him.

"What is it, my son?" asked the father in a feeble voice.

"I came very near falling," Palo replied, as he saved himself on the plank next beneath him.

"The ground is almost as hard as flint, and I have already torn my hands at a dozen places. The end of the plank did not catch firmly on the little shelf made for it."

"Try again!"

"Yes, father," and he applied himself determinedly to the task. "Once get this plank securely in its place, and one more above it, and I shall be able to get out."

He continued his exertions, nerved by the exhausted and suffering condition of his father. "Is it not time for the ladies to return?" at last asked the elder Marino.

"Not quite. We must have patience. I trust we shall soon see them."

He had nearly finished the task he had marked out for himself, when an exclamation of angry surprise, and a sudden start, caused him to fall upon his hearing, and caused him to look up.

He saw a man, in the gathering gloom of the dying day, who had hurried to the edge of the pit, and was looking down upon him.

This individual was Morstin!

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### A REMOVAL.

THE day had passed wearily to Carnar, on a verbal account. His schooner had failed to arrive, and his mind had been filled with anxieties respecting the sloop's business in that neighborhood, the prisoners in the pitfall, and the promised reward. He had, however, made no efforts had failed to discover what was wanted of the pearl-diver by the commander of the sloop, or what was the character of the strange vessel.

Anxious and fruitless day!

Beyond his visits to the woods, in company with Morstin, to look after the captive, he had spent in retirement, securing himself the most of the time in the bedroom of his partner in iniquity, as this retreat afforded him a fine opportunity for watching the mysterious vessel. He had taken care not to let Carla see him, and, in fact, not to show himself in the neighborhood, he having realized that it was necessary to be cautious, in order to shape his wishes and intentions into a satisfactory result.

The first step was to remove the Marinos, father and son, to a safe place of concealment; the second, to learn the secret of the sloop's visit to these waters; and the third, to place Carla where she could be found when wanted, since it was almost certain that the schooner would arrive in a few mornings. All these measures had received Morstin's cordial approval, and it was in pursuance of the first part of the programme that the two men had appeared at the pitfall at such an interesting moment as recorded.

The detection of Palo Marino, in his attempt to escape, was a terrible accusation of this unfortunate. He had been exhausted as he was the prospect of additional captivity, or of a worse fate, momentarily unnerved him. He reeled on his frail footing, and came near falling into the pit, in the faintness which came over him. The hopes in which he had been living and struggling all his long hours of the preceding night and day—the hopes of reuniting his father, and of following the line of his lost sister to a happy discovery—were all swept away by the sudden appearance of the two villains.

"Hallo! here's business for us," exclaimed Carnar, who had appeared close at the heels of Moratin. "An attempt at escape!"

Moratin was at first unable to utter a word, as a fear swept over his soul that Senor Marino had escaped. Peering down into the darkness, with a long stare, he assured himself that the prisoner was still there, and then he grew self-possessed and joyful, and Senor Carnar's grim smile with a simultaneous chuckle.

"Just in time, it seems," he muttered.

A desperate energy was infused into Palo's being, as he marked the ominous manner of the two miscreants. A thought of his father's helpless situation, and of the vengeance which would fall upon him, if he failed himself, if he should fail of success in a resort to violence, had at first deterred him from opening the terribly unequal contest; but he was now too nearly frenzied for any precautionary thoughts to be heeded, and he resolved that he would not submit to his impending fate without a struggle. Springing upon the uppermost plank, he had time to arrange, by the pistol from his bosom, with the full intention of firing upon Carnar. At the very moment he made this movement, however, its object reached forward and took him by the arms, lifting him from the pit and placing him on his feet between Moratin and himself, with the remark:

"You had better to see my hands and disarm him, Senor Moratin, or he may do us some harm."

"Senor Moratin!" thought Palo. "The very man!"

He struggled with the strength of desperation, endeavoring to rock his weapon and use it; but his struggles did not make the slightest impression upon the twice-like grasp of Carnar. In less time than it takes to record the fact, he was securely bound with the rope Moratin had brought to assist him and his father out of the pit, and the pistol taken from him.

"There," said Carnar, depositing him on the ground. "You are fairly overpowered, and the best thing you can do is to keep still!"

An anxious voice of inquiry now came up from the pit. The elder Marino had seen and heard enough to assure him that something was going on to his disadvantage, although the low tones used by the actors, and the quietness of their movements, had left him far from suspecting the real nature of the scene.

"Where are you, my son?" he cried. "I cannot see you in the darkness. Are the men friendly, or —"

His voice died away, an awful hush seeming to come upon him.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Carnar to Moratin. "These men have lost assistance. I was just going to say so. They never could have got hold of those planks without aid. But from what source has the help come?"

"From the same source where all those troubles started," responded Carnar—"from your Masatlan friend, Ray Fernandez."

"Sure enough!" was Moratin's comment.

"Don't you remember," pursued Carnar, "Senor Marino said that Fernandez had come with him, as he would not pay him for his information until he had tested its value?"

"Ah!—I see. As they have failed to report to him, at the village or elsewhere, after coming to my house, as agreed upon, Fernandez has come up this way to look after us. He probably tracked us to this place, the last time we were here, and commenced unearthing them in order to obtain success for them and reward for himself."

"It's clear," replied Moratin, "that Fernandez has gone to raise an alarm, or to obtain refreshments. He cannot stay any longer, we have not a moment to lose. What shall we do with the old man?"

"Take him with his son to my house," responded Carnar; "let's get him out of the pit forthwith."

Moratin shuddered, and looked appalled.

"How can I meet him?" he whispered.

"How can I ever look him in the face?" Carnar uttered an exclamation of impatience and disgust.

"You need not look him in the face," he said. "Keep muffled up—talk hoarsely—sneak—and remember that nearly a score of years have passed since he saw you."

"Very well. Up with him!"

Palo had heard Moratin's name uttered by his partner in crime, and he now gazed upon the form of his sister's abductor with an absorbing curiosity, to the temporary forgetfulness of his own perils and sufferings. He realised that the two miscreants were in league with one other, and arrived at a very just comprehension of their relations.

"Can it be possible," he thought, "that Carla is married to such a wretch as this? No, no! the thought is too horrible. I will not believe it!"

Carnar had now completed his preliminary survey of the planks Palo had fixed cross-wise in the pit, and accordingly made his way down into it as fast as a due consideration for his safety would permit.

"Wake up, old man," he said, as he reached the bottom plank. "Are you numb or sleeping?"

Even as he asked the question, he received optical proof that the prisoner was thoroughly awake, in the shape of a pistol pointed directly at his head, while the voice of the elder Marino said:

"Not a step, Senor, one way or the other, or I fire!"

"Nonsense, man!" was Carnar's instant response. "Do not be foolish! When I tell you that your son is lying bound and helpless above, in the charge of my friend, and that any absurdity you may commit will be revenged upon him, you will see the propriety of schooling yourself into a somewhat calmer state of mind."

The old man regarded him fixably a moment, trembling with his physical exhaustion, and then he ejaculated:

"True. Since my son is in your power, I may as well surrender."

"Very good," said Carnar. "I expected nothing else from a man of your sense. Give me the weapon."

Senor Marino hesitated a moment, but handed over his pistol at a sterner summons.

"That's your only philosophy, Senor," observed Carnar. "To endure what cannot be cured! Now give me your hand, if you please, and I will help you up out of this disagreeable place, before the day closes. You must be very tired and hungry, and I propose to take you home with me to supper."

Senor Marino choked down the emotions which filled his soul, prompting him to denunciations and complaints, for he knew that words could do him no good—that his just indignation could not then find a beneficial expression. After a brief struggle with himself, he extended his hand to Carnar, feeling unable to ascend unaided, and was helped from plank to plank, till he stood beside his son.

"Well, Palo," was his first greeting, "what can you say to comfort me now?" and he wept.

"I say what I have always said—have faith and patience. I am hopeful, dear father—more hopeful than ever—that all will soon be well with us; that we shall find Carla; and that these base and gaily wretches will be punished."

His manly words and demeanor conferred dignity and he became himself again, looking around upon Carnar and Moratin. The latter struck perceptibly from the gaze of the man he had so deeply injured, and drew his collar up over his face.

"Ah, there you are!" and Marino moved to

the side of Moratin. "You don't wish to see me?"

Moratin buckled away from him.

"Never mind," said the old man, partaking mors and mors of his son's firm and leffy spirit. "If I cannot see your face, I know you by your guilty actions—by the very fact of your presence! No other man would be here in your place! Be assured that I know you!"

Stung by an exclamation of disgust from Carnar, Moratin determined to put in practice the conclusion of his advice, notwithstanding the lamentable failure he had made of its beginning.

He assumed a swagger.

"No one cares who you know," he responded. "It seems that you have tracked me here, with the aid of Fernandez, but what good will it do you? You merely compel me to change my quarters, that's all!"

"And Carla's?" exclaimed Senor Marino. "What have you and your fellow-villain done with her? The time when she is before an outraged, heart-broken father you!"

"Never mind all that now," interrupted Carnar, with a gesture of impatience. "We'll enact the heroics at some other time. At just this moment, moment is the watchword. Take my arm, Senor Marino, and I will soon conduct you to my house, and furnish you with a good supper."

"Supper!" repeated the old man. "I'd sooner dine with the poisoners of India than with you!"

"Oh, very well. If you don't want any supper, you are at perfect liberty to go without it. Your presence at my residence is the main thing desired. The rest is left to your discretion."

He took Senor Marino's arm in a way which showed that he did not intend to relinquish his grasp until he had conducted him to the pre-posed destination. Moratin assisted Palo to arise to his feet, meeting his stern glance with the look ofullen defiance, and gave him his arm to lose upon.

There was one hopeful thought in Palo's heart, as turned his back upon the scene of his recent sufferings—a thought of the girl who had so kindly assisted him in his attempt to escape. Would they return with the promised provisions? Should he ever see them again? Was one of them his sister? He grew more and more decided in his suspicion or impression—whichever it is termed—that one of them was Carla, and began to experience a faith that her appearance in his circle of sufferings would not be barren of results.

"This way," said Carnar. "We will not give our Masatlan friend an opportunity of interfering with our operations!"

The Marinos both understood this allusion to Ray Fernandez, but they did not care to correct the false impression, nor which their enemies were laboring. They were glad that the girls were favored with this screen. Palo even permitted himself to hope that assistance would really come from Fernandez, sooner or later, on the very grounds Moratin had stated, and this idea was confirmed by his seeing—or fancying that he saw—a dark figure hovering near the pitfall, and following them away from it.

"Perhaps 'tis Fernandez," he thought. "He must have become anxious on our account."

Leaving the pitfall just as it was, the two villains conducted their captives through the lonely woods and fields, going in the direction of Carnar's residence. The warlike march was performed without incident, and without any sign of alarm given to the Marinos. The shouts of Palo were with the fair girls who had come to his aid, with the problems associated with his destiny, and with the situation of his father, so that he scarcely thought of the galling bonds which held him a prisoner. His hopes began to renew their sway, and his forti-





easily pronounced in a sentence. But, of all the words in our English vocabulary, there is none so difficult to utter under circumstances not a few, as "no."

Young man—young women—do you know this to be true—true to your consciences, it may be. Is it not so? Recall the transactions of the past year, or of the past month—of the past week—nay, of even the past day, and answer us frankly!

When asked to indulge in some extravagance or frivolity, not to say vice or crime, by your schoolmates or social companions, did you find it easy to say "no"? Did not your tongue falter? Did it not, in Scripture phrase, cling to the roof of your mouth? Mentally, you answer yes—for you will not dare to say "no" to these questions.

Learn, then, to use the little word "no." Get it literally "by heart." Its prompt use will save your feet from many a snare set for the unwary. Let it become a *habit* with you to say "no" promptly, and without a moment's hesitation; and all will be well where, otherwise, all will be ill!

But not only to the young is "no" a word of importance. The want of its prompt utterance has been the ruin of many, showing how much of woe and woe hangs upon a little word!

When you were urged by your vain wife and vainer daughter to change your customary mode of life—living, as you then were, within your income—to move into a more fashionable locality—then would have been the time to say "no." But you hesitated, and advantage was taken of your want of firmness. That was the moment when of your pecuniary ruin dated. A word would have saved you—that little word "no."

You were asked to endorse for a friend—perhaps to endorse a note in blank—or to draw a check in the same reckless form. You said yes, or, what is the same thing, or worse, you said nothing. You were ruined. You signed it, because you had not schooled yourself to say "no." That act ruined you!

Readers, young and old, see to it that you learn to say "no!"

## YANKER NOTIONS.

THE OLDEST DOMINION IN CHRISTENDOM—  
Aldo Domini.

WHEN DO FISH GO CRAZY?—When they get in *seine*.

THE BEST PLACE TO "BAG" AN ARMY—In a cul de sac.

THE GREAT DRAWBACK OF WAR—The draw back of the trigger.

WHEN IS A MAN NOT A MAN?—When Pouch has made a Judy of him.

ADVICE for the guidance of hens during the cold weather: Lay still.

WHEN Mr. White looks black, does he change color?

Why is a man with glass optics like a piece of ice? Because he's crystal-eye-ee.

Why are reprobrates like beavers? Because they can't get along without damming.

Why is a bad joke like a hollow nut?—Because when it's cracked there's nothing in it.

Why is a mercenary politician like an oyster?—Because he plays an open and shut game.

What kind of a man would you prefer for a guide on a dark night?—A lantern-jawed man, of course.

The times are getting so hard that people can't pay attention.

In pistol practice it requires less nerve to shoot at a bull's eye than at a man's eye.

What sometimes saves a man from the bite of a snake? The light of a rope.

The lady whose heart "swelled with indignation" had it reduced with politeness.

The only possible way to kiss all the world at once would be to do it up in an *omni bus*.

Why is the letter S like illicit love? Because it is the end of happiness and the beginning of shame.

What's the difference between a light mist and a "low lawyer"? One is a petty fog, and the other a pottfogger.

A YOUTHFUL Christian is a catchharmen, but whoever eats ragouts in Paris is liable to become a chew-a-cat man.

Some insane individual propounds the query, who sold the liquor that made the times so tight.

In speaking of a woman of large frame, now-a-days, one refers, of course, to the size of her hooped skirt.

IMPORTANT TO THE DRUG TRADE.—If you want a first-rate article of castor oil, fry your summer beaver.

Loys of beer sends a man often to the barrel, and going too often to the barrel often sends a man to his beer.

"RUM change this!" as the toper said when the New York bar-keeper paid him his balance in dirty postage stamps.

There is this difference between a thin woman's hoop and an umbrella—the former has two sticks under it, and the latter only one.

The man who is "nothing if not original," thinks that Macaulay's flowers of rhetoric might apply to called Ma-caulay flowers.

The difference between the teetotalers and the liquor dealers is this: the former rejoice to see rum going up, while the latter are in favor of its going down.

A YANKER, writing from the West to his father, speaking of its great matrimonial facilities, says:—"Suppose you get the girls some new teeth, and send them out."

CAN a manufacturer of doll's eyes be a good Christian? Of course not—he is an eye-dollster. (The author of this atrocity had been sent to "cell number four," to remain till called for.)

SAYS Dick to Jack, "Your neighbors say, you wrangle with your wife each day." "Pooh, pooh," said Jack, "they only joke." 'Tis now a fortnight since we spoke.

HOPEFUL.—Now that some of the American newspapers are reducing their size, we may look for "be-arrnished tales" in their telegrams occasionally.

TO ARTISTS IN WOOD.—If you want to create *fine* simile of a schemer out of wood, try Alder for the purpose. In other words, make an Alder-man.

POWDER.—"What's powder bringing?" asked a dealer of Squigley, who was looking over the market report. "Powder," replied the funny man, "is bringing the rebels to their senses."

PLURIBUS UNUM.—A member of a Western debating club, wishing to display his proficiency in "the languages," when moving for an indefinite adjournment of the club, said: "Mr. President, I move we adjourn *a pluries* times."

INK IMPROVING.—"Mother," said Ike to Mrs. Partington, the other day (Ike has caught orthography of the old women, and has it pretty bad), "the school-marm gave me this morning, because I couldn't find the epileptic line."

JUST SO.—Advertising for a wife is as absurd as getting measured for an umbrella. "Talk up" to the dear creature, if you'd marry them. One-half the world was born to marry the other half.

THE WEAKEST VESSEL.—Nobody likes to meddle with a woman whose disposition contains

the essence of lightning, vitriol, cream of tartar and hartshorn; who manufactures words by the mile, and measures their meaning in a thimble.

HANDY.—The *Venango Spectator* publishes the notice of the marriage of an eminent truss-maker in Pennsylvania, with the intimation that in case of a rupture between the two, the remedy would be at hand.

CHEWING.—Never *chew* your words. Open the mouth, and let the voice come out. A student once asked, "Can virtuous, fortichud, gristichude or quichude, dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectitude?"

A SMART FAIR.—"This smacks of heaven!" said the youth, as he kissed the maiden's cheek. "Well, you're plenty of lip, I'm sure!" replied the maiden. "Yes, and you're plenty of cheek," responded the youth, as he repeated the occasion.

DOUBTFUL.—"I don't say, Mr. Judge, that the defendant was drunk; no, not by any means. But this I will say, when I last seed him, he was washing his face in a mud puddle, and drying it on a door-mat. Whether a sober man would do this I can't say."

CANINE BARK.—"I never can keep that dog near me," said the owner of a canine production whose bark was worn off in many places. "No wonder," interpolated Popkins, pointing to the bare spots, "how can he be near you when he's *far off*!"

THOUGHTFUL.—The railroad companies are very careful of their patrons. So fearful are they that storms may injure any passenger that they have *conductors* all along the line. Sure enough, and they are very useful for *lightning* pockets.

CEDAR CHIPS.—Among the latest war news is the intelligence that the Rebels are in possession of Lebanon. We should not be surprised to hear that the fellows who captured that place now call themselves Cedars of Lebanon instead of Se-ceders.

"SOME" LEAN.—They have a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his legs six times in vain, and retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him; and when children meet him in the street they run home crying for bread.

VERY TRUE.—At a woman's convention, a gentleman remarked that the Rebels were the most wicked thing in creation. "Sir," was the indignant reply of one of the ladies, "woman was made from man, and if one rib is so wicked, what must the whole body be?"

THE NEW SPIRITUAL THEORY CONFIRMED.—The Spiritualists announce that they can obtain the photographs of people who have been dead for ages, in confirmation of which it may be stated that if you shake up very old Jamaica spirits you will be sure to see the venerable dead.

A LIVELY HEAD.—A city editor, about closing up his form for the week, remarked with gravity: "I have several little articles yet in my head, which I must get out," meaning some small paragraphs for the paper. Quickly responded his juvenile apprentice: "Better let me run and buy you a fine tooth comb!"

AN AGREEABLE CHARITY.—The charitable festivals out west may be particularly attractive. The young ladies there have adopted the delicious custom of forming a line, and for a given price permitting the gentlemen to take a running kiss of the lot. Who wouldn't be benevolent under such circumstances? The only thing open to objection is the "running." One would like to linger over such a work of charity.

THE YANKER.—A wag was laid on the Yankee peculiarity to answer one question by asking another. To decide the bet, a downmaster was interrogated. "I want you," said the better, "to give me a straightforward answer



## ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS.—IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

A True and Perfect RETURN of all ESTATES of DECEASED PERSONS, placed under the charge of the Curator of the said Court, for collection and adjustment under the Act of Parliament of Victoria, No. 29, from the 1st day of January to the 30th day of June, 1862.—*London Gazette*, Dec. 2, 1862.

NOTE.—The Amount received by the Curator of the said Court, from the Estates in the whole Schedule amounted to £10,303 3s. 7d.

NO.	NAME OF DECEASED.	COLONIAL RESIDENCE.	SUFFERED RESIDENCE OF FAMILY.	REMARKS.
26	Cornelius S. Shetty	Northcote	...	Died 11th December, 1861
27	Forrest Hay	Melbourne	...	Died 11th September, 1861
28	Joslyn Mortimer	Melbourne	...	Died on board ship <i>Barekka</i> , 31st December, 1861
29	George Edwards	Burnt Creek	...	Died 6th January, 1862
30	Isaac Mustor	Belfast	...	Died 17th August, 1861
31	Francis Paul Couch	Chiltern	...	Died 15th January, 1862
32	James Crobbie	Melbourne	...	Died 4th February, 1862
33	George Motley	Castlemaine	England	Died 30th January, 1861
34	Thos. P. Dewing	Melbourne	...	...
35	Robert Ward	Abbotsbury	...	...
36	Unknown	...	...	Died 4th August, 1861
37	James McGarry	Sandridge	...	Found Drowned in the Yarra River, 16th January, 1862
38	Joseph Curtis	Merri Creek	...	Died 10th February, 1862
39	Joseph Bryant	Merino Daws Station	...	Died 16th February, 1862
40	Nash Larkfield	Wickfield	...	Died 23rd March, 1858
41	Arthur W. Wyatt	Blackwood	...	Died 30th October, 1861
42	Thos. Stubbs	...	...	Died 7th November, 1861
43	John Hayden	Acot	...	Died December, 1861
44	John Arnold	Melbourne	Colony of Victoria	Died 6th February, 1862
45	Frederick Ficteler	Nons	...	Passenger per <i>Alticola</i> , from Otago
46	John Dudley	Melbourne	...	Died 2nd February, 1862
47	Ann Ross	Ballarat	...	Died 4th June, 1862
48	Edric Grundy Martin	Melbourne	...	Died 2nd February, 1862
49	Ah Kook	Rushworth	...	Died 28th January, 1862
50	Henry Greaves	Pokewood	...	Died January, 1862
51	Peter Hansell	Richmond	...	Died 6th March, 1862
52	George White	Kingston	...	Died 1st January, 1862

## DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL.

THE ICE BUSINESS of Boston employs some 2,000,000 dollars of capital.

BROOKLYN will probably export this year over 300,000 barrels of apples.

SPENDING crops of sugar lie unharvested all through the State of Louisiana.

IN 1849 a baby in San Francisco was a curiosity that people ran to see, but now we learn there are 27,000 children in that city.

KENTUCKY LOTTERIES.—Lotteries are now licensed in Kentucky. A percentage of the profits is to be used to buy a State library.

THE New York Gas Company have just paid a dividend of one hundred per cent. and a stock dividend of thirty per cent. to their stockholders.

THE imports of foreign dry goods at the port of New York, during the month of October, amounted to 3,865,728 dol., against 1,971,541 dol. for October, 1861.

SICK SOLDIERS.—There are over 100,000 sick and wounded soldiers in the several hospitals in the Northern States. In New York and neighborhood the number is 20,000.

THE OIL-WEBS GIVING OFF.—It is stated that the flow of the Pennsylvania oil-wells is decreasing, the daily product of the whole region being estimated at scarcely 4,000 barrels.

IN Louisiana, below Point Coupee, there is a sugar plantation covering 30,000 acres. It contains rows four miles in length, all as straight as an arrow.

IRON has advanced so much in value in America that it costs thirty per cent. more to throw shells and balls than it did when the war commenced.

From January to September there were 6,294,819 gallons of coal oil exported from the United States, an increase of 5,925,879 gallons over the year previous.

A RICH PRIVATE.—ELIAS HOWE, jun., the well-known inventor of the sewing-machine needle, whose patent yields the princely income of a quarter of a million dollars annually, is a private soldier in the Connecticut Seventeenth.

SINCE the beginning of the war New York has raised an aggregate force of 219,069 men, of which 138,070 are infantry, 9,679 artillery, 9,942 cavalry, 855 engineers, 163 rocket battalions, and 16,050 recruits raised and being organized in the State.

A REGISTERED package was mailed at the New York post-office a few days since, the postage on which, prepaid by stamps, amounted to \$164 48c. It was addressed to London, and the contents were stated by the senders to be of the value of \$700,000.

AMERICAN CITIZENS.—Auburn, in Oregon, presents evidence of great smartness. In the month of May, the first prospect of gold was made; now the town numbers one hundred log houses, and "an act to incorporate the city of Auburn" has just passed the house.

COST OF RECRUITING.—The cost of raising soldiers under different State authorities varies very much. In Michigan, 1,050 men cost \$1,000 dol.; in Iowa, 1,000 men cost \$2,500 dol.; in New York, 1,000 men cost \$7,385 dol.; in Illinois, 1,000 men cost \$2,605 dol.; in Wisconsin, 1,000 men cost nearly 100,000 dol.

EDUCATIONAL.—The University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, has an annual income of 40,000 dol., from funds arising from the sale of lands granted by the United States Government.

The catalogue for the last year showed an attendance of five hundred students.

THE TERRITORIES.—It is announced that four of the western territories will make application for admission into the Union as States at the next session of Congress. Which territories are referred to is not stated; probably Utah, Dakota, Nevada, and Arizona.

LONG TELEGRAPHIC CIRCUIT.—Communication by electric telegraph has taken place between London and Turan, in Siberia, a distance of 4,639 miles. It is anticipated that extension of the wires will be made to Nicosiarski, on the Pacific, by the end of this year, and that telegraphic communication with New York, by way of Siberia and China, will be established by the end of next year.

U. S. TELEGRAPH.—The New York *Dispatch* says:—"The unparalleled feat of writing by telegraph direct through a continuous line of 3,500 miles, was achieved on Thursday last. Between four and five p.m., a message was sent from this city to San Francisco, to which, a few minutes afterwards, a return message was received, dated San Francisco, Nov. 6, half-past two p.m. The New York message of five p.m. was answered at two p.m., or three hours before it was sent, in the usual order of time. The difference in time between the two cities is three hours and fourteen minutes. With free use of the telegraph, our San Francisco contemporaries could print all the news in our day papers on the same morning, serving their patrons with papers as early as we do."

THE VOLUNTEER; or, the Maid of Monterey. A most exciting Tale of the Mexican War. Complete in 6 Nos. (N. 13 to 18), price 6L.; by post, 8L.



# THE SCRAP BOOK

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MY FUNNY HUMOR FAMILY MATTERS.

No. 65.—Vol. III.

LONDON, JANUARY 17, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



WILEY FUNDAR SURPRISED.

## ASTREA;

OR,

### THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the *New York Ledger*.)

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"THE HIDDEN HATCH," "MR. FLEET," "FUT-RA,"

"THE DOOM OF DEVILLE,"

&c., &c., &c.

## CHAPTER LVII.

### THE LAST VISION.

But, soft! behold! in, where it comes again!

—Hear, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use a voice,

—Speak to me!

SHAKESPEARE.

THAT night, while the body of Rumford was lying in state in the front room, and Astrea was lying upon the bed in her own clerk, still calm-

ber, and sleeping that fitful sleep that precedes fever, she was for the third time the subject of a strange vision. As upon the two former occasions, her closed eyelids were penetrated by a cool, ruble flame that compelled her to open her eyes, when she saw standing within a halo of light the beautiful image of Lulu, with the dark blot effaced from her shining robes, and her once mournful countenance now radiant with divine joy! For an instant only she stood thus, and then smiling, faded in music away, singing, as she vanished, the refrain of some heavenly song, the burden of which was "Saved! All saved!"

And the next moment the room was in total silence, deep darkness, and perfect solitude again. And Astrea's wild eyes were wide open, and gazing into the thick darkness whence the bright image had vanished. What was it? A dream?

a vision? a reality? She could not tell! She only felt that there were mysteries in spirit-life, unfathomable by human intellect.

The next day, for the reasons already stated the funeral of Rumford took place. It was a clear, bright summer's morning, the weather was fine, the air fresh, and more than that, the deceased planter had been very popular in the neighbourhood, "known for a good fellow all over the country," as he himself had said; consequently his funeral was very largely attended. A long cortege of carriages followed him to the cemetery, on the rising ground, a mile above the plantation house.

Many of the guests returned to partake of the funeral dinner, at which the confidential solicitor of the deceased presided. Then, as there was no will to be found, they all dispersed to their various homes—all except Dr. Herkimer, who was stopped by old Cybele, who said,—

"Mars doctor, air, I wish how you'd come in an' look at poor Zora; she aint eat nor drank, nor likewise spoke, since she had that catapussy fit as you talked about, she jes' lay dere half sleep an' half 'wake, a-rolling of her head on de pillow, and a-mumble 'somethin' to herself, for all de worl' as if she was a-conjurin' or a-talkin' to de spirits or de devil; which indeed it do put such a scare on top o' me, as I'm feared of my soul to stay in de room 'long of her!'"

While Cybele was speaking, she was leading the way to the back chamber, in which the doctor followed her.

"The girl has inflammation of the brain!" said the physician, as he saw Astré's fall and bounding pulse, and passed upon her flushed face and heavy eyes. "Her head must be shaved directly. You have a barber on the premises, I presume?"

"Oh, yes, mars doctor! Sam e good barber! he allus shave ole mars, and trim his hair too, likewise de trees in de garden," answered Cybele.

"Go, then, and tell Sam what is wanted, and order him to prepare his razors and come here immediately."

Cybele departed, and while she was gone, the doctor took from his pocket the calomel pills that he always carried about him, and raising the head of the half-conscious but docile sufferer, made her swallow two of them.

Cybele soon re-entered the chamber, followed by Sam, bearing all the apparatus of hair-cutting and shaving.

Astré was lifted up in the arms of old Cybele, who sat behind her and supported her, while Sam cut off her hair, which fell—a rich and glossy black mass—upon the bed before the doctor's eyes. Dr. Herkimer picked a portion of it up, to examine it, as one does any beautiful object. Presently he exclaimed,—

"Why, how is this? This girl's hair is golden near the roots!"

Sam stopped in his process of lathering, and old Cybele also bent forward to look. The three heads were bent in curiosity over Astré's beautiful tresses. Yes! it was certainly as the doctor had said! Every raven hair was tipped near the root with a spark of gold. This, of course, was the new growth coming out in its natural color. But they did not understand it.

"I should be inclined to think that her hair was originally golden, but that she had dyed it; it only she is so much too dark to have light hair. I cannot make it out at all. It is quite a phenomenon," the doctor exclaimed. "And the three pair of eyes gazed upon the 'phenomenon,' until Dr. Herkimer said,—

"Go on with your work, Sam! what the mischief are you stopping for?"

Sam obeyed, and in a short time the stately little head was shaven as clean as the face, and looked so much whiter, as to draw the attention of the doctor, who put on his spectacles to scrutinize it, as he said,—

"Well! the scalp, being protected by the hair, is always a little whiter than the face; but here is so marked a difference as to indicate something very abnormal; particularly when considered in connection with the golden roots of the hair. I cannot make it out at all."

Neither, of course, could any of his hearers. But had Venus been present she might have given them the clue.

Towels dipped in ice-water were now wrapped around the sufferer's head, which was once more laid upon the pillow.

Sam gathered up his barber's tools and left the room, carrying with him the rich black hair, which he knew he could sell for a good price to the city barber with whom he dealt.

"You are too old to be trusted to nurse this girl. You could not sit up at night to give her medicine regularly. You would fall asleep. Where is that woman that I saw about here yesterday?" said the doctor to Cybele.

"Lor, mars doctor, cleanin' away de dinner-

table an' puttin' de house to rights arter all dis bustle. A body wants de place to look a little decent 'gainst ole mars's 'lations come."

"Well, you had better attend to that matter yourself, and send Venus here to me."

The doctor was always promptly obeyed, and Venus soon entered the room, dropping a courtesy, and saying,—

"Dere, mars doctor, sir, I thanks you berry much for sendin' for me; 'cause I've been long o' dat chile for a man; or more, an' knows all her ways same as if I was her mammy; an' so you see I's de most proper person for to nurse her."

"You know all her ways?"

"Yes, mars doctor, sir."

"Did she dye her hair?"

"Lor, no, mars doctor! Why?"

"It is coming out golden at the roots, that's all!"

"De Lons!!!—" cried Venus, suddenly recollecting what Astré had told her concerning the mystery of her change of complexion, but recollecting at the same time her own promise to be silent upon the subject until Astré should give her leave to speak.

"You are sure she doesn't dye her hair?"

"Who?—she! No indeed, mars doctor, I's certain sure she doesn't! What call she dye to dye her beautiful hair? 'Taint gray, no likewise red; so why dye?"

"Why, certainly? Well, I cannot comprehend it. But now, my good woman, I must give you some directions as to the treatment of your patient through the night," said the doctor, and hereupon he gave her the most serious instructions, to which Venus listened with the deepest attention.

"And now, my girl," he said, as he took up his hat to go, "I hope you understand all that I have said to you?"

"Berry slegly word, mars doctor, sir! But please tell me, air, why you think de nurse must be here?" inquired Venus anxiously.

"If they start immediately and come by land, they may be here in eight or ten days. If they come by water, the Ohio and Mississippi rivers are both so low that they may be three weeks on their way. And if they delay their departure, there is no telling when they may arrive. I am sure this answer Venus had to be satisfied; for the doctor immediately left the house.

Astré's illness was long and dangerous. For eight days she lay hovering between life and death, and alternating between delirium and stupor. The doctor came twice a day, and tested his power to kill to save her life. Venus sat by his bedside every night, and left her only for a few hours' sleep during the day, when the watch was relieved by old Cybele.

Venus kept herself awake at night with strong green tea.

On the evening of the eighth day the doctor, standing looking over the patient, said,—

"This night will decide her fate! She will either awaken in the full possession of her senses, or she will sink into the coma that precedes death!"

And having given the nurse instructions how to proceed in either event, he took his leave.

Venus sat down beside the bed where the awful struggle of life and death was silently going on. And during that fearful night-watch the faithful creature scarcely once removed her eyes from the sufferer's face.

Poor Venus, through watching, and caring for, and sympathizing with Astré, had come to love her best of all in the world. And now she watched this terrible crisis with none other than the intense anxiety that a mother feels for her sick child.

After midnight there was a change in the patient; cool and gentle perspiration came out upon her forehead. And the heart of Venus beat fast with hope, until she happened to recol-

lect that there was such a thing as death-clamp upon the brow of the dying, and this might be it! and her heart rank with fear. She listened for the patient's breathing—it was soft and deep. She felt her pulse—it was quiet and regular. Venus' heart rose again. While the poor creature was undergoing these agues and fervors of hope and fear, the night was slowly passing and the dawn was coming.

At length when the nurse-lamp was going out, and the daylight was coming in, Astré calmly unveiled her eyes and looked at Venus.

Venus was too intensely excited to speak; she could only open her mouth and hold her breath! She was afraid to move, lest her slightest motion might disclose the alarm of convalescence, and send her patient back again into the night of death.

At length, after serenely contemplating her nurse for a few moments, Astré, in a small, feeble, thread-like voice, spoke and said,—

"Venus—"

"Thank de Lor!" exclaimed the woman.

"But, Venus—"

"And thank you, too, honey, for coming to life!"

"Yes, but, Venus, how came I here?"

"Here, honey?"

"Yes, here, in this bed! Did you undress and put me here?"

"Yes, honey, of course I did."

"But why? Did I go to sleep while sitting watching in my chair?" she inquired, striving to recall the events of that last night of her consciousness—then with sudden, though but imperfect memory, she exclaimed, "Oh, Heaven! I remember! I remember!"

"Now, don't you go for 'sturb your mind, child. Thank de Lor as you're alive."

"I remember! I remember! When that wicked man wrested the dagger from my hand, and had me at his mercy, I fainted with horror!"

Venus, who most distinctly recollected that Astré had done nothing else but faint, upon the occasion referred to, now opened her eyes with astonishment.

"Yes, I remember quite well that my heart stopped, my eyes failed, and I lost consciousness! I can remember nothing after that! Oh, Venus! what happened next? The man left the room without further unsettling me, did he not? But he was, he would not injure helpless, swooning woman! Oh, answer, Venus! he left the room, did he not?"

"Yes, honey, certainly, to be sure he did, immediately," replied Venus, who supposed it would be the correct thing to agree to all her patient said.

"And then you undressed me and put me to bed?"

"Yes, honey, that I did, good!"

"And you have been sitting by me and watching me ever since?"

"Every blessed minute since!"

"And that's a long time for a woman?"

"No, nor for a half a moment neither!"

"I hope that man has not been in here again?"

"No, honey, you may lak' your dary that he hasn't. Nor thought of it neither!"

"Venus!"

"What, honey?"

"It was three o'clock this morning when that man came in and frightened me so!"

"Yes, child."

"And now it is—it must be near six!"

"True, honey."

"Then I have been lying in this state of unconsciousness for three hours!"

"Yes, honey, and 'twas a little longer."

"And oh, Venus, I am so weak! It is a trouble to breathe, and a greater trouble to speak. My breath flutters downward like the flame of a candle that is going out."

"Don't you let it, honey! for goodness gracious! sake hold that same candle steady till I fetch you something to enliven the same, and great alarm, as she hastily poured out and





"room," said Venus, as she took up the mirror, carried it back, and replaced it on the dressing-table.

Some days passed, and still the expected relatives of the deceased had not arrived.

"Haps day has not got money enough to fetch 'em, do poor white trash," said Venus. (To be continued in our next.)

## THE BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER.

### A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

(From the New York Ledger.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUSADE OF THE FOREST."

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE OILS.

"SHAKE her closer in to the shore," said Bartlett, in a low tone, to the men who were paddling the canoe; "show her close in, or somebody on the top of the bank may catch sight of us."

"No fear of that," said a harsh voice from the other end of the boat; "so long as we are under the 'ign bank' hereaway, with them bushes at the top hanging over so thick that the sun can never shine through 'em. No fear of that. But I say, Job Bartlett, where is this here cove of yours? For I'm blessed if it's any great comfort, after pulling all night, to continue the exercise next day."

"Be quiet, will you now, Bob?" said Bartlett; "your voice, even when you whisper, is like the creak of a bullroar; and if any one was on the cliff yonder, we should certainly be found out."

Hereupon, for a time, the conversation dropped. Let us take advantage of the circumstance, to say a few words about the persons engaged in it, and of the situation in which they were placed.

There were four men in the boat; to wit, Job Bartlett, the man whom he had called "Bob," and two half-dressed, villanous-looking Indians. The three latter were plying light paddles, by means of which the boat was propelled through the water with little or no noise, its progress being aided by the current, which was here quite rapid.

The stream down which they were passing was perhaps a little more than a quarter of a mile in width, and was, for the most part, shallow. The shores, both to the north-east and south-west (for the current flowed south-easterly) were high and bold.

The boat or canoe was now almost immediately under the south-westerly side, which rose like a wall, in loose masses of rock, to the height of more than a hundred feet. The upper edge of this cliff, for such it might be called, was fringed with thick, overhanging cedar bushes; while here and there through crevices, wild vines from above had swung down their tendrils, and hung, in green luxuriance, to the side of the precipice.

The opposite shore of the river was somewhat different. A strip of flat land, of alluvial formation, some miles wide, there lay along the edge of the water; while immediately beyond it, the country rose by an abrupt swell to an equal height with the southern shore. On all sides dense woods met the eye; and, so far as could be discovered from the river, the whole region was wild and unsettled.

"What do you think, Ottawa," said Bartlett, after a while, as the boat rounded a small headland, "do you think? Do you see any signs of the mouth of the creek about here? I know it is a hard place to find, with so many busy places along the shore, but my recollection greatly deceives me if we are not now somewhere near it."

"Him! what dat?" said the Indian, sud-

dently ceased to paddle, and listening attentively.

The others, also, immediately discontinued their exertions, and for a second or so the four men became motionless, and gave heed to nothing but their sense of hearing. In point of fact, a low sound of falling water, quite different from the ripple of the river, was now to be heard.

"That must be the noise of the waterfall you are in chase on," said the man called Bob; "and it seems to come from hereaway, about off our starboard beam."

The Indian, who had first given the alarm, still continued to listen; though, from his manner, apparently with no satisfactory result; for he paid no heed to the remark of Bob.

"Well, what is it, Ottawa?" said Bartlett, who had been a more attentive observer; "the sound of the cascade is plain enough, but that should not excite your alarm, I think."

"Not him—another—man tread," said the savage, shaking his head restlessly, while he was pointing towards the overhanging masses, below which the boat was now floating. Nothing, however, was discovered by him; but his observation had the effect to produce the utmost silence and caution among his companions.

The current had meanwhile been drifting them slowly ahead. Opposite where they now found themselves there was a thick mass of bushes hanging, like a huge curtain, from the top of the ledge to the bottom, where it seemed to rest upon the water. Towards this, by a motion of the hand, Bartlett directed the men to push; and when the canoe came quite up to the foliage, they found the deep water very shallow, and by passing it slowly, a passage through was disclosed. Into this they hastily dragged their boat; and when the bushes had reclosed behind they found themselves in a shade which at first seemed so deep that they could well have imagined they had entered a grotto.

In a few moments, however, they became accustomed to the obscurity, and they were enabled to discover that they were at the bottom of a deep dell, through which the waters of a small creek flowed into the river. Its sides were also very precipitous; and it extended some ten or fifteen rods inland, so to speak, without rising very sensibly above the level of the stream outside. At this distance, the adventurers, who, after passing through the outer curtain of shrubbery, had set perfectly still in the boat, saw a high column of falling water, which, in the obscurity of their present position, looked almost as white as snow. The sound which it gave forth, as it fumed down the rocky walls, was, also, to those within the glen, almost deafening.

The whole chasm was so narrow, and its walls so nearly perpendicular, that the trees which grew on its opposite sides and on the upper level, everywhere mingled their branches, so that birds, and even squirrels, could readily hop across from one side to the other.

The Indians, though probably neither of them had ever seen the place before, manifested no surprise, but sat as still, and apparently unobtrusive, as if they had quite expected something of the sort.

It was not the same, however, with the white man. For the one called "Bob," after rolling his great eyes about him in uncontrollable astonishment for a moment or so, began to observe,—

"Oh! I declare, Bartlett,—"

Here his further speech was cut short by the hand of Bartlett being unceremoniously placed upon his mouth.

"It is all very well," said his companion in an angry whisper; "it is all very well to be telling your jacksaw wonder; but you seem to forget where we are and what we have come for. Another such a bray as that from your throat might send a bullet through your head before you knew where it came from. So, Mr. Bob, I advise you, unless that precious life of yours you better imitate our red friends here, and

try to perform the miracle of being silent for say, five minutes."

"If I do, may I be—," again began the contumacious Bob; but his remarks, whether of a reverential or a profane nature, were again interrupted by a circumstance a good deal more unexpected than the former one. This circumstance was none other than the sharp report of a rifle, fired from some spot apparently near the head of the glen, and the sound of which came echoing down the chasm with stunning loudness. The two white men had, on the instant, instinctively risen to their feet in the boat, balancing themselves as well as they could by holding on to the bushes near at hand.

The report of the firearm had not yet completely died away before, hearing a slight rustling overhead, they looked up and saw slowly dropping from limb to limb an object which at first sight seemed to be a piece of large rope or cable. By accident, probably, it was not completely arrested by anything which it encountered in the descent, and it soon came tumbling heavily into the creek, a rod or so above the spot where the canoe lay. Bartlett and his associate continued to gaze upon the "piece of cable," or whatever it was, with some degree of wonder, even after it had fallen into the stream and came floating down towards them. They were then enabled to make out that it was neither more nor less than an enormous rattlesnake, with its head torn to pieces by the shot, and that it was apparently quite dead. As soon as it floated along by the canoe, Bartlett, hearing a sudden scramble on the other side, turned his head that way, and saw the two Indians wading towards the rocks with as much precipitation as the depth of the water and the rapidity of the current would permit.

At the first crack of the rifle, unlike their white companions, who had risen to face the danger, they, the two dusky fellows, turned the side of the boat to the water, where they had lain concealed with nothing but their heads above the surface, until they were driven from their position by the body of the reptile coming near them, and which in their alarm they took to be still alive. They soon, however, discovered their mistake, and, gliding to their position on the shore, they passed, awaiting the further turn of events. The nature of the interruption effectually checked all further disposition to conversation, and the whole party remained for some time in silence, not knowing what danger, if any, they had to fear, or which way to turn to avoid it, should any beast them.

The chance of their having been observed on the river would have seemed great were it not for the fact, that whoever had shot the snake seemed to be occupied in a way to preclude the idea that he was aware of the vicinity of strangers, which in those troublesome times was considered as almost tantamount to the presence of enemies.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### PREPARATIONS.

BEFORE proceeding further, a brief explanation is due to the reader. The events being related are supposed to have occurred during the war of the Revolution, and the scene of the action is laid at a point on the Mohawk river, about five miles below the city of Schenectady. It will be recollected that in the months of July and August, 1777, the British General Sir. Leger invaded the State of New York, by the way of Oswego and Oneida Lake. He then succeeded in capturing Fort Stanwix, while General Burgoyne, by a preconcerted plan, was advancing into the heart of the same devoted country, as the head of a powerful army, by way of Lake Champlain and Fort Edward. What ultimately became of these expeditions belongs to the province of history, and we shall make no further allusion to them, as it will be necessary for the elucidation of our story.

Both armies were accompanied by immense herds of hostile aurochs, bent upon plunder and murder, and, as was alleged and then believed, *enraged* for that purpose. The presence or even the approach of these ruthless bands, crated in the feeble towns, and among the scanty settlers, was unpardonable. Along the banks of the Hudson to the shores of Lake Ontario, and from Albany to the south, to the Hampshire Grants on the north, there was not a village, a hamlet, or a house, whose inmates slept quietly at night, or whose male inhabitants did not go to their fields or workshops by day, bearing weapons of defence against all the war-district there prevailed a real "reign of terror." At any hour, death, in the form of cold-blooded murder, visiting the strong and the weak—man, woman, and child—might be upon them. The great woods which spread in every direction around them might conceal countless numbers of implacable foes, whose approach could never be seen, and the hour of whose approach could never be anticipated. Down the Hudson and the Mohawk, to their point of confluence, two powerful armies were forcing their way; and hovering around them, and being protected, so to speak, by the shadow of their wings, the Indians in countless numbers bore down upon the scattered inhabitants, and swept the land clean "as with the besom of destruction."

With these explanatory remarks we proceed. We left the four men who had come in the canoe waiting, in a state of alarm and suspense, until something should occur to give them an idea of their true position. In the midst of all the noise and disorder, which had accompanied the recent occurrence, had completely died away, and their excitement, in consequence of it, had somewhat subsided; they found the place again relapsing into its ordinary state of noisy repose; that is to say, the westerns continued their roar, and the birds chirped in the usual way for a few hours. While listening to these, they heard all at once other sounds, quite different from either, and which their ears drank in with eager curiosity, as bearing somewhat upon the purpose of their expedition.

"What is the matter, father? What have they been killing?" said a female voice, which, though soft and musical, was still clear and ringing, and could be heard by the men in the gorge with entire distinctness, notwithstanding the noise of the cascade.

"Tess caught, my child," said a deep, manly voice, in reply, with a slightly Scotch accent. "I was but keeping my hand in, and so shot at a snake that would be crossing the glough by the limbs of the trees. I dinna ken quite sairly whether the creature be dead or no."

"But don't you think, father, that some one we wouldn't like might hear?" John said, who was here the only one of the up-river party, the country was full of British soldiers and hostile Indians, and that he didn't think it safe to be firing much."

"Aye, yes, Jenny; no doubt you'll be remembering all that John says," replied the other.

"No, it is not that alone," said the girl; "for the Onondas have been doing a terrible thing, and said as much as that I should not go out at all, without having you or somebody with me."

"In that particular, then, the redskin may be far from wrong; though what we may be to fear so far as, and with the many towns and settlements about us on the river, I cannot see. But where has the Indian creature been ganging since the morn? For I do not mind him after the bit breakfast he took."

"He has seemed uneasy for a day or so, and he may have gone on what they call a scout. I heard him and John saying something about a great battle near Fort Stanwix, at a place called Kiskadee, or some such name." "Well," said the father, again, with a sigh, "it's hard, indeed, if, after fleeing so far 'fra' old Scotland to find a land n' peace, we be cast here in the midst o' whereen

fighting carles. We might, far o' hae stayed in Inverness-shire itself, among the wild Highland men."

While this conversation was going on between the father and daughter on the top of the bank, the men concealed below, as we have said, listened in entire silence, anxious to learn all they could as to the situation of those near them. When, from what was said, they understood that in all probability there was no third person with, or near, the two speakers, and that the Onondas Indian, of whom they had made mention, was probably at some distant rendezvous, Bartlett gave a sigh to his companion, saying, in a cautious whisper—

"I think, Bob, we have come here in a nick of time. There seems to be no one but old McDonald to take care of, and we ought to be able to manage him."

"Ain't so sure of that, my master," growled the other, "who, he intended to be a low tone of voice; 'the old chap used to have a wicked eye of his own, especially when aquint' along the barrel of a certain old yaller gun that I remember. It mayn't be safe to tempt him.'"

"I know what you mean," said Bartlett; "and it might be confessed, if I believe, my guttish, he took care to make one good weapon for himself. But let me once get possession of this blue-eyed daughter of his, and he may 'aquit along his gun,' as you call it, and be hanged to him. It's little that we will care—your with the plander, and with—"

"Hold hard there, comrade," said Sternway; "what is this here plunder to consist on, if you please? The most that promises now seems to me to be a hard knock or so, or perhaps a leaden slug, with his compliments."

"We must get him out of the way, I say," continued Bartlett, in reply. "It won't do to make any noise down here just now. A few rifle shots, a burnt roof, or a story of violence, would bring the whole country about our ears. We must play the fox a little, and try and get off without exciting any disturbance. We could take his house by surprise to-night; but we have good reason that do, then, to-morrow, the whole district from here to German Flats, would be alarmed, and we in the midst of them? No, no—a safer and cunninger way must be followed."

"Well, master Bartlett, that's your business, not mine. You're the captain to command, and say which way we are to steer; but the business is just here—what am I to have?"

"What are you to have?" said the other; "why, all you can get, of course. The old gun you talk of, for instance; and then, I suppose, he hasn't come all the way from Scotland without having some heavy boys with him. Your Scotch boys are shrewd people; and so, you see, the chance for you is closed."

"But how are we to get all this without making a noise, as you call it?" asked the other.

"Easy enough," was the reply. "Do you leave all that to me. I've an idea that will do our business. We must contrive to get the old cock which we are to use, and then we can look after his chickens. I wonder now couldn't we get him taken to Albany, under some pretense or other?"

"Then why not take him there and give him up as a Tory? We've done things as bold before," answered Sternway.

"Why not, to be sure?" replied Bartlett, musingly. "No, that wouldn't do, either. There would be the rumpus of seizing him, and the danger of a long inquiry in the city. It might not be pleasant for us. I think we must spy him out a little, and see what can be made of matters about him. Look here, Bob; do you hear here for a moment while I get up a reconnoiter? But I must have some excuse. Ah! those pellets in the boat here will do, as they did once before, to blind the eyes of the settlers." The two men

hereupon took from under one of the seats of the canoe a small bundle of fine and valuable furs. This was strapped to Bartlett's back; when, arming himself with a gun and the proper accoutrements to represent a kind of peddling or trading hunter, a character at that day by no means uncommon, he prepared to ascend the cliff and try his fortune with the unsuspecting family there.

"It's lucky the old chap never saw me to know me; and as for the 'lassie,' as he calls her, she has doubtless forgotten me long ago, though I mean some day to make her remember me again, as the man whose civilities she rejected, in favor of the arm of a brute of a wood-chopper."

Bartlett, perhaps, forgot to add that he was also the man whose rudeness she had repelled, and from whose insolent approaches to familiarity she had been relieved by this same wood-chopper, as he termed him.

"Ottawa, my friend," he added, after a pause, addressing one of the Indians, "I am going on a little bit of a scout, to find out how things look up there. How would you like to go with me, so as to take a good look at the place? You might as well know what kind of a spot it is, and what sort of people are to be found in it."

"Hon, do you mean to go to the Onondas, the savage; but how you get up there, eh?"

"Sure enough, that's a question to be considered," said Bartlett, looking about him, and sending his eye along the dark, steep rocks of the glen side, where nothing interrupted his gaze to give encouragement.

"How the devil," broke in Bob, "do you expect to get into such a mainstay as that up there, without the aid of balyards, shrouds, or ropes of any sort? And besides, if so be you could, you'd cut a pretty figure, you would, coming up like a smuggler stranger, appearing suddenly on deck through the hatch; and Bartlett, cutting short the other reasons; "that will do; salt water sometimes has some in it, even if it has been well seasoned with whiskey, as in your case. But you are right in the main; and we must try some other way. We shall have to go outside, and by creeping along under the bank, find a spot where we can start."

"And how d'ye expect to get round the headland that lies a small bit astern?" asked Sternway; "for as for finding anything like a stairway in the other direction, for a mile or so, I've no eye-sight, if you can do it. The rock is as straight up and down as the bows of a Dutch lugger."

"In that case," said Bartlett, "we shall have to haul out the boat again and make use of it till we round the point, when you and Sabat can bring it back and keep it in hiding till it's wanted. What I don't like is taking it out at all just now, for fear of the water."

The boat or canoe was not like those used in the fur-trading Indians in the more northern portions of the Canada, and which are composed of birch bark, but was of a much more solid and substantial nature, being no less than some forty feet of a linden or basswood tree, hollowed out and properly rounded at each end. The center or floor of this vessel, which, it was of course perfectly dry and strong, and exposed its occupants to little or no danger, except that of upsetting. It might strike against sunken rocks, encounter snags in the stream, or even run full tilt against the shore without breaking. The sharp "riffs," as they are called, with which the river is full, and which "crop out" above the surface of the water, so that it piles up and foams over them as over so many dams, would speedily tear out or break to pieces the bottom of any other ordinary vessel. No; so, however, with this. It can scrape over the ledges, thump against the boulders, and shoot down the little rapids in full career without injury. The difficulty, as we said, in keeping it from tipping over. This a beginner cannot do, any more than he could keep a sailing lug from rolling.

But, by practice, one gets to steady it so perfectly that at length he comes to be conscious of its tendency to "recoil" on the axis. The Indian, in fact, considers it perfectly secure, and he sleeps, sits, or stands in it as confidently as he would in his cabin.

In this water vehicle, such as it was, the four men now placed themselves, and after a little delay at the outlet of the glen, cautiously emerged to the surface of the river. It was now about the middle of the forenoon, and in coming forth, so great was the contrast in the light that they seemed to be emerging from darkness into day. The sun shone on the running water with a flashing brightness. The hills on the other side of the stream glistened in the unsullied green of an unshorn vegetation. There was no wind, and everything was still, save the ripple of the water and the chirruping of birds and squirrels amid the foliage of the shore. Indifferent, however, to the appearances of nature, and inattentive to its charms, the men in the boat hastily paddled it up stream among the rocky point which had been called "the headland," and were proceeding some twenty or thirty rods farther, toward the cliff so shelving and broken, as to hold out the promise that one might clamber up it, and reach the upper level without too much difficulty. Here Bartlett and the Indian called Ottawa were put ashore, and the other two returned with the boat to seek their place of concealment.

### CHAPTER III.

#### WHO THEY WERE AND HOW THEY PROCEEDED.

THIS MAN, Bartlett, was a native of the colonies, having been born in the vicinity of New York. In early life, and before the opening of the war, he had been engaged as a kind of travelling agent for commercial houses, by whom he was sent mainly up the river and towards the Canadas to purchase poultry, furs, &c.; and in his occupation he had much occasion to be upon the frontiers, and he had consequently acquired with rough characters of all shades of political bias, and all degrees of moral worth or moral baseness. The traffic in which he was employed, and the wild life he led, were not calculated to make him a saint; and his own natural inclinations would not have come in aid of any such tendency, had it existed. He was cunning and unscrupulous, and had been indifferently successful, but somehow had never yet been able to achieve for himself any respectable degree of worldly prosperity. He was unmarried, he had no local or proprietary ties, no opinions (no prejudices as he called them) on public affairs, no preference for one country or government over another, and stood ready to sell his services to the highest bidder.

The reader may think that this description makes this fellow out a tolerable villain. Perhaps he was so. We shall before long know something more about him. He should, however, be said, in order to complete the outline of the man,—and stupidity was not his only or his worst characteristic. His appetites and animal passions were strong; and their gratification lay at the foundation of a large portion of his enterprise.

After the breaking-out of the war, his more peaceful and comparatively harmless occupation was much interfered with; and he then resorted to such engagements and expeditions as offered to him of his unbridled and unheaving character, in troubled times, or such as his own impulses or desires prompted him to.

As to the struggle going on between the American colonies and the mother country, so far as he had any bias at all, he was inclined to side with the latter. Such a course held out the prospect of better pay. So he followed it. This rendered any permanent residence for him, north of the St. Lawrence, uncomfortable. North of it, therefore, were now his principal connections and associations. His present companions were from thence, the man Bob being a

sort of ex-sailor engaged in long-shore villainy; and the two Indians being rascals picked up for the present or any similar enterprise which held out a chance of stealing, trickery, drink, or scalps.

It is no pleasant thing to dwell upon a sketch like this, and we hasten from it to our story.

Bartlett and the Indian called Ottawa, after clambering up the side of the precipice, found themselves on a strip of level land some eight or ten rods in width, bordered on one side by the river, and on the other by a swell of land, rising pretty sharply to an elevation of some fifty or sixty feet. Along the edge of the precipice grew a fringe of cedar bushes exceedingly tangled and compact, and which formed a thick screen, so that unless one looked sharply, he could not see through, either from above or below. Close to this fringe, and winding among the trees, was a footpath, apparently of great antiquity, and which actually extended for miles along the river bank.

Near to the spot where the two men emerged on to the dervation, must have been the place where, in the boat, they had been listening to the sound of footsteps, which attracted the notice of the savage. They were therefore doubly cautious and wary in making their appearance there. In spite of all their watchfulness, however, they saw nothing to indicate that their presence was known. The woods seemed untenanted, for the moment, by any but themselves. After a little delay, therefore, they moved along the footpath spoken of, in a direction which would lead them to the head of the glen where they had been alarmed by the report of the rifle. To that very point, in fact, did their present purpose call them. They had no difficulty in making their way. This track was plain and free from any obstructions. The very ground upon which they trod was strewn with dried pine leaves, so as to form a sort of noiseless carpet for their feet, and without unusual inexactness, they need not betray their presence by even the creaking of a stick or the rustling of a bush. Below them, all the while, the river kept sending up its low, muffled sound, so as to smother all the little noises which their footsteps might otherwise have made audible.

The distance from the point at which they had ascended the cliff, to McDonald's, was not great; so that they soon found themselves approaching the border of the clearing which surrounded his house. Just as the trees began to open a little, the stillness of the scene was disturbed by the sound of an ax, coming from that direction.

"Can it be?" said Bartlett, suddenly pausing and turning round to address his companion in a low voice—"can it be? But where the devil has the Indian gone to now? Oh! there he is, behind that maple, are you? I say, come here, you goose! The stroke of an ax is not the snap of a rifle, and don't bite so far off. But I say, can it be that that infernal chopper is hanging about these premises? That noise reminds me of him. Suppose you return for to the edge of the bush, and see how it is. You've got no pack to hide, and are lighter of foot than I am."

The Indian immediately laid down his gun by the tree, and without replying to the request of his companion, stole forward, with a step as noiseless as that of a mouse, or a cat, springing away. He soon disappeared among the thick pine and cedar bushes, which everywhere lined the way and obstructed the view. Bartlett, meanwhile, remained standing where he was, perfectly still, and not being sure of his position. If it should turn out that they had been seen while on the river, they had probably been watched since leaving it; and the first greeting to be met with in going forward might be a leaden slug. Besides this, the presence of the "wood-chopper," as he called him, if it should be true that he was actually there, would embarrass, if not defeat his plans. The man was bold, adroit,

skilled in woodcraft, tolerably dangerous with the rifle, and, above all, as powerful and athletic as a panther. The chances were, that he had, himself, killed the savage just now; and if such a recognition once took place, the whole country would become too hot to hold the intruders.

The Indian remained absent for some minutes, during which his companion's mind was disturbed by reflections such as the above. At length, however, he returned, as requested, as noiselessly as he had departed, though with less caution in his manner.

"Well?" said Bartlett to him, as he approached.

"Him 'long," the Indian, shaking his head and holding up one finger in aid of his conversation.

"He must be cutting wood, then, himself," said Bartlett; "but did you see him, to be sure?"

"Sartin, see him wid eyes," replied the savage positively. "He cut stick for fire wid big tomahawk. Gal sit on log." "So far, so good," said Bartlett to the white man; "and the point now is, whether you had better go there with me, or stay outside here among the bushes. You might keep safely hid; but then—"

"Ottawa go," said the Indian, cutting short the discussion.

"Well, I was going on to say," continued the other, "that it might be useful for you to get a sight of the inside arrangements of the house; so that you would know all about it in case of need. I suppose he won't be able to tell you one of the Indians hereabouts."

"I got what you want on," said the Indian.

"I know that," said Bartlett; "but I said only your confounded French gibberish I'm afraid of. You sometimes let out a lot of it before you know it. Not a word of that kind, now, or you are a lost man."

Without further discussion, the two now set forward again. In a few minutes they came upon the river bank, and the white man was found to slope very little from where they stood, down to the log house, which was nearly in the center of the clearing. The intervening space was interrupted with numerous stumps, charred with fire. They were, however, cut so low that they should not be used as a cover for any one approaching the house with hostile intentions, unless he should do so by crawling upon the ground. All these things were noted by the two men, with quick observation, before they trusted themselves from beneath the cover of the trees. The distance to the hut was rather more than a good rifle-range, so that an assailant would have to expose himself before he could attack the place. Bartlett found, sure enough, that McDonald appeared to be alone, engaged in breaking up a few sticks for firewood. His back was turned towards them at the time, and near him, on a log, sat his daughter, quietly engaged in knitting, or in some similar female employment. Everything around wore an aspect of peacefulness and security. The strangers advanced in silence, the white man with his gun now slung to his back along with a bundle of peltries, while in his hand he carried a stout stick. His companion held his weapon in his right hand in the ordinary way, but otherwise demanded of himself with as much apparent coolness and confidence as if approaching his own house.

They had got within eight or ten rods of the house when the girl, still retaining her seat, seemed to address her father, making a slight gesture in the direction of the new-comers. The old man, without at once turning round, stooped to the ground, dropped his ax, and rose up, with a long, yellow-colored gun in his hands. He faced the intruders. The action was so sudden as to take Bartlett completely by surprise. He paused, cast a hasty glance around for a place of shelter, but seeing none, concluded to stand

perfectly still. The savage, on the contrary, now showed a superior self-possession; for, without manifesting any surprise at the suddenness of the movement, he continued lying forward steadily, merely making signs to indicate the peacefulness of his purpose.

"Haud back, ye eaters!" exclaimed McDonald, falling into brother Scotch with the excitement of the occasion. "Haud back! or I see the rifle ba' graze through one o' yere bones!" Jerry, raised up off the floor; and 'tis na' place for ye here this time."

"At this juncture, the Indian himself concluded that it was safer to hesitate. He stopped, accordingly, and in order the more emphatically to show his friendly disposition, he laid his gun upon the ground at his feet, and stood defenceless and unarmed.

"What is all this upbraid about?" said Bartlett, who, by this time, had recovered his self-possession. "We come here on a peaceful errand, and you bid us welcome with the muzzle of your gun! 'Tisn't quite civil, neighbor; so lay it aside and listen to reason."

"'Tis ye are ye," said that ilk so peaceful, and yet come so unheavenly upon a body in these troublous times?" replied the old man. "If ye be good men and true to the country, ye ha' naething to ask o' Sandy McDonald. I want name o' yer gear; and see, w'en ga' gear ye want and leave us alone; for these are name o' the best o' times."

"So it seems, neighbor, from your uncivil treatment of strangers," said Bartlett. "If we were here with hostile intentions, do you suppose we would have come upon you as we have—in open day?"

"Aweel, maybe ye're right, man," said McDonald, dropping his gun at length; "and yet I ken nobody in these parts wad happen here in your guise. But if ye be honest folk, leave yer guns thereout, and ye'll be welcome to what I can give ye."

Bartlett, finding the suspicions of the old man still unassuaged, concluded it to be the better way to act with a confidence apparently entire; so stepping to where the Indian had already grounded his arms, he laid his own in the same place; and the two then approached without further difficulty.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE PARSON AND HIS WIG.

"How was it," said we to Jones, the other night, "that Tripp's left his thriving little barber's shop at Yanpbank?"

"Jones gave a puff at his beard, and replied, he got into a murr with the parson and the baker, and though he mollified old four-bags, the roarer of the pulpit was implacable, and actually preached a sermon against the impious of false hair and shaving, although he wore a wig himself and was as smooth as a Jesuit.

"'What got up the murr?' he inquired.  
"A funny combination of parson and baker," said Jones; "and I'll tell you. You must know that the parson always preached in a favorite wig, which he sent down to barber Tripp, to have well pomaded and curled every Saturday night, and which was sent for every Sunday morning."

"'Tisn't that Sabbath-breaking?" we innocently inquired.

"'Not for a parson," returned Jones. "Well, there was the wig on a block waiting for the parson's darkey, when a couple of mischievous fellows came to get shaved. While Tripp was busy with one, the other looking about him, spied the wig, and close to it was a large must pie, which Mrs. Tripp had made for the Sun-day's dinner, and which was waiting for her help to take to the baker's. Now this loafster must have aly' lifted up the pie-crust and popped the wig in, for when the darkey came for the wig it could not be found. Never was there such a search—we assure that the cat must have boned the wig."

Darkey said massa could not preach without his wig, and there was the dence to pay, for no wig could be found. Tripp tried to mollify the parson by offering to make another wig, but a wig on the head is better than two in the barber's hands, and so he would not be pacified. Well, twelve o'clock came, and the pie came home; and all the family was seated round, waiting for their share. Tripp, who was a very religious man, said, and Mrs. Tripp cut the pie open.

"'A dreadful stench!' said they all, in one breath.

"Mrs. Tripp took off the crust, and lo! there was the parson's wig—the upper part frizzled all away, and the lower part regularly stewed in gravy. Although the grace had only just left Tripp's lips, he could not help relieving his feelings by a vigorous oath.

"While they were all bewailing the loss of their dinner—for of course the pie was as completely spoiled as the wig—in rushed the baker, almost frantic with rage.

"'You've ruined me! What on earth induced you to send that stinking pie to my bake-house to-day?' It has spoiled all that was in the oven! Here's Mrs. Blobs' brown ber' egg of mutton on my hands; and the squire's piss' snell like asst-fetida; while farmer Brown's sucking-pig is so ruined that he has gone to get a cowhide, as he swears it is all his fault! The devil, Mr. Tripp, was in your pie!"

"'That's all right," said Mr. Tripp; "and here it is," holding it up with his fork, dripping all over with gravy.

"'What made you put the parson's wig in a pie?' roared the baker; "by way of a joke, I suppose!—But you'll find these jokes won't do with me."

"After some time, the baker cooled down sufficiently to listen to the barber's pious story; and being a man of common sense, he came to the conclusion, that it was some of the barber's customers who had played him the trick. It however made Tripp leave the town.

## THE ORPHAN BOY.

This bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down, and the schooner once more clasped into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up, I beheld the surgeon's mate.

"'The Little Dick, sir, is dying,'" he said.  
"At once I sprang from the hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protégé of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to a gentle nature; and from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned towards him, for I, too, had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me in confidence of his mother, whose memory he regarded with holy reverence. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

"During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was leveled at me, and by interposing his feeble cut-throat, had averted the deadly blow. In the hours afterwards, I had fought to inquire whether he was hurt, though at the time I had resolved to exert my influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant. With a pang of reproachful agony, I leaped to my feet.

"'My God!' I exclaimed. 'You don't mean it!—he is not dying!'"

"'No, sir,'" said the messenger easily, "that he cannot live till morning."

"'And I have been lying idly here,'" I exclaimed with remorse. "Lead me to him."

"'He is delicious, but at the intervals of lunacy he asks for you, sir,'" and as the man spoke we stood at the bed of the boy.

"'The little angel and gray-haired old man stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand,

and gazing mournfully on the face of the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached they all looked up. The veteran who held him about his head and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said, "He is going fast, poor little fellow!—do you see this?" As he spoke he had lifted up a rich gold locket which had laid upon the boy's breast. "It has been better days."

"I could not answer, my heart was full; here was the being to whom a few hours before I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child, lying before me with death already written on his brow. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend the esquire, who laid his hand, said sadly,

"'Poor little Dick, you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one, when your log's out,'" he spoke with emotion, "to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes and looked vaguely around.

"'He has come at last,'" he asked, in a low voice. "Why won't he come?"

"'I shall here,'" said I, taking the little fellow's hand. "Don't you know me, Dick?"

"He smiled faintly, and then said, "You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude, unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it's all I have."

"I burst into tears. He resumed.

"'Doctor, I'm dying, am I?' said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Danforth."

"'Can I do nothing for you, Dick?' said I.

"'You saved my life. I would coil my blood to buy yours."

"'I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live—only, if it's possible, let me be buried by my mother. You'll find the name of the place in my trunk!'"

"'Anything, everything, my poor lad,'" I answered chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of the blue sky overhead. His mind wandered.

"'It's a long, long ways up there, but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I should meet her there. How near they come! and I see sweet faces smiling on me from among them. Hark! is that music?' and lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears—the child was dead. Did he indeed hear angels' voices? God grant it!"

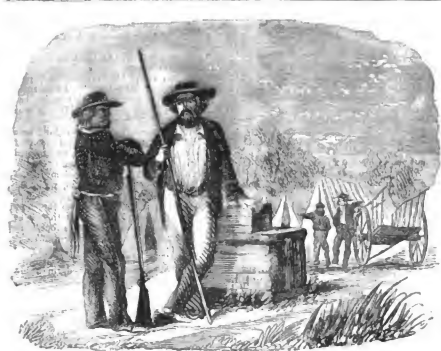
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CAPTAINS OF TRAINS.

### THE BRITISH TERRITORY AND THE PEOPLE OF THE RED RIVER.

Now, while all eyes are turned towards the North-western gold discoveries, a few facts regarding the intervening country between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi, and of its people, have an additional interest above their novelty. No novel ever written upon the scenes of the far Western wilds and hunter life could equal the thrilling wildness and strange truth of their brief history.

To see their strangely-accented ox-trains, sluggish ponies, and wolfish-looking dogs, a something in the air of their free, firm step, and bold, yet graceful abandon of carriage, with their nobility of stature, awakens, at the first glance, an interest in their story. That they have a story you can read in their bronzed features, and the long floating *chevelure* that waves around their shoulders. Their dark, coarse blue coats, glittering with a savage profusion of enormous buttons of polished brass; their long, waving aulies of the brightest red, and jaunty little caps, half Tartar and half French; or even their loose trousers of English corduroy, or some dark woollen stuff, if not of elk or bison skin, down to the quaint and dingy moccasins wherewith they aloof their feet, savor of the wild, wondrous, and romantic. Such, indeed, their story is.

The various hues of their complexion, from that of the dusky Indian with his arrowy raven hair, up through all the intervening tints of dingy brown, to the ruddy cheek and blue eyes of the fair-haired Gael, proclaim the intermingling of the Caucasian with the blood of the aborigines. Within the circle of their camp is heard a strange *mélange* of languages, as diverse as their parentage. You may hear French, Gaelic, English, Cree, and Ojibwa, with all the wild accompaniment of mingled accent, soft and musical, abrupt and guttural, in such strange, startling contrasts, as dings an additional interest about the mysterious people. With their mothers' blood they inherit all the native love of the wild and adventurous life incident to the savage; while to the blood of their fathers can be traced those demi-social habits and inclinations which they evince almost entirely shut out from con-

tact with enlightened society by their remote geographical position.

There is a vast country, beautiful, fertile, and pleasant, stretching far away from around the sources of the Mississippi and the Red Rivers to the head fountains of the Saskatchewan. This great valley, between the Rocky Mountains on the left, and the high plateau on the right that divides the waters of the Hudson's Bay from those flowing north into the ocean by the River McKenzie, is the great Buffalo Range of North America. It is wealthy in soil, vegetables, minerals, and game, and is the home, for part of each year, of these semi-civilized Americans.

More than a century ago the French traders, enterprising and eager to extend their traffic and their dominion over the New World, had penetrated beyond the tributaries of Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg. On an old English map "by Thomas Jefferys, Geographer to his Majesty," dated in 1762, we see that the French had a fort called *La Reine*, at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers; but on the map of De L'Isle, Paris, 1703, fifty-eight years earlier, we see their forts scattered all along the tributaries of Hudson's Bay. The commanders, or clerks, as they were called, who occupied these isolated forts or posts scattered through the interior of the vast wilds of the north-west, lived in all the barbaric dignity of the feudal barons, and ruled with no less despotic sway over their retainer-like bands of *sauvageurs* or *coureurs du bois*, as their Canadian *employés* were called. There were times, however, when, released from all restraints, these men gathered at the posts—seasons of rest between their arduous duties of collecting peltries or transporting supplies. To such times, when indeed they held high revel, they looked forward as a reward for the many hardships and difficulties they had to encounter during their excursions into the depths of the boundless wilds.

Then the song ran out in clearest tones upon the air, and strange wild tales of hair-breadth escapes, and wonderful exploits were told; then, too, to the stirring music of the violin, they danced with Indian maidens. The bowl went freely round, till mirth grew furious and fast, and only the end of night ended their orgies and mad debauchery. Intermarriage with the natives was encouraged by the officers of the fur trade, as it

made the *coureurs* more dependent upon them, and was a sure way to keep them in the country. The offspring of these *coureurs du bois*, who were quite numerous, together with the descendants of the *gens libres*, or free people, as the Canadians who had deserted from the French traders called themselves, were styled *Bois-brûlés* (Burnt-woods), from their peculiar complexion.

After the English possessed themselves of Canada there was a Saxon element mingled in this new race. In the beginning of the present century Lord Selkirk, a Scottish noble, conceived the idea of peopling this vast and fertile valley with a colony of his countrymen. In 1811 he obtained a grant of land from the Hudson Bay Company, of which he was a member. The pioneers, to prepare for the main colony, began, in 1815, to build some houses and a mill; but a rival to the Hudson Bay Company, known as the North-west Company, sent men disguised as savages, who drove the colonists from the place. They retreated southward, within the United States boundary, where they were called *Van-bias* (pronounced Pen-bin-naw), an abbreviation of the Ojibwa word *despéchié* (high-hush-cranberry—*oxyococcus erythrorum*, which thereabout grows in abundance). They returned to their lands in the spring, but again to be repulsed; and only after years of bloodshed and shocking cruelties were they permitted to enjoy their lands in quiet.

The bitter strife was stopped by the union of the rival fur companies in 1821. The colony numbered 200 souls in September, 1815, says Mill, in his History; now they number over 10,000, by natural increase and immigrations—chiefly Scotch, Swiss, and English. This country was in possession of the French traders, they carried their commerce along the valleys of the great rivers of Lake Winnipeg, and thence, descending the tributaries of Lake Superior, made their way through the natural channels of the great lakes to the Atlantic coast. When the English, or Scotch, or Swiss, or English, took possession of the traffic, the outlet of the fur trade was turned northward by the more difficult and unnatural channel of Nelson River, which empties into Hudson's Bay.

But as the great wave of Western emigration rolled up the valley and tributaries of the Mississippi, leaving the barriers of prejudices purposely heaped by the fur-trading monopolies to debar settlers from the rich fields from which they were reaping such golden harvests, and the United States settlements approached the frontier, the narrowness of a market for their furs and peltries induced the Red River colonists and hunters to seek a new outlet, over the level prairies and down the Valley of the Mississippi, to St. Paul, Minnesota. Within the last few years this trade has increased, from one or two trains of thirty or forty carts each, to long winding caravans of hundreds of carts drawn by oxen and horses.

Even the Hudson Bay Company have at last availed themselves of the superior facilities of the heretofore ignored routes to the United States market, by sending over sixty packages of furs and pelts, taking in return cattle, mules, and implements of agriculture. This is a great concession, and argues well for the future increase of traffic with this vast country, stretching away to the very base of the Rocky Mountains.

At the settlements at Red River farming and the usual avocations of civilized life engage about one-half of the population, who are mostly of Scotch or European blood. Their religion is usually Protestant, the greater number being Presbyterians; the rest, Methodists and Episcopalians. The latter are the descendants of the intermarriage with Indian women, are of the Catholic faith, and gain their subsistence by hunting.

Their dwellings, as well as those of the agricultural portion of the colony, are scattered over the country between and along the banks of the

Red and Assinaboine rivers, from their confluence southward, beyond the international boundary, into Minnesota. The neat little white frame and log cottages, with their well-cultivated garden spots and field inclosures, have an air of charming and quiet repose, while, in the distance, the grazing troops of cattle and horses dot the plains with gentle animation. Here and there a windmill, or a pointed church-spire, lends an additional and suggestive beauty to the landscape. Here they live in peaceful simplicity, and in all the rural quiet of their ancestral village hamlets among the Highlands of Scotland.

The life of the hunters is just the reverse of this quiet simplicity; their time is alternately spent in the excitement and adventures of the chase, or in indolence and festivity. While the products of their last excursion hold out, they are the gayest of the gay. They nightly dance to the fiddle or to the drone of the bagpipe; or with gambling, drinking, song, and amatory sports, help the whirling hours speed by.

As spring advances, however, they go to work in real earnest, to be ready for the opening expedition against the buffalo. As they are all taught the use of their rude implements, the building of new carts and repairing of old ones fill the settlements with the rattling of a thousand hammers. These carts are curious and ingenious contrivances, built entirely of wood; not a nail, or screw, or particle of metal being used in their construction. But such is their strength and durability that they last for several years, and carry heavy loads on journeys of a thousand miles every season. Harnesses are manufactured of raw hide cut into strips and adjusted to fit any ox. The old ones are mended up; buffalo skins are stitched into tents, and put in readiness for the long trip and sojourn across the plains.

At length, usually about the 1st of June, the appointed day for starting arrives. Companies of a thousand of their carts are gathered together, and go out in a single train, stretching far off over the waste of prairie, like the caravans in the Eastern stories. They are accompanied by the women and children, who pitch the tents, and attend to the cooking and other light duties about the camp.

The hunters elect captains, and the camp is divided into bands under them; while a chief captain, or commander, controls the whole company. The captains form a council, and adopt rules to govern the camp, which are usually obeyed to the letter. The following are some of the rules of the camp, as determined at Pembina, in 1840:—

"1. No buffalo to be run on the Sabbath-day.  
"2. No party to fork off, lag behind, or go before, without permission.

"3. No person to run buffalo before the general order.

"4. Every captain, with his men, in turn to patrol the camp and keep guard.

"5. For the first trespass against these laws, the offender to have his saddle and bridle cut up.

"6. For the second offence, the coat to be taken off the offender's back and cut up.

"7. For the third offence, offender to be flogged.

"8. Any person convicted of theft, even to the value of a shawl, to be brought to the middle of the camp, and the crier to call out his or her name three times, adding the word 'Thief' at each time.

When they halt at night the carts are arranged in the form of a circle, with the shafts projecting outward; and within this wooden cordon the tents are pitched at one end and the animals tethered at the other extremity. Sentinels, who are regularly relieved at intervals, patrol the camp; and not unfrequently the hunter's sword slumber is broken by the alarm-cry to repel the stealthy attack of the treacherous Xantons. Raising the flag is the signal for



BARKING BREAD.

starting in the mornings, and when struck at evening is the signal to halt and encamp.

Thus regulated, they proceed to the "buffalo ranges" upon the Cheyenne, or the plains of the more distant Saskatchewan, where thousands are frequently met with in a single herd. The avant-couriers or scouts ascertain their probable numbers and position, and report to the commander. The camp is formed, and the hunters prepare for the onslaught. Mounted upon their fleetest and best trained horses, they advance regularly under command of a leader, cautiously covering themselves from the herd by every advantageous inequality of the ground, till near enough, when the cautious tread is changed to a dashing "Charge!" At full gallop they sweep down upon the unsuspecting and startled troop, pouring a deadly broadside volley into their shaggy flanks. The frightened beasts scatter, mad with terror. The some that ensue close, indeed, baffles description. It has been likened to a field of battle. The sword is torn up, and great clouds of dust rise from beneath the beating hoofs of flying buffalo and pursuing horsemen; the roaring of the fleeing herd and the mingled trampling of their many feet pervade earth and air, while the ground trembles as if from an earthquake shock. In the course of a day sometimes more than a thousand are slain.

The hunters follow the herd at full gallop, leading and firing at full speed. The hasty charge of powder is settled by a blow against the saddle, and the bullet is dropped from the mouth upon it without any wad.

The wake of the hunters is marked by mounds of dead buffalo, and the torn and trampled plain is deluged with blood. The carts follow and remove the carcasses to the camp. The hides and tongues are first removed, and such of the meat as can be used—for much is unavoidably spoiled by the heat—is secured. Part is dried, and the balance is made into pemmican, by boiling the tallow of the buffalo, and mixing with it shreds of meat. Sacks of raw hide are then made, into which the preparation is poured in a fluid state.

After the tongues are cured and the robes dressed, the labors of the expedition are ended. They return to their homes, where they remain till the opening of the September hunt, which lasts till they can carry the meat home frozen.

They then indulge in another season of luxurious indolence.

## THE PEARL-DIVER.

### A TALK OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.

BY ILLION CONSTELLANO.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE RETURN OF THE FLEET.

MORATIN looked in the direction indicated by his companion, and beheld a number of lights flashing through the gloom from a point on the surface of the Gulf about a mile above the creek where the majority of the divers resided. Owing to the peculiar configuration of the country along the coast, the voices of the voyagers were echoed and re-echoed to the watchers, from peak to peak, as great as was the distance. A dozen voices suddenly struck up in chorus a wild boatman's song, in which the perils and consolations of their profession were expressed with striking effect. As could be seen by moving lanterns and torches, the women and children of the little village were hastening from their cottages to the beach, to welcome their loved ones, and every aspect of the scene was picturesque and pleasant.

"There they are, sure enough," muttered Moratin, turning away with a gesture of impatience. "All that howling means, I suppose, that they have been prosperous in their fishery."

"It means," rejoined Carnan, "as far as you and I are concerned, that the infernal diver will soon be up to see you about Carla. You see, however, that this outcry up the coast has produced a movement aboard of the sloop, and I dare say a messenger will instantly go ashore from her in quest of Brosey."

"No doubt of it," responded Moratin, as he saw a light moving about the deck of the sloop, and heard voices of command and the rattling of oars. "I think the strange craft is anxious to take time by the forelock, in the matter of seeing Brosey, and is dispatching her messenger ashore now!"

"Then I must follow him up. As I told you, I am first moved to have the secret of the sloop's presence, and of this message to the pearl-diver, before I sleep."



"Well, all I can say is, success to you. Can I be of any assistance in your proposed visit of exploration?"

"You might row me to the sloop, but I can do it just as well myself. On the whole, you will do the most good by remaining here and looking out for Carla and for the schooner. I will be back just as soon as I can accomplish the object in view. If Brosey goes to the sloop, I am resolved to appear there at the same juncture, and to learn the mystery of all these proceedings. An hour or more will undoubtedly be required, but do not leave the house until you see me, so no unnecessary delay shall occur. Remember, I will have an eye to Carla, until I appear. You know all my plans and purposes, and have only to see them safely and fully carried out, to make the fortune you desire."

"Very well. Here's my hand upon it!" They separated with these agreements, Moratin proceeding to the villa, while Carnar hurried away in the direction of Brosey's residence and the fleet. He was no sooner out of the sight and hearing of Moratin than he took the mask from his bosom and placed it over his face, and placed a pistol and a knife in his belt in such a position that he could readily avail himself of their services, should the occasion arise.

"Oh that the schooner were here!" he thought, as he hurried on his way. "Now that Brosey and his noisy gang have returned, every hour I remain here is an additional peril. Moratin is mine, body and soul, and will continue to be, unless I find it just as easy going to get him. The one thing that disturbs me is the delay in this Government vessel—I know she is such—has crept up here and awaited Brosey's return. Can it be that I am the object of all this mystery? that old affairs have been raked up against me? and that I am even now standing on a volcano which is about to break forth and consume me?"

He looked back in the direction of the sloop, and uttered an exclamation as he saw, by the motions of a lantern, that a boat was already half-way to the shore.

"It's clear," he muttered, "that I am to triumph during the next few eight hours, or be totally undone. If that infernal sloop—"

He broke off the sentence with the abruptness of impatience, and bent all his energies to the task before him. Hurrying along the rude path and over the uneven ground as rapidly as he could in the darkness, he was not long in reaching the shore of the creek upon which the village of the divers was situated.

He was ahead of the sloop's boat.

From the place of concealment in which the watcher promptly placed himself—in the hulk of a large sloop-boat, decaying high and dry on the sand—he was able to see all that was going on around him, both on the water and on the shore. Immediately in front of him were collected a score of women and children, quite plainly revealed in the lights of their lanterns and torches. In front of them, sweeping into the little bay, was the fleet of the pearl-fishers, now so near that signal cries of welcome and greeting passed incessantly between them and their friends and families on the shore.

The entire scene was a pleasant picture to everybody gazing upon it, except Carnar. He knew and felt that he was shunned and despised by every one of those rejoicing hearts, and that he could not venture among them openly without exposing himself to contumely and insult. It was a source of bitterness for him, in the loneliness of his coarse passions, to hear those shouts of welcome and loving greetings, and he at times fairly writhed under them, spitefully muttering his disgust and annoyance.

He continued his watch.

The boats of the fleet began reached the beach, or anchored near it, and a general reunion took place.

"It's singular, Cayetano," said Brosey to his

veteran companion, as he leaped ashore at his usual landing-place, "that Yola is not here to welcome me! Can anything have happened? I see no light at the cottage!"

"Your sister said she would be here to welcome you," said an old woman at this juncture, advancing from the nearest cottage adjacent to his own. "She has been at the villa a good share of the day, but that is the last remark she made to me."

"Then it is strange where she can be," said Brosey, with increased alarm. "Where shall I seek her? Can she be with Carla?" He was making upon the subject when he heard a glint of light and swift footsteps, and the next instant Yola darted into the arms of her brother, sobbing with joy. Close behind came Carla, almost as nervous and excited as her companion, and she threw herself as nearly into the embrace of her lover as she could under the prior occupancy by his sister.

"Angels of goodness!" ejaculated Brosey, as much delighted as astonished. "Where did you come from? What is the meaning of this excitement?"

"Oh, we have been so frightened!" exclaimed Yola.

"Had such a strange adventure!" cried Carla.

"Seen such a horrible sight!"

"Made such a shocking discovery!"

"Well, well, can't you control yourselves?" demanded our hero. "Tell me what has happened."

"You tell him, Yola!"

"You tell him, Carla!"

Each thus calling upon the other to reveal the cause of their excitement, they both hastened to express the excited thoughts crowding upon their utterance. From their confused and interrupted statements, Brosey learned, in substance, that they had found a hole in the woods, with a couple of men in it; that they had assisted the men in the attempt to get out, and had gone to the villa to procure their refreshments; and that, on returning with a basket of provisions, they had found the hole empty and the two absent, whereupon they had dropped the basket and run home as hard as they could to tell him all about it.

"Well, what do you want me to do about it?" inquired Brosey, when they had finished.

"Do about it? Why, did out where the men went to, and who they were, and why they didn't wait for us!" said Yola.

"Pshaw! I haven't the time to run after them," declared our hero, in the most practical and undisturbed manner. "They were undoubtedly only too happy to make their way home as rapidly as possible, after getting out of the hole."

"But that," said Senor Carnar had put them into the pit," said Carla. "The particulars we did not learn."

"Oh, well, their escape was, on that account, all the more gratifying to them," he replied, "and we may well leave his punishment in their own hands."

Carla had listened to every word of this conversation, and now fully understood that Carla and Yola, and not Ruy Fernandez, had so nearly brought Moratin and himself to grief.

The girls endeavored to persuade Brosey that it was his duty to take several of the divers and go and search for the two men in the woods. While he was quietly arguing against their conclusions, without expressing any purpose of his own, the messenger arrived from the sloop, inquiring for our hero, and declaring that Lieut. Strato wished to see him immediately on board that vessel. After a few inquiries, Brosey replied to the messenger that he would wait until he should be within half an hour in his own boat, and that he might return to his commanding officer forthwith with this assurance.

The messenger bowed and withdrew.

"And now, my dear sister, you must get me a little supper," said our hero. "Come in, Carla," and he put his arm around her waist, drawing her towards the cottage. "You know I am going to see your father about you to-night or in the morning, and you need not return till then. I want you to remain with Yola, while I pay a visit to the sloop."

Carla did not offer any objection to this arrangement—to the contrary, she seemed to be pleased with Brosey's protection. She had realized that the villa was no longer her home, and that it had even ceased to be to her a place of safety. Unluckily, that night she remained in the cottage, Yola produced a light, and the lovers followed her into the parlor. The majority of the divers had already passed within doors, with their families and friends, so that the beach was beginning to relapse into its wonted gloom and silence. As the moon had not risen, the darkness had become profound, and appeared to favor the dark designs of the solitary watcher, and to render unnecessary his mask, which he removed.

"Now is my time," he said, as he leaped from the old wreck in which he had been concealed, and saw that Carla and Brosey had entered the cottage. He waited a few moments before he went to Moratin's, and I must be there to receive him!"

## CHAPTER XL.

### THE SECRET OF THE SLOOP.

WITH the same energy which had characterized his previous movements, Carnar hurried along the beach in the direction from which he had come. He had promptly made up his mind, now that Carla was intending to tarry awhile at Brosey's, to avail himself of Moratin's services in his proposed visit to the sloop; and he accordingly maintained his rapid pace until he was at the villa.

He found Moratin on the watch.

"How now?" was the greeting he received, as he passed panting, with an unusual wildness of air and manner, on the verandah where the proprietor of the villa had placed himself to wait for Carla. "Are you in trouble? Is anyone in pursuit?"

"If I were in any serious trouble, or pursued, I suppose you would turn against me as soon as any one else!"

For an instant he was sulky and bitter-minded, but the protestations Moratin made of his devotion and faithfulness, soon caused him to resume his usual air and demeanor, and he proceeded to reveal the adventure of Carla and Yola in the woods.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Moratin, in great astonishment. "Did they learn that the two men were indebted to you for their uncomfortable quarters?"

"They did. I presume my whole agency in the matter has been fully revealed."

Moratin was overwhelmed by this disastrous occurrence.

"Since affairs are in this state," he finally remarked, "you need waste no more fine words upon Carla!"

"Well, well—I don't intend to. We have now arrived at a pass—yes as well as myself—where words are of no account. The strong arm is the only sign under which we can conquer!"

"I have foreseen that, of course, for some weeks. There is no doubt but that she is deeply and ungratefully attached to the poor-diver. I presume he will escort her home after he has been to the sloop."

"Yes; that was the arrangement they made."

"Well, it will be his last escort," Moratin sullenly muttered. "I wish you had brought up the money for Carla. Your next move, I suppose, is to the sloop."

"Exactly. Don't you wish to attend me? I do not wish you to go aboard with me, but merely to row as near the sloop as we can with-



out being seen. The rest I shall accomplish by swimming."

Morstin expressed his willingness to go, and they were soon on their way to the beach. The darkness resting upon the shore and water was intense. The tide ran so invisible, and Carnar expressed the belief that he could row within half a dozen rods of it without being seen from it.

"You see," he remarked, "that the messenger has returned, and that the cabin is lighted up in expectation of the pearl-diver's arrival. I want not for the world to learn while I wait of him. I am armed like a bandit, Morstin, and there will be bloody work if my presence is discovered! Here we are at the boat, and we must be cautious. Not a breath, not the slightest sound must reach them from our movements, or my object will be defeated, and our whole cause lost with my life!"

Morstin halted abruptly in his steps.

"You seem to enter into this business with a perfect desperation," he said. "What on earth can give you such an interest in the proceedings of the sloop's commander and the pearl-diver?"

"More curiosity," as I told you," replied Carnar, suppressing a tremor of emotion which certainly closely resembled apprehension.

Morstin placed himself in the center of the boat, taking the oars, and Carnar seated himself in the stern. Despite the utmost caution they could exercise in the darkness, they made some noise in pushing off. The lights aboard the sloop guided their course, and they were soon so near it that they could hear the orders and conversation uttered on the deck.

"Go about ten rods south of her anchorage," whispered Carnar, "that the diver may have an open approach from the shore, and that he may see the boat." The lights were on the designated spot.

"If you hear an anchor," added Carnar, "you may as well use it, as there is probably something of a current here."

Morstin approved of the suggestion, and lowered the boat's anchor in silence.

"And now," proceeding in silence, he took the exact bearings of the boat from the sloop, "do not get frightened, and leave me in the lurch. There isn't one chance in a hundred that anybody or anything will run afoul of you here. Keep an eye out to the southward for the schooner, and do not change your position without positive cause. I shall expect to hear when I have completed my tour of observation, as I am rather too much encumbered for such a long swim!"

"Oh, very well—you can depend upon me. No rashness, if you please, however, since it's more curiosity that's leading you to the sloop."

With these whispered observations, Morstin placed himself in an easy posture on the center seat, and Carnar prepared for his swim. His first step was to remove his boots, and his next to fix the mask again securely over his face. Handling his pistols to Morstin, he whispered,—

"Keep them safe and dry till close quarters. I cannot very well carry them. Besides, the knife is the weapon for such close quarters, if any should be needed—it's so still and ready!"

He laid aside his outer coat, and took a long survey of the sloop and of the surrounding scene.

He saw that Brosey was just embarking, at some distance up the coast.

"The time's come," he whispered. "Have no anxiety or fear. If I get into trouble, I'll warn you in season to assure your escape!"

He lowered himself into the water, and struck out noiselessly for the sloop. A few strokes carried him beyond the sight and hearing of Morstin, and a few more brought him under the bow of the mysterious vessel. With nothing but his head above the water, which was unusually calm, he floated himself up under the figure-head, and there became and remained motionless, clinging to the chains.

His first step had been successfully taken.

A hum of voices came to the ears of the watcher from the cabin, and he heard the tread of several men on the deck. The mast and rigging of the sloop were distinctly visible above him, and as the light was so clear, and the water so calm, he was enabled to see, by the rays of light emitted from the cabin, the form of this watch between the companion-way and his position. One man, a petty officer, as was indicated by some order he was giving a couple of seamen near him, stood within six feet of the bow of the vessel, and in such close proximity and obscurity that Carnar was momentarily tempted to creep upon him unawares, with a sudden blow, and boldly assume his coat and his office.

"They're coming!" he heard this man say, the next moment, as he crossed to the low bulwarks nearest the shore. "We shall soon have a peep at our new commander, boys, and see what he's like!"

These words caused Carnar to sharpen his attention, for he saw that something important was likely to be developed from the mystery in which the sloop had been lying. Remaining in the secure shelter afforded him by the bulwarks and boards, he divided his glance between the approaching boat and the incidents taking place on the vessel. He had a full view of the movements of Brosey's boat, owing to the lantern it carried from the moment of its leaving the shore until its arrival, and carefully noted every word that was uttered by the officers and crew, in regard to the visit and the visitor.

A few exciting moments thus passed, and then our hero came alongside the sloop. He was received with considerable ceremony, and his boat taken in charge, while he himself was politely and respectfully escorted to the cabin, where the commander was waiting to receive him.

"This thing's getting interesting," thought the watcher, "and I must secure a better spot of observation."

He boldly ascended to the deck.

"Ah!" he thought, with a half-suppressed chuckle, as he looked directly into the cabin, where the commander was being received with as much honor as if he had been an admiral, and thence extended his searching glance beyond the group, to the little windows of the cabin—"ah! there is an opening for my enterprise, an eye-hole through which I can see and hear all!"

He dropped back into the water, quite as quickly as he had climbed out of it, and swam swiftly and silently to the stern of the sloop, the open windows of which were not raised more than two or three feet above the surface. He was agreeably surprised to find a footing on the top of the rudder-blade, and a crevice for his eye in the casing of one of the windows, so that he had no difficulty in maintaining himself in a position to see and hear all that transpired in the cabin.

A few books and other articles stood upon the casement of the window, in such a way as to permit him a full view of the interior of the cabin, at the same time that they effectually concealed him from observation. He saw that the first salutations of the pearl-diver and the commander of the sloop were passed, and that they had seated themselves beside a table, upon which some official papers and documents—as the watcher knew by their shape and bulk—were lying.

How eagerly he watched and waited for the opening of their business.

"I am a bearer of good news to you, Senior Brosey," said Lieut. Strato, "as you shall soon see. I bring you a commission as lieutenant in the navy of the Republic, and have received orders to turn over to you the command this sloop and all its officers and men!"

If a thunderbolt had fallen from the skies at that moment, our hero could not have been more surprised.

"What, I—a lieutenant's commission!" he

stammered, in a modest confusion. "Impossible!"

"Seeing is believing, Lieut. Brosey," replied the commander of the sloop, smilingly, as he opened one of the official documents we have noticed, "and here is your commission, duly signed and sealed, and it is a great pleasure to me to be the bearer of the news to you of such a well-deserved honor!"

Brosey was speechless for a moment, in his surprise, as he rapidly glanced at the commission, and saw that it was indeed addressed to himself. "How has the honor been done without my knowledge?" he asked.

"Oh, that's very simple. The Governor of Smaloe was up this way incognito, a few weeks ago, and heard and saw so much of your worth and manliness, that he determined to advance your fortunes. Learning that you were a chief in your calling, and a representative of a large and respectable class—that you are an intelligent and ambitious man who formerly served two years in the navy, and that you are endowed with the cardinal virtues of a commander, skill and courage—and that you join a nobleness of principle to warm-heartedness in your views—he has appointed you to the position which, I repeat, I am most happy to bring to your notice."

The handsome features of Brosey glowed with an emotion of joy and pride, as he thought of the genuine delight these new honors would confer upon him.

"You will, of course, accept the honor your country confers upon you, Lieut. Brosey," pursued Lieut. Strato, "and relieve me, as instructed in your orders, at your earliest convenience. All that we will consider as settled, and I will now proceed to post you in regard to the first duty the Government has placed in your hands."

The speaker examined attentively one of the papers upon the table, while Carnar, holding his breath, pressed his head closer to the casement, as if powerfully interested in all he was seeing and hearing.

"Three years ago, the 17th of last May," resumed Lieut. Strato, "when the paper he had lifted from the table, a priest named Gian Forastiero, who was then exercising the functions of his office in the city of Mexico, committed a fiendish and revolting crime, the particulars of which you will find in the copies of the official processes I have in my hand. Excommunicated and degraded from his office, this person was held in custody to answer for his wickedness, but managed to effect his escape, and that same night the Archbishop of Mexico was assassinated by him at the door of his own palace!"

"I remember the circumstances very well," said Brosey. "Proceed."

"The assassin fled, with his double guilt, no one knew where. Every effort to find him was made during the succeeding six months, to obtain some clue to the miscreant's whereabouts, but without result. The authorities finally concluded that he had escaped to Europe or Asia, and that pursuit was practically abandoned, although his terrible tragedy has remained fresh in the thoughts of the nation. Well, to proceed to the point of my communication, it has lately come to the knowledge of the authorities most concerned, that a man answering to the description of Gian Forastiero has been seen on the peninsula—in fact, in the neighborhood of Loreto!"

A suspicion had evidently taken possession of Brosey's mind, for nothing could be more intense than the interest he already manifested in the subject.

"Let me see the description of the criminal," he said, "if you have it."

"Here it is," responded Lieut. Strato, "and I have other documents in my trunk which will give you fuller information in the premises."

While the commander was ransacking his baggage, in a little state-room adjoining the cabin, our hero read the description furnished

him of the fugitive priest, and was plunged into a state of excitement he will not attempt to describe.

"The same, the same!" he ejaculated. "This fiendish priest and Carmar must be one and the same person! The height—the features—all the facts and circumstances of this description, seem to suit him exactly!"

"Your first duty, therefore," proceeded Lieut. Strato, as he reappeared, with additional papers, "is to learn whether any such person is residing in this vicinity, and if so, to promptly arrest him."

Brosey hardly knew how to shape his reply. "I will be frank with you, Lieut. Strato," he finally remarked, "with an agitation he could not conceal. 'I think I can put my hand upon the very man wanted!'"

The commander started excitedly, and a glow of professional eagerness swept over his face.

"By all the powers of earth and heaven," he exclaimed, "you have only to do this, Lieut. Brosey, and your fortune is made! The entire silver mines of Mexico are of half so much account, in the eyes of the authorities, and particularly in ecclesiastical circles, as the arrest and punishment of this double assassin! Produce him, lieutenant, and your name will ring with honor and glory from one end of the Republic to the other!"

"Enough!" cried Brosey, springing to his feet and pacing to and fro in his excitement. "Before two hours have passed, the fugitive priest shall be in our hands!"

(To be continued in our next.)

### A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

"By Jove! Dick, I'm nearly done up."

"So an I. Did any one ever see such a confounded fellow as you?" inquired my wife. "I am not alone weak, but hungry. Oh, for a steak of moose, with a bottle of old red wine to wash it down!"

"Charley! beware. Take care how you conjure up such visions in my mind. I am already nearly starving, and if you increase my appetite much more it will go hard with me if I don't dine off of you. You are young, and Bertha says you're tender—"

"Heard, she meant. Well, so I am, if loving Bertha be any proof of it."

The foregoing was the conversation with which Dick Linton and myself endeavored to beguile the way, as we tramped through one of the forests of Northern New York. Dick was an artist, and I was a sportsman; so when one fine autumn day he announced his intention of going into the woods for a week to study Nature, it seemed to me an excellent opportunity for me to exercise my legs and my trigger-finger at the same time. Dick had some backwoods friend who lived in a log hut on the shores of Rckford Lake, and there we determined to take up our quarters. Dick who said he knew the forest thoroughly, was to be the guide, and we accordingly, with our guns on our shoulders, started on foot from Root's, a tavern known to tourists, and situated on the boundaries of Essex and Warren counties. It was a desperate walk; but as we started by daybreak, and great faith in our pedestrian qualities was expected to reach the nearest of the Rckford lakes by nightfall. The forest through which we traveled was of the densest description. Overhead the branches of spruce and pine shut out the day, while beneath our feet lay a frightful soil, composed principally of lagged shale, cunningly concealed by an almost impenetrable brush. As the day wore on, our hopes of reaching our destination grew fainter and fainter, and I could almost fancy, from the anxious glances that Dick cast around him, that in spite of his boasted knowledge of the locality, he was nearly lost. It was not, however, until nearly actually fall, and that we were both sinking from hunger and

exhaustion, that I could get him to acknowledge it.

"We're in a nice pickle, Master Dick," said I rather easily, for an empty stomach does much to destroy a man's natural sagacity. "Confound your assurance that led you to step up as a guide. Of all men painters are the most conceited."

"Come, Charley," answered Dick, good-humoredly, "there's no use in growling so loudly. You'll bring the bears and panthers on us if you do. We must make the best of a bad job, and stop under a tree."

"It's easy to talk, my good fellow. I'm not a partridge, and don't know how to roost on a bough."

"Well, you'll have to learn, then for if you stop on the ground, the chances are ten to one that you will have the wolves nibbling at our toes before daylight."

"I'm hanged if I'll do either!" said I desperately. "I'm going to walk all night, and I'll drop before I'll lie down."

"Well, Charley, if you are determined to go on, let us be so. We'll go together. After all, it's only an adventure."

"I say, Dick, don't you see a light?"

"By Jove, so there is! Come, you see, Providence interposes between us and wolves and hunger. That must be some squatter's hut."

The light to which I had so suddenly called Dick's attention was very faint, and seemed to be about half a mile distant. It glimmered through the dark branches of the hemlock and spruce trees, and weak as the light was, I hailed it as a savior without a compass bade the way by which he steers. We instantly set out in the direction of our beacon. In a moment it seemed as if all fatigue had vanished, and we walked as if our muscles were as tense as iron, and our joints glided as a piston-shaft.

"We were arrived at what in the dusk seemed to be a clearing of about five acres; but it may have been larger, for the tall forest rising up around it must have diminished its apparent size, giving it the appearance of a square pit rather than a farm. The clearing was of the wild woods, and we discerned the dusky outline of a log hut, through whose single end window a faint light was streaming. With a sigh of relief we hastened to the door and knocked. It was opened immediately, and a man appeared on the threshold. We explained our condition, and were instantly invited to walk in and make ourselves at home. All our host said to offer us were some cold Indian corn cakes, and a slice of dried deer's-flesh, to all of which we were heartily welcome. These viands in a starving condition were luxuries to us, and we literally reeled in anticipation of a full meal.

The hut into which we had so unceremoniously entered was of the most poverty-stricken order. It consisted of but one room, with a rude brick fire-place at one end. Some destruction of old blankets were stretched out by way of a bed at the other extremity of the apartment, and the only seats visible were two sections of a large pine trunk that stood close to the fire-place. There was no vestige of a table, and the rest of the furniture was embodied in a long Tenino rifle that hung close to the rough wall.

If the hut was remarkable, its proprietor was still more so. He was, I think, the most villainous-looking man I ever beheld. About six feet two inches in height, proportionately broad across the chest; with a large, bushy eye-brow, and a pick-up, a fifty-five-pound shot, he seemed to be a combination of extraordinary strength and agility. His head was narrow, and oblong in shape; his straight Indian-like hair fell smoothly over his forehead as if it had been plastered there; and his black, heavy-lidded eyes were set obliquely, and slanted downward towards his nose, giving him a mingled expression of

ferocity and cunning. As I examined his features attentively, in which I thought I could trace almost every bad passion, I confess I experienced a certain feeling of apprehension and distrust that I could not shake off.

While he was getting us the promised food, we tried, by questioning him, to draw him into conversation. He seemed very taciturn and reserved. He said he lived entirely alone, and had cleared the spot he occupied with his own hands. He said his name was Joel, but we hinted that he could not have some other name, he pretended not to hear us, though I saw his brow knit, and his small black eyes flash angrily.

My suspicions of this man were further aroused by observing a pair of shoes lying in a corner of the hut. These shoes were as last the same smaller than those that our gigantic host wore, and yet he had distinctly replied that he lived entirely alone. If those shoes were not his, whose were they? The more I reflected on this circumstance the more uneasy I felt, and apprehensions were still further aroused, when Joel, as he called himself, took down a couple of muskets, and, in order to have them out of the way, as he said, hung them on crooks from the wall, at a height that neither Dick nor I could reach without getting on a stool. I smiled inwardly, however, as I felt the smooth barrel of my revolver that was slung in the hollow of my back, by its leathern belt, and thought to myself, if this fellow has any bad designs, the more unprotected he thinks us the more incitations he will be, as I made no effort to retain our guns. Dick also had a revolver, and was one of those men who I knew would use it well when the time came.

My suspicions of our host grew at last to such a pitch that I determined to communicate them to Dick. Nothing would be easier than to this villainous half-breed—for I felt convinced he had Indian blood in him—nothing would be so easy as to tell him that we were so, to cut our throats or shoot us while we were asleep, and so get our guns, watches, and whatever money we carried. Who, in those lonely woods, would hear the shot, or hear our cries for help? What emissary of the law, however sharp, could bring the murder home to those who committed it? Linton at first laughed; then grew serious; and gradually became a convert to my apprehensions. We hurriedly agreed that, while one slept, the other should stand watch, and so take it in turns through the night.

Joel had surrendered to us his couch of deer-skin and his blanket; he himself said he could sleep quite as well on the floor, near the fire. As Dick and I were both very tired, we were anxious to get our rest as soon as possible, and, after a hearty meal of deer-stew and tough cakes, washed down by a good draught from our brandy flask, I, being the youngest, got the first hour's sleep, and flung myself on the couch of skins. As my eyes gradually closed, I saw a dim picture of Dick seated sternly watching by the fire, and the long shape of the half-breed stretching out like a huge shadow upon the floor.

After what I could have sworn to be only a three-minute doze, Dick woke me, and informed me that his hour was out; and turning me on my warm nest, lay down without any ceremony, and in a few seconds was heavily snoring. I rubbed my eyes, felt for my revolver, and seating myself on one of the pine-stumps, commenced my watch. The half-breed appeared to be hurried in a profound slumber, and in the half-weird light cast by the wood embers, his features seemed to assume a more familiar face, and above all those erstwhile stern features of Bertha Linton, my affianced

bride. She seemed to me to smile at me through a burning haze, and I could almost fancy I heard her say, "What you are wanting in the lonely forest I am thinking of you and praying for your safety."

A slight movement on the part of the lumbering half-breed here recalled me from those sweet dreams. He turned on his side, lifted his head slowly, and in a moment was attentively at me. I did not stir. Still retaining my stooping attitude, I half-closed my eyes, and remained motionless. Doubtless he thought I was asleep, for in a moment or two he rose noiselessly, and creeping with a stealthy step across the floor, passed out of the door. I listened, but heard eagerly! It seemed to me that, through the imperfectly-joined crevices of the log walls, I could plainly hear voices whispering. I would have given words to have crept nearer to listen, but I was fearful of disturbing the fancied security of our host, who I now felt certain had sinister designs upon us. So I remained perfectly still. The whispering suddenly ceased. The half-breed re-entered the hut in the same stealthy way in which he had quitted it, and after giving a scrutinizing glance at me, once more stretched himself upon the floor, and affected to sleep. In a few moments I pretended to awake—yawned, looked at my watch, and finding that my hour had more than expired, proceeded to wake Dick. As I turned him out of bed I whispered in his ear, "Don't take your eyes off that fellow, Dick. He has accomplices outside; be careful." Dick, in a momentary glance, carelessly touched his revolver, as much as to say, "Here's something to interfere with his little arrangements," and took his seat on the pine-stump, in such a position as to command a view of the sleeping half-breed and the doorway at the same time.

This time, though horribly tired, I could not sleep. A horrible load seemed pressing on my chest, and every five minutes I would start up to see if Dick was keeping his watch faithfully. My eyes were strung to a fine pitch of tenacity; my heart beat at every sound, and my hand seemed to throb until I thought my temples would burst. The more I reflected on the conduct of the half-breed, the more assured I was that he intended murder. Full of this idea, I took my revolver from its sling, and held it in my hand, ready to shoot him down at the first movement that appeared at all dangerous. A haze seemed now to pass across my eyes. Fatigued with long watching and excitement, I passed into that semi-conscious state, in which I seemed perfectly aware of every thing that passed, although objects were dim and dull in outline, and did not appear so sharply defined as in one's waking moments. I was apparently roused from this state by a slight creaking sound. I started, and raised myself on my elbow. My heart almost ceased to beat at what I saw. The half-breed had lit some species of dried herb, which sent out a strong aromatic odor as it burned. This herb he was holding directly under Dick's nostrils, who I now perceived, to my horror, was wrapped in a profound slumber. The smoke of this mysterious herb appeared to deprive him of all consciousness, for he rolled gently off of the pine-log, and lay stretched upon the floor. The half-breed now stole to the door, and opened it gently. Three sinister heads peered in out of the gloom. I saw the long barrels of rifles, and the huge bony hands that clasped them. The half-breed pointed significantly to where I lay, with his long bony finger, then drawing a large, thirty-lorick-long knife from his breast, moved towards me. The time was come. My blood stopped—my heart ceased to beat. The half-breed was within a foot of my head; the knife was raised; another instant and it would have been buried in my heart, when, with a hand as cold as ice, I lifted my revolver, took deadly aim, and fired!

A stunning report, a dull groan, a huge cloud of smoke, curling around me, and I found

myself standing upright, with a dark mass lying at my feet.

"Great God! what have you done, sir?" cried the half-breed, rushing towards me. "You have killed him! He was just about to wake you."

I staggered against the wall. My sense, until then immersed in sleep, suddenly recovered their activity. The frightful truth burst upon me in a flash. I had shot Dick Linton while under the influence of a nightmare! Then every thing seemed to fade away, and I remember no more.

There was a trial, I believe. The lawyers were learned, and proved by physicians that it was a case of what is called *somnambulism*, or sleep-drunkness; but of the proceedings I took no heed. One form haunted me, lying black and heavy on the hut floor; and one pale face was ever present—a face I saw once after the terrible catastrophe, and never saw again—the wild, dispairing face of Bertha Linton, my promised bride!

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, JANUARY 17, 1863.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

ARE men better reconciled to their fate if they could recollect that there are two kinds of misfortune at which we ought never to repine—that which we can, and that which we cannot remedy—regret being in the former case unnecessary, in the latter unavailing.

### BE HUMBLE.

There would be less pomp, and pride, and vain-glory in the world, if people would stop to reflect occasionally what miserable creatures we human beings are, after all, and how slight is the tenure by which we hold life. The proud beauty who to-day flaunts along in all the pride of pompous display, jerking aside her costly dress, perhaps, to avoid the contamination of touching some poor sister, may to-morrow be a lifeless clod—a thing to frighten the superstitious. Death is ever with us, and he is no respecter of persons. The same earth which covers the dead beggar must enfold the form upon the millionaire; and worms will feast as soon upon one as upon the other. We are all equal in the grave.

### WANTED—A NAME.

The Americans are, strange as it may appear to most people, sadly in want of a national name. It would hardly be proper to designate them as United States, and yet that is the only title, as a people, they can call exclusively their own. Abroad they call themselves "Americans," "North Americans," &c.; but they cannot lay exclusive claim to either of these titles. The Canadian, the Newfoundlander, the Nova Scotian, the Central American, the Mexican, and, for the matter, the Equinoxian, can represent themselves as "Americans," and "North Americans," with quite as much propriety as can they who hail from the United States. They want a national name. What shall it be?

### YES.

Although often uttered unadvisedly, Yes is a delightful word, after all. It has been ungenerously denounced and traduced to the glorification of its gruff antithesis, No. If it has furnished many a weak soul to perdition, it has also secured the happiness of many a faithful heart that the sledge-hammer negatvo word have broken. We lately devoted nearly a column to an article on "No"; and still regard it as the wisest article that Virtue can oppose to the specious plausibilities of Temptation. Yet it may be the

counterblast to honest hope, as well as a barrier against evil influences, and there are times when it is the shibboleth of brutality, when to use it is to be briefly diabolical.

The loves, the charities, all the amenities of life, cluster around the symbol of assent. It is the response of Affection to the pleadings of Affection; it is the answer of Jehovah himself to the "God be merciful" and a sign of the contrite tribulation. Despite its frequent and gross misuse, there are few words in the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary which we could not better afford to spare than Yes.

To pass from the moral to the mechanical—Yes is a remarkably resonant word, especially to ladies. When pronounced in a lively, lachrymistic way, it exhibits a fine set of teeth to great advantage, and brings out a die-away smile that is very effective, particularly when aided and abetted by a Lydia Languish glance from a pair of dove-like eyes. When faltered out at the altar, in reply to the question, "Will thou take this man," &c., &c., and accompanied by the sentimental trimmings of tremors and tears, the gentle affirmative always creates a sensation among the bridal audience, and a fluttering of bride-maiden's hearts. Moreover, there is a "soft inflection" about it on these occasions; and one wedding Yes is very apt to lead to another. Hence, perhaps, the anxiety which young ladies manifest to "stand up" with their dear friends.

On the other hand, No is a mouth-distorting monosyllable. Before it can be exploded the lips must be converted into a sort of funnel, and the word is launched through the orifice like a pellet from an air-gun. Yet Heaven forbid that we should disparage this "Old Ironsides" of a word. We should as soon think of withdrawing the under-pinners, bolts and girders, that prevent our house from tumbling about our ears; for its proper use is just as essential to the well-being of the social fabric as these props and stays are to the safety of a dwelling.

Let No be ever the answer of Manhood and Womanhood to the overtures of Fraud and Wrong; but let Yes always drop tenderly from the lips of the prosperous and the happy when the poor, the miserable, and the oppressed petition for help and succor.

### YANKEE NOTIONS.

A UNION TOAST—TO THE STARS.—Thirty-four forte, or eight.

THE THIRTY ADVISE TO A BILLIARD TABLE.—Look out for your pockets.

HE who lives by the card may die by the card.

CATCHE AND EFFECT.—Too many rings of beer produce a heavy mug.

As hard as the times are, the drinking saloons still continue to make good bar-gains.

SERMS inquires if the melancholy of a fat man is very often fatal.

WHAT ancient instrument of war does a petulant lover most resemble? A cross-bow.

TO THE TRADE.—If an elephant lost his proboscis, could a trunk-maker repair it?

WHAT more forcibly illustrates the truth of the saying "Extremes meet," than a dog biting his own tail?

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.—If the oil flows too freely from your natural springs, just restrain it.

A SOUND REASON.—Why should editors never use opium? Because it lowers their circulation.

BEARING DOWN.—Exercising a depressive influence upon the stocks: an unshaken ship.

APPROPOS OF THE HARD TIMES.—An old friend with a new face; whatever it is, is right.

**CLASSICAL.**—What is the Latin for it when a man with blue eyes gets one then blackened? *Alter ego.*

**SPEAKING** of cheap things—it costs but a trifle to get a wife, but doesn't she sometimes turn out a little dear?

**A DIVORCE.**—Why are the people of the Confederacy like a married couple being divorced? Because their United States are being dissolved.

**WHY** is a dog shaking his tail over the grave of his master like a heave? Because it's a waggin' (wagon) for the dead.

**A FRIEND** was accosted on the street the other day by a sturdy mendicant in a state of inebriety, who said he wanted a little aid. Friend recommended lemon-ade.

**WHAT A PITY!**—The proposition to amend the Federal tax law so as to include babies under the head of "manufactures," does not seem to meet with favor.

**DIGITS.**—There were once only nine digits in our arithmetic, but we believe there are eleven now, counting in the digit of scorn, and "Dig it!" addressed to a fugitive.

**A QUESTION FOR ART CRITICS.**—When you "don't see" a man's picture, would it be right to say of him that he possesses the *ars celare artem*?

**RECOVERING.**—Solomon Slocum, who was thrown from the horse-railish a couple of weeks since, Dr. Banfudgeon reports to be in an effervescent state.

**ADVICE TO AN UNMARRIED CONFEDERATE.**—If you have a hankering after rebellion, take a wife, and then attend a concert with a handsome female friend.

**A CHANGE OF BASE.**—That unfortunate patriot Kossuth, who has for some time past been going to grass, is now, so they say, going to Greece.

**TIME SAVED.**—The wives along the Mississippi never blow up their husbands. They leave it all to the steam-boats, which are sure to do it sooner or later.

**VALUABLE REFLECTION.**—A man may be ever so poor, he may be ever so unfortunate, but he need never be hard up for candles so long as he makes light of his sufferings.

**CRISPINIAN.**—An angry fellow who recently undertook to "beat" a cabbage, got "beaten" for his pains. He acknowledged the "coot," likewise that he was regularly "sold."

**BY OUR COCKNEY.**—When can a young man assure himself of living to a good age? When before his mirror he is sure to be old himself.

**FOOD FOR REFLECTION.**—If anything will make a man feel "juicy about the heart," it is to talk velvet to a pair of sky-colored eyes in a clover field. Time—a moonshiny evening in June.

**AN UNDERTAKER.**—A quiescent, while passing under the street with his black coffin-like violin—under his arm, was stopped by a little five-year-old, who, in a sorrowful voice, asked him "if his little baby was dead."

**HEALTHY FISH.**—"Do you think, sir, that raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician. "Yes," he replied; "I never knew one to complain of being out of health in my life."

**PROLOGUES.**—"Tilly," said a mother to her daughter, who had "seen" but five sunnys, "What should you do without your mother?" "I should put on every day just such a dress as I wanted," was the prompt reply.

**FROM THE NILE.**—One of those amazing boys that are always getting puffed for their precocity, was recently asked by his preceptor how many mouths the Nile had; to which he

replied, that he supposed it had as many mouths as it had crocodiles. The child is doing well.

**REMARK BY A NINETEEN TRAVELER.**—The greatest country in the world for nineties is Africa. There you take your pick o' nineties.

**THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.**—What are the disagreeable features of it? First it sees (its care), and then it sighs (its eye), and then it snows (its nose), and then it slips (its lips).

**THE AFRICAN IDOL.**—The Egyptian god, Osiris, is usually represented with ears on his heels. It is just the reverse with the modern African idol, whose worshippers always describe him as having somebody's heels on his ears.

**TRYING THE CURENEY.**—P. Pipet says that he had never regarded New York stage-drivers as an eccentric race, until he saw one in a dark night buying a postage-stamp to see if it was good.

**A REFLECTION.**—"Skydos, you're the greatest jacks! I've seen lately!" said an individual to our friend, the other day. "Look in there," returned Skydos, holding a small mirror before said individual's eye, "and you'll talk back that assertion."

**THE TAX-MAN AFTER THE CRIMOLISE.**—The commissioner of internal revenue has decided that the manufacture of cord, tape, and covered wire, employed in making hoop-skirts, is liable to a tax of three per cent. *ad eorum.*

**MOTHERS, ATTENTION.**—Grace Greenwood, in a lecture on children, says, "We know by babies crying for the moon that, heaven is nearer to them than to us." Mothers, bear this in mind, and don't spank the little dears when they cry with such angelic longings.

**LAMPS V. OIL.**—The Pittsburgh *Chronicle* states that the "Aladdin" Coal Oil Company manufacture 12,000 barrels of oil per year, worth about 200,000 dollars. In the Arabian Nights Aladdin the lamp business beat those figures 6F—easy!

**MATT.**—Is it always a poor rule that you'll work both ways? "By no means," says a New York butcher-boy. "For instance, a dollar's worth of beef can always be had for four quarters, but it does not follow that four quarters of beef can always be had for a dollar."

**GRACE.**—An Indiana paper says, that during a trial in Lawrence Court, a young lad who was called as a witness, was asked if he knew the obligation of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed he should go where all the lawyers went.

**SPORTING.**—Advertising columns instruct us of "A nice cream-colored horse for sale." Our own perception of good things suggests to us that a cream-colored horse would be the right animal in the right place if harnessed to a confectioner's cart.

**THE "GALLANT LANCERS."**—Under the caption "officers dropped from the rolls of the army of the United States, for absence without leave," we have counted up the names of no less than twenty-three medical men. Surely the old Lancers must have had a peep into futurity when he made use of the expression *horrida surgens*!

**ENTOMOLOGICAL INTERROGATION.**—What loathsome insect does the circumstance of an elderly man, with a carpet-bag, seeing his third wife getting into a carriage drawn by four horses, with a strange and rather good-looking person in a waiter and whippers, on a balmy afternoon, remind one of? A—Spied her.

**TOO LATE.**—Jones remarked to Smith the other day, that he and Mrs. Toolles, who had been apart for a year, had come to terms again, but quarreled worse than ever; to which Smith, who is always on the look-out for a claque to slip in a joke, replied that when the peace

was once broken between man and wife, re-pairing never did any good.

**HAIRY.**—The slang phrase "Got him where the hair is short," is of very ancient origin, and is profanely supposed to have been the exclamation of one Delilah, as she waved her shears in triumph after clipping off the last lock of Samson's hair. It has been a by-word among the Philistines ever since.

**WINTERN GAS.**—A Wisconsin orator, who was lately delighting his audience with illustrations of our country's progress, used the following emphatic remark: "Fetter citizens, the fall of civilization is now exactly where the *first cure* was no more than sixty years ago." The remark was received with boisterous cheers.

**MYTHOLOGICAL.**—Metaphor is a very conspicuous element in the myths of the olden poets. The story of the Trojan Horse, for instance, by means of which vessel, according to Homer, the Greeks smuggled some of their warriors into the beleaguered city, is only a varnished way, probably, of conveying the fact that the besiegers overcame the sentries of the beleagued by the application of the Pony Drandy.

**ANOTHER REVERSE.**—Electioneering is a very interesting business. It expands the mind, opens the pocket, conglomerates the ideas, and thickens the tongue. As an example of its beneficial effects upon the intellect, we will mention the fact that a man who was heard to say, at the last New York election, that "the outgoing men didn't care a red stamp—they had feathered their broad first-rate, and buttered their nests on both sides."

**"THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER."**—We have at last found the origination of this popular phrase, in the following, clipped from an exchange. It is too good to lose. A friend of mine, who has been absent all winter, returning a few days since, called upon an estimable lady-friend. He was surprised to find her confined to a sick bed. After the first salutations were over, our friend remarked, "Why, Mrs. —, I am very sorry to find you so. I had heard that you were." "Quickly reaching over to the back of the bed, the invalid turned down the coverlid, disclosing a beautiful infant, wrapt in the embrace of the rosy god, and said, triumphantly, "That's what's the matter!"

**BRILLIANT IDEA.**—A gentleman who spent some days in the region of the coal-oil wells, in Pennsylvania, has been invited to give a lecture to the Government of the United States ought to interfere at once, and put a stop to further pumping and boring for oil in America. He is quite certain the oil is being drawn through these wells from the bearings of the earth's axis, and that the earth will cease to turn when the lubrication ceases! Such a supposition would beat anything that ever agitated the world, and the consequences be too great for ordinary minds to conceive or comprehend. It should be attended to at once.

#### A NEW STATE.

Old Ricketts was a man of labor, and had little or no time to devote to speculation in the future. He was a wharf, rather uncouth in the features of language. One day, while engaged in stopping hog-boles about his place, he was approached by a *colporteur* and presented with a tract.

"What is all this about?" demanded Ricketts. "That, sir, is a book describing the celestial state," was the reply.

"Celestial State!" said Ricketts; "where the demer is that?"

"My worthy friend, I fear that you have not—"

"Well, never mind," interrupted Ricketts; "I do not want to hear about any better State than old Pennsylvania. I intend to live and die right here, if I can only keep them darned hogs out."

## ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS.—IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

A True and Perfect Return of all ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS, placed under the charge of the Curator of the said Court, for collection and adjustment under the Act of Parliament of Victoria, No. 99, from the 1st day of January to the 30th day of June, 1862.—*London Gazette*, Dec. 2, 1862.

NOTE.—The Amount received by the Curator of the said Court, from the Estates in the whole Schedule amounted to £16,303 8s. 7d.

NO.	NAME OF DECEASED.	COLONIAL RESIDENCE.	SUPPOSED RESIDENCE OF FAMILY.	REMARKS.
53	William Robertson	None	Scotland	Died 23rd September, 1861
54	John Edgington	Thames	...	Died 12th February, 1862
55	Peter O'Laughlin	Melbourne	...	...
56	Peter O'Connor	Melbourne	...	...
57	John Daw	Hotham	...	Died 12th March, 1862
58	John Tait	Yandot	...	Died 17th January, 1862
59	Moses Houser	Melbourne	...	Died 13th February, 1862
60	Edward Older	Leachworth	...	Died 27th December, 1861
61	Ab Leach	Leachworth	...	Died 29th January, 1862
62	John Edwards	Melmsbury	...	Died 14th June, 1862
63	John Wannell	Woodend	...	Died 24th May, 1861
64	Henry Knuppel	Avoca	...	Died 6th March, 1862
65	Charles Walker	Hotham	...	Died 23rd March, 1862
66	Joseph Ryan	Hotham	...	Died 30th July, 1860
67	Thos. Turner	Carlsruhe	...	Died August, 1859
68	Timothy Sullivan	Bacchara Marsh	...	Died 6th January, 1862
69	John Hall	Maryborough	...	Died 13th February, 1862
70	Joseph Eglward	Melbourne	...	Died 7th January, 1862
71	George Collins	Dunolly	...	Died 28th January, 1862
72	Thomas Pardell	Campdown	...	Died 1st September, 1861
73	William Mainwaring	Implewood	...	Died 11th March, 1862
74	Abel Ashworth	Melbourne	...	Died 7th April, 1862
75	John Armstrong	Melbourne	...	Died 31st March, 1861
76	Alexr. Fraser	Floraeville	...	Died 18th October, 1858
77	Thos. W. Curtayne	Barly	...	Died 22nd February, 1862
78	Richard Lovelady	Melbourne	...	Died 6th April, 1862
79	Henry Torrens Moore	Melbourne	...	Died 11th December, 1861
80	William Johnson	Melbourne	...	Died 11th April, 1862
81	William Gregg	None	Donegal, Ireland	Died on board <i>Empress of the Seas</i> , from Liverpool

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**"GRAY HAIR."**—We have repeatedly given directions; but here is a good hair lotion for coloring the hair, composed of alcohol one pint, a table spoonful of castor oil, one-fourth of an ounce of sugar of lead, and the same quantity of flowers of sulphur. The sulphur should be mixed with the alcohol for about six hours before the other substances are added. Applied to gray hair it changes it generally into a dark brown color.

**CHEASE SPOTS.**—These eyesores may generally be removed by an application of French chalk. The corners of leather- and book are often grievously soiled by the buttery fingers of youth. To remove these stains scrape on them a little chalk and let it remain an hour or two, and then wipe off. If not removed, repeat the operation. The same application operates equally well upon greased clothing, though sometimes two or three applications may be needed.

**PLASTIC CEMENT FOR MOULDING FIGURES.**—Take good whiting, and work it into a prepaste with a weak solution of glue and a proportionate amount of refined turpentine. This forms the cement, which may be pressed (in moulds) into various shapes. It can also be worked with the hands, and thus formed into original figures. During this operation the hands should be occasionally rubbed with linseed oil, and the cement should be kept warm. It may be colored with any pigment, and when it becomes dry it is very hard.

**BOILER.**—A correspondent of the *Practical Farmer* gives the following recipe to those suffering from one of Job's evils: It is intended for "skinishing off" the boils, after they have attained their heading. Take a glass bottle, fill with water as hot as the skin can bear to have

near it, empty the same out, and apply the nose of the bottle to the wound while hot. In a second or two such a rushing out of the causes of all this trouble will make short work of Mr. Boil. Of course, the boil should be ripe for discharge.

**A VAPOR-BATH AT HOME.**—Place strong sticks across a tub of water at the boiling point, and sit upon them entirely enveloped in a blanket, feet and all. The steam from the water will be a vapor-bath. Some people put herbs into the water. Steam-baths are excellent for severe colds, and for some disorders in the bowels. They should be taken the last thing on going to bed, and from ten to fifteen minutes is long enough to remain over the steam. Stirring the water gently with a short stick, while under the blanket, will increase the volume of steam. Great care should be taken not to renew the cold after it should be doubly dangerous.

**WATERPROOF BOOTS.**—If hot tar is applied to boot soles, it will make them water-proof. Let a be as hot as the leather will bear without injury, applying it with a swab and drying it in by fire. The operation may be repeated two or three times during the winter, if necessary. It makes the surface of the leather quite hard, so that it wears longer, as well as keeps out the water. Oil or grease softens the sole, and does not do much in keeping the water out. It is a good plan to provide boots for winter during the summer, and prepare the soles by tarring, as they will then become, before they are wanted to wear, almost as firm as horn, and will wear twice as long as those unprepared.

**YANKEE CONTRIVANCES IN THE CHICKENCOOP OR HENROUN.**—If the organ-blower's occupation is not already gone, there appears a fair prospect that the period is not very remote when the organist may dispense with the services of his

"assistant." In the new Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston, the organ-blowing is performed by water power; a small stream being introduced, which does the work admirably, without getting the "sunks" and quarreling with the organist. All that the latter has to do is to turn a stop-cock, which lets on the water, and the organ bellows are put in motion, and supply all the wind desired. In the new church spire of Rev. Dr. Gannett, also in the City of Notions, there is a fine chime of bells, which is played upon by means of electricity, so that the performer may cease them all at sound exactly in the respective order he may desire, while seated at a key-board similar to that of an organ.

**MAKING GAME OF CHICKENS.**—It is generally known that the flavor of meat depends largely upon the kind of food on which the animal was fed before being killed. Fowls allowed to pick up their living from off and still yield flesh greatly inferior to that made from clean grain and other wholesome food. The spicy game flavor of partridges and other wild fowl is due to the aromatic nature of the berries and buds on which they subsist. As it is easy to regulate the food of domestic fowls, it is worth experimenting upon whether any desired flavor cannot be given to the meat. The *Scottish Journal of Agriculture* advances the opinion that this is possible. The chickens might not relish the food necessary to impart the flavor, but under the system of artificial feeding common in Europe this would be no hindrance. In France fowls are fattened by pouring farinaceous food in a liquid state down their throats, through a funnel made for the purpose; and it would be easy to impregnate the mixture with any oil or essence required. This would be necessary to be done for only a few days at the close of the fattening process, so that the health of the fowl need not be impaired.





# THE SCRAP BOOK

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ONE PENNY.



NOT TO BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

## THE BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER.

A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

(From the New York Ledger.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUSADE OF THE FOREST."

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE ONEIDA.

AT the distance of a hundred rods or so from the house of McDonald, over the further hill, and so out of the line of ordinary travel, lived an Indian of the Oneida tribe, named Sagouit. He, as well as most of his people, who lived further west, was of comparatively peaceful habits, and of a friendly disposition towards the settlers.

He was the Oneida alluded to in the con-

versation between McDonald and his daughter in our second chapter. Being a near neighbor, he was more or less familiar with them, and little kindnesses had often passed between them. The smoke of his wigwam could often be seen curling up among the trees just over the hill; and it gave to these lonely settlers a feeling of neighborhood and security to have it so. The savage was all the more acceptable as a near acquaintance, on account of his gentle, peaceful temper, and his unwarlike habits. He was thoroughly skilled in woodcraft, and lacked none of the useful and peculiar arts and habits of his race. On the day in question, he had been on the bank of the river, when the strange boat passed below; and it was by an incautious tread of his that the attention of one of the rangers in it had been aroused. Of course he had been an attentive observer of all their movements, though he kept cautiously out of their sight. He had

even kept so near them, while in the glen, as to overhear a part of their conversation; and from that, as well as his knowledge of the strange tribes to which the aborigines belonged, it was plain that they were not present for any good purpose. If they meant to deal in open hostilities, the family in the log-cabin he knew to be too weak to resist, even with his own aid. He had not, therefore, given warning of their approach, suspecting that the fiery temper of the old Scotchman might lead to a rupture, at first sight, if he had good reason to believe them enemies.

As soon, therefore, as Sagouit perceived the reception of the two men at the house, he slipped off into the woods, and, after a short circuit, came out upon the river bank, some distance below. Following the path he already mentioned as running along the upper edge, he proceeded lightly and rapidly down stream for



a couple of miles, coming at last to a point where the shore was neither high nor precipitous, and where the river was wide, shallow and full of "riffles," so that a man could, without much difficulty, wade across, except during high water. At this point he pulled from beneath some overhanging bushes a light "lug-out," or log-canoe, and proceeded to cross the stream.

All these proceedings, however, had not taken place as secretly as he supposed. To explain, we must revert a little.

It will be remembered that the man Bob, and the Indian who had been called Sabbat, after landing Bartlett and his companion, had returned down stream to seek the cave where they were to remain hid. This was so well screened from ordinary observation, that they actually passed it for some distance before suspecting that such might be the fact. At length, however, the sailor's eye of the white man, accustomed to note landmarks, disclosed to him that he must be beyond the point they were seeking. The Indian, meanwhile, not being called upon for any exertion, had lain with apparent indifference in the stern of the little boat.

"Look here, Sabbat," he had whispered his companion, in his hoarse voice. "I begin to think we must be a little out in our reckoning. We might have known it if we had only thrown the log now and then; but who'd have thought of that in these shallow soundings? I say, mightn't you as well keep a look-out there about? Watch and watch, say I, and turn about, is fair play."

"Where go you?" said the Indian, apparently opening his eyes as from a sleep, and looking about along the shore.

"Where go? To the devil, for ought I can tell," said his half-savage companion. "Blowed if I can see any landmarks of this here harbor we're trying to make."

"What mean by harbor?" asked the savage, now sitting up.

"The cove where we lay hid," said Stornway, "and where we're to stay till they join."

The Indian, without hesitation, after turning on his seat, pointed to a tuft of bushes hanging down the ledge, nearly a hundred yards above where they lay.

Stornway replied by a grunt of dissatisfaction. However, there was nothing to do but to return as well as they could. And then, after they had headed the boat in the supposed direction, they found this by no means so easy a task as they had supposed. The current was strong, and they found the labor of stemming it so severe, and their progress so slow, that, after pulling into the shore, the Indian alighted, and, with the aid of a small rope, towed the light craft more leisurely up the stream. It was while engaged in this way that his attention became attracted by the sound of light and rapid footsteps on the bank above. At once giving a sign for silence to his companion, he watched the figure to a stone, and after carefully observing the ledge, he stole to it; and by the aid of roots and small cliff projections, soon succeeded in creeping up to hear the trip. All this took place in a moment, and with as much silence as if he had been a shadow moving up the face of the cliff. After remaining near the top for a moment, Sabbat, to the surprise of his companion, suddenly rose, and passing entirely over, disappeared. He had seen the Onondia, and was on his track.

"Humph!" muttered Stornway to himself, as he saw this: "I wonder whereaway this pirate is cruising, and how he has got the wind-sump! He looked up there, like the devil in the cross-tree, grinning in hopes of a game of wind."

The disappearance of Sabbat, and his discovery of Onondia, will account for the circumstance that, as the latter was actually paddling his canoe across the river, and before he had attained a hundred yards from the shore, an arrow whizzed past him and stuck trembling in

the prow of his boat. He dropped so suddenly into the canoe, however, that the looker-on might have supposed he had been struck by the arrow, which stood quivering in the bow, and the feathered shaft of which waved in the wind like a little flag. The canoe, meanwhile, turning with the current, shot rapidly down stream. Other persons followed the first, but they only stuck in place, and were of no use. Meanwhile, the little boat, obedient to some unseen influence, gradually sheered away from the southern shore until it was beyond the reach of missiles from it. This unseen influence was the paddle, held over the further side, and acting as a rudder. The hand that held and guided it was the only object exposed, and was too small a mark to be easily hit. In fine, the boat, as if endowed with instinct, still veered away until it reached the northern side of the river, a mile or so below where it started; its occupant then composedly fastened it to the shore, and, climbing the bank, disappeared in the woods beyond.

Sabbat was sorely disappointed. He returned to seek his companion, and with him to betake himself to their retreat. It is hardly necessary to say that Stornway, impatient at the delay, had already sought the shelter of the cave, and was with great difficulty that the Indian succeeded, partly by wading and partly by climbing, in reaching the same place of retreat.

Without explanation, and without ado, he then coolly made his arrangements to light his pipe and indulge in the dreamy luxury of smoking. While his companion, after a grunt or so of dissatisfaction, fell into a long, lazy, noisily sleep.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE WOOD-CHOPPER.

We must cross the river with the Onondia for a moment. The log, by the time it clambered over the hills, and was about a mile from the stream, upon an open ridge of land, commanding a view of the site of the goodly Dutch town of Schoharie.

The Indian sat upon a log. His air was composed and thoughtful, and his countenance, like that of a statue of bronze—as still, so motionless. After a long pause, however, he slowly took from his girdle a small horn whistle, which he contemplated for a moment, with looks of simple wonder, and then applying it to his lips, he sent forth a long, shrill sound, which was swallowed by the forest, and which might have been heard at the distance of a mile or more. Confident that the signal would answer the purpose, he now replaced it, and resumed his fit of musing. In truth, he had immediate evidence that the call was heeded, in the confusion of the axe strokes, which up to that time had been regular and incessant.

A few moments afterwards he could distinguish the footsteps of a man tramping among the leaves, and apparently approaching. The Indian sorely desired to raise his head as the sound neared, but he could not.

"Tillo, Sock-y, is that you again?" said a strong, pleasant voice; "but of course I might have known it from the whistle. How are you, my old boy, and how fares all the folks on your side of the river?"

The Indian met the hearty salutation of the new-comer with grave courtesy; and it was apparent from their manner that they were old friends.

This new-comer is worthy of some notice.

In stature, he was a little less than six feet, and was dressed in a very odd kind of brown and black striped dress, and a broad, black, leather cap, free in his movements as possible. On his feet were tough moccasins of untanned deerhide; his trousers were of coarse, brown woolen cloth, sustained by a leathern belt across his waist. His only other garment was a red woolen shirt, loosely and buttoned at the throat, and confined about his middle by the belt. On his head was a cap of mink fur, considerably worn.

The letter he now raised from his head to let the fresh breeze cool his forehead. He exhibited, in fact, a most pleasing face of honesty and frankness; it was flushed with the glow of unbroken health, and was browned with exposure; while his hair, of greenish flaxen and abundant growth, showed his head in chestnut ringlets. He was young, apparently not more than five-and-twenty; though his face bore those common marks of American training, namely, lines of thought and looks of manly self-reliance, the natural result of his being early pushed out upon the world to make his own way unaided, and alone. The American youth is often a man of experience at eighteen.

The person before us, then, though rude and unlettered, would have been treated with deference in any assembly of border ages. In short, he was John Wheaton, the wood-chopper, already several times spoken of.

As he came up he deposited by the side of the log a heavy, bright-bladed, long-handled axe—that potent leveler of the forests of the New World.

After shaking Sagouit heartily by the hand, he continued:

"I tell ye, Onondia, I'm right glad you've come, for I ain't heard anything from Jenny for nigh on to a week; and in these days one likes to keep a close look to one's friends. What's goin' on over there, and what brought you here?"

"Tall Indian one question first," said the other composedly.

"That's but reasonable," said Wheaton. "I ought to remember your ways of talkin'. One thing at a time, says you. Well, then, first and foremost, what's goin' on over the river?"

"Nuttin' goin' on dere. Indian come down. One-four, four, plenty, wid white man and canoe."

"And how did you get on givin' a right start."

"Indians there?" said he; "but I suppose they're some of your own people—friendly?"

"No," said the savage. "Not Onondia, Ottawa; know him well. Come from Canada did British."

"Well! Sock-wit, what's this you tell me?" exclaimed the other; "and what have they done with the old man and his family?"

"Nuttin, yet," said the Onondia; "hide in creek; creep to the house in lie paint—make poldier man; set big fire, for cheat; that all."

"And how did the old man take it?" said Wheaton; "didn't you put him on his guard?"

"No," said the other.

"Onondia!" exclaimed Wheaton. "I didn't think that of you! It wa'n't friendly."

"What use?" said the Indian. "Ole man quick to make muddin'; all get kill."

"That's what," said the other, thoughtfully; "there's no use in showin' fight all alone; and by being quiet, the savages may only take 'em prisoners. But you said something about a white man?"

"Bartlett," said Sagouit.

"Bartlett!" said his companion, with astonishment; "that villain venture in these parts again? If I don't eat him up by the roots, may I be shot! However, I see how it is, you come after him, and we must be stirrin', if we'd be in time to do any good. What weapons have you got?"

"Got good bow and arrow—and ole gun, but dat broke."

"Well," said his companion, "p'raps you'd better stick to the bow, under these circumstances. Taint so noisy, but you know how to make it. He as bad as a rattlesnake. I'll jump to the clearing and get my old covey-bomb, as the Kanakas used to call it, though why they should call a good rifle by that name is more than I can tell. It don't carry no beans nor peas, but a good ounce ball, more the size of a walnut, and that carries to a dead certainty."

As he had not taken the former long to provide himself with his gun, so that in a few minutes the two men were on their way towards the

river. During this time, Squit acquainted his companion more fully with the details of the events which had transpired.

"Is Jack dead," said Whoston. "Then always never would have come down this far if they did not expect help to follow them soon. They must have been with St. Leger's army at Fort Stanwix. How dare the deuce they wait in particular of old McDonald?"

"Want gun, suppose," replied the Indian sentimentally.

The face of the woodsman flushed to deep scarlet with indignation at this suggestion.

"Soh!" he said, between his teeth, "nothing less than Johnny will suit his dainty stomach! May he eat apples, may he, if I don't give him a dish before long that will stay his appetite for some time to come."

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### DIPLOMACY.

"It may be so, friend," said McDonald to his guest, Bartlett, who was now installed at his table; "it may be so, but there's a white smoke tale of a girl: battle in the Onondaga country; but there's no word as to who got the bettermost. However, we must eat talk things as they come, now; and being honest, peaceful folk, we've no grudge matter to settle."

"As for that," said Bartlett, while he busily plied his knife and fork, "I am afraid your honesty wouldn't go a great way with some of the gentry in St. Leger's army. It's hard to tell the scalp of a good citizen from that of a rogue, when one it hangs at an Indian's girdle. Sometimes they don't even hesitate to take that of women and children, and their long, sick looks tie up beautifully."

During the latter part of these remarks the man fixed his eyes on the young girl, Jenny, who, occupying a corner of the room, had turned out to hear what he was saying. There was a look of mourning and of malice in his face which made her tremble; and at the moment it seemed to her that he, whom she had hitherto supposed a stranger, had been seen by her on some former occasion, and in some disagreeable connection.

"Ye seem very familiar with their way yourself, friend?" said old McDonald, looking at his guest coldly; "and there's just one thing which might mak a body think the battle about the Plate had gone for the British."

"And pray what might that be?" said Bartlett.

"E'en your ain presence here, and that of your colored friend in the chimney neck," replied the old man.

"Well now, really," said Bartlett, "I don't see how that shows anything."

"Dont you, though?" said the other; "and since when has ye been free to trudge on both sides of the line? Ilco came ye by those martin skins I see in the pack?"

"Oh, as for them," replied Bartlett, considerably embarrassed, "I bought them of one of the western Indians, thinking that in these times, when we cannot go through the St. Lawrence, they ought to bring a good price."

"For 's' that, I'm thinking friend," said McDonald, quietly, "that the road is free to you thereabouts than here, unless, maybe, the fighting may be 'bout to cover the line. Besides, if I mean speak the bald truth, ye're mixed there has a look of no the like in these parts, where the creatures are well kenne'd. Fairly rosy Franche, muncher?" he asked, suddenly, addressing himself to the savage.

"Oot—dat mean—dat mean—pas do fall," said the Indian, starting at the address, and evidently taken by surprise.

Bartlett coloured to the temples.

"Where the devil thoseimps pick up French is more than I know," said he.

"It's no mystery, rude man," said McDonald, without showing any emotion in his countenance; "and nair by the snow token that ye

seem to understand it's French yourself." It's an unclancy tongue, mick's orer and awa' my ain comprehension. The question was but a kind of a tush-tush I use on strangers here out in the forest."

Meanwhile Bartlett seemed more and more uneasy, and cursing, in his heart, both his own want of foresight and the stupidity of the Indian. They had both triply exposed themselves to suspicion under the questions of the crafty old Stetelman, who, unless measures were taken to prevent it, might make use of his knowledge to their ruin.

"As for my," answered Bartlett, after a pause, "you must know that my business, before the war, led me on both sides of the line, and that I had to get a smattering of all languages, from Dutch to Ottawa."

The Indian, who, during this colloquy, understood but imperfectly what was being said, bearing the sound of his own name at the end of Bartlett's remark, took it for an address to himself, and replied:

"Ici, sare, what you want? be dam!" "Is it Dutch or Indian the creature's talking now?" asked McDonald, still with immovable coolness.

"What gibberish is it you're muttering there?" said Bartlett, considerably irritated, to the savage. "Who the devil spoke to you? Are you drunk?"

By this time the savage began to comprehend that his efforts to join in the conversation had not advanced matters much; and feeling, in his turn, offended at the brusque tone of Bartlett, he took the course of shutting himself up in sullen silence.

"You've no idea," continued Bartlett, turning to McDonald, "what trouble I have with that fellow. Twenty times or more he has barely taken my talking into a scrape, by his conceit in showing off his laming."

"No doubt of that, mon," said his companion, "and he's struck me as a travelling companion quite out of the ordinary for such as ye seem."

"Yes," answered Bartlett, "he's the best judge of peltty this side of Niagara, and in buying he's worth his powder and run to me; but, I say, neighbor, I think we must be going, as we have finished our meal, and as you are neither disposed to say nor so."

"Well, and ye were forewarned o' that," said the old man.

"I know, I know," responded the other, "and I do not complain. How much have we to pay for what we've had?"

"Hout tout mon!" exclaimed McDonald, indignantly, "do ye take me for the keeper of a house? No? Na mair o' that. Ye're welcome to wha' ye're extra, and so wad be any stroller, but we so fa ask your siller."

"Well, well, neighbor," answered Bartlett, "there's no offence, I hope, where none was intended; but I suppose I may give something to your little daughter there, without raising your proud stomach?"

So saying, he took his pack and proceeded to unbolt it, but the old man protested, exclaiming:

"My daughter's no that bit fond of gewgaws for speering for them at the hands of the first stranger that comes; so ye can gang your ways, and say an mair about it."

The man, however, paid no attention to the remark, and, after a few seconds, he rose up, bearing in his hands a pair of small Indian moccasins, lined with fur on the inside, and on the outside beautifully carved over with beads.

"There, say pretty one," said he, "I think these will be small enough to fit you. They were made for a daughter of one of the Seneca chiefs, but the poor girl was killed some years ago, during an harod of the Hurons; and the moccasins have since hung in her father's wigwag, till he gave them to me."

Jenny had rarely seen anything of the sort, so

beautifully made, and her young eyes sparkled at the thought of possessing them, in spite of the repugnance she felt against the giver.

She looked timidly at her father as Bartlett approached.

"You may take them, lassie," said the old man, "if you like; the gentleman seems determined to part w' something, and why not these as soon as any?"

"But, sir," said Jenny, "they were made for one who died, and they may bring misfortune."

"Not to one who knows how to use them," said the man, approaching her; "for such a one could employ them to walk away from danger, and to reel a true friend."

While saying thus there was a smile upon his face, but his eyes were set steadily and meaningly upon those of Jenny. She, blushing coply, turned quickly away from him, and going near her father, said:

"I'll not tak them, sir; they're no becoming fash at me; and besides, we do not sell our blood and wad."

"Right spoken, lassie," said the old man, taking her by the hand, "it was the Highland heart of ye that took up the wad then. No, neebour," he continued, addressing himself to Bartlett; "we've had name o' your gifts, and, thank ye also, some of your best wads; so we can depart an ye like wad a worse faring."

"What the devil!" said Bartlett, rising up, with marks of indignation in his face; "what is the meaning of all this childish conduct? Can't you show common civility? Here Ottawa, let us shake hands!"

"Dile a bit, lass," interrupted McDonald, who had taken his gun from a corner, and now stepped forward towards his two guests, with a dangerous sternness imprinted on his forehead; "bide a bit, or ye mak fashion matters worse. Ye hae said ye're no a warrior, but your wads be spoken here, or ye'll find the account o' it."

So saying, he rapped the butt of the gun lightly against the floor, and the silence that followed the echo of it seemed to the two strangers to have a certain threatening emphasis.

Both Bartlett and the savage had left their guns outside, and they now found themselves, in a degree, at the mercy of their host. On the whole, therefore, Bartlett concluded it would be safer to forego the brawl which he had intended to raise the moment before, and, by temporising, to defer his opportunity to a more suitable period. After some hesitation and noisy reflection, he said, endeavoring to assume an untroubled air:

"You take a little matter mighty high, it seems to me, neighbor? What have I done to call out these threats? We were about leaving in peace; and all the favor I'll ask of you is to let me know how I can get across to the settlements on the other side of the river, where I hope to meet with more hospitality and better manners than you seem disposed to show."

"Fine words," answered McDonald, in no way dissuaded of his bad faith; "fine words; but an ye wad cross the river, ye mair can gang back to Schakady for host, or try the ribs below by wading."

Without such mere aids, therefore, the two strangers left the house, McDonald accompanying them to the edge of the cliff, to point out the line of "riff," crossing the stream by which they were to get over. In doing this he ran no risk, for Bartlett, having recovered from his momentary excitement, acknowledged to himself the imprudence of the course he had, for a few minutes, contemplated. He wished then to distract further attention, by placing the river between himself and McDonald; for once on the northern bank he could not return except by daylight, and could then be seen; for at night the passage by the "riff" was too dangerous to be attempted.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE NEIGHBORS.

It was known that somewhere on the northern

shore, and not far distant, there was then living a family of the name of Smith; the principal members of which, if rumor spoke truth, were more than half inclined to be loyalists, or Tories—that is to say, whenever they could manifest their preferences with safety.

If Bartlett could now get in confidential communication with them it would be some guarantee for his own security; and he did not doubt, now that he knew his position, so well, but that, with their aid, he could soon contrive some means of carrying out the plan he had in view.

Leaving, therefore, Sternway and Sabbath in the barque, because it would not do just yet to make their presence known, he descended, with Ottawa, to the shore; and, by the aid of long poles to feel their way, they succeeded, after an hour's painful exertion, in wading across the river. It was no light task, as anyone can satisfy himself by visiting the place at the present time. The stream is rapid, and fully a quarter of a mile wide. Alternately it foams over sharp ledges, that cut their way up to the surface, and then tumbles into deep pools, where it eddies and circulates as in a cauldron. However, the passage, such as we have described it, was successfully accomplished by the strangers. It may be stated that this fording-place was about half a mile below the point where M'Donald's house stood.

The family of Smiths alluded to above, was composed of an old man, more than sixty years of age, and stone blind; his wife and his two sons. He himself was of a gigantic size and frame, and, in spite of his age, still possessed the strength of a Hercules. His eldest son inherited a large portion of his muscular power; but the younger one was decrepit from his birth, one leg being crooked and shorter than the other. By way of compensation, however, he was possessed of a malicious wit and some degree of acquirements, by which, under the shield of his mother's partiality, he exercised a controlling influence in the family. All were more or less detested by their neighbors, as well as feared, not only for their ill-timed and political disaffection, but because of their strange and superstitious habits, of which more anon. Their house was a large, log concern, quite on the top of the north bank, which sloped abruptly, but not precipitously, down to the level of the water, from a height of a hundred feet. From the smoke from their chimney could be seen by the two strangers while crossing the river, and it served them as a landmark. At this point where they struck the shore there was a low marshy flat some rods in width, covered with willows and water plants. The water, however, ran by their way through it, and on the commanding ascent of the slaty activity they saw, a little way above them, a large pile of freely-dug earth.

Proceeding cautiously, and in the silence which forest life and the nature of the times rendered prudent, they soon attained an elevation near the pile of excavated gravel, where they began to hear the clink of hammers as of men drilling into rock. They paused in utter astonishment. What could people be doing there? But there was no use in surmising. As for the Indian, he took all the extraordinary facts of civilization as *quod mirabile*, or, possibly, as *quod mirabile* would be *phenomena*; so that, like an ignorant Turk at the French opera, he had become a pure stork as to all new changes of the scene. His white complexion, however, having no marvels to eat his aspect, was moved only by simple curiosity. He remained, therefore, motionless, and could look over the accumulation of earth, and he saw a cavity beyond. At first, it seemed quite dark, but by force of gazing, he succeeded in a little while in discovering the extent of the excavation, which ran horizontally, or nearly so, into the hill side, to a depth of thirty or forty feet. Near the mouth of an old blind man, on a stone, and leaning on a cane. Further in was a tallow candle shielding a dull, yellow light

around. In the distance was a robust figure at work with a mallet and a drill. It was all invisible. What in the name of folly could they be at? Bartlett was about to climb over the intervening obstacle in order to accost the blind man, when his attention was attracted by a slight chuckle which he heard above him. He looked up, and beheld the wide, flat, fresh countenance of a young man peering from behind a tree just over the entrance of the hole. The face, notwithstanding its youth and freshness, bore no marks of foolishness. On the contrary, it was one of discernment and scrutiny. Soon after, the body to which it belonged emerged from its partial concealment, and Bartlett saw a limping, deformed person standing before him.

"How de dew, Job Bartlett?" said the strange figure to him.

"You seem to know me," replied Bartlett, "and I rather imagine that I should know you, also. You and those in there must be the Smiths I have heard so much about, and once knew a little."

"No mistake," said the other, "they" (pointing to the hole) "mayn't recollect ye, but I do for I'm thinking you're the right sort, eh?" "I see," answered the man, "we shall understand each other at half a word, and without winking."

At this moment, a sort of deep, rumbling growl was heard from the interior of the cavity, and it was some seconds before Bartlett could make out that it was a human voice, so harsh and hoarse was it in sound, and so peculiar in pronunciation. He made out of it, at last, something like the following:

"Who the devil, Solon, are you a talking with, out thar?"

"That's the told one," said Solon, to the new-comer. "His ears is as sharp as a rabbit's, though he is to be blind as a blind bat."

The two, leaving the Indian without, now entered the cavity, where Bartlett was soon introduced to the two occupants—father and elder son. An acquaintance was soon struck up between them, for their dispositions were too sympathetic to permit them for a long time to remain on the footing of strangers.

"What in the name of wonder are you doing here?" said Bartlett, after a time, his mind recurring to the singularity of their occupation.

"Eldad can tell ye that," said the old fellow, with dubious but mysterious smile on his face, and nodding his head towards his elder son; "though if he'd foller my advice, he'd let out the secret to no mortal soul. Heh, Eldad?"

Eldad, in fact, for that was his name, looked at his father anxiously, as well as somewhat angrily, then turning away, he threw down his tool, muttering something about old fools meddling with what they didn't understand. His action was taken as a hint that further operations were to be suspended for the day; and they all moved out into the open air.

(To be continued in our next.)

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## ASTREA;

### THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the New York Ledger.)  
BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

"THE HIDDEN MAN," "HOW FUNNY," "ECSTASY,"  
"THE TOWN OF DEVILS,"  
&c., &c., &c.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### ARRIVAL OF AN OLD FRIEND.

It gives me wonder, great as my content,  
To see you here, my dear Astrea.

A week slipped away, and Astrea was well enough to leave her room. She went over the house and found that Ramford's servants, by way of recommending themselves to the new master, had given it a thorough renovation, and made it really pleasant. Astrea, with a connoisseur's eagerness for outdoors, wandered all day long about the grounds. She had no one to restrain or advise her, and so she went out early and stayed out late every day, until at last, in her feeble condition, she took a cold that once more confined her to her room.

It was late one afternoon that she was sitting in the east-chamber, beside the back window of her chamber, watching the crimson, purple, and golden clouds that canopied so royally the setting sun, when she heard the sound of wheels upon the drive, and presently afterwards the noise of a large arrival. There came two carriages stopped before the door, and discharged their passengers; then followed the entrance of many people into the hall; the sound of soft, silvery voices, mingled with rougher tones; and the thumping down of many heavy trunks and boxes upon the floor. By these tokens true Astrea felt that the man that the new master and his family had arrived.

Some of the party went up stairs, and their trunks were carried up behind them.

Others—ladies they seemed—went into the front parlour adjoining her own. Here their airy dresses and ways were once more heard giving directions where their trunks and boxes must be placed. Their words and tones in speaking to the servants were gentle and courteous. That argued well for them. Some time passed, in which it seemed that they changed their travelling-dresses; and then they all went out together, entered the dining-room. Next Astrea heard the servants carrying in the tea, and then "the soft tinkling of silver spoons upon china saucers," and the cheery voices that usually are heard around the tea-table. An hour passed thus, and then she heard the same servants enter the tea-parlour. And then in a few minutes, to her great relief, Venus entered the room, bringing her supper.

"So they've come at last," said Venus, as she set the cup of coffee and plate of buttered toast beside Astrea; "and, honey, I take back all I ever said about 'em, 'even if they are ole marse's lations, deed I do."

"Then you like the new master?" Astrea inquired.

"Honey, de new marse is a *missus*, an' a proper lady, too, as 'aves herself like a lady, an' knows how to treat human creatures as such, an' not as dogs."

"Who is she and what is her name?"

"Hi, honey, how I know who she is, marse'n I can't ole marse's 'heires? An' as for her name, I ain't heard it yet."

"Who are those with her? There seem to be several ladies, or are they?"

"See chilton, honey, her chilton; she's de molder, dough she do look more like deie sister."

Astrea, with the interest natural to one in her position, asked many more questions about the new arrivals, party, and when they had been satisfactorily answered, feeling well and weary, she retired to bed. Venus, who still occupied

her place on the mattress beside Astré's bedstead, soon followed her example. About ten o'clock she heard the ladies enter the adjoining room and go to rest. Then, as nothing more disturbed her during the night, she went to sleep.

Early in the morning, Astré, feeling much recovered, arose and dressed herself. She was, in truth, very anxious to be introduced as soon as possible to the new mistress, so as to tell her story, if perchance it might gain credit, and thus to learn her fate.

Venus, as usual, brought her breakfast to her room, and told her that the new mistress and her party were also at breakfast in the dining-room.

Astré drank her chocolate and sat her muffin, and then awaited with impatience an opportunity of speaking to the new proprietor. From time to time, during the morning, Venus put her head into the door to report progress. Once she said:

"Mistress done sent pos' haste for de lawyer."

And another time she announced:

"Marse Lawyer Fulmore done 'rived; an' he and de madam in de parlor sittin' at de center table wid a whole raft o' papers before dem."

Upon another occasion she looked in and said:

"Mistress resdin' over a list of de field hands."

Late in the afternoon she came into the room and announced:

"De lawyer is gone. De madam an' de young ladies is in de parlor. De madam been lookin' over a list of de house servants, an' has had ebery one of us up before her, one at a time, to speak to her get 'quainted wid, like. An' now she has jes as for da girl Zora, which she means jist, honey, an' she wants you to come in immediate."

"She is in the parlor, you said?" inquired Astré, rising.

"Sittin' in dere wid de young ladies."

Astré went for a moment to the glass, smoothed her hair, adjusted her dress, and passed directly to the parlor.

As she entered her eyes fell upon a striking group. Upon the sofa that stood between the two front windows, was seated a stately and beautiful woman, whose bright golden hair and fair, radiant complexion were well set off by her rich mourning dress. Beside her, and leaning carelessly upon her shoulder, sat a lovely young girl, who, in features and complexion, so closely resembled the lady, that strangers would have taken them for sisters. Upon a cushion at the lady's feet, sat a little dart, sparkling kind of a creature, whose crimson cheeks rested upon the lady's lap, but whose head was nearly concealed by a fall of glittering jet-black ringlets. This girl raised her brilliant black eyes for a moment to look at the new-comer; and with a sudden cry she sprung to her feet and ran across the floor, exclaiming:

"Why, that is Dancy! That is Astré! That is Mrs. Fulke Greville!" Then, as if unable to advance another step, or speak another word, Ettie Burns, for of course it was herself, stopped short in breathless astonishment and joy.

#### CHAPTER LIX.

##### RECOVERY.

"Tut, tut, tut, lady."

Our friend's friend.

SHAKESPEARE.

"Orr, Ettie! Ettie Burns!" exclaimed Astré, hurrying forward—"have you come from heaven to save me?"

"No, I came from New York with my splendid grandmother! But where did you come from? How came you away down here in this out-of-the-way place?"

"Ettie, I was forcibly abducted and brought here. I have been kept in restraint ever since, and not even been permitted to write to my friends!"

"Well—I never! Here is a girl. Do you know, Astré, that many people believe you to

have been murdered, and that Colonel Greville—" Here Ettie abruptly paused in her speech, frightened by the sudden paleness of Astré, and conscious that she had nearly said too much, for she had been on the point of adding, "has been arrested for your murder."

"Colonel Greville! Oh, what of Colonel Greville, Ettie?" eagerly questioned Astré.

"Won't believe a word about your having been killed, you know! And neither will the Captain!"

"And are they well? oh, Ettie! are they well?"

"Why, yes, as well as anybody could hope them to be and you away!"

"My husband, Ettie! oh, he is indeed in good health?"

"As hearty as possible under the circumstances, I tell you."

"And my dear old guardian! oh, he is old! Are you sure he does not fail?"

"Not—one—bit! He looks as if he might live a half-century longer! though that would be a pity for him, too, for I—do—know—that when Captain William Fuljoy dies, he'll go right up to heaven, without even being asked to show his ticket!"

"All well! All well! Oh, thank Heaven!" said Astré, fervently—"but, Ettie, if they did not believe I was murdered, how did they account for my absence?"

"They thought that you had been stolen away! And they put advertisements in all the papers, and they offered large rewards for any information about you! and, oh, dear! here's another!"

"What, dear Ettie?"

"Well, I shall get the reward because I have found you! And, oh! it's ever so many thousand dollars! Because Colonel Greville and Captain Fuljoy and Madame de Glacie all put in, I do suppose."

"Madame de Glacie, my dear? Who is Madame de Glacie?"

"Oh, Erick! but then of course you don't know! she's your mamma, that you were stolen away from, when you were a baby! Don't you know, you used to have a dim recollection of an old chateau and a—"

"Well, yes, tell me about my mother!"

"Well, you see, she saw your *carle de visite* in a show-window at Paris, and so she recognized it as the likeness of her daughter, and she made inquiries, and finally traced you all the way to Fuljoy's island, and arrived only a few days after you were missed."

"Oh, my poor mother! what a bitter disappointment!"

"Wasn't it though? Ah, but didn't she bear it like a hero, neither? I'll tell you what, she's a *brick*; and I don't believe the other's could have borne up at all if it hadn't been for *her*! She put up all their spirits! She it was who first insisted that they were not dead, and she it was who had all the advertisements put in the paper, and who employed my handsome uncle, Welby Dunbar, to hunt you up!"

"Welby Dunbar!" re-echoed Astré, as the name sounded in her ears like a dim reminiscence of her childhood.

"Yes! My handsome uncle! he is here now! Oh, won't he be glad, rather, though? He shan't have the reward, however, because I found you!"

"And do you mean to say that my mother's attorney, the gentleman she employed to seek me, is really in this house?"

"Well, he is not anywhere else," said Ettie; "and you can see him if you like!"

"Heaven be praised! But oh, Ettie, how was it that he came? Did they get any else to help them to trace me here?"

"Not the least little bit in the world."

"How then is it that he is here?"

"Chance, accident—Providence I mean! And the most natural thing in this world! You see he is my splendid grandmother's son, and my splendid grandmother is Mr. Ramford's sister

and heiress, and she came down here to take possession of the property!"

"Providence indeed! But, my dear Ettie, how is it that you are here? I thought you a fixture at Burnston?"

Ettie's bright face clouded over as she answered:

"My Grandfather Burns died and I was sent to my Grandmamma Greville in New York."

"Your Grandmamma Greville, my dear? I did not know that you had a grandmamma of that name."

"Of course you didn't; because, you see," said Ettie, lowering her voice confidentially, "I didn't know it myself until a little while ago, for the reason that Grandfather Burns and Grandmother Greville couldn't saddle horses together."

"Couldn't saddle horses together, Ettie?" repeated Astré, in a perplexed and questioning tone.

"Oh, bosh! you know what I mean—they couldn't agree; so that has never mentioned her to me, till just before he died. And, oh! I say, Astré! here's another! oh! it has just struck me!"

"What is that, my dear?"

"Why, my Grandmamma Greville is *your* step-mother-in-law!"

"Step-mother-in-law, Ettie!"

"Well, yes, she is, slightly."

"How is that, my dear?"

"Why, if Mrs. Greville is Colonel Greville's step-mother, isn't she your *step-mother-in-law*?"

"Ettie!" exclaimed Astré, in a low and hurried voice, "do you mean to tell me that this lady is the Mrs. Courtney Greville of New York, who—"

"Well, she ain't anybody else! And here she comes now herself to see what we are at!" exclaimed Ettie, as Mrs. Greville was observed to arise and approach them.

The conversation between Astré and Ettie had gone on with great rapidity. Answer had followed question, and exclamation had followed comment with breathless vehemence. But it must not be supposed that it had been unobserved. Mrs. Greville and Lois had witnessed the meeting and the recognition at first with astonishment and surprise, but when they had watched the exciting interview with the deepest interest. Some parts of the conversation were perfectly audible; other portions, in which both parties lowered their voices, were not so. However, having reached Mrs. Greville's ear to convince her that in this lovely young stranger, Ettie had recognized the lost bride of Fulja's Island. Twice or thrice, from the impulses of benevolence, she had risen to approach the speakers. And as often, from scruples of delicacy, she had hesitated to intrude upon their interview. She had hoped that Ettie herself would see the propriety of presenting her to the combination of circumstances, so have been separated and estranged ever since! But you, my dear, I hope, may be the means of uniting us. That is, if he has not taught you to hate and distrust me!"

Astré was trembling with voice; but she answered, though in a faltering voice:

"My husband never mentioned your name to me, madam. But from other sources I know that the long ostracism was not of his making. As soon as he had won some honors at the college to which our uncle sent him, he wrote, most respectfully, to inform you of his success,

Lady, the only answer he received to his letter was a cold line, declining all knowledge of the writer. You cannot wonder that he never wrote again!"

"I do not. But, oh, my dear, it all grew out of the strangest freak of fortune that ever was played a fish-boy. At the very moment of writing that letter, I was firmly persuaded that my step-son was under my own roof, and that some impostor had written to me. The story is too long to tell you now. But this much I may say: that a boy, the perfect image, counter-part, *fac-simile* of my son was picked up in the streets of New York and brought to me. He was a stranger in the city. There was no one to prove his proper identity; while there were hundreds ready to swear that he was Fulke Greville, my step-son. In a word, ever after he bore that name and held that position."

"An impostor!" broke indignantly from the lips of Astréa.

"No, my dear! no impostor; but a noble-minded lad, who vainly protested against the privileges, honors, and riches that were lavished upon him, declaring that he had no right to them, until all his resistance was overborne by evidence and authority, and he was compelled to submit, at least during his minority. But after he became of age, and found himself a free agent, he seized the first opportunity of resigning a position to which he aspired, and he had no claim. Do you think it required no moral heroism to do that? I tell you it needs I more than you know of! But I declare to you, that he *has* lost nothing and *shall* lose nothing by that act! He is the son of my affections, the betrothed of my daughter; his name is Welby Dunbar!"

"Welby Dunbar!" exclaimed Astréa, again struck by the familiar sound of a name that it seemed to her she ought to know. Then suddenly memory lighted up the whole subject as it lay in the past, and she smiled, saying:

"I no longer wonder, lady, at this mistake of yours! As a child I came over in the same emigrant ship with Welby Dunbar. I lost him in the wilderness of New York. I was taken down to Maryland, and was eventually adopted by Captain Fuljoy, Heaven bless him! And it was while I was still at the Island that Fulke came to spend his holidays there; and as soon as I saw him, so perfect was the likeness you speak of, that I declared him to be Welby Dunbar, the fish-boy, and none else. And it was years, madam, before I was disabused of this illusion."

"I am well pleased to hear you say so; for your husband will the more readily understand my own self-deception. But all this time, my dear, I am keeping you standing! Forget my negligence, and take this seat," said the lady, conducting Astréa to an easy chair that was placed near the sofa.

"This is my daughter, Lois," she continued, presenting the young lady, who frankly extended her hand, and cordially greeted the stranger.

Mrs. Greville then rang a bell.

Venus answered it.

"Tell the girl Zora that she need not come in just now," said the lady.

Venus started with astonishment for an instant, and then exclaimed:

"Hi, missus—dere's Miss Zora sittin' in de rockin' chair, right afore your two lookin' gals, ma'am!"

"Stupid! That young lady is Mrs. Fulke Greville."

"Yes, missus—I know's she's Mrs. Full Greville an' likewise Miss Astréa; but I says so dey will know it down here."

It was now Mrs. Greville's turn to be astonished. She turned her eyes full upon Astréa, with a look of questioning and of shading.

"It is true, madam; Zora was the name

given me by my adulterers, after they had dyed my hair and stained my skin!"

"You have a long story to tell me, my dear."

"Indeed, I have, madam!"

"Venus, you may retire; but go and say to Mr. Dunbar that I would feel obliged if he would come here," said Mrs. Greville.

Venus obeyed; and as soon as the door closed behind her, the lady turned to Astréa, and in a voice quivering with emotion, inquired:

"Yes, Heaven, my child! can you reassure me?"

"Yes, yes, dear madam, I can! Providence has watched over me! I have been safe!"

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated the lady.

Lois opened her blue eyes, and looked from one to the other for an explanation of this extraordinary dialogue; but at the same moment the door opened, and Welby Dunbar entered the room.

Mrs. Greville arose and met him, saying, in a low voice:

"Astréa, my dear, I believe you to be a man of steady nerves, not easily surprised from your self-possession. I am about to put that to the test."

And taking him by the hand, she led him up to the stranger, saying:

"Astréa, my dear, this is my son, Mr. Dunbar. Welby, my dear, this is the Mrs. Fulke Greville of whom you have been so long in search."

However steady Welby's nerves might have been on usual occasions, he was now certainly startled from his property. Instead of bowing, as he was bound to do, he started back a little, trembled, flushed and paled, fumbled in his pocket for the miniature the Marquis de Glacé had given him, and gazed alternately upon that and the face of the original. At length, as if satisfied, he exclaimed:

"How can it be! It must be!" And then, with an ingenuous blush, he said:

"Pray pardon me, madam, if the surprise, the delight, and the incredulity I experienced in this unexpected meeting, have made me forget myself."

"I have nothing to pardon in your caution; and much to be grateful for in the easy recognition that you have given me," said Astréa, gently. "But we have not before, you know. You have not forgotten little Daney on the emigrant ship?" she inquired, with a sweet smile lighting up the blue eyes that she fixed upon him.

A whirl of emotion rushed over his face. He had not forgotten; but he had never suspected that the poor, pale baby of the emigrant ship was the missing child of Madame de Glacé.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I shall add, 'I have not forgotten the fish-boy who was my real friend. I do believe I should have died if you had not fed me with oysters every day. Oh, how I cried when they carried me away.'"

"And how I hunted you through New York," said Welby, gazing still in stupefaction upon Astréa.

"And how I soiled you in the person of Fulke Greville, whom I believed to be yourself, practising an imposition on us," smiled Astréa.

"And now, Welby," said Mrs. Greville, "take a chair and draw up to our circle. I sent for you here, not only to meet Astréa, but also to hear the explanation she is about to give us."

Then turning to Astréa, she continued:

"And now, my love, if you feel equal to the task, we wish you to tell us your story."

Thus invited, Astréa related the history of her education, as it was known to herself, from the night that she was surprised in her room, by the black-robed figure, who clapped the sponge of chloroform over her mouth and nose, overpowering her senses, up to the hour in which, as "Zora," she was summoned to Mrs. Greville's presence.

Her hearers listened with breathless interest.

At the end of the story, Mrs. Greville was the first to speak.

"What a life of vicissitudes has yours been. Born an heiress; stolen in your infancy, and subjected to the worst evils of poverty; adopted by a wealthy man; married to a distinguished military officer; torn at night from your bridal chamber; carried to sea by pirates; sold as a slave; driven by desperation to the Cyprus Swamp; hunted by bloodhounds; re-captured; subjected to insult; exposed to death; and rescued only at the last moment by an unexpected stroke of Providence. Oh, Heaven of Heavens, what a story! You have passed through a furnace seven times heated; Astréa; but you have come from the fire pure as refined gold—strong as tempered steel."

"Now, I think I have escaped all these dangers, as Ten O'Shanter's mare did the witches, with the loss of her long, flowing hair!" said Ettie.

"Be still, you saucy girl!" said Mrs. Greville, smiling.

Then rising, and excusing herself to Astréa, she quivered Welby to attend her, and left the apartment.

When they had reached the dining-room, and seated themselves, Mrs. Greville inquired:

"And now, what should be our first step?"

"In view of what may be seen now taking place in the courts of Maryland, and with which it is not advisable to trouble the young lady—"

"No, no—certainly not!" put in Mrs. Greville.

"We should act with the greatest promptitude. We should go immediately to the city, taking Mrs. Fulke Greville and Miss Burns with us, prove her identity before some magistrate, lay the whole affair before the police, and get them to send an official telegram to the authorities in Maryland to arrest proceedings against Colonel Greville. We must also send a telegram to Captain Fuljoy, and inform Greville of our discovery. Then we may write a fuller account by mail. But my idea is, that as soon as Captain Fuljoy receives the message, and Colonel Greville is set at liberty, they will hasten here."

"That is excellent; but would it not be better for you to set out immediately with Astréa?"

"No; I am sure she could never bear the journey. She is but a feeble convalescent still."

"True! You remember everything, while I remember nothing."

"But then it is my trade," smiled Welby.

"And, my dear, as we are to go to the city to-day, the sooner we set forth the better; so I will trouble you to order the carriage, while we put on our bonnets."

The young man left the room to comply with this request. And a few minutes afterwards, Mrs. Greville, Astréa, Ettie, and Welby were seated in the old-fashioned coach, driven by Sam, and on their way to the city. They accomplished their purpose in a few hours, and returned late in the evening.

After this, to the great delight of Venus, and to the huge astonishment of the other negroes, Astréa was elevated to her proper position in the family, and treated with the utmost respect and affection.

Venus tossed her head very high, in view of her superior information upon the subject.

"I knowed it all along, niggers! Mrs. Full Greville done tak me in de confederate long ago! I knowed it de ship!"

"Oh, yes, you knowed ev'ryting—arter it's all found out!" laughed old Cybele.

"Bery well! I knowed it arter it was all found out. I? Now den, I givins to tell you somethin' afore it's found out, and dat's de way I'm ermine to be bought an' set free by Mrs. Full Greville! Mine, I tell you dat afore it's found out."

"Yes! a long way afore it's found out," said Cybele dryly. "So long, I misdoubt we'll lib to see it."

"Bory well, den! Now I tell you now: how I is going to be hired to her for a lady-maid, an' gwine to go long of her an' do colonel to Europe."

"To which?" inquired Uncle Saturn.

"To Europe."

"What dat?"

"What Europe! I 'spies dese country-bred niggers' ignorance!"

"Come, now! You's only seen one voyage round de world, an' you pots on air! Bet anything you don't know no more 'bout Europe den we do!"

"Don't! Why is a great city bigger dan New Orleans, out yonder, beyant Washington, den's what it is, en' where it is; which I am going dere as lady-maid to Mrs. Full Greville, when she an' do colonel goes onto der bridal tour?"

"Bride!—which?"

"Bridal tower, you ignorant-ramus! An' 'sides which, I 'm not again' to demean myself no more with wearin' no calico gowns and banana turbans; but I shall have a black silk dress and a lace collar, trimmed with pink satin ribbon, like Missus Countess Greville's lady-maid, Mammy's Sillystone."

"Whee—er!" commented the old negro, taking his pipe from his mouth and letting off a thin, spiral curl of smoke.

"Uncle Satan, you's intoxicated, sar!"

"I's intich!"

"Intoxicated."

"Do you mean drunk?"

"I beleive dat what de wailer call de state you's in."

"Go 'way from here, gal; I nobber was drunk in my life! said the old man, good-humoredly, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"You fit which it's no wonder, long as you can't leave de wine-glasses be; but must alls drain der fobery shiny glass as it comes outen de dinin'-room; a nixtin' all up together—port, an' claret, an' champagne, an' sherry, an' meysder, an' all."

"Well! dey's all good; an' one set off another, jes as de whites ob you cys sets off de black ob your skin, my dear," grinned the old man.

"Mr. Satan 'Gregor, sar, I seorns to 'ply to you! I's a lady-maid, an' 'clines to keep comp'ny wid de like ob you!" said Venus, throwing up her head and walking with great dignity from the kitchen.

"Whee—er! what long whiskers our pussy cat has got!" cried Uncle Saturn, blowing a whiff of tobacco-smoke after her.

But Venus did not boast in vain. Astrée, in her reviving thoughts, remembered the faithful, humble friend of her adversity.

One day, while Mrs. Greville, Astrée, Lois, and Kitto were sitting at work together in the parlor, the first-mentioned said to the second:

"Astrée, love, I wish to do something to prove my affection for you! What shall it be?"

"Dear Mrs. Greville, that which is so evident does not want proof. I shall never doubt your love," replied Astrée.

"Then, to put the meaning in other words, I wish to add to your happiness. In what manner can I do so?"

"Kindest of friends, I was about to say that nothing but the presence of my husband and my guardian could add to my happiness, but that would not be true; there is another circumstance that would delight me."

"Name it, my love."

"The possession of Venus! She was the only friend I had in the darkest days of my captivity—my friend from the moment I first opened my eyes in the pirate ship to the moment she came to summon us to your presence. And such a friend! She had no liberty to leave, poor woman; but she risked her life and even her

soul for me; and——" Here Astrée hesitated and blushed.

"And what, my dear, what would you have?"

"I would like to purchase Venus of you; oh, forgive me! I know I am rude, but then I wish to have Venus always with me! It would give me deeply to part with her Venus."

"You shall have her, my love! and no doubt she will be a treasure to you! for between mistress and maid, the tie of affection is every thing!"

And so saying Mrs. Greville, who was prompt in all her acts, arose and went into the next room where Welby Dubar sat writing at a table. She held a whispered conversation with him for a few minutes and then returned to her circle of daughters and entered upon a new subject of conversation.

That night, when Astrée retired to her room, she saw upon her dressing-table a large envelope directed to her. Upon examining its contents, she found a deed of gift transferring Venus from the possession of Mrs. Greville to herself. Astrée's act followed quick upon that of Mrs. Greville. The next morning, directly after breakfast, she spoke to Welby Dubar, saying:

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Anything in the world!"

"Then please draw up a deed of manumission for the woman named in this document," she said, placing the deed of gift in his hands. He smiled, and placing his hand in the breast pocket of his coat, drew a folded parchment out, saying:

"You perceive that I forewarn you would make this request, and anticipated it! Here are the 'free papers,' as the negroes call them. Your signature only is wanted."

"Oh, hand me a pen!" exclaimed Astrée, hurriedly.

He put one in her hand and laid the document open before her. She hastily affixed her signature, and then took up the parchment, and with childish eagerness ran into her bed-room, where Venus still lingered, after having arranged it for the day.

"Venus! dear Venus! here are your free papers! here! and she eagerly thrust the packet into the woman's hand.

"My free papers!" repeated Venus, bewildered by the suddenness of the transaction.

"Yes, yes, Venus! You are a free woman, now; you belong to no one but yourself! You can come and go as you please! You can leave me when you like!"

"Oh, honey! I mean, madam! would you turn me loose, now, to be made a mock of, by de niggers, after no braggin' to dem as how I was goin' to be your lady-maid?" whined Venus.

"No, no; I never wish to part with you, Venus!"

"Den why say it?"

"Only to inform you, Venus, that you possess the power of going wherever you please. If you like to remain with me, I will gladly engage you as my own lady-maid!"

"Den I knowed it! I said it! I telled 'em all de! Dene was a prophesie in my soul as how I'd lib to see myself a lady-maid, an' wear black silk dresses an' little hoop caps!" exclaimed Venus, more delighted at her office than at her freedom.

"An' happy, Venus, to be the means of realising to you your day-dream," said Astrée, smiling.

"Tain't no dream, honey—'cause dreams all goes contrary to me, no, indeed! It was all my own thought, honey—Mrs. Full Greville, I should say!"

"Venus I have a request to make of you!"

"What dat, chile?—Mrs. Full Greville, I mean."

"It is that you will continue to call me child and honey, as before. Love and she pot names

are much dearer to my heart than pride and its titles."

"So it is to be mine, honey, an' a heap more natural, too."

"Now, then, Venus, as you are to be my attendant, and go with me to the North, you will send an outfit. Here, then, is fifty dollars, your first half-year's wages, in advance," said Astrée, putting a purse into the woman's hand.

"Lor, chile, I didn't ax for no wage to wait on you. I'd wait on you free-hearted for nothing, make ob 'being' long of you." "Sides, what I gwine do wid all dis here gold?"

"Buy clothes, Venus."

"Hi honey, Mrs. Countess Greville done give me all that great big chest full of finery as was ob 'b'long to poor Lulu—more clothes dan would las' me half my life! So what I gwine do wid all dis money?"

"Put it away and save it, then, Venus, as the first fruits of your free labour."

"I keep it for your sake den, chile. I put it in de bottom of 'my chest, an' I look at it an' think of you! An' now, honey, may I go an' tell ole Aunt Cybele an' ole Uncle Satan?"

"Certain!" answered Astrée, smiling.

Venus ran all the way out of the house across the yard and into the kitchen, holding her free papers at arms length. And when she got into the presence of the old negroes, she waved them derisively in their faces, exclaiming:

"Dare I tell you? You see! You can lib see it, hasn't you? Dem's de free papers!"

"Lor! Now I 'pose cause you owns yourself, you thinks you has got somefing great. Sho! you won't think so when you fines you has got to keep yourself for better for worse, for richer or poorer, in best an' in worse, now I tell you, it's a w'us thing to have to 'port yourself, an' dat you'll fine, gal!" said old Cybele.

"Ay, will you," chimed in old Saturn.

"Sour grapes!" cried Venus, as she flung herself out of the kitchen, and went to greet Lulu's cheer and prepare some finery. And that same afternoon Venus blossomed out in her robes of office—a black silk dress, a little white muslin apron, a tiny lace cap perched upon the back of her head, and her front hair drawn out and pulled out as it was made to part over her forehead and lie down on each temple, like "Mammy's Sillystone," for it was the highest ambition of Venus to imitate and excel the toilettes of Madame Celestine.

When, however, Poor Venus first paraded her new style of dress among her fellow-servants her appearance instead of eliciting the burst of admiration she confidently expected, provoked an explosion of laughter, which she immediately resented. As for the French maid, she looked at Venus in, her new apparel with the same sort of amused curiosity with which she would have examined a monkey in full dress. And this Venus took for a compliment!

The family were anxiously awaiting news from the North. Mrs. Courtney Greville had constituted herself Astrée's banker. And to help to pass away the tediousness of the time of waiting, Mrs. Greville took her weekly party to New Orleans. Astrée, in company with Venus, took advantage of their visit to the city to procure a proper and becoming outfit.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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CHEKTOR INDIANS.

## WILD LIFE IN OREGON.

BY WILLIAM V. WELLS.

EARLY in October, 1865, with an old companion of my peregrinations—one of those good-natured, delightful travelling-companions with whom to associate is a perpetual treat—I found myself on board the stately steamship *Columbia*, bound from San Francisco to Oregon.

On the evening of the second day we came in sight of Trinidad, a little hamlet situated about two hundred miles north of San Francisco. It was quite dark as the steamer came to, near a black, sea-beaten rock, through whose caverns the sea roared with a dismal moan. An inhospitable coast is that of California and Oregon, where, from San Diego to Puget Sound, a distance of thirteen hundred miles, there is found but one port—that of San Francisco—to which the dismantled ship may fly for refuge in a gleam from seaward. Trinidad is a "port," but justly regarded with terror by the mariner in times of tempest. The fog limited our observations from the quarter-deck to a few dimly-discerned huts far up the bank, and the only sound of civilisation was the distant crying of a child ever and anon mingling with the surfer's roar. Freight was discharged, and a speedy leave taken of sorry-looking Trinidad.

On the following morning the discharge of a gun from the bows brought us to the dock, when we found the steamer heading into the bay or roadstead of Crescent City. This, like most of the harbors on this coast, can only boast of its capacity. It extends from the houses of the inhabitants entirely across the Pacific. It is proposed to build a breakwater here, and so form a natural harbor. An indefinite number of millions of dollars are named as an estimate of the cost. Crescent City is three years old, situated on the sea-beach, backed by a dense mass of pine and cedar forest, inhabited by several hundred traders, packers, Indians, dogs, and mules. A brisk ride to Cape St. George, taken during our stay here, satiated our curiosity. The country becomes uninteresting after the forest and green undergrowth of coast-trees have ceased to be novelties. The men were mostly "Pikes" of an exceedingly rough cast, and the Indians, who were the first specimens of the Oregon savage we had met with, were decidedly to us the sons of the town.

Wandering out toward a rocky promontory north of the town, and designated as the Battery, we found an encampment of the Chektor tribe. Three old women among them were quite blind, and, squatting in the sand, were feeling nervously around for some bits of willow which they were fashioning into baskets—time out of mind the Indian's occupation. Several young squaws accosted us in broken English. One of them was really pretty, and but for some barbarous tattooing, nose and ear pendants, and a villainous smell of decayed salmon, would have been a very *Payaway*. This young lady was in *disabille* as we passed, and, though making her toilet with otter fat, glass beads, and shells, did not shrink at the unexpected visit. The entire party wore a dress composed of equal parts of cheap blankets, cast-off coats and shirts, and the usual savage fillet. The men sported the bow and arrow armor with a *coyote* or *fox-skin* for a quiver. All had the ears or nose slit, and one or two comely young jades of squaws wore fish-bones through their nostrils, and were otherwise scarified and marked.

On the same afternoon we bade adieu to Crescent City, and were quickly again on our way to the northward. On the following morning the ship's reckoning showed us to be opposite Port Orford, and this being our proposed landing-place, we watched with some curiosity for the lifting of an impenetrable veil of fog which shut out all view of the coast. The speed was slackened, and the "blue pigeon" kept constantly moving. Suddenly, on our starboard bow, appeared a lofty rock looming out of the mist. It was a grand and startling spectacle. Though the sea was comparatively calm, the ground-wells surged up around its base in piles of boisterous foam, racing among the reefs and gulches, and raising up to the height of forty feet; then, as the swell subsided, the whole surface presented a mass of yeasty rivulets, white as milk, and trickling down the rough sides of the rock in hissing cascades, as one might imagine they would down the furrowed cheeks of some awful giant of Scandinavian romance. Clouds of birds hovered around the peak, screaming and dipping down to the waves, and scolding at our sudden intrusion. Our new acquaintance disappeared almost as suddenly as we had described it. It is the south-western

point of Port Orford harbor, and is one of the enormous boulders lifted by some convulsion of nature from the steep of Humboldt Mountain, which rears its head far above the surrounding country. We could now run with some degree of certainty, and heading boldly in, a gun was fired, the echo of which had scarcely done rattling through the coast-range when it was answered from on shore. A moment after the shrill scream of a rooster came across the water, and the fog lifting, opened to our view a bluff bank, perhaps forty feet high, upon which was situated a small town, with some forty houses, half deserted, and standing at the verge of a bank of lofty foliage, forming the great fir and pine region which skirts the Oregon coast from the California line to Puget Sound.

From under the lee of a promontory known as "Battle Rock," and the history of which we shall presently review, a boat put forth through the surf, into which we bundled, and grasping the hands extended in kindly parting, we had soon made our first landing on the Oregon coast. As we rounded the point we looked back upon the steamer heading out to sea, and pursuing her way to the Columbia River.

We landed at a little lumber wharf, whence a short walk brought us to the United States Barracks; and entering the house of Dr. Glason and Lieutenant Kants, we were soon engaged in conversation with a party of educated gentlemen, whose cultivated talents shone the more conspicuously in the wild region that duty had made their place of residence. About 300 yards from the Government reserve, and hidden from it by an intervening range of hills, it situated the little town of Port Orford. Its history is that of the Indian and too ephemeral growth of the coast villages of Oregon.

In 1851 a party of men from Portland, Oregon, selected this spot for the site of a town, depending upon its roadstead and the facility of communication with the interior for the success of its enterprise. The discovery of the auriferous sands of Gold Bluff, which were found to extend along the entire coast, from Rogue River to Cape Arago, also augmented the progress of the place. The original party consisted of eighteen men; but finding their stock of provisions became exhausted, and there being no means of supplying the deficiency, half returned to Portland, leaving nine of their number to await their return. At that time the character of the country between the California line and the Columbia River was unknown. Its deep rivers, bay, tribes of Indians, and topography, were a sealed book, save to a few venturesome old hunters and trappers who had wandered down the coast even to the Humboldt; but their accounts, vague and uncertain, were known.

This section of Oregon contained about two thousand Indians, divided into numerous tribes, who soon became aware that the whites had settled their country, and, with savage hostility, determined to crush the band at Port Orford. Their rapidly increasing numbers alarmed our little garrison, who retreated upon what is now known as "Battle Rock," a natural fort showing three precipitous sides toward the ocean, and only accessible from land by a regular causeway. The prospect of this fortification stands not less than fifty feet above the tide. Here they encamped, and barricading the only vulnerable point, they directed a heavy accurate field-piece from a port-hole left for the purpose, and, loading their rifles, prepared for the worst. The precaution was well timed. The day following this removal, the tribes from the Unquie, Coquille, and Rogue River, congregated, and, arrayed in their warlike array. Armed with bows and arrows, and ignorant of the deadly qualities of the American rifle, they advanced up the passage-way with yells that made the little band within quail with apprehension. The besieged were under the command of a Tennesseean, who restrained the men until their attested assailants had approached in an irregular



mass, four or five deep, to within a few yards of the field-piece, when the order to fire was given. My informant, who was one of the party, described the scene in Texan vernacular, which I regret I am unable to repeat. It would depict the scene a thousand-fold more graphically than I could write it.

In loading the gun, which was done with slugs, stones, and bits of iron, to the muzzle, they had exhausted their slender stock of powder to two rounds of pistol and rifle charges. As the eyes of the savages gleamed through the chinks of the brushwood barricade, the death-dealing discharge tore through their ranks. This, followed by a well-directed volley from the rifle and revolvers, of which every shot told, sent each of the Indians as were not wounded pell-mell back. With the roar of the cannon, the cracking of the fire-arms, and the yells of the wounded, the whole mass took to their heels and fled affrighted into the forest. Numbers were dashed into the boiling surf below, or killed among the rocks in their descent. This was the first and last volley. No estimate was made of the slain. Indeed they stayed not to count, but after a hurried consultation, and fearful of the return of the Indians in still greater force, and knowing their own want of ammunition, they abandoned the fort, and, taking to the forest, travelled for several weeks, entering the Willamette Valley, and so reaching Portland.

It was a bright sparkling morning, the sun pouring down a flood of radiance after the rain of the previous night, when we mounted two shaggy but strong Indian ponies, and set out for Empire City, at Coos Bay. Every leaf seemed to glitter in the light, and dew-drops sparkled in every bush. It was a morning to make one "love to live," as the lungs expanded with the respiration of the cold, invigorating air. One notes through the undulating country of Oregon with an exhilaration of spirits like that following the inhalation of laughing gas. The characteristic dryness of the autumn months of California is not found among these verdant woods. Green and fragrant bushes and flowers adorned the sides of the road, and at times crossed some noisy rivulet, ascending its way towards the sea, half concealed by an overhanging drapery of verdure fed by its waters.

This continued for some miles, when we came out upon the sea-shore; and now, joined by a couple of horsemen bound to some point above, we scampered over a hard sand beach, until we reached the Elk River. It—having passed this way about a year before, and anxious to display his knowledge of the route, selected the ford, and dashed in, but was soon up to his middle, and reached the opposite bank, having partaken of a cold bath much against his will. The rest, more cautious, mounted the tops of their saddles, and escaped with only wet feet. This river during the winter months is impassable. The distance from a log-house standing on the bank to the Sixes River is some six miles, the road leading through a thickly-wooded country. On the route we crossed Cape Blanco, which, until the completion of the recent coast reconnoissance, was supposed to be the most westernmost point of the United States. Cape Mendocino, however, in California, is believed to be a mile or two farther seaward. Our new friends had left us, and we galloped along the verge of the beetling cliff, where we paused to "breath our horses," and gase off into the blue ocean beyond.

Here, during the creation, these foaming breakers have chafed, and the rocks skirting the base of the precipice have dashed them defiantly back. From the pitch of the cape a dangerous reef of rocks, standing high above the water, stretches out to sea; the rocks, as we stood and held our hats in the face of the sea-breeze, were sometimes hidden in the toppling waves. A line carried directly west from where we stand would nearly touch Jeddo, and meet with no impediment on the way. All is "deep blue ocean."



FIGHT ON BATTLE ROCK.

between. Here the footsteps of Young America must pause awhile. From this point we may look back upon the continent. The cape is a prominent landmark to the mariner, and from here the land trends away to the north-east, giving to the headland the appearance of a shoulder thrust far into the sea. The bluff, crested with pine-trees, standing almost upon the very brink, and sloping thence inland, forms a plateau, or piece of table-land, finely wooded, across which the sharp sea gales whistle with unchecked fury. From the cape to the Sixes is about two miles. The country slopes to the northward, forming a valley through which the river flows to the ocean. The Sixes has not yet been traced to its source, though it takes its rise not above forty miles in the interior. It can be ascended with canoes about twelve miles, and is said to wind among fertile bottoms and reaches of prairie-land hitherto only traversed by Indians and wild beasts. It empties into the ocean under the lee of a huge rock, but the bar is impassable even for a canoe. From seaward no entrance can be discerned. At its mouth stands Dan's cabin.

"Dan" is an old Norwegian sailor, whose half century of adventures have carried him thrice round the world. He has sailed under every flag in Christendom, has fought in numerous naval engagements, and has been often wounded. Among the other and bear hunting community in which he is now located, and who never saw salt-water or ship until their journey across the continent to the Pacific shores, he is regarded as a curious ocean-monster, to be listened to respectfully, and heeded with more than ordinary awe. His fearful oaths—almost unintelligible, from the Dutch jargon with which he mingles them—his rough, outlandish appearance, his undisciplined courage, and kind disposition, have made him notorious, and the traveller along the coast looks forward with sharpened appetite to the roasted salmon or broiled bear-steak at "Dan's."

We arrived at the ford at dead low-water, and H— determined to push across, though the quicksands are said to be dangerous at that point. However, we plunged in, and by dint of spurring and shooting, reached the opposite side. Dan's hut is about two hundred yards from the northern bank. We rode up to the door of a log-cabin situated at the mouth of a ravine, and partly embowered in its tangled

foliage. From this issue a rivulet, discharging into the river; and here the old Northman has decided to pass the rest of his days, within hearing of the ocean's roar—just near enough to be reminded of his many adventures, and yet secure from its dangers.

Dismounting, we tied our horses to a post, while the door opened, and a long-haired, sober-faced trapper, with a fawn like leather, and with the seriousness of a parson, gazed out upon us with Indian stolidity. He was about thirty-five years of age. Around his head was a dirty handkerchief, the ends of which hung negligently down his face. Slashed buckskin pants, hunting shirt, and moccasins, made up his apparel; while the short black pipe, which he held firmly between his teeth, showed that our arrival had disturbed him in the enjoyment of the hunter's ecstasies. He regarded our operations with silent indifference, and when we inquired for Dan, replied by throwing open the door, which hung on wooden hinges, and re-entered the cabin, leaving us to follow if we pleased. After fastening our animals we entered, and found the trapper already stretched before the fire, gazing immovably at the smoky rafters, and pulling gently at the digestive pipe. It was evident that an attempt to disturb our new acquaintance again would be useless, so we shouted, "Dan! hullo there! Dan!" whereupon a savage growl from one of the hide beds in the corner announced that the lord of the manor was taking an early snooze.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE MATE OF THE RANCHER; or, of the Regulators and Moderators. A Tale of Life on the Texan Border. By Dr. J. H. Robinson. Complete in 6 Nos. (Nos. 15 to 23), price 64.; by post, 8d.

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## THE PEARL-DIVER.

## A TALE OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.

BY ILLION CONSTELLANO.

## CHAPTER XII.

## AN INTERESTED BUT TIMELY SERVICE.

MORATIN and Carnar had scarcely taken their departure from the latter's house, after confining Señor Marino and his son there, when the figure Palo had seen hovering on their steps arose from the ground in the immediate vicinity of the building, and rushed forward to the entrance. It was too dark for anything more than the outlines of his form to be visible, and it was owing to this darkness that he had been able to approach so near the party without being discovered.

"Well, Ray Fernandez," he muttered, "the suspicion of that man was not so far out of the way after all, as it might have been. He thought you were up and just as you were. Let me see now how my grand sneak, of twenty-four hours' duration, is to be continued. I'm sure they said something to each other about leaving the keys here, and the question is—where are they? They stopped to hide them—and that's a point towards their discovery. I dare say they are under the door-sill," and he commenced fumbling about in the darkness. "Here, I should say. No—there's no hole here. They must have put them under the step-stone. If I could only find a device now—ha! like that!—and thrust my hand into it—Dios! there it goes!—and feel my bunch of digits come into contact with the coveted article—holy virgin! I have them, sure, enough!"

He drew forth the keys, and for a moment was speechless with joy.

"What small and insignificant things they are," he muttered, and yet how powerful they be. Many a man has lost his life just for want of a key. Now, Ray Fernandez—courageously as you are, and vagabond as you always will be—I'm always thoughtful and said, and will continue to affirm, that you are the luckiest fellow in existence. You buy an old table, and there's a nest of doubloons in one leg of it—you accept as a gift a starveling calf, and in two years it's the best ox in the neighborhood—you slip into a house or church to steal something, and some other man is immediately arrested and punished for your naughtiness. Oh, you are a gay old party, Ray Fernandez, and yet will achieve greatness!"

Thus apostrophizing himself, he fumbled about the lock with the keys, and soon selected the one that fitted the door.

Turning the key, after some difficulty, the heavy bolt shot back with a sudden clang.

"Another step!" he ejaculated. "Would that bolt have turned as readily for any other man? Not by no means!"

He pushed open the door, and—  
All was silent within the building—all remained silent around it. The little light there was in the outer world shone into a narrow hall—leading the explorer he knew not whither.

"A fine place for an honest man to live in!" the intruder muttered, in a tone of disgust, as he felt of the door and walls. Evidently, I have opened into something! There must be several rooms, or else there would not be several keys. Hallo! and he raised his voice, "does any one live here? Do you want to get out? Do you know where and what, and who and so forth, the whole story and all about it, hey?"

All remained silent.

The thought seemed to strike Fernandez that the enemy might return, if he made so much noise, and he accordingly assumed his most secret and crafty air.

"I wonder where this hole leads to!" he muttered. "Perhaps to an uncovered well,

about ninety feet deep! I've heard of such wells in castles and old idolatrous temples, in Peru and Mexico. I wish I had a light—"

He had hardly uttered the wish when a ray of light beamed upon him. It came from a point directly ahead of him, and was such a ray as might come through a keyhole, if it had been covered till now by the eye of a watcher, who had suddenly withdrawn.

"Now is that a hopeful sign or not?" demanded Fernandez, in that way of addressing himself we have indicated. "If there were no dollars in the case, I should say that I am a fool and a donkey, to be exposing my precious life to all sorts of traps and hazards. As it is—two thousand dollars for bringing said man into said city—let me take my chance!"

He advanced resolutely and rapidly along the hall, and soon reached the door. The keyhole was again darkened, and he rightly conjectured that some one must be endeavoring to look through it.

"This is the place," he thought. "My two thousand here!"

He tried several of the keys one after another, and at last found the right one.

He listened a moment before turning the key in the lock, and was sure that he heard movements within the apartment. He then unlocked the door and pushed it open.

At that very moment a blow from a heavy stick of wood came against the door, causing it to tremble.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Fernandez. "None of that if you please!"

His voice caused the impromptu weapon to fall from the hands of Señor Marino, and produced a general exclamation of joy.

"Ray Fernandez, as I live!" exclaimed Palo, as he seized the welcome visitor by the hand and drew him into the room. "I hoped and half-expected you would do something for us, but was not looking for you so soon!"

The light Carnar had left them was still burning, so that the recognition was full and mutual between Palo and Fernandez, although Señor Marino's was a little slower.

"Just God!" the old man ejaculated, in his earnest way, as he realized the truth. "I thought our tormentors were returning, and was resolved to have one crack at them!"

"I comprehended," said Fernandez, "but—to be candid—that crack of yours came near laying me out."

"If I had waited promptly, as you expected, you would have broken my skin!"

"And now I suppose you are anxious to know how I found you?" said the rescuer.

The Marinos both expressed an eager desire for the proposed information.

"Very well—follow me!" and he wheeled through the doorway, and took his way direct to the open door, where he stood breathing-room before he got any further. There!"

He halted at a short distance from the dismal-looking building, and waited for the father and son to rejoin him.

"There!" he repeated. "I don't want such walls and such a quiet as now! They serve as a wet blanket to my expanding idea! Are you armed? If so, be on your guard every moment."

He seated himself on the ground, and they placed themselves beside him, explaining that their weapons had been taken away from them.

"Never mind," he said, producing and cocking the pistols in succession, and handing one to each of his companions. "You know a coward always carries two pistols, and a very great coward three or more."

Having thus provided himself and his employers against surprise, Fernandez commenced his explanation.

"After waiting a long time for you," he com-

menced, "and hearing and seeing nothing, I concluded that you had fallen into evil hands, and came up to this way in quest of you. I did not go boldly to Moratin's, and inquire if you had been there, nor did I take any other open measure to solve the mystery of your non-return. I simply sneaked, as is my custom when danger threatens—sneaked here and prowled there, saying nothing, but seeing and hearing all I could. Of course, I could not do much during day-light, and I might as well begin my spying of smoking on my own account. Without troubling you with an exposition of my creeps here and my crawls there, let me come to the main thing—the results. Suffice it to say that I watched Moratin and his friend—the two enterprising negroes, and I might as well have tracked their comings and goings. Satisfied that their visits to the woods were not without object and meaning, I moved boldly the last time, and tracked the rascals to the pit!"

"Did you see anybody hovering about that vicinity?" said Palo.

"That somebody was myself. From that place I followed you here. The truth is, senors, I have gone too far and taken too much trouble in your behalf to be cheated out of my promised reward at this late day. Reduced to its actual basis, this attempt to put you out of the way becomes a grand swindle on myself! I am to have two thousand dollars for conducting you to your daughter, and have already earned my money, in point of fact, although the full result of our journey here is not exactly attained. Consequently, the man that speaks you, is meddling with my specie reserve—in fact, with my whole present capital, and that man, accordingly, becomes on the instant my mortal foe!"

Señor Marino could not help but smile at these observations. If interested motives, however, were at the bottom of his rescue by Fernandez, the rescue was none the less timely and delightful.

"Depend upon it, Señor Fernandez," he declared, "you shall be fully rewarded for your brave and energetic action on my behalf."

"Say all you please about the reward, but little about the delivery, if you please. I would be free to say that I have played the sneak in this business—merely hanging around the vicinity, like a dirty spy, instead of going boldly into town and summoning assistance!"

Well, perhaps the present result is full as satisfactory as it would have been in any other case."

"One thing I must mention," said Fernandez. "I've seen the girl! Carnar's herself!"

"Are you sure? How did you know her?"

"She was roaming about with another girl in the edge of the woods, and I heard that other girl call her Carnar. You may see as a moment's glance fairly in your life—just as handsome as a picture! There's no use o' talking—I was originally out for a sneak and a coward, or I should have marched up to her and stated my case!"

"Oh, if you only had!"

"Dolt! idiot that I am!" exclaimed Fernandez, smiling his breast. "I see by your voice that you would have given me an extra five hundred if I had unveiled the great secret to her! Well, well, I did make some inquiries about her, in a casual way, and I have quite a budget of news for you. She is engaged to be married to a young pearl-diver named Brovary, and this friend of a Carnar is persecuting her to marry him, and Moratin favors the scoundrel in his suit, and—"

"Are you sure that she isn't married?" interrupted Señor Marino, with breathless excitement.

"Sure—perfectly. Another thing, a sloop of war has arrived from Massalia, which sailed after we did, and I dare say you can soon obtain justice in that quarter. In a word, go to the commander of this vessel, and tell him just who

you are, what you are after, and how you have been outraged, and you can doubtless secure right satisfaction from him as well as set you to rights before we are two hours older! We can get a half-dozen marines, and scour the country, and turn every house inside out, from Moratin's to Loreto's, and so make sure work of our little affair! In this way, you will soon see your daughter, and I shall have the click of my promotion reward, and Moratin & Co. can be hanged at the yard-arm, and everything terminate in a grand hallooah!"

"Capital—capital!" exclaimed Poldi, springing to his feet. "We'll not lose a moment! Lead on to the sloop, Fernandez, and we will carry out your programme as near as possible to the letter."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## GUILT IN A STRAIT.

No language can do justice to the horror and consternation with which Carnar had listened to the disclosures and declarations of Lieut. Strato and Brossy. His breathing became short and panting, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and his body swayed to and fro, with his fingers clutched at the casement of the window, as if the fastness and blindness of a mortal terror were upon him. It was clear from his conduct that he was the fugitive under discussion!

Writing like a criminal on the rack, the watcher continued to listen to the conversation of the two men, and to pierce into the cabin.

"I am gratified beyond measure, Lieut. Brossy, at this situation of affairs," said Lieut. Strato. "The capture of that man will be a line beginning for you, in a professional point of view. Where is he, and under what character or name has he been existing since his flight?"

"He calls himself Orestes," Brossy replied, "and he lives in a lonely district in this province."

He went on to reveal the various facts about Carnar, as known to the reader, and then Strato said:

"He is undoubtedly our man. The sooner you arrest him the better. Will you need a force from the sloop? My crew has been reduced to a number barely sufficient to sail the vessel, as it was presumed that you would like to fill up the ranks from your divers. Do you want them?"

"No. I prefer to take half-a-dozen of my divers, whom I can depend upon, and who know the assassin by sight! I think there will be little difficulty in taking the fellow out of his bed, two or three hours hence—say at midnight!"

"You will undertake the job, then?"

"Certainly—with pleasure." The arrest was thus arranged, and the guilty listener became more agitated than ever. He did not wait to hear more, but bowed himself into the water, as quietly as possible, and made his way noiselessly back to the spot where he had left the boat. His thoughts were in a whirl of excitement, danger rising upon danger before him, and terror succeeding terror in his guilty mind.

"Well, what luck have you had?" asked Moratin, in a whisper, as he assisted him into the boat.

Carnar was too much excited and terrified to immediately reply. He wanted time, moreover, to arrange the course of action he should adopt towards his companion.

"Holy virgin! you look as white as a sprial! You are reeling in your seat," ejaculated Moratin, as Carnar removed the mask from his face.

"What have you seen or heard?"

"It's nothing," he replied, shaking down his emotions—"that is, nothing but what we can defend ourselves against!"

"Tell me all, Carnar! What concerns one equally concerns both!"

"Well, we are getting into close quarters," began Carnar, in a whirl of thoughts and emotions, but with a fixed intention of keeping his secrets to himself. "The fact is, as near as I can judge from the little I have been able to overhear at the sloop, the pearl-diver has been appointed some kind of an officer of the navy, and is intending to marry Carla the first thing in the morning. What we do must be done quickly."

The effort of inventing something to satisfy his companion had a tendency to subdue Carnar's excitement, the more especially as he thought he was managing to be sufficiently non-committal.

"Well, what shall we do?" asked Moratin.

"What course do you propose?"

"Our first step is to get a little farther from the sloop. Row us back to the shore, as noiselessly as you can, and we will endeavor to hit upon something."

As Moratin raised the anchor and resumed his oars, Carnar looked away to wards the south, in the hope of seeing the light of the expected schooner, but all remained dark and silent in that quarter.

The boat was soon at the beach.

"Now Carnar," said Moratin, "what must we do? We have been in a perfect state of torture all the while you have been aboard of the sloop. I am afraid our prisoners will escape—afraid I can't manage Brossy—afraid on every feature of our situation."

Carnar gathered up all his energies, by an effort of determined will, to meet the exigencies of the case.

"We must take the girl and leave these shores for ever before morning," he responded. "If the rebcooner should arrive, very good. If she shouldn't arrive, we must go in this boat, or go afloat—leave unavailably, in some way or other."

"I see. If you have heard enough to produce this excitement, as cool as you usually are, there is not an hour to lose."

"No, nor a moment. We had better stow the boat away in some creek near by, and put aboard our arms and provisions. Not to keep you in the dark, let me say that the girls have told Brossy about the two men, and that Brossy has told the commander of the sloop, and that a party of divers and marines is about to come in quest of us. In less than two hours, if we stay at our house or mine, we shall be in their hands."

Moratin leaped from the boat and wrung his hands helplessly, as he paced up and down, with a face even whiter than Carnar's.

"The girl was coming back," he muttered, "but she will see no more of her now! She doubtless came to an understanding with her father at the pit-fall, and we were fools not to think of it sooner!"

Carnar knew to the contrary, as he had overheard all Carla had said to Brossy on the subject, but he did not care to enlighten his companion.

"Very good," was the response he made. "I am glad to see you waked up."

Moratin's excitement increased, as he saw lights flashing on the sloop and other signs of activity in that direction, and he cried:

"We must take to the boat! We have barely time enough to get a few stores. As to the girl—"

"Allow me to guide you," said Carnar, beginning to recover his equanimity. "The first step is, of course, the opening up of a retreat by way of the beach. We want food and drink for a pair of oars, a compass—any other little comfort you need."

He led the way up the beach, on a run, to Moratin's house. A bag of flour, and another of corn—a basket of fruit—a large keg of water, which Carnar offered to roll before him to the water's edge—prepared provisions enough to last three or four days—all the somewhat reduced

larrier of Moratin afforded—were transferred to the boat, in the shortest space of time possible, and then Carnar said:

"Now for a supply of weapons and ammunition! Have you enough for us both?"

"Thank fortune, a plenty."

"And if you have any money or valuables you wish to remove, get them. I keep the bulk of my money where I can find it just as well a year hence as to-night, and so will do nothing about it, unless it should have a plenty of time. Anything else?"

Another visit to the house was soon made, and then Moratin began to resume his self-control. As he cast his eye over the precious and weapons, he realized that it would not be difficult for Carnar and himself to effect their escape under cover of the night.

"On the whole," he muttered, "as the temptation of the promised security came over him, 'why need we go back? Why can't we push off at once, and so get a long start before morning?'"

"There is no reason why we shouldn't, as far as you are concerned," replied Carnar. "Let me see where I am on the question, since you have proposed it!"

Standing on the shore, with everything in readiness to depart, the fugitive fully regained his self-control and self-dependence.

"The pearl-diver has not left the sloop yet," he remarked; "nor can he proceed to his house by water as soon as I can go by land! That simple fact settles the matter. I won't go without the girl! Let us take my best pistol, and I will soon add her to our party!"

Moratin did not exactly favor the project, but he offered no serious objection. Carnar directed him to move the boat under a little cliff near at hand, where it would not be easily accessible from the shore, and requested him to remain with it, and maintain a strict watch until his return.

Moratin signified his compliance, and was instantly left to himself.

Carnar ran along the beach towards Brossy's cottage, at a terrific rate of speed, with his thoughts and intentions in a glow of excitement. An occasional glance seaward assured him that the pearl-diver had not yet left the sloop, and he had no doubt of his ability to seize Carla and bear her away with him.

The prospect restored him to good humor.

"Should the worst come," he thought, "they can never arrest me! There are places within ten miles of here where the foot of man has not trodden for centuries, if ever. I can beat a retreat in two hours where the whole population of the peninsula could not find me! Those fellows will find it easier to talk about seizing me than to do it!"

He had not gone far before he heard voices in conversation just ahead of him, the other side of a little cove which shut the speakers out of his view. Creeping up to the friendly concealment of the bushes, he was able to distinguish the outlines of the two men, who were coming down from the direction of his residence, and going towards the beach, as if about to embark on the water. For a moment he could not hear what they were saying, but the next instant he distinctly heard the name of Senor Moratin, and another of Senor Marino.

Carnar dropped to the ground as if shot.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## ONLINE'S PREPARATIONS.

As the reader will readily understand, the three persons seen by Carnar were Senor Marino and his son, attended by Fernandez, who were on their way to the sloop, in pursuance of the purpose we have seen them form.

"Go there must be boats hereabouts," the watchman Fernandez had said, "unless I am greatly out of my reckoning. I saw them when I was on my grand sneak to-day. You

just stay where you are, Don Palo, and take care of your father; and keep that pistol close in your hand—ready for the enemy—for we are not yet beyond the reach of their muskets. I will soon lead the article we need!"

He looked along the beach, and a boat was soon found, about a dozen rods further up the shore.

"Here's our ark of refuge," called the Mariner; "and oh! how happy are we, to be it, and to know that we have the means of gaining a place of safety! Each of my two thousand dollars is now as large as a full moon! This way, Don Palo! Once aboard of the sloop, you can send for Donna Carla, or go with a sufficient force, and the most interesting scene that ever took place will then and there be enacted—the meeting between the long-lost daughter and her father and brother! Diao mio! my eyes water at the thought!"

Carnar had not heard all of this speech distinctly, but his own perceptions had fully supplied the omission. He realized that the men before him, the father and son, had only to reach the sloop to find friends. He saw that all would be explained—that a general hunt would be made for him and Moratin—and that he might be compelled to owe his safety to a frail boat, which was entirely inadequate to a voyage in any direction from the peninsula.

A terrible temptation came over him, and he took several hasty steps towards the Marinos and Fernandez, with a drawn knife in his hand. Should he not make an effort to prevent the embarkation? One of the three men was quite weak and exhausted; and another declared himself a coward, while a single fortunate blow would rid him of the other.

"No, no," he thought, as he halted, and then he commenced retreating his steps. "I might overpower them all, but I should do so without attracting attention from the sloop on the shore, and it is quite possible that I might fail. The younger Marino has a pistol in his hand, and a ball from it, if it only broke my leg, would leave me in a fair way to be hanged, longer than Haman!"

He returned to his temporary concealment and watched the movements of the party, as they embarked and started for the sloop.

"Now for my dollars!" he heard Fernandez say, as he placed himself at the oars. "The trip between us and the sloop isn't far from half a mile, and I may therefore consider that I am receiving about a dollar a foot for it!"

"Here's a fine discovery," soliloquized Carnar, as he gazed after them. "That third party must be Moratin's Maxatlan friend—his betrayer. I feared he would be on the search for his employers, but I didn't expect such a sudden release as this. I must warn Moratin."

He hurried back to his companion, and revealed the discovery he had made. Moratin listened with a blanched face.

"Then car jig's up!" was his comment. "You had better give over your project of rescuing the girl, and we will be off for some distant region!"

Carnar shook his head as he looked seaward, his glances following the movements of the boat, as indicated by the sound of the oars.

"No, no!" he responded. "The affair only encourages me in my purpose. Brosey will remain aboard of the sloop just so much the longer on account of this arrival, as he will require time to hear their story. Now is my time!"

"Well, be cautious, and get back as soon as you can. I'm sure I'd like to see them all deflected, particularly in the matter of that proposed marriage."

"Rest assured that you shall. One world more, now that I survey the field more calmly. As the pearl-diver is still at the sloop, and it will be some time before he can argue after him, why shouldn't I prepare a nice reception for him?"

"What do you mean?" asked Moratin, as he fairly recoiled at the wolfish glances of his companion.

"I mean," Carnar responded, in a fierce whisper, "that I will blow them to atoms! In an hour or two—more or less—half a dozen or a dozen of these men will visit my house, in search of me, and effect an entrance. I can easily arrange a mine which will infallibly explode at the opening of the door, and away they go, in a general destruction!"

"Can you do this? Will you have time to arrange your mine?"

"I can do it in two minutes! And I not only can do it, but I will! Brosey is sworn to seize me, and 'take me out of the way,' as he expressed it, before twelve o'clock, and is thus sure to run into the trap I will set for him!"

Again enjoining Moratin to be watchful, and assuring him that he would be back within an hour, Carnar set out, on the run, for his residence.

He found the doors open, and stumbled over the logs, in the inner apartment, so that he formed a very just theory of the manner in which the rescue had been effected.

Hastily securing his loose money and all his valuables about his person, Carnar arranged his mine, placing under the floor several kegs of powder, which he had long since provided for such a purpose, in anticipation of the pursuit which had now come upon him. The torpedo, or exploding nucleus of the whole mine, was fixed at the threshold of the inner room, so that the entrance of one or more men, particularly if they moved hastily, could not fail to blow the entire structure to atoms.

His destructive preparations were soon made.

"There you are, my fine fellows," he muttered, as he arose to his feet. "I will leave the door closed, but unlocked, so that you may have free access to your doom!"

Chuckling to himself at his anticipated triumph over his pursuers, and congratulating himself upon the ingenuity with which he had prepared the mine, he left the premises, and again set out at a rapid pace for Brosey's house.

They are all uniting in a combination against me," he thought, "but why should I fear? After all, the boldness and promptness with which I am acting must set their efforts at defiance. With such a retreat open, I can easily escape to San Diego, or to the head of the Gulf, and thence make my way where I please. This pursuit does not incommode me in the least. I have long been intending to change my quarters, and have accumulated money enough to do so. How the girl will set depends, of course, upon what she has heard or discovered. At the worst, however, if she won't be my wife, she shan't be anybody else's, and that is a consideration!"

His rapid progress soon brought him to the vicinity of the pearl-diver's cottage.

"There they are!" he muttered, as he saw a light gleaming from a window. "I may have to create a disturbance, but I'll be none the less sure!"

As he crept noiselessly towards the cottage, he saw that Brosey was just leaving the sloop, the flashing of lights and other indications announcing the fact. The sight nearly nerve the observer in his purpose, and he muttered:

"I am glad to see where he is! The way seems all the clearer. Yet no time must be lost!"

Carnar took a few more hasty steps towards the cottage, and then suddenly halted, looking back in the direction of the sloop.

And lo! he suddenly struck him!

"To make all sure," he thought, "I must commence at the beginning! I must remove the lead and life of this movement. If I seize Carlos now, here's a bloodhound to be after me in ten minutes, and then any little accident, like the loss of the key, would ruin the whole at his mercy. I must act boldly and vigorously, or fail. The pearl-diver once swept

from my path, the proposed hunt will be delayed for hours, and in that time what can I not do? I can get the sloop, the boat, the schooner, or arrive, or Moratin and I may be able to seize the sloop, since she has but few men, and these may be mostly drawn away in the chase!"

He crouched behind some rocks at this edge of the water, and continued to watch the approaching boat, as revealed by the lantern it carried. It was soon that the shore, and the noise of the water became every moment more and more expressive of the determination he had formed.

"She'll soon be here," he said to himself, "and then a single blow from behind, as he lands, will place him at my mercy, without warning or noise. Then I'll seize Carlos and beat a retreat in the boat with Moratin, unless we can do better. And then if I can seize the sloop, or if my own vessel arrives, I can dig up my money, and set out, with my fair prize, for an island home in the Pacific or some other snug retreat!"

He became perfectly still and motionless, crouching like a tiger for his spring, for the boat was now at the beach.

(To be continued in our next.)

## AVOIDING A DUN.

A COMPOSITOR in one of the daily newspaper offices, though a good fellow, like most of the printing profession, suffers from repeated attacks of limited finances, or revenue disproportional to his disbursements.

He has no objections to paying debts, even to the last penny, when he has the money; but when he is short, he abhors the idea of meeting his creditors, for he hates a dun as he hates the "old boy, or a dity" proof. On the last few occasions of the pressures upon type's monetary market, he was descending from the news-room to the street, when he met a collector, who asked him if James H. Smith—giving the printer's name—worked in that office.

"Why do you wish to see him?" asked Smith.

"I have a bill against him (producing it) for \$30 left by Dr. A.—you, you remember, recently died, and his accounts have been placed in my hands for collection."

"James H. Smith," replied the compositor, repeating his own name slowly, as if it had a mysterious, familiar sound, and he was endeavoring to recall it. "I have heard that name before, surely—James H. Smith. James H. Smith? Oh, yes, yes (as if well remembered) he used to be employed here, certainly, certainly he did. I remember now; he worked next to my case, poor fellow!" and the speaker paused and looked sad.

"Did anything happen to him?" asked the collector.

"Yes, he died one morning, suddenly, of the cholera, after attending the sick bed of a dying friend."

"Did he leave anything?" asked the man of bills.

"Oh, no; the boys in the office had to bury him. I gave five dollars myself to help in putting the generous creature under the sod. He died penniless."

"Then there is no use in keeping this bill, I suppose?"

"None at all," said James H. Smith. And as the collector tore up the bill and departed, he continued, to himself, "I guess I've got rid of that old bore. It wasn't, perhaps, much of a story I was telling. Probably I was only anticipating a little after—all except in the five dollar contribution."

A SMALL INSULT.—"Did I understand you to call me a puppy, sir?" "Yes, sir, I called you a puppy." "I'm sorry for you." The man (a small notice) but had you called me a dog—an old dog—I would have knocked you down."

# American Scrap Book.

LONDON, JANUARY 24, 1863.

## SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

ONE of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to women insinuation and persuasion in order to be surly; it did not make them weak in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

### NEVER YIELD TO RIGIDITY.

Nerer let your honest conviction be laughed down. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of ridicule, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it—however rustic, however antiquated, however pelantic it may appear, do it—not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Be true to your manhood's convictions, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your own conscience.

### MARRIAGE

We have no doubt that a large proportion of matrimonial difficulties arise from an unconscious misunderstanding of individual traits of character. In all other relations of life people act upon mistaken ideas of the motives of others, as well as of the characteristics and idiosyncrasies that develop themselves in external results. And why not in this? It may be answered that the intimacy of the relation forbids the truth of such a supposition. But when we take into account the pertinacity with which many persons cling to preconceived ideas, or retain impressions once made, we are inclined to believe that our view of the subject is by no means impossible.

The ideas of incompatibility of temper, or of inability to understand and sympathize, &c., &c., once gained, is acted upon as a fixed fact. Every act of the married pair, henceforth, is one that tends to increase the disinclination, to widen the breach. There is no attempt at intimacy, or if one be made it is neither understood nor appreciated. It strikes us that it would be far better, in most cases of conjugal unhappiness, to strive to understand each other's character more fully.

### THE CAUSE.

Too much health is just as certain to produce diseases as too much of the opposite. All extremes are very much alike in that respect. The United States enjored, for its age, a little too much of that blessing we call good health. Did it never strike your imagination, O reader, that that might be the real cause of its present disorder? It was filled to bursting with vitality. It had grown, and was growing, as never nation grew before. Its life-blood was thick and rich. It lived luxuriously, and fattened lavishly. It dressed in "purple and fine linen"; it revelled in its means; it was intoxicated with its own greatness; gazed with pride on its boundless resources, and was a Dives of the first water among phantasm nationalities. But such gross indulgences among men and women led to eruptions. So it was with the great Republic. It became troubled with a "breaking-out." We thought it was but a skin-disease or a skin-itch, but it proved to be an organic malady. It looked like a "rash," merely, but it turned out a scarlet-fever—a fierce and fatal disorder, in which the spirit of life and death combat daily for the victory, exhausting the patient night upon the grave in the contest.

### DEATH OR LIFE.

The mental organization has much to do with the manner in which each mind contemplates that change in the animal economy, as contradistinguished from the spiritual, called Death. To some the dark-winged messenger is an angel of peace, inviting the wearied soul to rest; while to others he is a fiend of hideous aspect, without one redeeming quality to redeem the terror he inspires. We rarely stop to inquire into the meaning of the precept, "In the midst of life we are in death!" No one cares to know, save the theorist in physiology, that with every breath we respire we die; and with every inspiration, we also live! Our bodies are charnel-houses—the only tenant in it the divine power, which moves us to think, will, and act, that is not subject to dissolution. The change we call Death of the body, is different only in degree from that of the particles which compose it, and affects no more the spiritual man than does any ordinary and inevitable event which he is compelled, by the laws of being, to encounter and overcome. To the individual principle—that which knows, feels, and governs—Death is but the doorway to another condition, less gross, and as essentially as material—as permanent as existence can be. Truly, there is in life no such state as death, or total cessation of the self of him. This is his rudimentary sphere—his primary school—into which he was brought to develop his individuality; and he who can carry with him to another existence a fund of experience accumulated in this, can fearlessly say, "O! Grave, where is thy victory? O! Death, where is thy sting?"

### LANCASHIRE.

Over the expanse of ocean,  
Through all its grandeur of nation,  
Is winging the terrible cry,  
Is such from the lips of the woe,  
Is such from the lips of the woe,  
"Help! brothers, help! or we die."

Turn from our own selfish sorrowing,  
Of strange griefs some help borrowing;  
Hope that as we drud with them,  
So the dark future, though grimly  
It looms, shall prompt to us unity,  
Of our own tears to them,  
Dark is their sign of sorrowing;  
No more by desperate moaning;  
Earning the bread that they eat;  
Now they sit sadly and gravely,  
Bearing their trials so bravely,  
Dying, when life is so sweet.

Dying for us and our errors,  
Dying a death of each terror,  
Shall we look on and be still?  
Shall we not spring onward and still?  
In one bond of brotherhood banded,  
To succor and aid, with a will!

Four forth your grain, distant prairie!  
Fly open, New England daisies!  
Send forth your ships, leave New York!  
Stretch out your hands to your tower,  
Hastening far fear that some other  
May anticipate your good work.

Be still, thou tempestuous ocean,  
And, calming thy grandeur of nation,  
Bear our own freighting of peace.  
Let their tears in us never be shaken;  
Though stricken, they are not for aken;  
Nor shall we, till our life shall cease,

Fondly Fair.

### YANKEE NOTIONS.

AN AMENDED RETURN—Filling a decayed tooth.

A PRIME ARTICLE FOR GUNNERS—The copper cap.

WOULD it be an impropriety to tell a fireman to "go to blazes"?

THE PLAYER OF THE WHEATMAN—Who lost his scales—*Our a pro nobis.*

THE HULL SCRAPE—The one into which the *Great Eastern* has to get.

A FAST MAN, like a fast stream, is usually shallow.

The best preventive of fits is to buy your clothes at a shop-shop.

It may do little good to follow good advice if you follow it too great a distance.

"PAPER is rising," as the boy said when his kite was going up.

What is Satan's diet? Pitch, to be sure. That's why he keeps a pitchfork.

If he who pays his addresses to dumb belles is in no danger of being discomfited.

JACK FROST is as fond of pinching the boys as if he were a school-girl.

If you want your son to "lead a dog's life," apprentice him to a currier.

Oxgrod is often equal to a dozen perches—in singing.

"I'll change my base," as the counterfeitist said, when he offered boys for a green back.

THE EDITOR'S LAST WORD—To our own correspondent. Be sure you write, then go ahead.

"I CAN say, if an honest man is God's noblest work, what is an honest woman?" "His rarest, dear."

THE PIGMENT'S PROGRESS—Rather tardy: Bunyan's you know. Chiropractic, please take notice.

Good diet makes healthy children, and the South Sea Islanders think that healthy children make good diet.

How did Dan become Daniel? Probably some one gave him an inch-long I, and he took an el (el).

BY OUR SCOTCH CONTRIBUTOR.—Why was the storm which drove Lord Lonsdale's daughter like a morsel? Because it sank her chief.

If there are sixteen nails to one yard, how is it that there ought never to be more than five nails to a foot?

ENTOMOLOGICAL REFLECTION.—In November the most important lesson in the Book of Nature will be found in the fly leaves.

WITH shocking abuse of grammar some wretch affirms that he never saw a badly made iron chain, for it is always *well did* (welded).

ABOUT AS BAD AS ANY YET.—Why is a lady's neck like a showman followed by his monkey? Because it has a nape at its back.

"WHEN the Federal armies win victories," says Prentiss, "the reputation of our country will be at a premium, and gold will out."

ANATOMY.—"What's a collar bone, Jim?" "Well," said Jim, thoughtfully, "I don't know, unless those stiff dickies has got bones in 'em. I guess that's it."

A RABBIT.—A rich journeyman printer has been found out West. He is being exhibited with ring-tailed monkeys, wild hogs, shaved horses, three-legged calves, and other trinkets.

SINGULAR.—When Jeimima went to school she was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular. "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married."

"I AM burning to be at the essay again," as the man whose physician had advised him to give up smoking remarked, when he lit a fresh cigar.

NUT HIS OWN.—"Can't you credit me, Mr. Butcher, for a little meat, this morning?" said Harlap. "No; you owe me for that already on your bones," was the reply.

THE SUEBINE AND THE RIDGECLOVE.—What is the difference between Dante's great work and



## ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS.—IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

A TRUE and Perfect RETURN of all ESTATES of DECEASED PERSONS, placed under the charge of the Curator of the said Court, for collection and adjustment under the Act of Parliament of Victoria, No. 99, from the 1st day of January to the 30th day of June, 1862.—*London Gazette*, Dec. 2, 1862.

NOTE.—The Amount received by the Curator of the said Court, from the Estates in the whole Schedule amounted to £16,303 3s. 7d.

NO.	NAME OF DECEASED.	COLONIAL RESIDENCE.	SUPPOSED RESIDENCE OF FAMILY.	REMARKS.
82	James Edward	None	New Zealand	Died on board <i>Emma</i> , from Fiji Islands
83	William Hillier	Scrabby Forest	...	Died on board <i>Coxa</i> , from Singapore, 10th February, 1862
84	Samuel Owen	None	Liverpool	Died on board <i>Exeter</i> , from New Zealand, 10th March, 1862
85	Ebenezer Jones	None	Wales	Died 9th April, 1863
86	Henry Ledyer Holdsworth	Wangaratta	England	Died 12th April, 1863
87	David Ross	Ballaarat	...	Died 25th April, 1862
88	J. A. O. Forbes	Tarnagulla	England	Died 10th May, 1861
89	Eli Abbott	Beechworth	...	Died 4th May, 1863
90	Frederick Thomas	Sandhurst	...	Died 23rd April, 1863
91	Frederick Derrengler	Italian Gully	...	Died 3rd February, 1860
92	Wilhelm Kewell	Mafion	...	Died April, 1862
93	Hans C. Harvig	Sandhurst	...	Died 10th February, 1863
94	Henry Bogus	Geeelong	...	Died 23rd February, 1863
95	Ah Fie	Ararat	China	Died 23rd April, 1863
96	David Poole	Kangaroo Flat, Talbot	...	Died 16th March, 1861
97	Richard Lanyon	Smythdale	...	Died 10th April, 1863
98	Isabella Riddle	Sandhurst	...	Died on board <i>Grail</i> , from Otago, 21st April, 1862
99	John Smith	None	New York	Died 8th June, 1862
100	Thos. W. Dartnell	Melbourne	Ireland	Died 18th June, 1861
101	Thos. S. Rows	Melbourne	England	Died 23rd May, 1863
102	James Holden	New South Wales	...	Died 11th May, 1862
103	John Preston Jones	Beechworth	...	Died 3rd June, 1862
104	Duncan McMartin	Wangaratta	Scotland	Died 3rd May, 1863
105	Alexander McKay	Geeelong	...	Died 3rd May, 1863
106	Thomas O'Neill	Wangaratta	...	Died 3rd May, 1863
107	Thomas McClelland	Geeelong	...	Died 3rd May, 1860

## DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL.

It is calculated that 700,000 hogs will be sent up and packed this season in Chicago.

The United States *Economist* estimates that there is fully \$100,000,000 more specie in the United States than there was two years ago.

It has been ascertained that there is more zinc in Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin than all Europe has yet given signs of possessing.

The sorghum sugar they manufacture in Ohio is as white as the best New Orleans; the crystals are large and translucent as honey, and the flavor is equal to any in the market.

MACHINES have been invented in America whereby a block of wood is sawed, split into kindlings, and tied up in neat bundles of uniform size.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.—Many capitalists, it is said, are purchasing jewelry and diamonds as the best and safest manner in which they can invest their money. Married ladies and grown-up daughters strongly advise such investments on the part of their husbands and fathers.

THE GREAT NORTHERN LAKES.—The late C. government survey of the great lakes gives the following exact measurement. Lake Superior—greatest length, 353 miles; greatest breadth, 160 miles; mean depth, 955 feet; height above the sea, 627 feet; area, 32,000 square miles. Lake Michigan—greatest length, 360 miles; greatest breadth, 109 miles; mean depth, 900 feet; height above the sea, 567 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. Lake Huron—greatest length, 290 miles; greatest breadth, 130 miles; mean depth, 300 feet; height above the sea, 574 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. Lake Erie—greatest length,

250 miles; greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 200 feet; height above the sea, 565 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. Lake Ontario—length, 300 miles; mean breadth, 65 miles; mean depth, 160 feet; height above the sea, 282 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. Total length of five lakes, 1,345 miles; total area, 85,000 square miles. U. S. PATENTS.—During the first six months (from January to October) of 1860, there were 3,913 patents issued from the United States Patent Office. For the same period this year there have been granted only 1,885 patents; thus showing a decrease in the number of patents issued up to October 1st, of considerably more than one-half of the number issued in the same period in 1860. This falling-off does not augur well for the prosperity of the country. Labor-saving machinery was never in greater demand than now, but where are the inventors? Certainly half of them cannot have gone to the sea.

FIRE-ALARMS AND ENGINE IN THE STATES.—In the United States fire-alarms are given by electricity, and fires are extinguished by steam-power. In those cities that have introduced these agencies a large fire is almost impossible. The difficulty of extinguishing a fire in the northern cities of the Union is frequently greatly increased by the severity of the climate and the wooden tenements still remaining. The fire-alarm telegraph, as well as the steam fire-engine, have been introduced in several American cities. Philadelphia has fifteen of these engines, which in connection with the fire-alarm telegraph, make it impossible for a fire to do any serious damage before it is subdued. They cost from five thousand to eight thousand dollars each, and are paid for by the fire companies. The fire department of Philadelphia, and some other American cities, consists of unpaid volunteers. The steam fire-engines are drawn to the scene of

the fire by horses, ordinary ones being drawn by lantern force. While the number of steam fire-engines in Philadelphia exceeds those of any other American city, the plan of the fire-telegraph adopted by this city does not materially differ from that employed in New York and other cities of the Union. Telegraph wires connect all the police-stations with each other, and with the central, or Mayor's office; these are also employed for police purposes. Other wires extend from the central office to alarm fire-boxes, which are placed near each other in every part of the city. One of these boxes is within 300 yards of any given point. On an alarm of fire being given to any police-officer, he immediately opens the alarm-box, each policeman being provided with a key for this purpose, and by moving a slide the number of the alarm box is communicated to the central station; then the city fire-bell immediately strikes the number of the district in which the alarm originated. Philadelphia, which is territorially the largest city in America, is divided for this purpose into seven districts. The central operator having learned by telegraph from the district police-station the exact locality of the fire, transmits this intelligence simultaneously to every police-station in the city, and persons interested may ascertain at the nearest station the street and the number of the street at which the fire is raging. Upon the ordinary alarm being given, the firemen of the immediate district, and the two adjacent ones only appear at the scene of the fire. In case the fire is threatening in its character, the central fire-bell strikes the number of the district the second time, which is a signal for a general muster of the firemen of the city. The fire and police telegraph system has been adopted by Philadelphia, only about seven thousand pounds, while the steam fire-engines have cost the companies about twenty thousand pounds.





# THE SCRAP BOOK

AND  
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WIT. FUN. HUMOR. FAMILY MATTERS.

No. 67.—Vol. III.

LONDON, JANUARY 31, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



A BASH FLOW.

## THE BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER. A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

(From the *New York Ledger*.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUSADE OF THE FOREST."

### CHAPTER VIII. FALSE LIGHTS.

On the evening of the day in question, Bartlett, having become well enough informed as to the sentiments of the Smiths, not only with reference to the existing conflict between the colonies and the mother country, but with reference to their neighbor M'Donald, thought that he would be safe enough in disclosing to them a part of his plans, and in soliciting their co-operation. The old man was hardly a suitable per-

son to consult on account of his age; and as to the elder son, he appeared, indeed, unimpaired enough, but he was also suspicious, brutal, and inescapable. Good counsel was not to be expected from his passions.

It was therefore with Solon, the cripple, that Bartlett grew most familiar; and at nightfall the two were found sitting on a bench in front of the house, in close conference. The scenery in front of them was pleasing enough to attract the attention of the most unimaginative. The sun was going down over the high, wooded hill across the river; and the sky was without a cloud, every where blue as the sea, except near the western horizon, where it was yellow as gold. A fresh breeze just stirred the foliage, and fanned the rough cheeks of the two men engaged in plans little congenial to the sweetness and harmony of the hour.

"You are right, Bartlett," said Solon, "in not

wishing to make any rumour just now, as the feeling in the neighborhood is a little ticklish. I think we can bring this matter through. Let me see, how many men have you got?"

"Only Strunaway, besides the two Indians," said the other.

"That's not enough, for you know we can't act openly; and on the other side is old M'Donald and Wheaton, the wood-chopper, to a certainty, besides the Onseids. The first thing to do is to get M'Donald out of the way; and I have a plan for that. We must manage, also, to kidnap Wheaton; and as for the Indian, we can simply cut his throat, nobody will make a mope for him. Now this is what I propose to do—get the old man arrested as a Tory."

"Yes; I've thought of that; but how to do it?"

"Oh! you'll see; but will your men keep quiet on the other side?"

"That's what must be first attended to," answered Bartlett.

"Well," said Solon, "you and I must cross the river, for several reasons, to-night, and that will be one of them."

"You cross the river? How can that be done?" said Bartlett, looking brutally at the deformed limb of his companion.

"Ha! ha! That astutes you, don't it?" said the other, bitterly; "but we're a way of doing it. We'll want Eldad along for something; so, let's be stirring. I know how to fire him up. Here! you, El, come here! Wouldn't you like to take a squint at old McDonalds darter to-night?"

Eldad, who had approached slowly, and the natural state of whose mind seemed to be sourness and mistrust, looked from his brother to the stranger, and back again, several times, before answering:

"I'll look at her when I like, without asking your leave, or her old man's either, for that matter."

"Yes, but El," answered his brother, "I ain't often you have the pleasure of seeing her and Johnny Wheaton together, at the same time."

"Well, then, what are you going to do?" said Eldad; "you know what we meant to try down there (pointing towards the excavation) at twelve o'clock to-night?"

"Yes, but we can do both," said Solon, "we'll be back in plenty of time for that."

"I don't know anything about your plans," said Eldad; "but if you can get me a plain thing to do, with the chance of getting a clip at John Wheaton, I'll set about it."

"So, then," answered his brother, "the first thing to do is to get you a cap-supper and some pine knots; we can start in ten minutes."

The river runs here through so deep a valley, that night comes upon it almost as soon as the sun is down; so that it was not, in fact, many minutes after the conversation above-mentioned before the whole lower country was buried in obscurity. The thick wood along the shore seemed one mass of blackness.

During Bartlett's stay at the house of the Smiths, Ottawa, the Indian, had kept himself silent, and had only derogated from his usual deportment by drinking raw whisky pretty freely. He had not, however, gone so far as to get drunk. His situation was too critical for that; and the only apparent effect of his potations was to give his eyes a brighter and more eager look. The men, himself included, were soon on their way down to the river. And the willows on the bank, Solon soon pointed out a dark object, which was found to be a dark canoe, very light and fragile, but which, with skillful management, was capable of bearing several men.

"It isn't everywhere," said he, "that this bit of shaving can be kept aloft, or put across the river. But I know the exact spot. Here, Eldad, do you bring this into the water."

His brother, accordingly laying down a large and heavy bundle of pitch pine knots, stooped over the boat, and with one hand attached to each gungwaw, lifted it over his head, and soon laid it as lightly in the water as a boy would place a paper boat in a tub. The knots were supplied with paddles, and ready for a start, Solon, who now seemed the commander of the expedition, explained himself thus:

"Now, El, you know the line of rifts where we always go to spear the pike and other fish. That's your place; for when you and the Indian, Ot—Ot—(which is the end of his name, Bartlett?)"

"Ottawa," said Bartlett.

"Ottawa, then," continued Solon, "Eldad, do you and Ottawah attend to this, kindling fire on three or four dry rocks out in the stream, and moving about at your work with a torch in your hand. We'll be watched from 'tother shore and I won't 'em to think we're all on our cugged here."

So saying, he called Bartlett into the skiff with him, when, pushing off, in a few minutes they shot down stream, and were soon out of sight.

"Now, Otter, if that's your name," said Eldad, when the sound of the retreating boat had died away in the distance, "let's you and I be stirs!" He lighted a fire here, while I go out on the rifts and do the same. Why, what the devil is the enter? You don't expect to be sittin' there all night, do you?"

These exclamations were called forth by the circumstance that the savage, instead of bestirring himself, had quietly sat down on a rock hard by, and appeared to contemplate the proceedings of his companion with philosophic indifference.

"Ottawa warrior—no squaw to carry stick," said he at length, in answer to the repeated questions of his companion.

"I can't see why Sol, left me this lazy crew, instead of taking him himself," muttered Eldad to himself with a distressed air. "How-ever, I suppose I shall have to make the best of it. Here you, may be you could help me catch a few fish, when once we're in the water, even if it only to hold my light?"

"Qui—yes—suppose try," said the savage composedly.

At this moment he started, however, to his feet, and his companion simultaneously heard the heavy boom of a canoe, echoing from some point of the river away, and which, as the deep valley of the river where they stood, rumbled down upon them like the sound of distant thunder. Both looked to the sky, almost expecting to find it curtains with storm clouds. All was, however, serene and bright there. The savage stood with fixed look and distended nostrils, like a stag when he first hears the bay of the hounds.

"That's from Dorp, or I'm much mistaken," said the dry, unpoetic Eldad, after a moment's thought; "they often fire them cannon now-a-days, to alarm the country-folks. Wait a minute, and we shall hear another. In fact, after a few seconds, another low rumble was heard, but this time coming from quite another direction.

"That's it," said Eldad, "that's just it. This time it's from Albany. It's a way the towns has of conversin' with each other when either on 'em is scarce."

The explanation seemed to satisfy the Indian, for he again resumed his seat on the rock; while his companion proceeded to kindle a large fire of sticks. The light shone across the surface of the rapid water, and in one steadily dull line, but broke into a thousand reflections, as it lit upon the curls of foam, or shot into the unequal eddies of boiling whirlpools. With patience and some address, after not many minutes, other fires were lighted upon rocks out in the stream, and what with the changing reflections, and the man's torches to and fro, for a person at some distance might well have supposed a large fishing party to be there.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE BENDZUOXS.

A LITTLE more than an hour after the departure of Bartlett and Solon Smith, they might have been seen working their boat up stream again, but close under the northern shore. Where the water was tolerably smooth, they made rapid progress, thanks to the lightness of their craft; but when it became shallow and rapid, Bartlett would anchor and drag the little vessel forward with a line. For some time they proceeded in silence; but coming at length to a long reach in the river, where the surface was placid enough to admit of paddling, Bartlett remarked in a low voice:

"It's long way we found the 'Squire more than half sea over, or we might not have got the warrant so easily."

"Yes we should," answered Solon. "I know

the old fool to the backbone, and could have given him a thousand good reasons for arresting a Tory. In these times people don't look into things very deep. The Canada bread story was the first thing that came into my head, and that I hit on, from what you said this afternoon."

"Well, I must say," replied Bartlett, "that the man makes do look amazingly like the ryan-and-Indian things the hunters use on the Ottawas. What the deuce put it into their savvy fancies to make their dried reason three corners, like a general's cocked hat?"

"That's neither here nor there," said Solon, "who, though having less apparent interest in the enterprise, was by far the more vigilant and thoughtful of the two," provided it serves our present turn, that's all we want. I feel a little uneasy about them canon we heard awhile ago. It shows something uncommon is going on up the river."

"Pooh!" said Bartlett, "it only shows, what we could well enough guess, that St. Leger is on his way to Albany."

"May be so," answered Solon, a little dryly; "but unless I'm greatly out in my notions, there's a great many rifle bullets yet to be sent to the Hudson. Before he gets there, he'll find 'em smothering about his ears like so many hornets. But I say, do you see Eldad's lights yet, round the bend there?"

"They're just in sight now," answered Bartlett, "one, two, three, besides—let me see—yes, four, and one more moving about. That's your sort. Shall we steer direct for them, or first go to the bend this side?"

"To the bend," answered Solon. "I want to see your fellows afore we call in Eldad, or run any risk. Mountains, as we are getting into camp water, we'd better not talk the edge of being heard. When we're among the rifts, the noise drowns our voices well enough."

The two men now, preserving silence, and carefully handling their oars, drove the light boat up the stream with considerable rapidity. The shadow of the cliff was projected on the water, some distance behind them; so that unless a person was on the watch, and stationed at the foot of the ledge, so as to bring their figures a little in relief, it would have been extremely difficult to discover them from the shore. It was not long before they were floating abreast of a high wall of laurel upon which Bartlett continued to bend his eyes scrutinizingly, in order to discover his opening to the gorge where he had left his companions. The opening being found, Bartlett recollected enough of the glen's topography to grope his way to the point where he had left Squireway and Sabbot. By a low call he soon awakened them.

"Are you all right, Bob?" said Bartlett, as soon as he had succeeded in attracting attention.

"Right enough," growled Squireway, as he rose up; "right enough, except for lines of infernal fresh water, crawling that will get into the man's shoulders, when he leaves his natural element."

"But where is Sabbot?" interrupted his companion.

"You no see him yet?" said the individual spoken of, under lying his hand on his left arm; "who in cauce?"

"Oh! that's a friend of mine," answered Bartlett; "we're all here, it seems; so now to business."

This saying, he stepped to the boat for a moment, and interchanged a few words with Solon.

"You had better ask them," said the latter, raising his voice, "whether anything has taken place since you left."

"How is it?" repeated Bartlett. "Nothing," answered Squireway. "This hole's as still as a brook in a cave. We have not seen or heard anything; though Sabbot there, like an ear, as he is, has been trying to hear one of his own cove, I believe."

"What does this mean, Sabbat?" asked Bartlett, with interest, turning to the Indian.

The countenance of the latter, if it could have been seen, would have worn a look of great disgust and contempt, as he replied:

"His natin; Sabbat drive off Onieda again—very down-clear over—in canoe, and shoot wid arrow."

"Eh? what?" again asked Bartlett, with perplexity.

"He means," interposed Sternway, yawning, "that when we were coming back here, he caught sight of another Indian on shore, landed, got a canoe, fired a broadside or so of them arrows, and returned."

"Yes, but what has become of the Onieda?" now broke in the somewhat shrill and penetrating though lowered voice of Solon.

"Eh! brother, where away is he?" repeated Sternway to the Indian.

"Away?" answered the savage. "Don't I say, gonoff?" Over ribber, 'pose, in canoe."

"It's lucky," said Solon, after a pause; "it's lucky that fellow's been frightened off. He's as keen-eyed as a hawk, and might have given us trouble. As it is, what we've got to do, we'd better do to-night before he gets to the water."

"Things seem in a fair way so far," said Bartlett; "the Indian got rid of, and, as for your John Wheaton, he was not there when I was at the house to-day. We had better have the place looked at a little before we bring up the rest, so as to be sure we fall into no trap."

"It won't do to waste too much time about it," said Solon; "I think, Bartlett, you and Sabbat had better go up and see to it, while I, and your friend Bob, go after the others. Find some spot where you go up the ledge to put a light, which can be seen from the river. Let that two objects will be accomplished: we shall know where to stop, and we shall know that all is right."

This arrangement was agreed to, and all set about carrying it into effect without delay. Bartlett already knew how to find access to the top of the bank, and one of the boats was taken to the desired place of ascent, while the other would serve Solon and Sternway in seeking for their remaining forces on the river. It may seem strange that such a display of numbers and such precautions should have been deemed necessary in making an attack upon a household, where there was but one man upon whom for defence certain reliance could be placed. Yet it must be borne in mind that one of the principal objects in view was to avoid a brawl while carrying out the design.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE LULL.

WHILE all these preparations on behalf of Bartlett and his accomplices were going forward, some other things had taken place which might slightly interfere with their plans. Both the Onieda and John Wheaton were present, contrary to the suppositions entertained in regard to them. They had reached McDonald's house before sundown, and found everything there apparently quiet. Those who had caused their alarm had disappeared, and nothing indicated that any danger was near them. The evening was a quiet one.

Old McDonald had related to Wheaton the particulars of the interview he had had with Bartlett; and the young man did not fail to ponder upon it deeply and anxiously, asking himself if there could be any ground in civil antipathy, or from the probable designs of these unwelcome visitors. In those days, information as to the actual state of public affairs was hard to be obtained. Except between important towns, there was no such thing as a public mail; and special couriers, sometimes in civil antipathy, or from the commanders of forces, delivered their despatches to those for whom they were destined, and no knowledge of their contents reached the public. In remote settlements,

especially, vague rumor was about the only news afloat; and sometimes great and decisive battles were fought for weeks before the solitary inhabitants of the thinly-scattered log houses, and of the distant frontier clearings, were fully aware of the facts.

It may thus be judged that Wheaton felt very anxious and suspicious about the state of affairs on the evening in question. There was report of a battle—a bloody and desperate one—somewhere up the Mohawk, but at what place, and with what result, there was, as yet, no reliable information. Old General Herkimer, with his untiring troops and his jealous and quarrelsome officers, may have been defeated; and the whole country between him and Albany thus have been left exposed to the advance of a hostile army, and the murderous attacks of the savages. The presence of this lawless ruffian, Bartlett, would seem to imply that something like that had actually taken place. It appeared incredible that he and his companions would venture thus far among the American settlements, without being sure of a speedy success. It is true, it was not absolutely known that he was a Tory; but suspicion ran so strongly that way, that he could be no true friend of himself a little unselfish ordinary times, where he was, had his presence been generally known.

It was at the commencement of night that Wheaton found himself still anxiously considering the circumstances of their situation, walking along the river, where, consumed by a feverish bushe, he could now and then cast a glance upon the wide water below, and upon the opposite shore. Thither, as he understood, had the late visitors withdrawn. He was not satisfied with that mere fact. He knew how easy it was to return, and he also knew that if he did, he said which they might be enabled to get where they had gone. For this reason his eye was frequently turned in that direction. But in the midst of his reveries and his watchings, Jenny McDonald came out to meet him.

She was clothed in what was then known as a "petticoat and short gown"; the former of coarse woollen cloth, and the latter of clean white linen. The whole reached down but halfway between the knee and the foot, which was garnished with grey stockings of home manufacture, and with plain, low, leather shoes. She wore no head-dress, and though her apparel was thus coarse and exceedingly rustic, her complexion, could it then have been seen, and had the starlight been bright enough to show it, would have appeared delicate, and beautifully tinted with the hue of health, while such portions of her neck and arms as were sometimes exposed would have looked as white as snow and soft as down. She had the clearness which no wealth of robing can confer—tint of youth and beauty, when the heart and mind are as clear and spotless as the form in which they are encased. Her simplicity and modesty, if more added to her also an additional charm.

As she came up she carried in her hand some knitting-work upon which she had been engaged, as if her habits of industry did not entirely leave her even in her hours of relaxation and pleasure.

"Jenny, my little one," said Wheaton, as she approached, "it's a pleasant thing to find you out on the shore, and to see you here by my side; but it would be pleasant still if I only knew what that rascally Tory meant by his visit to-day."

"And do you think, John," said she, as she walked quietly by his side, her hand without taking his arm, "do you think, really, he would dare to do anything wrong down here so far away from the settlements, and upon people who have never injured him?"

"There's nothing certain," was the reply; "nothing certain, now-a-days; but, if you want my opinion, I think he's a Tory, though I say anything, provided he thought he could come out of it safe. However, we shall see soon enough, I suppose. But, Jenny, what does

them lights mean on the other side? It's getting so dark, I can't make out anything there but them."

"Oh, they're nothing," answered the girl. "Old Smith's people are often on the river, spearing fish, on summer nights."

"One, two, three, four," said the companion.

"Yes, I reckon you're right. There's five on 'em already. Pro'ly he'll tell that they sometimes dig for gold over there; ha! ha! But I suppose they only do that on stormy nights, or after twelve o'clock, when the old Nick is through his day's work, and has time to help his friends."

"That old Nick is wicked enough to be the old Nick himself," answered Jenny; "and as for his brother, he's both brave and fool, I believe."

"I know, I know, lassie—as your father calls you," said Wheaton; "that chap's been trying to come round you. Ha! ha! Well, let him have his trouble for his pains; but he hasn't come in any way, or I'd send him down the waterfall some moulting night."

"Thy say, John, he's almost as strong as his blind old father," said the girl.

"Is he though?" answered Wheaton, contemptuously. "Well, then, I think I might be able to give the old fellow a ducking. I can't do the young one, a week or so since, when I found him pulling up my fish-lines. He tried to make up to a little fight, but I cooled his head for him in the water, and he went off, looking black and foolish."

"Oh, John," she said, "you have made a mortal enemy of him, perhaps."

"Jenny," said her companion, "why—what do I care for that? Wain't he as much inlay as he could be before?"

"Yes; but this may lead him to try something desperate."

"That for him and his Impish crew!" said Wheaton, snapping his fingers. "They know better than to meddle with me face to face."

"Yes, but you know, John," she replied, "that will not be the way in which they will try to injure you. It is by a long and tricky. They seem to be in league with the Indians, and you are as much alone."

"That puts me in mind," Wheaton answered, smiling, "that I am in league with the Indians too, or rather with an Indian, and that is our friend, the Onieda."

"Where do you think he is to night?" she said. "I do not remember to have seen him since sundown."

"Oh, I suppose he is out lurking somewhere," said Wheaton. "He seemed uneasy about them Indians, and there's no doubt he was uneasy about them, for one on 'em tried to shoot him to-day, and he thinks it's not the same one who went over the river with Bartlett."

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### THE SAVING OVER THE FALL.

AS the two young men walked along, they had approached the waterfall, which now sent up its rushing sound, at their feet, almost loud enough to prevent them from hearing each other. The little stream here, in fact, seemed to pitch down into a black and bottomless gulf, permitting to be seen for a short distance only the pale sheet of foam. Its descent was quite perpendicular; and a man jumping from its upper edge would strike nothing but ice crashed among the broken rocks at the bottom. From above at that point the river was not visible. Thick bushes and tall trees, growing on the opposite bank, hid the spot where a favorite one for the young people, perhaps because of its beauty, and perhaps the murmur of the water seemed to hush the sound of their voices, and give them the sensation of talking in whispers—a thing that pleases in their condition delight to do.

"Al! Johnny, lad," she said, "how pleasant it is for us to be here, watching that beautiful sheet of water, of a quiet summer night like this."

"Johnny, lad, is it?" he answered, laughing, as he took her hand. "Why, Jenny, you

darling, one would think you was talking to some small, younger brother of yours, by the little names you give me back here," he added, as he caught her suddenly up by the arms and stepped to the brink of the precipice: "See what the infant you call 'Johnny, lad,' can do!"

Saying this, and before she well knew what she did or had time to demonstrate, he swung her curiously over the gulf, which she could see, like a white horror, foaming directly below her. Sudden fear silenced her tongue; but her unwavering confidence in the strength and affection of the man who thus toyed with danger, soon quieted her pulse; and by the time he placed her standing safely again by his side, her nerves had regained their composure; and it was with a blush of unmitigated pleasure that she received the kiss which was to repay her for the surprise. She said, however:

"I wish you would not do that any more."

"Which?" he answered, "the kiss or the swing?"

"You know," she answered, blushing still more, "for sometime your foot might slip on that mossy stone, and with me in your arms, you could not reach or hold on to the grape-vine by which you sometimes climb down. Besides, you could not see it in the dark."

"May be not, my little one," he answered; "but it seems to me that I know where it is, as well as I know the way from this little hand to the lips that pout and smile above it. Darkness never bothers me; I can always find my way."

"Oh, John," she answered, as her eyes filled with tears, "you are good, for all you're so rough; but you must promise me—" and here she took one of his brown, muscular hands between both of hers—"you must promise me—"

"Where are ye, Jenny, lass?" he interrupted the deeper tones of her father's voice—"where are ye?"

"Here, sir, to be sure," promptly answered Wheaton; "we wouldn't be far off on a night like this, you know, lad."

"That's well, lad," said McDonald, coming up; "but has ye seen Squaguit sin your return? My mind sadly misgives me this night."

"Well—aye—yes," said Wheaton, hesitating, as he gazed, in the darkness, to the westward, where the pathway came down to the head of the cascade. "Yes, for unless I'm greatly deceived that's him coming now. Heh! Oneida, is that you?" he continued, raising his voice a little.

"Squaguit come—know him now," said the Indian, as with a grave countenance, but with a friendly air, he walked into his personal name of the group. Wheaton examined him closely by aid of the dull starlight.

"Oneida," he said, still addressing the savage by the name of his tribe, that being, according to the aboriginal notions, a more serious and powerful appellation than his personal name. "Oneida, that has happened? I see, for the first time in my life, that you have put on war paint, and that you carry your bow."

"Good time—tell de Big Axe why," answered the Indian.

Wheaton cast a glance of intelligence at old McDonald, and one of slight anxiety to his daughter, as he replied:

"Is the danger from those we spoke of to-day?"

"Yes; all know him soon and more—young squag goes home," he continued, in a kindly tone to Jenny. "Big Axe and Squag stay on path."

"Ye ken, lassie," added old McDonald, "how well disposed our neighbors is, and ye wad do best o' en to gang in, as he says."

"But, father," she answered.

At this moment the voice of Wheaton interrupted further conference by an energetic "hust!" uttered between his teeth, while, changing his position slightly, he peered intently down into the gorge.

"Socksit," he said, in an earnest whisper, dropping into his vernacular with excitement, "Socksit, socksit, socksit, socksit this way!"

In an instant the savage was by his side; and both bending down, listened intently.

"I'd swear to the sound of voices," at length said Wheaton, in a deep tone, as if, with the prospect of danger, the lover was disappearing, and the friend of action arising within him.

In point of fact, he had overheard a few words of the conversation that had taken place in the gorge, at a moment when the voices of the speakers had been indistinctly raised.

"This must be looked to, Oneida, he continued, "hust! you and I better take a short turn and find out—"

"The Oneida has already gone," said Jenny, in a low voice, interrupting him.

"Then critics move on air," muttered Wheaton, looking around, and a little vexed that his Indian companion had already anticipated his plan. "They make no muffled noise in movin' about than mullen-wool fallin' by the roadside."

After listening and watching for some time further, the three remaining people—that is to say, Wheaton, McDonald, and his daughter—went up to the house. The brawl of the boulder as it tumbled into its rocky bed, could still and always be heard at the very house door. Other than that, scarcely a sound beyond the ordinary echoes of the forest after nightfall could be heard. All remained listening; they could distinguish the crack of the crickets from the elm-corner, the swoop of the night hawk from the sky, and the hoarse croak of the tree toads from the neighboring bush.

Nothing seemed to occur to justify their apprehensions, or to reward their vigilance. Wheaton, ever forward and impatient, had gone off in the darkness, in order to take, if possible, the control of events into his own hands. He was not to be cooped up if he was to fight. He wanted the field open before him.

Thus an hour or more wore away; and then Wheaton came back, looking suddenly back-silent, and with blank looks. Neither had discovered anything: the lights of the supposed fishermen in the river had disappeared. There was darkness everywhere—also silence. Squaguit had clambered down to the very heart of the gorge, but he had found no one there. He had nothing but darkness and solitude. He had returned, and long waited and watched in vain.

A little ashamed of their want of success, and still not freed from their suspicions, both he and Wheaton had at last been wearied into giving over their search.

In the house, McDonald, with grave and composed looks, paced the floor, preserving a taciturnity greater even than ordinary. In the corner of the room the daughter, by aid of a candle, sat engaged in some sewing, and by her side, with his hand over the back of the chair, sat the Indian, his countenance exhibiting a species of good-humored anxiety. The Indian lay down square across the doorway, with his head on the floor, and was soon apparently asleep.

The mother of the girl, of whom we have as yet had no occasion to speak, occupied an inner room, the windows of which were usually, as well as on the present occasion, closed and barricaded.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### THE DETOUR WARRANT OF ARREST.

"Hoo cam ye, Johnny, to be gangin' hereby just this o'en?" at length said McDonald, suddenly pausing before the person addressed.

"Socksit there," answered Wheaton. "Socksit didn't think everything quite right this mornin' and so came over to see; and to my notion he didn't do far wrong."

"Maybo not, lad; maybe, not," said the old man, resuming his walk; "but's this unchancy

things mak me slightly fearful for the kind auld wife, and fir—how his eyes rested upon his daughter with such significance, that it was unnecessary to finish the sentence.

"I know," Wheaton replied, as much to his look as to his words; and you needn't have much anxiety while I'm here, for if that were of any account I reckon the Oneida and I will stand by you as long as we can here, house, and longer, for they may turn up."

He had hardly finished his words before the Indian sprang with a single bound to his feet, while with hands extended as if to bespeak silence and attention, he stood for a moment with his head turned toward the outside, in the attitude of a person intently listening.

Wheaton was already up and near the door.

"Men tread," said the savage, after a few moments; then having passed out at the open door, they could see from the outside a dull red light reflected on his face, as he turned to the west. It was but a second, however, for in the next instant he had disappeared, and Wheaton stood almost in his place, gazing at a sight which is always startling, and which in the present case was particularly so. Over the hill which rose a little to the west and south, and directly in the course toward the squag's humble hut, there was a bright blaze, which shed its silent and lurid light upon all surrounding objects. It was the more appalling, because no cries of alarm accompanied it, indicating that no aid was near to suppress it, or that it was the work of those who were best acquainted with the place.

Wheaton was about to spring forward to ascertain what was burning, and to lend his help, if, as he supposed, it was the cabin of his friend the Oneida, when he was recalled to himself by hearing the clang of fire-arms, as old McDonald coolly took down his gun from the elm-corner, raised, rattling its butt on the floor to make sure that all was clear. In addition to this, Wheaton also now heard what was more important still, namely, the sound of several voices approaching the house, across the clearing. In that direction he turned his eyes.

"You may be sure," said a shrill voice, "that the old king's admiral will be for giving us trouble, even though we be simply engaged in making a lawful arrest!"

"Why, Solon," replied another, in a lower and more cautious tone, "what the devil do you clamor out in that way for? The old rat may hear us, and take to some hole before we can come up."

"Oh! you be hanged!" replied the first speaker; "he's got no hole to go to, and besides, don't know we're a swimin'."

"May be not; but look there!" said the other.

They were now within a rod or so of the house, and ceased talking as they came on. It was not McDonald they found themselves facing; it was a younger man—the man whom, above all others, they did not wish to see there; no more was upon his face a look slightly contemptuous, but also one of quiet and immovable resolution. All this, the light of the fire still shining upon him, enabled the new comers to see; and it was of essential service to them, for it induced them to act more cautiously. When they spoke of his prudence. The force to be met was greater than they had had reason to expect. The Smiths knew Wheaton well, and suspected strongly that they would not be able to carry out their designs without a fracas more or less dangerous to all concerned. When they spoke of the Smiths," we mean Solon, the simple, for the other was like a mere body of muscles and animal passions, to which he acted as the directing brain. To Solon, therefore, the thought occurred anew, as it had occurred before, that the whole proceeding should be against the guise, and could be so conducted that the protection of the simple arrest. For this, as will be seen, precaution had already been taken. It was for this reason that he had committed the apparent

indiscretion of talking loudly on their approach, giving to themselves the character of officers of justice executing a disagreeable duty. The party now approaching consisted of six men, namely : Harriet and his man Bob, the ex-actor, the two Smiths, and the two Indians. The force was ample, in case their proceedings were to be carried on by violence. To them, in the first instance, Wheaton alone was found to be confronted. They might have shot him where he stood, but they did not wish any alarm or excitement to arise in the neighborhood. Treachery, they thought, was better than noise.

"You here, John Wheaton?" said Solon, affecting surprise. "I'm sorry to find you in bad company—sorry on your account."

"Oh, you're sorry, are ye?" said Wheaton, with a grin; "but I rather reckon you're sorry for your own sake instead of mine; and as for my being in bad company, I wasn't aware on 't till you come nigh. But what is it you want here? Tell me that, afore ye come any nearer, or, may be, you'll have more reason to be sorry."

(To be continued in our next.)

## ASTREA;

OR,

## THE BRIDAL DAY.

(Written for the New York Ledger.)

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"THE HIDDEN HAVEN," "ROSE BAKER," "SUNDIAL,"

"THE DOOR OF DEVELL," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER LX.

### HOPE DEFERRED.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterday's were light as foam;  
The way to dusky death! SHAKESPEARE.

MEANWHILE, at Fuljoy's Isle, in Maryland, nothing was at yet known or suspected of the events transpiring at the Old Plantation House in Louisiana.

From the time that Mr. Dunbar had left the neighborhood, for the purpose of inserting advertisements in the city papers offering a munificent reward for the discovery of the missing lady, the friends of Astré had passed their days in the slow heart-wasting of "hope deferred." Every week they received letters from Welby Dunbar reporting no progress towards discovery. Once Madame de Glacie had got from Mrs. Greville a letter of condolence inviting her to come to New York. This invitation had been gratefully declined. Upon another occasion, Colonel Greville had received from his step-mother a letter full of sympathy. This he answered in the spirit in which it was written. At last Captain Fuljoy got a little note from Ettie Burns, announcing her safe arrival in New York, and also the immediate departure of the whole family for New Orleans. The same mail brought a letter from Mr. Dunbar to Madame de Glacie confirming the news, and assuring her that he should take advantage of this journey to prosecute the search for her lost daughter.

Since those last two letters the friends of Astré had heard nothing from their attorney or his party. Captain Fuljoy, with the patient endurance of righteous old age, tried to bear up under this protracted anguish of suspense; but his friends perceived with sorrow that he failed every day.

Colonel Greville, with the elasticity of youth, struggled long against the fatal effects of impatience and despair; but at last he also succumbed to their power, and rapidly wasted away.

Only Madame de Glacie, with the hope that "springs eternal," in a woman's breast at least, and the prophetic vision of a mother's soul, kept

up her spirits, and foretold the final success of the search. She wept frequently from one of the sufferers to the other to cheer them up.

Meanwhile, some modification of public opinion was going on. Some weeks had passed since the "tragedy at Fuljoy's Isle," as the events of the bridal day there had been called, and the community had had time to recover from the first effects of their surprise, horror, and indignation. The guilt of Colonel Greville was no longer a matter of unquestionable fact with everybody. Many seriously doubted his criminality. The conduct of Captain Fuljoy and the Marquise de Glacie also had a good effect upon public sentiment. They did not believe Colonel Greville to be the murderer, or that any murder had been committed. On the contrary, they held their son-in-law in the highest possible esteem and affection, and they were convinced that the lost bride had been abducted by certain other parties. So the good people of the country looked forward to the approaching trial as the only means by which they would ever be able to get the truth of this mysterious affair.

The day of the trial arrived. From an early hour in the morning the court-room was crowded by an eager audience. Judge Pemberton presided. At ten o'clock, the prisoner, pale and haggard from long imprisonment and severe anxiety, and clothed in the gloomy habiliments of mourning, was led into court. By his side, to sustain him by their presence, walked Madame de Glacie and Captain Fuljoy. This excited a buzz of conversation among the spectators.

"Surely," it was whispered, "he cannot be guilty, or the mother and the guardian of the girl he is supposed to have murdered would not be here in attendance upon him."

"And look! how affectionate their manner is to him!"

This will have its effect upon the jury, in spite of all!"

Meanwhile, the prisoner and his party advanced through the court. In that primitive country court-room there was no regular dock. The prisoner was accommodated with a chair in front of the bench, and among his own counsel. His manner was composed and dignified, but deeply sorrowful. Madame de Glacie and Captain Fuljoy seated themselves, the one on his right hand, the other on his left.

Madame de Glacie put her hand in his, and looked affectionately upon him from time to time.

Captain Fuljoy sat back, with his hands resting upon the gold-headed cane that stood between his knees, his broad chest expanded and his grey head erect, looking defiance at the court.

Occasionally the counsel of the prisoner came and exchanged a word with one or the other of the group.

And thus they remained while the preliminaries of the trial were arranged.

In criminal trials, in some cases, the evidence is so clear against the prisoner, that every one surely predicts his conviction; in others, it is so obscure that every one as surely anticipates his acquittal; and in neither of these cases is the anxiety felt by the public at large; for they think that they know the result of the trial in advance.

But there is a third class of cases where the evidence is of that questionable character in which it might be perceived that a harsh jury would convict, or a lenient one acquit the prisoner.

Of this class was the case of Colonel Greville. The circumstances that could be proved against him were so grave as to excite the most serious fears of his conviction; but his party appeared to be a mere one; while the rebutting testimony that could be brought forward in his favor was so strong as to raise the most lively hopes of his acquittal, should his jury chance to be a charitable one. The effect of this uncertainty was to fill

the minds of his friends with the deepest anxiety and those of the public with the most eager curiosity.

The preliminary arrangements being completed, the prisoner was arraigned in the usual manner, and pleaded, of course, "Not Guilty."

"No, I'll be d— (I was going to say) if he is!" exclaimed Captain Fuljoy, bringing down his gold-headed stick with an emphatic thump!

The trial proceeded.

The State's attorney arose to open the indictment. He stood up with an air of modest assurance, of deferential confidence. His opening address was intended to be one of the finest specimens of forensic eloquence ever yet heard. He cleared his throat, looked around upon the spectators, down upon the prisoner, over to the jury box, up to the bench, and commenced:

"Your honor, and gentlemen of the jury, it becomes my painful duty to—"

"Cast your e'er this wee bit writing," said the Scotch bailiff, thrusting into his hands a folded paper that had been sent by the sheriff, with this crisis entered the court-room.

The State's attorney looked surprised and annoyed at the not timely interruption; but catching the eye of the sheriff, who was making his way through the crowded room towards the bench, and deeming a paper despatched by him at that moment of some importance, he frantically opened the same.

The effect was marked. His face flushed up, he glanced quickly at the messenger, at the prisoner, at the jury, and then with a short bow to the bench, turned suddenly and hastened to meet the sheriff, who was still slowly advancing through the crowd.

The eyes of the whole assembly were upon the two. That something unusual had happened, or was about to happen, every one knew. The crowd fell back to facilitate the meeting of the two men.

The prisoner and his party watched these proceedings with curiosity and interest. To the despairing every event brings hope—for their condition, that cannot be made worse, may be made better. Therefore it was with a vague hope that this nearly hopeless group gazed upon the meeting of the State's attorney and the sheriff.

The two last mentioned were now talking together in low, eager tones. After a short interview, they both advanced towards the bench, and the State's attorney spoke:

"Your honor, I beg leave to withdraw the charge against the prisoner at the bar, and enter a *solle prosequi*. I hold in my hand an official dispatch from the Mayor of New Orleans, announcing that the missing lady, Astré Greville, is alive and well—"

He was interrupted.

With great cries of joy the prisoner and his friends sprang up and threw themselves into each other's arms. The contagion spread. The audience was in a state of irrepressible excitement.

There are crises in life when time, place, and conventional proprieties are all carried away in the tide of overwhelming emotion. For a moment the crowd forgot to call the crowd to order. Nature had to take her way! Meanwhile the judge was reading the official despatch. At length he spoke to the clerk, who called out in a loud voice that rose above all the noise in the room:

"Silence in the court while his honor gives judgment!"

And silence fell like a spell upon the crowd. The judge then rose and spoke:

"The prisoner is discharged from custody, and the case is adjourned." And having said this, he descended from the bench and warmly shook hands with Colonel Greville and Captain Fuljoy.

The sheriff at the same moment came up and placed the despatch in Colonel Greville's hands, saying:







which he was assisted by the Marquis de Glacé and the Irish Druides; and his second abduction of Astrée Greville, the bride, in which he was assisted by the French actress Victorie, and his own pirate crew. His confession led to the eventual apprehension and punishment of all these malefactors, with the exception of the Marquis de Glacé, who escaped the galleys by dying of diphtheria.

After the demise of her brother-in-law, Madame de Glacé put all her estates situated in Italy and France into the hands of a responsible agent, and took up her permanent abode at Fuljo's Island.

There Captain Fuljo, Colonel Greville, Astrée and Madame de Glacé live together, forming one united and happy family. Captain Fuljo has purchased Burntop, and assigned it as a residence to the two old maiden ladies, Miss Mablett Powers and Miss Priscilla Pinchett, whom he has pensioned off. These two, being perfect opposites in every possible respect, fit well into each other's characters, and live together in great harmony. For instance, Lissy, Miss Pinchey loves to command, while Miss Hit loves to obey. Miss Pinchey has a quick temper, Miss Hit a slow one; Miss Pinchey likes to stir about, Miss Hit to sit still; consequently, Miss Pinchey does the housekeeping and Miss Hit the sewing. Finally, Miss Pinchey likes to talk and Miss Hit to listen; therefore they agree so perfectly well that all who know them say that it is a great pity one had not been a man and the other a woman, so that they might have married and set an example of conjugal harmony to the whole world.

But if this marriage cannot take place others can; for the very latest intelligence received from Fuljo's Island announced that the constancy of Sam had conquered the coldness of Venus, and that they were to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony the coming Easter.

And the last letter from Mrs. Courtney Greville informed us of the engagement of Rene Burns to a talented young lawyer, who is going into partnership with Welbar Dunbar, who is pursuing his professional business with untiring industry and eminent success.

THE END.

## WILD LIFE IN OREGON.

BY WILLIAM V. WELLS.

"CAN you get us something to eat, Dan?" said I, in my blindest tone.

"Are you Coos Bay people?" asked the voice from the bed.

It flashed across me that a slight fish in such a strait would be excusable, and thinking that the Norwegian might have a peculiar regard for the denizens of Coos Bay, I replied "Yes!"

"Well, get out of my cabin, you sneaks! Do don't no Coos Bay man get no grub in my cabin—they're mean enough to pack their own grub!"

It was evident I had made a mistake, and I hastened to explain, when H—, who had known Dan, came to the rescue.

"Dan! don't you know me? It's the doctor; Dr. H—, that cured you of the rheumatism last year. Don't you remember me, old fellow?"

At this the heap of bed-clothes began to move, and the old Norwegian, grunting with pain, came out of his lair. He speedily knew the doctor, and welcomed him, but without designing me a word or look. The sight of a fat haunch of elk hanging from the ridge pole obliged me to smother my feelings.

Without a dozen words he got to work, and in another ten minutes was roasting several fine steaks before the fire, which crackled in a huge chimney of mud and stones. Silence seemed the order of the day in this hermit's abode, so, without saying, "By your leave," I stepped over the prostrate body of the trapper, and took down



DAN'S CABIN.

from the fire-place notch a soot-begrimed pipe, half filled with the "dear weed," coolly lit it by an ember, and puffed away.

Dan said nothing. Thus encouraged, I addressed a few words to him with a view of opening a conversation, but without success, and a gurgling attempt upon the still motionless trapper was equally without avail. Foiled so far, and determined to draw the old fellow out, as I learned he had a fund of anecdotes, I produced a flask of brandy, served as a precious relic of San Francisco, and taking a swallow to prove it was not poisoned, passed it silently to the old sailor. He smelt at the mouth, and immediately took a strong pull at its contents, uttering a prolonged and satisfactory "A—h!" as he returned it. The fountain of his loquacity was opened at once, and turning a curious glance toward me, he observed:

"You didn't get dat at Port Orford, no how!"

"You say right," replied H—.

And there-with commenced a conversation of an hour's duration; but the trapper, though paying his respects to the flask, said nothing. Throughout this class of men, it will be observed, that being alone and in the silent forests or mountain solitudes the greater part of their lives, they acquire a taciturn habit, which seldom leaves them.

We found, by actual experiment, that the sand in the bottom of the rivulet near the house contained gold in fine particles. Dan hobbled out and washed a pan of earth, in which were hundreds of minute specks of the precious metal. The whole ocean beach of Oregon is thus impregnated with gold, to a greater or less extent. Among other facts, Dan stated that a law went into operation last winter in Oregon, prohibiting the sale of liquors except by the payment of a quarterly license of fifty dollars. No sooner had the law gone into effect than the deputy sheriff staved from Coos Bay, and traversed rapidly through the country before the law could become generally known, had taken every place in his route where liquor was sold, and imposed the fine for selling without a license. Dan's was among the proscribed number, and to this day he hangs anotherman on Coos Bay and its entire population, not one of whom need apply at his door for entertainment. This explained his ominous question on our entrance:

"Are you Coos Bay people?"

We gradually grew to be good friends with both Dan and the trapper, and both took particular pains to direct us on our route. By the time our horses were rested we had learned all the necessary facts regarding the country, and paying our score, we mounted and started away to the northward. Dan's old white mare breaking away as we dashed past, and he and his companion performing a series of indescribable gyrations to arrest her evident intention of following us. We soon reached the ocean beach, where the nature of the sand admits of no faster motion than a walk. The sky to seaward began to thicken, and soon we were riding through a fog so dense that the banks of surf, a few hundred yards from us, were scarcely visible. After an hour H—, a black board was sparkling like hoar-frost, the glittering drops standing upon his mustaches as in a winter's morning in New England. The fog was driven inland by a keen wind that scathed every seam and opening. It was like riding in the rain. Such weather may be counted on two-thirds of the year along the Oregon beach.

While on the route we met Bill Wright, the sub-Indian agent, an experienced hunter and trapper, whose life has been passed in the mountains and on the western frontier. He was a man of some thirty-two years, with black curling hair, reaching, beneath a sloshed Palo Alto hat, down to his shoulders; a Missouri rifle was slung across his back, and he rode a heavy black male with bear-skin moccasins. Altogether he was a splendid specimen of a back-woodsmen, of noble stature, lithe as an eel, of Herculean strength, and with all the shrewdness and cunning acquired by a life-time passed among the North American Indians. Almost disdainful of the comforts of civilized life, and used to the scanty fare of the hunter, he seemed peculiarly fitted for the office he held. I am thus particular in the description of Bill Wright, as he was killed by the Chetko Indians at Rogue River in February, 1856. He was in company when we met him with several others, any one of whom would nearly answer to this description. Some of them have shared his fate in the massacre above referred to.

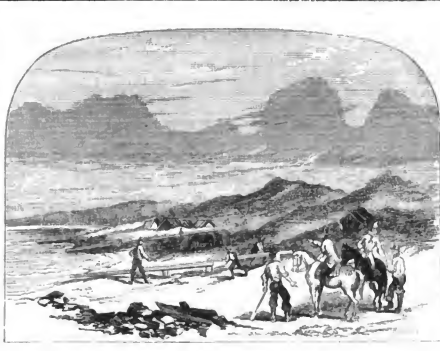
Our next crossing was at Flores Creek, which we now easily forded; but in winter it becomes a formidable stream, and during the heavy rains is impassable. The ford is two miles above the

mouth. This crossed, we again struck the monotonous ocean beach. The route for many miles is one of the most uninteresting that can be imagined. The scenery is the same for twenty miles. A shouting conversation must be maintained to be intelligible against the high wind. Even the romantic associations attending the tumbling in of a heavy ocean surf is in part denied—the mist often entirely hiding the outer breakers, and leaving one to imagine their force by the half acre of foam, which, rushing up the slant of the beach, expands itself in tiny ripples around the houses' roofs. Presently we observed something in the distance resembling machinery, and a nearer inspection introduced a veritable gold-beach washing apparatus in full operation, under the brow of a tall sand-bank, and superintended by three stout, contented fellows, who assured us, in answer to our queries, that they were making from \$12 to \$25 per day "to the hand." Not unused to the "tricks of the trade," as practiced in the California gold regions, we were disposed to be incredulous until, by a few fair "prospects" of the gold sand, and an explanation of the *modus operandi*, we were finally convinced of the truth of the statement. In a word, the entire sea-beach, from Rogue River to Cape Arago, is more or less impregnated with fine gold sand, much of it an impalpable dust, and only to be extracted by the use of quicksilver. It is precisely the same thing as quartz-mining—minus the labor and expense of crushing the rock preparatory to the amalgamating process. A stream of water, conducted from a neighboring ravine, is led through wooden flumes to the "tom heads," and the workmen "stripping," or clearing away the drift, leave nothing to do but shovel tons of the black sand into the sluices, the trickling stream performing the process of separation, the fine dust escaping over these miniature riffles being arrested and amalgamated in a series of quicksilver deposits. The gold is panned, and is caught in the apertures of the riffles. The stream was stopped a few minutes for our accommodation, and we found the bottom of the trough sparkling with innumerable minute specks of gold, and in half an hour the quantity had so increased that we could distinguish the fine gold glittering through the black sand of water. It was a crystal brook with golden pavement.

The sand from the beach, however, drifted rapidly over their works, urged by the diurnal gales which sweep with full force across the place, and obliging the miners to erect high brush and board fences to prevent the loss of the gold in the process. I had often heard and read of these diggings; but until now had never realized the fact of a "golden ocean beach." The Oregonians assert that, notwithstanding the constant working of these sands, they are found to be quite as rich the succeeding year as the first. I could scarcely doubt when we learned that the present is the third working over of the "Stacy claim."

Bidding adieu to our friends, and leaving them to their solitary fate of washing gold, we spurred onward, and another two miles brought us to the famous Coquille River, discharging from the south-east into the ocean. An abrupt descent brought us to the bank, where we found two log-houses of considerable pretensions, and owned by a Yankee and an Englishman, who have here established a ferry "for man and beast."

Descending the bank, we stopped at the house—a couple of blooded dogs issuing from the yard, and smelling suspiciously around our horses. The owners of the establishment made their appearance directly after, and the *ecce* being hailed to the beach, we entered, horses and all, and were soon ferried across the river, which is above one hundred yards in width. The bar has about seven feet at low water. Availing ourselves of the directions given us by the ferrymen, we pursued our journey along a bluff bank overlooking the sea some fifty feet—occasionally getting close to the brink, where we



BEACH GOLD DIGGINGS.

looked down upon abandoned claims and gold-washing machines, until at nightfall we came to the now deserted town of Randolph.

A few lines will suffice to narrate the rise and fall of Randolph. Captain Smith, U. S. A., while on a visit to this part of Oregon, in the winter of 1853, discovered gold mingled with the sands of the beach. The story got wind, and thousands crowded from all parts of Oregon and California to these shores of the latest Eldorado. On the bluff immediately above the most thoroughly worked claims, a town (Randolph) was commenced in the following June, and by the next winter about two hundred persons were located there, awaiting the breaking up of the south-east gales to prosecute their labors. Their efforts, however, were not crowned with the success they anticipated. Some abandoned the place and left for California; others went to Rogue River, and soon the place was deserted.

We found two or three disconsolate families collected in the public pound, or corral, making an "arbitration," as a very talkative lady informed us, of the cattle of a couple who, having been married a year, had found the hymeneal chains to hang heavily, and were about separating for life. Leaving nearly the entire population, consisting of nine men and women and a number of children, to this occupation, we drew up at the door of the least ruined house, and dismounted, to the satisfaction of a flock of flaxen-haired urchins, to whom our arrival was evidently a matter of great moment. A very pretty and interesting woman welcomed us, and was soon busily engaged preparing our supper. Meanwhile we strolled out to see the lions of Randolph. Several vacant lots in a "track" of deserted pine dwellings attracted my curiosity enough to inquire what had become of the houses, when our hostess responded that they had fallen a sacrifice to the fuel-gathering hands of the remaining population—in a word, they had been used up as fire-wood. What a picture! A town springing from nothing—growing—glimmering in its career of prosperity, and burned as fuel in its decadence!

In another year not a claspboard will remain to tell the whereabouts of Randolph. Our hostess—whom we thought far too pretty to be wasting the bloom of her beauty in this bleak

corner of Oregon—soon spread before us an excellent supper, to which we did such extreme justice that even she, not unused to the voracity of her Oregon visitors, stared up from her sewing at the rapid disappearance of the edibles. The master of the house announcing that our beds were ready, we tumbled into our blankets, and slept soundly until day-break, when the adjacent frizzling of some elk-steaks operating upon the olfactories of II—, he opened his eyes, sprang out of bed, and hastened to array himself. Breakfast and the bills paid, we remounted, and leaving the silent town to its requiem of the eternal surf, we struck off from the coast, and plunged directly into the woods. The most interesting part of our ride had now commenced.

The forest we were entering extends along the Oregon coast from Rogue River to Washington territory, except where broken by rivers or belts of other timber. It is composed of spruce, fir, and yellow and white pine, and forms a mass of motionless woods of giant growth, and dark as a Gothic cathedral. Five minutes took us beyond the sound of the restless waves; and even the waving of the pines, as they wagged their tops to the gale, ceased as we penetrated deeper into the solemn silence of this grand old forest. The path, which had been cut through it at public expense, just wide enough to admit a horseman, was crossed in every direction with gnarled and crooked roots, forbidding our passage at a rate faster than a walk. The view, unobstructed by jungle or shrubbery, was bounded on every side by a perspective of great trunks, not twisted into knots, but protruding unsightly branches like the oak, but straight as arrows, and reaching, in some instances, an altitude of nearly three hundred feet.

No sound save the rustling of our stirrups against the low whortleberry bushes and blackberry vines disturbed the impressive stillness of the scene. Here and there lay the decayed form of some ancient monarch of the glade, and of such age that the twisted roots of pines not far from a century old were straddled athwart their trunks, and which had evidently sprung into life since the fall of the older tree. We thus estimated the age of several fallen cedars, which must have been growing centuries before Columbus discovered the continent. The soil

over which we were passing was a rich loan, extending to an unknown depth, and the face of the country slightly undulating, but aniline the surface of the Pacific, still leaving with the long swells of a past tempest. Occasionally, in the deepest of these dells, appeared a growth of oak or myrtle, among whose more extended foliage the sunlight glimmered in the contrast to the darkening woods around, and every tree grew straight upward, as if shunning the deep shadows below, and following their instincts by stretching their arms towards the only point where sun and blue sky were visible. As we got deeper into the timber we gradually ceased conversation; not, each occupied with his own thoughts, was speculating, perhaps, upon the probable time when the advance of civilization should sweep away this cloud of foliage, when we came suddenly upon a large tree lately fallen across the trail, its broken limbs piled high before us, and offering an impassable barrier to our further progress.

An impenetrable growth of thickly-matted bushes prevented our tracing the trunk of the stump, and thus requiring the path on the opposite side; while toward the left path, having been cut along the edge of a steep glade filled with young myrtle and hemlock, gave little encouragement for our passage by that route. While we were calculating the chances of forcing our way through to the right, H—, who had ever prided himself upon his woodcraft, discovered a newly-made path to the left, which he at once pronounced to be the track of two lovers, whom our hostess at Randolph informed as had gone to Coos Bay some days before. "It is evident," said H—, "that this tree has fallen previous to the passage of these two men, and, depend upon it, we shall come out right if we follow their trail!"

H— was generally right in his conclusions, and as this appeared a reasonable one, and none better suggested itself, we spurred the unwilling horses down the descent, slowly breaking our way through the thick bushes, and following as near as possible the direction of the trail. We were soon at fault, however, for our companion appeared after a few yards, and our companion, who was in front, had just quipped his intention of retracing our steps, when his horse suddenly started, and, with a snort of terror, reared into the air, and plunging up the hill at a pace which defied the impediments of bush or briar, dashed into the road, and back in the direction of Randolph, H— shouting:

"Good G—d, see that bear! Whoa! Look out! Whoa, boy! Look out for yourself! W—! he's coming this way!"

(To be continued in our next.)

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## THE PEARL-DIVER.

### A TALE OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.

BY ILLINOIS CONSTELLANO.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### MAKING ALL SURE.

The circumstances under which Brosey had come ashore rendered him so abstracted, so utterly oblivious of external objects, that he fell a victim to Carnar as easily as the villain could have desired. An exchange of information and sentiments had taken place between Carnar's father and brother and himself, and he had then resolved to return to his cottage, before any scheme of retribution should be called up, and bring the girl to a meeting with her rejoicing relatives, in the safety afforded by the sleep.

This was his mission, and he was now, moving upon the honors which had been conferred upon him, upon the proposed capture of Carnar, and upon the great happiness in store for Carlis, he had failed to notice the sinister creature awaiting him, and was taken entirely by surprise. As he leaped from the boat and hurried up the beach in the direction of the cottage, the waterer darted from his hiding-place and crept noiselessly up behind him, giving him such a heavy and well-directed blow on the head with a stone he had taken from his pants, that he fell senseless to the ground.

A faint groan or two, and all was still. Leaving into Brosey's boat, Carnar rowed towards the sloop, for the purpose of reconnoitring; and after learning all he wished to, he rowed rapidly towards the shore, and landed in a few minutes where he had started.

All remained quiet at the sloop, but an intense anxiety at the non-return of Brosey had caused Carlis to come forth from the cottage in quest of him, and she was now searching up and down the beach.

Walking to and fro on the shore near the water, the careless miscreant quietly waited for the moment when the girl should encounter him. He felt quite sure of his success now.

"Oh, Leito, where are you?" he heard Carlis calling. "Why does he not come? I am sure I saw his boat leaving the sloop!"

She went down to the usual landing-place, and found her lover's boat lying there, whereupon she became more excited and alarmed than ever.

"His boat here, and not a sign of him!" she cried. "Where can he be, and what can have happened?"

She went to and fro, in the wildest agony, calling on the name of her lover, and at length seeking him down the coast, at some distance from the cottage. It thus chanced that Carnar, as he continued his walk, and when he was in as lonely a spot as the neighborhood afforded—a ravine midway between the villa and the residence of Brosey—suddenly met the object of his thoughts and schemes—Carlis!

"Well met," was the villain's instant salutation, as he placed himself in her path, regarding her with a pitiless stare. "How are the pearls?"

"Stand out of my way, Senior Carnar," was her response. "Are you not ashamed to treat a lady with such rudeness and insolence?"

"Not particularly ashamed," he rejoined; "not usually troubled in that way!"

"Then let wholesome fear of punishment deter you from insulting me!"

"I am repented, as he looked down into her eyes, with a sinister gleam of intelligence in his own. "From whom is the punishment to come?"

A withering sense of terror came over Carlis's thoughts, as she listened to the words of Carnar, and marked his mocking manner. Could it be that this man, so quiet and silent, possessed the secret of Leon Brosey's non-return? Could it be that his unscrupulous will and ready hand

had prepared the isolation and helplessness in which she found herself?

She strove to break the spell of terror which had fallen upon her.

"I will not believe it," she murmured. "Leon is gone with the divers—gone somewhere beyond the reach of my voice; but he is safe, and not in your power and at strong, as well as watchful. He knows how wicked you are, and would have been on his guard against you. He cannot be in such a frightful situation!"

"Settle the question to your own liking," was Carnar's comment on her half-true exclamations. "If you think your powerful champion is near you, hadn't you better call upon him for aid!"

She regarded his mocking visage a moment, and then essayed to move on.

He again placed himself in her path.

"There is no use of deceiving yourself," he quietly observed. The slightest exercise of your eyes and reason will convince you that your fate is no longer in your keeping!"

The latter shuddered at the very smoothness of his voice, and at the very calmness with which he declared her fate.

"In a word," he continued, "your path here commences a happy convergence with mine! Your amiable father wishes you to become my wife, and is awaiting you close at hand. I shall be harsh with you, if you undertake to raise an alarm. You must be silent. Come!"

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

The instant Ruy Fernandes saw the pearl-diver depart for the shore, to bring Carlis to her waiting and pensive lover, the last fear and misgivings which he had entertained vanished. He at once became as smiling and talkative as he had before been by turns, taciturn and worried. While Palo was ministering to his father, who, now that his weary labor seemed accomplished, had yielded to his long-endured sufferings and fatigues, and laid down on one side of the cabin, Fernandes decanted fluently, and with grotesque humor, upon the happy direction events appeared to betaking.

"Well, I've crowded and justified enough about our success, Senior Marino," Fernandes finally remarked, as he arose, "and I will now look after a little business."

"Business, at this time of night!" replied Palo, "what can it be, if the question is not top impertinent?"

"I am going money-digging," was the response. "While I was following those two villains to the woods to night, I heard Carnar tell Moratin that the bulk of his money was buried in the old church on the Diamante, and—since his estate will soon need administering upon—I have made up my mind to put in my claim!"

"Are you sure you heard aright? and can you find as exact spot where the treasure is buried?"

"I think I can. At any rate, I will make the effort. While you and all the rest are hating such a nice time here, I had just as soon be taking the air, and so leave you to an unwarmed room. I have a lantern, Leito, Strato, for an hour or two," he added, as that officer came down from the deck.

"Oh, certainly, anything you can find about the vessel," replied the commander, who was much amused with his new acquaintance, and he bade his servant at once to furnish Senior Fernandes with a lantern.

"Thank you," said the amateur money-digger, as he placed the light under his coat. "The next thing I shall need is a boat to carry me to the shore."

Lieut. Strato smiled assent, and gave the necessary order to the officer in charge of the deck.

"Good luck to you, Don Ruy," said Palo. "I hope you will be as successful in your own ser-

vire as you have been in ours! Mind to look out for the individual upon whose boards you are trespassing, and see that he does not bring you to grief, instead of your securing any booty!"

"Oh, I will look out! By the way, if you and Senior Marino will let me have those pistols I loaned you in the crisis—"

"Oh, certainly. We have no further use for them. Many thanks," and he handed them over to their owner.

"I shall not be gone a great while," added Fernandez. "I suppose I shall find you here for the present?"

"Yes. We shall make our headquarters here until we have completed our search for the enemy."

Fernandez placed the two pistols beside their companion in the breast of his coat, and then took his leave. Lieut. Strato went on deck with him to see him off, and he was soon on his way towards the shore.

As ever, he sneaked.

He kept his lantern concealed under his coat, and handled his oars with such caution, that he could not have been heard a distance of twenty feet. In fact, he at first rowed so gently that the current carried him out faster than he moved in, but he speedily hit the happy medium of effort, and crept slowly and silently towards the land.

The night was still quite dark around the adventurer, and it was impossible for him to see a great distance. The sloop was soon a mere dark spot in his sight, and the next moment could not be distinguished from the grey darkness resting around it.

His sharp hearing and watchfulness, however, made all possible amends.

He had nearly reached the shore, when he heard the splash of an oar, and the shuffling of feet, as if a person seated in a boat had hastily drawn his limbs up under him. The next moment, as he rested on his oars, and lay motionless on the water, with the exception of a slight onward movement, he detected an indistinct figure in the gloom before him.

This figure soon took the outline of a boat, with a man therein.

"Now, here is a stumbling-block at the threshold of my enterprise," thought Fernandez. "Evidently that fellow is some prowling rascal whose business is ten times worse than mine."

Fernandez was not far from right in his estimation of the unknown individual, for—as the reader has foreseen—he was Morstin.

For several minutes the two boats remained motionless, and the two men eyed each other, as well as they could, through the gloom—each in a terrible fright, and painfully apprehensive; but Fernandez was a little the most self-possessed.

Fernandez, as his keen eyes furnished him with judgment, resolved in his heart that the occupant of the boat before him was an unmitigated coward.

To receive this opinion, was to speedily form another, that the coward could be frightened.

Fernandez resolved to do it.

His ruse was soon conceived. Grasping his oars firmly, he pretended to bend over some comrades in the bottom of the boat, and whispered:

"I have seen all it is, boys! Up Carlos! ready, Belton! Wake awake, all of you! and we will make a great swimmer out of him!"

At the same instant, by a few powerful strokes of the oars, he hurried his boat towards Morstin's.

"Stop there!" he cried. "Surrender, or we'll blow you out of the water! Cover him with your rifle, Carlos! Now we have him!"

The ruse was entirely successful.

Morstin was now straining every nerve to reach the shore.

He broke one of his oars short off in his desperate struggles, nearly falling overboard; but he

used the other with such frantic strength that he managed to avoid being run down by the furious onslaught of his unknown foe, and to creep away towards the beach just in advance of Fernandez.

He was soon at the land.

Without waiting to investigate the number of his pursuers, with scarcely a look behind him, the terrified man hurried away in the direction in which Carnar had gone when he left him.

Fernandez kept up appearances by ordering an instant pursuit, and raising a great hue and cry.

The fugitive was soon out of sight and hearing, and an important result was obtained, although Fernandez had no suspicion of the fact.

The retreat of Carnar and Morstin by the boat was cut off!

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, the instant he was sure of his success. "Here's a fair sample of what a little really wit can accomplish. If he hadn't run, I should, of course! Now to examine the prize!"

He drew his lantern from under the seat, and commenced a survey of the boat and its contents. It is needless to say that he was surprised at the miscellaneous collection of provisions and other articles in the boat.

"Well, well, this is quite a seizure," he soliloquized, as he pulled over the bags and boxes. "The fact that follow be, and what can he be about? Like the Japanese and Chinese, he seems to have made his boat his house!"

He continued his survey a moment, making characteristic comments, and then endeavored to push the boat off; but it had run aground so hard that he could not move it.

"Well, no matter," he muttered. "I'll leave it till I come back!"

He concealed his own boat in a little creek a short distance from the prize, and then placed his lantern under his coat, and resumed his way towards the scene of his intended operations.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A PURSUIT ORGANIZED.

At the instant when he raised the pear-diver in his arms, to throw him into the sea, the returning consciousness of our hero became sufficiently vivid for him to partially comprehend his situation, and his sudden plunge into the cold water completed his restoration.

It thus became a simple matter of providence and presence of mind that he did not die.

Engulfed in the water, and restored to the use of his faculties only at the crisis of his peril, he nevertheless went to work in a calm and systematic manner to preserve his life from the assassin. He presumed that Carnar would watch the surface of the water a moment, and accordingly refrained from rising. Instead, he held his breath, and collected himself, and struck out with all his might under water, for full thirty seconds, so that when he at last raised his head into the air, he was too far from the baffled assassin to be seen.

There he rested for a full minute, supporting himself by treading the liquid element with his feet, in the most expert fashion of an experienced swimmer.

He had no difficulty in perceiving the shore, and the sloop on his left hand, with the general features of the well-known scene; and at the same time he experienced a full consciousness of being able to reach the shore.

He exerted his strength to the utmost, unmindful of the pain his injury caused him, his whole soul becoming absorbed in a realization of the peril menacing his beloved—the distance was not far for a man so thoroughly master of the art of swimming as he was—and arrived at the sloop, faint and exhausted, and clung to the chains under the bowsprit, where his enemy had so recently taken up a position.

"Help, help!" he called in a faint voice, now trusting himself for the first time to speak.

"Give me a helping-hand here, somebody, or I shall sink!"

For the moment he felt quite unable to raise himself out of the water. It did not matter, however, for Lieut. Strato himself heard his cry, and rushed forth to the bow, in perfect amazement.

"Powers of mercy! what is the meaning of this some?" he cried, as he drew our half-fainting hero out of the water. "Lieut. Brooy! where have you been, and what has happened, that you return in such a strange plight? Speak!"

The pear-diver struggled a moment with his exhaustion and with his emotions, and then responded:

"Get all the help you can, and go ashore! She is in danger—Carlos!"

"Gracious heaven! and you—"

"Carnar has seized her, or intends doing so right away, no doubt!"

Senior Marino here made his way to the entrance of the cabin, and inquired what was the matter. Palo had already pointed to the deck, and caught enough of Brooy's words to form some idea of his distress and its cause.

"What horrible mystery is this?" he cried, approaching Brooy and assisting to support him. "Where have you been?"

"Pretty near the bottom of the sea, I think," was the reply.

"What! the shore, and lying in it for me as I read the shore, and struck me senseless—and I recovered my consciousness barely in time. Beyond that it's a mere swim."

A number of excited exclamations succeeded this announcement.

"But the villain has reached the shore, landing not far from the cottage, and is undoubtedly intending to scize Carlos, if he has not done so already. Let not a moment be lost. Out with the boat; arm everybody; and away to the rescue."

Lieut. Strato was a man of superior executive abilities, and already had the remaining boat of the sloop ready and manned. Senior Marino insisted upon going, declaring that he was quite as strong as Brooy, but our hero insisted that he could do more good by remaining with Lieut. Strato, to assure the safety of the sloop.

"As I am," he exclaimed, as he began to recover his strength, "I am merely faint with over-exertion. I shall be better in a moment. Come, Palo, we will not delay an instant."

He sprang into the boat, and Palo instantly joined him.

"One word before you go," said Lieut. Strato, who remained professionally calm under all this excitement, although sympathizing deeply and truly with his friends. "It is quite possible, if you organize a full and sharp pursuit of the scoundrel, that he will endeavor to escape by the water. I will keep a look-out along the shore, and if I see him making this way, I will send up a rocket to recall you. Is this plain?"

"Yes—yes—"

"The instant you see the rocket, you will know that you are wanted in this quarter, and will come here as soon as you can. Remember."

He dismissed the boat with this injunction, ordering the men he had placed therein to strike out manfully for the shore, and they bent themselves steadily to the task.

"Oh, my child; my poor, lost daughter!" exclaimed Senior Marino, in accents of despair, as he sank down upon the deck beside the bulwark, and gazed after the boat with tear-blinded eyes. "Shall a meeting be denied us, as near as we are to each other? Must I go in sorrow to my grave?"

"Courage, my dear sir," said Lieut. Strato, "I do not doubt but that we shall soon have the scoundrel in our hands, and be successful in fitting off with your daughter. We must be hopeful, and have courage."

The boat reached the beach quicker than any boat ever traversed the same route before, and all its occupants sprang ashore in the most

expeditions manner. With the energy his awful apprehensions were calculated to produce, the pearl-diver bounded up the bank towards his cottage, and was followed by his eager and excited companions.

"This way, my friends," he cried, "I fear the worst. Carla would surely meet me if she were here."

A figure rushed forward from the garden grounds, with a strange cry of agony and terror, to meet the new comer.

"Oh, my God! is it you, dear brother? I did not know what was coming!" cried the young Brody, as she threw herself into his arms. "How were you are? Where have you been? Carla is gone—seized by Carnar, no doubt—carried off! I have called her and called her, but can find nothing of her. She was looking for you."

As soon as she could again control her voice, she informed her brother and his friends who she had last seen Carla, where she had been looking for her, and all she knew about her disappearance, and then a terrible weight of anxiety fell upon every heart in the group.

Brody had no language in which to express his anguish and alarm.

"That fiend—has doubtless seized her," he cried, "and we shall not readily rescue her from his power. Oh, my poor Carla!"

He did not give way to an idle regret, but at once despatched several of the men down the beach, in the direction in which the missing girl had really been going, when she encountered Carnar. His next hastened to the little village of fishers and divers we have before had occasion to notice, and speedily collected about him half a dozen of his best friends. Doors and windows were thrown open in answer to his loud cries, and the divers, as he called them by name, turned out in haste, one after another.

"Bring your guns and pistols—any arms you may have," he said, "for a pressing duty is upon us. Carla Moratin has just been seized and carried off by Senor Carnar, a rejected suitor, and we are gathering for the rescue."

If anything were wanting to excite the divers to the sternest pitch of resolve and courage, it was the mention of Carla's name in such a connection with Carnar's. The air resounded with shouts of execration against the miscreant, with threats of torture and hanging, and with all the violent denunciations such a crime was calculated to produce.

"Death to the ruffian!" was Cayetano's exclamation, and it soon became the general cry, swelling loud and deep on the air, not only from the divers, but from their wives and families. "Hanging is only too good for a wretch who would insult or annoy such an angel as Carla Moratin!"

"Follow me, my friends," said our hero, as he led the way back towards his cottage. "We must have some well-directed action, and dispose of our strength to the best advantage."

As he returned to his house with Palo Marino at his side, his sister recognised in the latter the young man she had endeavored to rescue from the pit in the woods, and was fully recognised by him. While Brody was directing the action, and into searching parties, and instructing them how and where to proceed, the young couple exchanged a few words with each other.

"I am most happy to see you again," he concluded, "and to feel that we may become better acquainted, if we can only right the terrible wrong now pressing upon us. This is all I can say, fair lady, until our duty as men is performed; but I have not forgotten, and shall not forget you."

"Now, Palo," cried our hero, "you and I will go with those men direct to Carnar's house. It is as strong as a fortress, and it seems quite likely that he will take his captive there. In certain emergencies, which I have endeavored to produce, through Cayetano and the others, that would be his natural recourse, as he can then stand a regular siege from us. Look out, sister,

in our absence, and remain with our friends, so that no harm can befall you."

(To be continued in our next.)

## RIDING ON A RAIL; OR, JUDGE LYNCH OUTWITTED.

SOME years ago, Judge Lynch claimed a broad jurisdiction in and about the vicinity of T—, Florida. He took cognisance of all matters and punished all offences, which were not otherwise provided for by law. No informality, or lack of proof positive, screened the culprit from the infliction of his summary mode of punishment. If an individual, by any indiscretion or impropriety of conduct, rendered himself obnoxious, Judge Lynch was sure to apply the corrective. The public constituted the judge's grand jury, and just so sure as an individual excited the public voice against him, just so sure he was compelled to undergo the sentence of the judge, without the benefit of clergy.

I forgot who was the first railroad man in Florida, but I well recollect that not a few passengers were conveyed out of the corporate limits of T—, on a single rail, that being the punishment in ordinary cases. But I have not forgot the first time that the judge's sentence was not obeyed, and that some of his executive officers met with a resistance which they could not overcome.

John Rodgers was given to drink, and when under the influence of the brain-stealer, was, in his own estimation, the most unfortunate man living. Naturally a quiet, well-disposed fellow, who intoxicated he became noisy, quarrelsome and disagreeable. On that day he had indulged to excess, and had got into numerous quarrels, in one of which he fired a horse-pistol on a small boy, who returned the compliment by peppering him with a fatal charge of shot from a fowling-piece. The distance between the parties, however, prevented any serious damage being done, and but for the great disproportion in the size and age of the antagonists the duel between John Rodgers and the roo-rider would have passed without notice. It soon became the town talk, however, and as John went staggering through the streets, swearing vengeance, and exhibiting his wounds—his right arm and hand having received several of the shot—his conduct tended much to increase the excitement against him. Judge Lynch was not slow to make a lesson in the case, and before dark it was currently given out that John Rodgers was to be ridden upon a rail that night.

Now, of all other men, perhaps, John Rodgers had the greatest aversion to "sitting on a rail." He would rather have died than suffer such an indignity; and immediately on receiving this intelligence, he resolved that he would not be caught "sleeking" very sound." He then took another large drink, and after clearing his throat, exclaimed in a winning tone of voice:

"Ride on a rail! Why, I'll be shot if I'd be rid on a rail for five thousand dollars. I would not be rid on a rail but better put out those," said the gentleman of the bar, as he set back the bottle, and popped the "pick" into the drawer. "Judge Lynch has said it."

"Well, now, I'm not gwin to be scared no such trick," said John. "Judge Lynch be scared."

John sauntered out, crying and muttering to himself—"I'll blow 'em all to—, if they come a projectin' about this child."

If he then stepped into a store, and purchased three pounds of powder, which he tied up in a sack, and carried home.

As he grew towards dark, John, with his handkerchief under his arm, walked into a confectionary, kept by a good old Frenchman, and purchased a few cigars; lighted one of them, and commenced smoking. Already the officers of

the high court of Judge Lynch were in pursuit of him; and as he saw them gather round the door, he began to puff away at his cigar, and mutter curses against "the whole pack of 'em."

"Yes," said he; "you come tryin' that ere, and you'll get waded up some then ever you are aforesaid. You set foot with this child—this 'ere, and if I don't blow you to kingdom come you see if I don't."

The crowd which had assembled round the door now gradually entered the room, and as they did so, John began to flourish his cigar, and cry:

"Just you jetch me now, if you lay your hands on me, I'll send you whidin', if this 'ere powder's good for anythin'." I don't care for myself—I'd rather be blown through the roof of this b-l-d store, than be rid on a rail—a confounded sight."

This last speech had attracted the attention of the old Frenchman, who began to look very uneasy.

"Jis, what dat you shall say?—blow off de roof from my house?"

"Ay, hold of him," said the judge, who generally attended the execution of his sentence in person; "lay hold of him, fellows!"

"Stand off! Stand off!" exclaimed John, at the top of his voice, as he held up the powder in one hand, and the cigar in the other. "Do you see his 'ere cigar, and this 'ere powder? Jest you lay your hands on me, and I'll tetch 'em together. If I don't now, dat burn me."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the old Frenchman, "go out of my house, sair—boggle with your powder and cigar—what le diable?—will you blow up my property?"

"Well, let 'em let me alone, then. I'll blow all hands up, myself to, before I'll be rid on a rail."

"Gather him up, gentlemen," said the judge; "the sentence of the law must be executed."

The crowd, which had now increased in number, gradually drew round the belligerent Rodgers, and the end of the rail was seen entering the door.

"Here goes, then!" exclaimed Rodgers, drawing the cigar from his mouth, and applying it close to the handkerchief. There was a sudden rush to the door, and a confusion of voices crying out, "Stop! stop! 'Don't don't!"—above all of which might be heard the old Frenchman crying out, "Murder! murder!"

"Well," said Rodgers, as the crowd dispersed, "I'd just as here be killed, as rid on a rail."

"I tell you one, two, several times, to begone vid your powder and magazine and your cigar. Will you leave my house, sair?"

But Rodgers could neither be persuaded nor driven from his position against the wall, until the old man had prevailed upon the Lynch party to withdraw to some distance from the door. He then left the house, much to the relief of the old Frenchman; but ever and anon, as the crowd approached, he would prepare to apply the match. At one time they approached with more than usual determination, and when they had got quite near, one was heard to say—"Hring the rail!"

"You try it," said John; "and if you don't get into a hornet's nest, it'll be because fire won't burn powder; now mind."

The circle began cautiously to close round him, but as John knocked the ashes from his cigar, at the same time producing a few sparks, preparatory to touching it to the powder, he was again suddenly left alone. The individual who had worried himself considerably by carrying the rail, in his sudden retreat, dashed it to the ground, and exclaiming, "Non possible in statu combustionis!" abandoned the attempt—the rest of the posse soon imitated his example, leaving Rodgers triumphant.

Thus Judge Lynch, for the first time, witnessed the most utter contempt of his authority, and the most determined defiance of his power.

The following morning found John Rodgers at

sober man, and, from that time forth, he was never seen within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch, of T—, Florida.

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, JANUARY 31, 1863.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

**CONTENTMENT** is itself wealth. With it the hardest pillow becomes soft, the roughest way smooth, the darkest future bright, and its possessor stands up a man, than whom God has made none nobler—free from the canker which follows power and fame.

#### PONTON BRIDGES.

Pontoon boats are flat-bottomed, thirty feet long, two and a half feet wide at the bow, and five feet at the stern, swelling out at the sides to the width of six feet. Each fits on a running gear of four wheels, and is used as a baggage wagon for the pontonniers, carrying its proportion of string pieces and of plank. On reaching the river the boats are unloaded, floated across by a cable made fast up the stream, then the string pieces are laid across from one boat to the next, and on these are placed the planks, each twenty-one feet long, a half foot wide, the way of that width. It is a fine sight to see a regiment come to a river bank with a pontoon train, unload and unlanch their boats, moor them in a line, and in less than five minutes from the time when the word "halt" was given, have a bridge *à la* Ponton, six hundred feet long, over which an army can safely pass with artillery and baggage.

#### INTERESTING FACTS.

The Atlantic ocean includes an area of 25,000,000 square miles. Suppose an inch of rain to fall upon only one-fifth of this vast expanse, it would weigh 360,000,000 tons, and the salt, which, as water, is held in solution in the sea, and which, when the water was taken up as a vapor, was left behind to disturb the equilibrium, weighed 16,000,000 more tons, or nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry at a single cargo. It might fall in a day; but occupy what time it might in falling, this rain is calculated to exert so much force—which is inconceivably great—in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi River during the year were taken up in one mighty measure, and set into the ocean at an effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea than the fall of rain supposed. And yet so gentle are the operations of nature that movements so vast are unperceived!

#### ARISTOCRACY.

Disguise the fact as best we can, Americans are, all at least, aristocratic. Professing Republicanism, talking equality, and even voting honestly, makes them none the less aristocratic in sentiment, however much they may belie it in action. The social conditions which surround them give birth to this feeling. It is natural in man to hold himself, in some sense, exclusive or superior to others. We do not complain of this feeling, as from it spring the noblest qualities. So long as they are all permitted to indulge in the luxury of aristocracy, with no special or exclusive claim in their midst to carry off the honors, no harm can come of it. Savage or civilized, man is, and always will continue, an aristocrat. From it springs chiefdomship, without which who would lead could be found to battle in the fields of science and material progress? It is only when the sentiment of aristocracy

in the individual becomes offensive that we decide it. When it spurs its possessor to the execution of noble deeds, we praise it, and call it—*philanthropy*.

#### HOW TO WAIT.

Where is the human being, male or female, who understands patiently how to wait? The five or ten minutes, which hang so heavily on his hands, how does the creature torture himself with devising possible occupation for it. He may never, at any other period, have been particularly solicitous to fill the passing hours with good deeds; but now, how intensely alive is he to their irreparable loss! He may have sat for hours, staring the fire out of countenance, or gazing out of a window, and never once called himself to an account for the vice of idleness; but how conscientious has he suddenly become when an unpropitious circumstance forces him to wait? How he walks up and down, and fidgets, and whistles, and fathoms with his fingers the depth of each pocket, and flattens his nose against the window-pane, and alternately opens and closes doors, and wishes, and regrets, and fumes, and frets; and yet, perhaps, this very delay has been brought about by his good angel, who has stepped between him and a railroad collision, or a burning ship at sea, or some such hair-breadth escape. Let those who compulsively wait solace themselves with these opportune reflections.

FANNY FENS.

#### LIFE.

How full of small, mean acts, is life! To eat, to drink, to sleep, to defend our bodies from the vicissitudes of the seasons, are the acts which fill up the largest proportion of mortal existence. Food and sleep are of more importance to us than our highest ambitions, or our dearest hopes, because neither hope nor ambition can be realized without these.

The spirit may make its demands as vehemently as it will, but the grosser needs of the physical being will have preference. Their clamors are loudest, and their power is most potent. The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God—no immortality, no life after this; and this, the most ever-disappointing existence, that seems to be only a series of unannounced efforts of unachieved purposes. And yet it would seem that the very nature of this life, so full of restraint upon the freedom of the strange inner life—that wills and thinks, but cannot execute, and thus impels, to march through life either in double or in single file. In pairing time—i. e., during the honeymoon—individuals of opposite sexes may find it very pleasant, not to say delightful, to walk apart from the unsentimental world, two and two. But as a general thing they are ready enough to make, but not to march when the bitter and cooling season is over. Petrarch would have grown tired of Laura, and she of him, had they been condemned to a life-long *tête-à-tête* in the wilderness, and Sappho would have jumped into the sea to escape *erai*, had she been compelled to march through mortal solitude with the man of whose love she made "a damp body" of herself.

#### LOVELY PEOPLE.

Men who isolate themselves from society, and have no dear and dear family ties, are the most uncomfortable of human beings. Byron says, "Happiness was born a twin"; but the phrase, though pretty and poetic, does not go far enough. We are creatures, and not insects, and we march through life either in double or in single file. In pairing time—i. e., during the honeymoon—individuals of opposite sexes may find it very pleasant, not to say delightful, to walk apart from the unsentimental world, two and two. But as a general thing they are ready enough to make, but not to march when the bitter and cooling season is over. Petrarch would have grown tired of Laura, and she of him, had they been condemned to a life-long *tête-à-tête* in the wilderness, and Sappho would have jumped into the sea to escape *erai*, had she been compelled to march through mortal solitude with the man of whose love she made "a damp body" of herself.

It has been well said that the vital principle

grows weak when isolated. The man who cares for nobody, and for whom nobody cares, has nothing to live for that will pay for the trouble of keeping soul and body together. You must have a heap of embers to make a glowing fire. Scatter them apart, and they become dim and cold. So to have a brisk, vigorous life, you must have a group of lives, to keep each other warm as it were, to afford to each mutual encouragement and confidence and support. If you wish to live the life of a man, and not that of a *fanger*, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

### YANKER NOTIONS.

**READING FOR THE LEARNED PIG**—A "Reuter's telegram."

**UBIQUITOUS HERO**.—In every cavalry charge there is not a Martial Neigh?

**A QUESTION FOR TAILORS**.—Is "a habbit" sewed with "devil-darning needles"?

**EVERY** bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen.

**WHAT** is the reputed weight and thickness of a heavy peal of thunder?

**LOT** was a good man, but Lot's wife had an ill lot.

**SIN** and misery are not lovers, but they walk hand in hand just as if they were.

**IT** is to be feared that pork-packers not unfrequently cure diseased swine.

**HE** who has no money is a poor man. He who has neither money nor character is a poor devil.

**A STRANGER** would hardly be able to tell the mistress and the maid apart when both are in a passion.

**IF** the husband makes an inordinate use of tobacco, the wife should constitute herself a tobacco-stopper.

**AN** old sealer "down east" accounts for his perpetual thirst from the fact that he was weaned on salt fish.

**THROW** off all oppressive thoughts when you seek your pillow. Do not, like a camel, lie down under your burden.

**BEEF** steaks are very good things, but undoubtedly they sometimes need to be healed over the coals.

**THE** Louisville *Journal* discovers that the winds and tides of war are everywhere setting South.

**THE** son and heir of a man who has risen from poverty to wealth, begins where his father left off, and generally leaves off where his father began.

**"WINTER'S TALK."**—Snow is generally regarded as the emblem of purity, and yet it sometimes lies for days, may weeks, together.

**CONFIDENT ACCIDENT**.—Why is the leading column of an army like the baggage of an itinerant "show"? Because it is placed in the "van."

**CONTRABAND**.—A desperate chap down east recently made the determinate resolution of marrying the gal he was in pursuit of, if he never had another as long as he lived.

**MIND YOUR STOPS!**—Captain Ronckenendorf, of the *Sax Jostovia*, was instrumental in stopping the Southern sailor's grog—but he couldn't stop the *Alabama*!

**FUNNY**.—An Indiana paper publishes an account of a queer hole on a hill-side out there. The bank caved in, like many other Indiana banks, and left the hole sticking out ten feet.

**PERSONAL**.—The young lady who kissed us by mistake the other night, is respectfully informed



that we dare her to do it again. A dark doorway provided on the shortest notice.

**WHERE?**—An advertisement to this effect appeared in one of the Boston papers:—"A citizen wishes to find the sum of \$50,000. If any one will tell him where to find it, he will give him half the money."

**POETIC.**—An editor, in speaking of a tailor's bill, lately presented to him, says, "It is as long as that first day ere Eve was born." Poetic young man! No wonder he owes for his drapery.

**QUESTIONABLE.**—If four bound dogs, with sixteen legs, can catch twenty-nine rabbits, with eighty-seven legs, in forty-four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from eight bound dogs, with thirty-two legs in seventeen minutes and a half?

**EDUCATIONAL.**—A strong-minded lady (a very light "blue") was asked what an "Education Minute" was like; when she replied, "I have not the smallest notion, my dear; but I conjecture that every 'hour of progress' must be composed of 'education minutes'."

**THE CHURCH MILITARY.**—A Southern paper states that the steeple of the old Presbyterian Church at Petersburg, Virginia, has been converted into a shot-tower. After this it only remains for us to express our conviction that the lesson is supplied from the pulpit of the same temple.

**DRIED UP.**—We are told that Mr. Dryer, American-Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, has been dismissed for drunkenness. As things often go by contraries, the name Dryer was an unfortunate one for any person condemned to a course of sandwiches. A wester'n in diplomacy might have been fitter for the place.

**TEMPUS FUIGIT.**—A mariner who was taken prisoner by the *Alabama*, and released, states that there were fifty chronometers on board that piratical craft, the spoils of sundry captured vessels. This may account for the *Alabama* making such good time when chased by Federal ships.

**A MODEL LADY.**—The young lady who entertained a mortal aversion to flattery, has consented to attend divine service for a year without a sun bonnet, and acknowledged her entire indifference to a pale-faced youth lying across the street, who quotes poetry and plays upon the guitar on moonlight nights. She is a model of her sex, indeed.

**NOROLOG.**—A long nose affords a good handle for ridicule. The man that's "up to snuff," therefore, will avoid them. By the way, talking of noses, what a queer one that must have been which Solomon inked up as being like the tower of Lebanon, looking towards Damascus. To have blown such a nose must have required a gale of wind and nothing shorter.

**SWITCH OUR TOPSAILS!**—On the list of officers belonging to the *San Jacinto*, we find one set down as a "sailmaker," and his name is North. Now that may be all very well for the natives, but it is clear enough that the North won't a better sailmaker South than the *San Jacinto*, if they are in earnest about catching Genmes and the *Alabama*.

**VERY TRUE.**—Ignorance takes to dirt as naturally as it does to ugliness. In proof of this, we would mention that a dealer in ashes informed us that the opening of a public school increases the sale of "yaller soap" twenty-five per cent. From this it will be seen that the more people read, the more they think—that we unfortunately indulge in wash-basins and clean towels.

**A FINE FEELING FOR COLORED.**—From the decision of the Federal Attorney-General on the *Dred Scott* case, it appears that American ships may legally be commanded by colored masters.

We should rather think they may, sir. The sailor who nails his colors to the mast is a colored master, and, therefore, just the right sort of man to command a ship.

**A GUEST FROM OUR PIG PEN.**—The Cincinnati market-reports team with remarks about "dressed hogs" and "sill hogs." What these portentious terms mean we are at a loss to conjecture, not being of a piggy turn; contrary to what proceeding from the sublime to the ridiculous, our pig pen prompts us to write that we know some drosy, or "dressed," men who are still hogs in the worst sense of the word.

**DOCTRINATION.**— "Mother," said James, "what is the meaning of doctination? You have been preparing all this week for the doctination party, and I want to know what doctination means?" "Why, Jimmy," says Johnny "don't you know what doctination means? I do. Do means cake, and nation means the people, and they carry the cake to the minister, and the people go there and eat it." James was enlightened.

#### SNUFF-TAKING.

What a nuisance, what a doubt!  
All my nose is inside out!  
All my thrilling, stinging caustic,  
Franklin rhinoceros!  
How to snuff and cannot do it!  
What it pains me, thrills me, stings me,  
For with snuff-boxes I cannot fill me!  
Now says, "Snuff, you fool—get through it."  
Snuff—snuff—O, 'tis most delish!  
Snuff—snuff—most delish!  
(Hark it, I shall snuff 'till I expire!)  
(Snuff is a most delicious thing.)

**EFFECTS OF LOVE.**—A correspondent of the *Kickerbocker* says—"It is my duty to impress upon the certain fact that one-half of our young people lose their senses when they lose their hearts. One of our party has already written five letters to his lady-love, and he goes about groaning and sighing in a most pitiable manner. He has no appetite, and sleeps up at the top of his house, close to the moon. He cannot stand by one of the columns of the piazza, without putting his arms around its waist, and I caught him kissing an apple to-day, because it had red cheeks."

**POETRY, PATHOS, AND PATROTIEM.**—An editor out West, on starting for the war, thus ends his valedictory to his readers:—"Again we bid you all good-bye, with a throbbing heart and a tear-dimmed eye, which Heaven grant may soon be dry—and war's fell devastation cease beneath the pure, white wings of peace. Then we return to home again, o'er winding river, hill, and plain—throw down the glittering sword and spear, and none to harm and none to fear. And our great tomb, in fountains fresh, shall bear these words:—Here lies Sessels."

**NOT TO BE DOWN.**—An old gentleman who was always bragging how folks used to work in his young days, one day challenged his two sons to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it. The challenge was accepted, and the hay wagon driven round, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very bravely, pulling out, "My man has done well!" At length, struggling to keep on the top of the dimpled and ill-arranged hay, it began flat to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the wagon, and the old man with it. "What are you doing down here?" cried the boys. "I'm down after hay," answered the old man, stoutly.

**A SHARP STORY.**—When I wasn't much bigger than a chunk of wood, grandfather used to tell me some tales that would cause the capillary substance on my juvenile cranium to stand erect, like unto the bristles on a hedgehog. Here is one of them—one of the tales, not a hedgehog. Many years ago, I started from home early one morning, on foot, to the town of B—, which was about fifteen miles distant. I carried my dinner along, and happening to be in a good mood of noon, I took it from my pocket, got astride of an old

log near by, and commenced to eat. I pulled out my old dirk, and after cutting a slice of meat, I stuck the knife into the log. At that instant I felt something move, and I was carried along at lightning speed, and—"What was it, grandfather? I ain't ill-injured." "Why, my son, instead of an old log, I had got straddle of a big snake, and when I innocently plunged my knife into him, he thought it was a hint to leave, and he left accordingly, giving me a free ride for a distance of a mile, when the 'critter' made a sudden jerk, and I was exp-d—"No; but I saw it. About ten years after, I went to a snake-show, and what did I see but my identical old dirk sticking in the back of a snake thirty-five feet long."

**INFALLIBLE METHOD.**—An Exchange says,—"One day in the last week, an adroit speculator, calculating on the fears as well as the curiosity of those liable to military service, advertised in one of the Philadelphia papers that, in consideration of the sum of one dollar, sent to him by post at a certain given address, he would directly communicate an infallible method by which each person receiving this valuable information could avoid the draft. As many as 400 letters, each inclosing one dollar, reached the ingenious advertiser within twelve hours. In every instance he conscientiously performed his promise, and without delay or evasion communicated how to evade the draft. The secret which is well worth knowing, was communicated in the single word—ENLIST."

**A JUDICIAL JOKE.**—Judge Roosevelt was trying a tedious lawsuit concerning patent rights in the case of *Dr. Dyer* vs. *Dr. New York*, appeared as counsel. The Judge remarked:—"Justice:—Mr. Dyer, I wish you would favour the court by postponing the motion, until some other Justice is sitting at chambers—I am tired of being dosed with pills." Dyer: "Well, if your honor the court, would do me the honor of the world to oblige the court, but my duty to my clients in this instance forbids that I should longer delay this motion, the most important that has ever been made in the case, and which if postponed, would greatly distress my clients." Justice: "Mr. Dyer, if your client is not satisfied, I would advise them, in the first place, to take some of the pills; and if that does not bring relief, then I would advise them to change their Dyer."

#### MYTHOLOGICAL MISCELLANEOUS.

The size of Polyphemus has been a matter of controversy for ages. He must have been considerably above the average height; though the only datum we have to form any conception of his stature is the statement that the dentists were obliged to use ladders when they undertook to scale his teeth.

Now treading with suggestions is the record that Inachus was the father of Io.

The gods of old used to swear by the Styx; and this reminds one of many worthy persons who are always glorifying their proxy preachers.

Cerberus has been described as the Porter of Hades. Well, most people like their porter with a head on it—but when it comes to three! Tityus, the robber-plat, is said to have covered a large acre when lying on the ground. He was condemned—by his ungentlemanly conduct towards Latona—to be perpetually dined on by a vulture, which made another ache.

What a mistake it was to punish Tantalus with a vision of unobtainable water! If he had only been bored with a hole in his head.

Faion was bound to a perpetually revolving wheel because he murdered his father-in-law. We do not find that the gods inflicted any penalty for the slaughter of a mother-in-law. The gods were very just.

The Fyngones, a fabled race of very small men, were supposed to build their houses with egg-shells. We have some very small men among us who build their houses with brown stone.

## ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS.—IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

A True and Perfect Return of all ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS, placed under the charge of the Curator of the said Court, for collection and adjustment under the Act of Parliament of Victoria, No. 99, from the 1st day of January to the 30th day of June, 1862.—*London Gazette*, Dec. 2, 1862.

NOTE.—The Amount received by the Curator of the said Court, from the Estates in the whole Schedule amounted to £16,303 3s. 7d.

NO.	NAME OF DECEASED,	COLONIAL RESIDENCE.	SUPPOSED RESIDENCE OF FAMILY.	REMARKS.
107	John Kiburn	Collingwood	...	...
108	William Kelly	Seno Beacho	...	...
109	William Howell	Melbourne	...	...
110	Cuthbert Rowell	Rutherglen	...	...
111	Mary Vickery	Melbourne	England	...
112	William Parsons	Warreamboul	...	...
113	Stephon Northey	Ballaarat	...	...
114	James Arnott	Dunolly	...	...
115	Edward Radolph	Chowton	...	...
116	Thomas Venables	Melbourne	...	...
117	Henry Gower Poole	Buckland	...	...
118	Richard Thornhill	Richmond	...	...
119	Daniel Ainsworth	Corisbrook	...	...
120	E. A. De Legarde	Melbourne	England	...
121	Arthur Clelland	Junfield	Ireland	...
122	James Normile	Ballaarat	...	...
123	David Stewart	Corisbrook	...	...
124	W. B. McCrossen	Richmond	Scotland	...
125	William Davidson	None	...	...
126	John Williamson	Moro's Creek	...	...
127	William Ramsay	Belvoir	...	...
128	Mrs. McFarlane	Melbourne	...	...
129	Patrick Cornynn	Campbellfield	...	...
130	Thos. Haily	Heathcote	...	...
131	Henry Fleck	Buisingyong	...	...
132	C. F. Wetherell	Mount Sturgeon Plains Station	...	...
133	Hugh Conesey	Wangaratta	...	...
134	G. A. Thompson	Inglewood	England	...
135	William Frackland	North Melbourne	...	...
136	Unknown	Melbourne	...	...

GEORGE SHOVELBOTTOM, Curator of the Estates of Deceased Persons.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**TO CLEAN GOLD CHAINS.**—A gold chain washed in soap and water with a few drops of hartsorn in it, and afterwards dried in sawdust, will look as when new.

**MEDICINE.**—If any persons who are obliged to take offensive medicine would first take a bit of alum into the mouth, they could then take the medicine with as much ease as though it were as much sugar.

**SORGHUM.**—A gentleman in Iowa has obtained a patent for making wine from sorghum, which is used by connoisseurs at Washington to be equal to Madeira. It can be made so as to be sold for twenty-five cents (1s.) per gallon. A fine quality of rum is also made from the same product.

**METHOD FOR DETECTING WRITING OR CHALK IN FLOUR.**—Mix with the flour some juice of lemon or good vinegar; if the flour be pure they will remain together at rest, but if there be a mixture of writing or chalk, a fermentation, or working like yeast, will ensue. The adulterated meal is whiter and heavier than the good.

**CURE FOR THE HEADACHE.**—Take a small piece of cotton batting or cotton wool, making a depression in the centre with the end of the finger, and fill it with as much ground pepper as will rest on a five cent. piece, gather it into a

ball and tie it up, dip the ball into sweet oil and insert it into the ear, covering the latter with cotton wool. Use a bandage or cap to retain it in its place. Almost instant relief will be experienced, and the application is so gentle that a child will not be injured by it, but experiences relief as well as adults.

**A WATCH LAMP,** perfectly safe, which will show the hour of the night, without any trouble to a person lying in bed: It consists of a stand with three claws, the pillar of which is made hollow, for the purpose of receiving a water candlestick of an inch diameter. On the top of the pillar, by means of two hinges and a bolt, is fixed on a small proportionate table, a box of six slides, lined with brass, tin, or any shining metal, nine inches deep and six inches in diameter. In the centre of one of the sides is fixed a lens, double convex, of at least three inches and a half diameter. The centre of the slide directly opposite to the lens is perforated so as to receive the dial-plate of the watch, the body of which is confined on the outside by means of a hollow slide. When the box is lighted by a common watch-light, the figures are magnified nearly to the size of those of an ordinary clock.

**HOW TO MAKE VARNISH.**—*Crystal Varnish.*—First, genuine pale Canada balsam and rectified oil of turpentine, equal parts; mix, place the bottle in warm water, agitate well, set it aside in a moderately warm place, and in a week pour off the clear. Used for maps, prints,

drawings, and other articles of paper, and also to prepare tracing paper and to transfer engravings. Second, mastic, 3 ounces; alcohol, 1 pint, dissolved. Used to fix pencil drawings. *Etching Varnish.*—First, white wax, 3 ounces; black and burgundy pitch, of each half an ounce; melt together, add by degrees powdered asphaltum, 2 ounces, and boil till a drop taken out on a plate will break when cold by being bent double two or three times between the fingers; it must then be poured into warm water and made into small balls for use. Second, linseed oil and mastic, of each 4 ounces; melt together. Third, soft linseed oil, 4 ounces; gum benzoin and white wax, of each half an ounce; boil to two-thirds. *Flexible Varnish.*—First, india-rubber in shavings, 1 ounce; mineral naphtha, 2 pounds; digest at a gentle heat in a closed vessel till dissolved, and strain. Second, india-rubber, 1 ounce; drying oil, 1 quart; dissolve by as little heat as possible, employing constant stirring, then strain. Third, linseed oil, 1 gallon; dried white coppers and sugar of lead, each 3 ounces; litharge, 3 ounces; boil, with constant agitation, till it strings well, then cool slowly and decant the clear. If too thick, thin it with quick-drying linseed oil. These are used for balloons, gas bags, &c.

THE INDEX for Vol. I. of the "SCRAP BOOK" contains a list of 2,400 names of persons who have been advertised for. Price 2d.



# THE SCRAP BOOK

AND  
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

FUN. HUMOR. FAMILY. MATTERS.

No. 68.—VOL. III.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



LISTENING FOR THE ENEMY.

## THE BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER. A REVOLUTIONARY TALK.

(From the *New York Ledger*.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUSADE OF THE FOREST."

It happened that precisely at this moment McDonald came out of the house with his own gun and that of Wheaton. He suddenly shut the door behind him, so that they were all at once in darkness, except so far as the light of the fire over the hearth yet cast a feeble gleam around them, as it was now dying out. For a moment they were invisible, while their adversaries, coming partially between them and the light, were themselves exposed. The click of their gunlocks could be heard in the darkness.

The white men stood embarrassed, while the savages had already dropped to the ground, to avoid the expected shots.

"I warn ye," at last said the quavering voice of Solon. "I warn ye that we come on a peaceful errand, and that ye need not add the crime of murder to that of being Tories."

"Tories?" answered Wheaton, "I don't know but two Tories hereabouts, and that's yourself and brother, if it comes to that. But tell us plainly, man, what you came for."

After some hesitation, and a whispered conference with Bartlett, Solon replied:

"We've got a warrant from Squire Wemple for the arrest of Alexander McDonald for being a Tory, and for keeping Canada bread in his house. We don't know anything about it ourselves, but such is the law, and we came to obey it," said

"Look here you imp of the devil," said Wheaton, angrily, "if you have got any real

warrant, you can come in alone and show it; if you haven't, the first man who tries to enter this house will be a corpse before he crosses the door sill!"

"Aye, aye, lad," said the voice of McDonald, "we're mind that right weel; but an they come wi' lawfu' authority, we must e'en obey. See gae in, but alone, mind ye."

The latter part of his remarks was addressed to Solon, who began to find himself getting into an uncomfortable position. Too much of a rogue himself to believe in the honesty of others, he naturally regarded the proceeding as a mere trap to get possession of his person.

"I'm not the principal in the business," he said, after a pause, during which he had slipped the warrant into the hands of Bartlett; "in fact, I've nothing to do with it, except as a helper when called on."

"Yes. I know," answered Wheaton, drily

"you're a likely man to be called on to aid a bumpster; and are so valuable that he must cross the river twice to get you, even if he had to carry you on his back. But let's see the real man who comes here with the papers."

Bartlett, who had so far been passive and silent, not caring to betray his presence sooner than was necessary, now came forward, and, with a flourish, throwing open the house door, permitted the light from within to fall upon his countenance.

Aslight of it, Wheaton gave a shiver of his shoulders, saying:

"And so you Bartlett, you are the active partner, are you? I suspected your nice hand would be found somewhere in the contrivance. Since when have you added this calling to your many others? Step in, man! You needn't eye me in that way; I'm no kidnapper, whatever you may be."

"Every one has a right to his opinions, and so don't quarrel with yours," said length said Bartlett, having apparently, after casting a look back at his companions in the darkness, made up his mind to enter the house. "I come here by authority; and, in these times, the country has a right to know who are enemies and who are friends. If Mr. Stockwell, your own nice hand, it will be so much the better for him. But, though I say it, things look a little against him just now, and offering resistance would only make matters worse."

So saying, he entered the house, followed by "Donald. Wheaton closed the door after them, standing himself on the outside.

"Now, men," said "Donald at once, "let's see your authority; and was to be to an eye he entered my house without it."

Bartlett, though bold enough ordinarily, began to feel uneasy at his position, and had some doubts as to the wisdom of his own course, but he was to produce. After some fumbling, however, he handed it over, and the old man, taking it to the light, read as follows:—

"Niskaway's writ:

"no all man's by dose process that I grieve Wen Pla, grieve Peas, for and town, being proved by der dots of you wife men (all injured) led to Seohman was so weak some of you ten foot, as kept to candy; pray: now I orders him to be took by all good Batorye, and carried to Albany, before we comit, eyed and all Heng and well, August 12, 1777."

"grieve Peas."

It was some time before "Donald could make out the meaning of this choice specimen of legal literature.

"Heh, sir!" he said, with a still puzzled and somewhat comical look, "it seems to me to be for a' that, it may be the vorse signature of the magistrate. He's na that nuckle learned, it may safely be asserted, but may be it wad stand la quite as well. But what does the fule body mean by 'Canety pred'?"

"He means," broke in Bartlett upon this kind of colloquy, "that you keep Canada broad here, which wouldn't be the case if you were a true man."

The Scotchman stared at his interrupter, but did not vouchsafe any reply.

"Jenny," said he, turning toward the corner where his daughter had commenced to sit, a deeply interested spectator of what was passing. "Jenny, do ye happen to ken the sign manual of our neebor, Master Wemple?"

"Yes, father," she said quickly, rising up and coming towards him, "he begins his first name with a small 'g,' and puts a large 'P' in the middle of his last one. Ye see the corner, as she took the paper, and cast her eye at the signature, 'this is his own real name. But what does all this mean?'"

"It means, child," answered the father, "that, by some false token or other, I'm to be regarded as a convicted felon, and to be sent prisoner to Albany."

"That's just it; you never said a true word," said Bartlett, who now began to regard the plan

as near success, and whose courage rose accordingly.

"Just it," said yes?" answered "Donald, angrily; "but mayhap ye did na mind the warrant says I'm to be taken by good patriots? And wia' the devil, then, are you—ye a meekin', traitorous, border thief? Are ye the 'gude' man it is to be na?"

Bartlett was somewhat abashed at this, and in the meanwhile seeing that a difficulty might arise on this very point, was considering how it might be overcome, when the sound of voices without attracted attention. All paused and listened silently.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### UNEXPECTED ACCUSATION OF TREASON.

"Yes, I know, my good fellow," said some one without the door; "I will take care that no wrong is done. 'Tim' do you see that the Oneidas keep a good watch while I look in here a moment."

The door now opened, and there stalked into the room a tall young man, clothed partly in the uniform of the Continental army, and partly with a green hunter's coat, secured round his waist with a belt. Instead of the cocked hat of the period, he wore a close fitting cap of dressed deer skin, a little torn, and badly soiled with exposure. On his feet were coarse, strong, heavy-soled shoes, worn brown, and scratched by the bushes and rocks over which his owner had passed. But his face bore the strongest marks of the rough life he had led. Tanned to a hue almost as dark as that of an Indian, it was a little compressed with marks of anxiety and watching, while the eyes still shone with a sort of feverish lustre. On entering he had quickly surveyed the party he met there, and seemed to comprehend by a glance, sufficient to satisfy him as to their general character. "Well," said he, in a tone of authority and inquiry, as, pausing, he stood his gun upon the floor, and leaned upon it.

All looked round in embarrassment, until "Donald, recovering first, said: "It was seem my house has become something near akin to a house of call; for every passer by makes free of it."

"You're the owner, are you?" answered the stranger.

"Who's this?" pointing to Bartlett. The latter hastened to explain, saying:—"I am merely a well-wisher of the country, and am here under authority of the magistrate to arrest a suspected person. This man, "Donald, is the one; but he objects to obeying the warrant."

"Donald's name is, is it?" replied the stranger, striding towards the old man and staring him in the face. "Any relation to Captain "Donald of Johnson's Greens?"

Unhappily, "Donald's temper was none of the quietest, in spite of his years; so that, irritated by what had occurred, and fired beyond control by the apparent insolence of the stranger, he sprang forward, and before his opponent fully comprehended what was doing, he found himself rolling on the floor, with one of his eyes stinging and swelling with the blow it had received. At the same moment Jenny had rushed forward, and before her father could repeat the violence she stood between him and the prostrate man.

"Oh, father," she exclaimed, but it was all she could say.

"Did it hurt ye, neebor?" said "Donald, his face purple with rage, but with his lips and features in an intense expression of ferocious fury.

The stricken man rose, muttering from the floor. Angry, he certainly was; but at the same time there was a look of weakness and exhaustion in his countenance which predominated over all other expressions. "We shall see, ye old fellow," he said, "we shall see how you will continue to refuse it out." So saying, he applied a whistle to his lips, the door again opened, and

in walked, not only Wheaton, but another strange-looking man, while the door-way was darkened by a shadowy figure of half a dozen savages, whose black eyes and dancing scalp-locks could be seen depicted against the outer sky in spite of the darkness. It might have been observed, as they came in, that Wheaton was deprived of his gun, and that, if the hand of the stranger was not actually upon his shoulder, his eye, at least, was never taken off him.

"Tim," said the man who had first entered the house, now addressing the last named stranger; "Tim, I'm afraid we have fallen into a nest of Tories here. Have we men enough to send them all to Albany?"

"Be the labors, then, Major," said the person addressed, "it would be a pity if we hadn't seen that myself is to the fore, and a half dozen Oneidas beyond there."

"Yes, I know," said the other; "but I want you to go with me to Van Schaick's Island. Willst be particular on that point, as Learned could do nothing up the river without his supplies; and, in fact, I am so worn out myself, with days' marching, and nights' watching, that I am of but little account alone."

"Ay, Major," said the man, "but ye do seem to be after remembering there's a shorter way to settle the question. If we can't take the pan full of them, we can, at last, skin off their scalps and take them. They're lighter to carry at my rate!"

"Tim Murphy! Tim!" exclaimed his companion, "you've been so long among the savages, that you here got to be almost as wild as they!"

"And I tell ye, all the same, Major Stockwell," growled the man in an unexpectedly deep tone of voice, "that these are no times for child's play. When a business is to be done, by the piper, do it!"

Before proceeding further should devote a few lines to a description of the person with whom Major Stockwell was talking.

In appearance he was a strongly built, well-made, young man, of an age somewhere between twenty-five and thirty. He had dark hair, dark eyes, and, with pleasing features, a somewhat smart countenance. He was not much taller than below than above the medium height; his body was plump, his shoulders broad, and his limbs, though full, were finely tapered, and betrayed no unusual characteristic, except by the swell of the muscles, which here and there seemed quite remarkable. All this was observable through his dress. He had on a leathern cap, buckskin breeches and moccasins, and a loose green hunting frock, fastened at the waist with a strong belt. The expression of his countenance was a singular mixture of drollery and ferocity. An occasional glimmer of his eye was full of fun; but immediately after a frown of rage, and a glance of suspicion and menace at once checked all disposition to levity, and obliterated all impression that he might be a harmless wisp. And yet the temper of the man was naturally jovial. Among acknowledged friends he was full of levity—sometimes even coarse and a little profane. With all that, though passionate and rough-tongued, he was warm-hearted and ardent in his attachments—essential a kind, indulgent, and honest man. But in war-time, and with his enemies, let them be aware: His strength, agility, and cunning, far surpassing that of the savages, made him to them a more terrible enemy; and they feared him, as they would have feared a destroying angel.

On the present occasion, he bore in his hands a heavy two-barrelled rifle—then a very uncommon weapon—and wore in his belt a hunting-knife, and small hatchet, and tomahawk. While man, though the he was, there seemed still a touch of the Indian in him. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him was the singular vivacity and restlessness of his eye. In his presence one felt as if constantly covered by his glance.

As soon as the two strangers had ended their kind of colloquy, for although they spoke in a



well; "you are welcome to what we can give you, and all I will ask in return will be that you will see that no harm comes to my father."

"He's not going among savages," said the tired officer, as he placed himself at the table; "but for your sake will see that he has fair play. Come, Tim, we must be quick, for we're already lost two much time."

"No, Major," said the man, "I've only come five miles so far, but I'm not much good for twelve hours without eating. I'm in better trim as I am. I'm only afraid you can't stand it yourself, for you're undergone about as much in the last eight-and-forty hours as I ever did myself in the same length of time."

"From how far do you come?" asked Whetstone, who looked up at his questioner and then at Bartlett, but did not reply.

"I've no harm, I think," interposed Murphy; "I believe this man is honest, and he may be the more disposed to help us when he knows all; and as for the other man, he's going with you, you know."

"You needn't tell me anything unless you like," said Whetstone; "it was nothing but curiosity made me ask, and I am well enough disposed to help you any way—with the one proviso I spoke of before."

"You must know them in brief," said Stockwell, "that I come from Fort Stanwix itself. Colonel Willett and myself managed to get out of the place in the darkness about ten o'clock, night before last, with no weapons but a short spear each, and no provisions but a little quantity of crackers and cheese and some sugar. We crept through the swamp, and then we waded through the swamp on our hands and knees, keeping so close together that we could touch each other, not daring to speak even in a whisper, and making less noise than two musk-rats would have done. We frequently had to stop our way listening to listen, and the whole woods and marsh were alive with Indians, from the bottoms of the ditches to the tops of the trees."

"It was dark and cloudy, so that absolutely nothing was visible, save a faint light that shone in the direction of St. Leger's camp. We were at home or more in a place where a few rods from the fort to the river bank, along which we crept, expecting every moment to fall in with some prowling savage. We were probably seen more than once, but doubtless were mistaken for some of the enemy. At length we came to where the trunk of a tree lay across the river. We crawled over on this more like mice than human beings; and when on the northern bank we had still the line of sentinels to get through. Here again it took us hours to pass, as their footsteps approached us every minute or so, when we had to lay perfectly still, and catch the chance of slipping forward a step or so when they happened to be going from us. We could even hear the little snatches of songs they sometimes hummed to themselves in a low tone to pass away the time."

"But we got beyond this danger and plunged into a thick and tangled forest, where for the moment we were surely safe from discovery, but where, having now lost sight of the camp fires, we were absolutely without anything to guide us, there being not a single star visible. Here we wandered about for several hours, at one time coming so near a concealed Indian encampment that their dogs began to bark. We then had to stand perfectly still for a length of time, which seemed to us half the night, not only until all was still but the croakings and insects of the woods, but until the sky had somewhat cleared up, and to our great joy and relief we at last saw the morning star in the east. Guided by this we immediately struck off to the north, and in a little more than the very shadows which soon began to flit away before us. After going several miles in this direction we again changed our course to the eastward, following the streams wherever we met them, in order to lose our trail in their beds, and not daring to pause even for a moment."

Should our trace be discovered, our only hope of escape would be in the rapidity of our march."

"We partook of our scanty food as we went; towards noon we came again to the bank of the river, which we followed, sometimes in the shallow water and sometimes stepping upon the stones of the shore. In this manner we passed the whole of the day; and at night, growing faint with exertion and scanty provisions, we were compelled to halt in a hemlock grove, where, without a fire or light, we lay down upon the ground and passed the night, locked in each other's arms. Notwithstanding our extreme danger, our sleep was so profound that from the time we lay down, until the daylight began to shine in the east, the whole interval seemed but an instant; and when we woke we could hardly realize that nearly eight hours had passed away."

"Our prospect was now cheerless, indeed. Stiff and sore with walking and sleeping upon the damp ground, without even a blanket between us, we now found ourselves entirely out of food, and with a dense wilderness of many weary leagues between us and any hope of succour. However, we set forward with good cheer, and, after an hour or so, we fortunately came to a kind of clearing occasioned by a windfall, where we found a great quantity of blackberry bushes, loaded with fruit. Upon these, you may well suppose, we made a plentiful meal. Being thus refreshed, and now somewhat beyond the region where we were most likely to fall in with stroiling hands of savages, we set forward at a swifter pace, and a little after noon we had the happiness of coming in sight of Fort Dayton."

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE PEARL-DIVER.

### A TALE OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.

BY ILLION CONSTELLANO.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CARLA AND CARNAR.

THE instant Carnar bade Carla attend him to the spot where he was awaited by Moratin, and just as the terrified girl was summoning all her strength to scream for help and to combat him, the sound of hurried footsteps attracted their attention. These sounds became louder every instant, and were soon discovered to originate with a man who was running down the beach towards them, from the direction in which the boat was lying.

"It may be a friend of yours," said the rufian, in a fierce whisper, "and if so, I will kill him. I think, however, it is a friend of mine!"

He was right.

As he drew a pistol with one hand, and seized Carla by the arm with the other, the man rushed into their presence.

"Oh, Carnar, is it you?" he cried, in a voice of terror. "I have had such a fortunate escape!"

Carnar and Carla both saw that the newcomer was Moratin.

"Oh, you here?" was the greeting given him by his partner in wickedness. "Where is the boat, and what is the trouble?"

"I'll tell you," replied Moratin, as soon as he could find breath. "While I sat in the boat, awaiting your return, another boat containing eight or ten men suddenly stole upon me, coming from the sloop, and fired upon me—"

"Fired? I have heard no firing!"

"Then I don't know what you would call it!" rejoined the pasting fugitive. "The ball it" whistled around me like hailstones, and I thought I was done for, sure enough; but, by a desperate effort, I managed to reach the shore just ahead of them, and to elude them."

"Well, where's the boat?"

"The boat? They have taken it to the sloop,

of course, or else are lurking beside it in the hope that we will come that way, and that they may get a shot at us."

Carnar gave a decided expression to his rage and chagrin at this narration.

"Our proposed retreat is cut off, then," he muttered, "and we are cornered in a tight box! The fault, however, is in our own sense mine! I ought not to have been such a fool as to leave the boat to the enemy, who have taken it at least a mile down the coast."

Moratin now noticed Carla, and mumbled something about being glad to see her.

"Hope you won't be surprised or pained at the suddenness of our departure," he said to her. "I am sure you will not be. Carnar thinks we can live better and easier elsewhere, and we have accordingly made up our minds to move."

While he was making this silly speech, with a craven and apologetic air, Carnar was regarding the movements taking place at the sloop.

"I was just going to propose a visit to the scene of your late exploits," he said to Moratin, "but we have't time. I see that there is quite an alarm abroad of the sloop, and it must be that there is some truth in your report!"

"Truth, Sensor Carnar!" exclaimed Moratin, with a grovel and injured air. "It is the essence of truth itself. If you mean to doubt—"

"Oh, we won't whine about it," interrupted Carnar, with a serious but quiet air. "If those signs do not deceive me, we shall soon have business enough to attend to. A boat is coming from the sloop to the shore!"

Moratin uttered an exclamation of despair.

"Since our retreat seaward is cut off," pursued Carnar, "we must take to the hills. I am certain the schooner will be up before morning—she should have been here two days ago!"

"Well—well, what can we do to defeat our pursuers?"

"We must hide till the vessel comes, and then leave the country."

"But can we hide? Is there any place where they cannot possibly find us?"

"There are a plenty of them; at least one or two. You need have no anxieties—no fears. Only stick to me and be faithful, and all will be well with you. Our first task is to remove this girl, without allowing her any opportunity of shrieking or screaming."

"Of course—of course!" responded Moratin, the desperation of the circumstances rendering him ferocious. "We must bind her—zag her—anything to prevent her from giving the alarm!"

The speaker stood revealed in his true character at that instant. Carnar wanted no other proof than the expression of his face.

"Villains, both of you!" she cried, struggling to escape from Carnar's grasp. "But you will not be prospered in your wickedness much longer. The day of retribution is at hand!"

"We won't argue the question here," remarked Carnar. "We must be in motion. Quick!"

Carla had refrained from struggling and screaming until this moment, in the hope that the persons seen by Moratin would follow him, and suddenly appear, so that she should have a hope of rescue.

This hope had now failed, and the deferred moment of desperation had come.

She uttered a shrill scream, and endeavored to break away from Carnar. He promptly met the proceeding by placing his hand over her mouth, and seizing her in a strong grasp.

"His hands off her! something over her mouth," he said to Moratin. "We must keep her silent!"

Moratin complied, deathly pale with excitement, and trembling with fear.

"As to the pursuit," remarked Carnar, as calmly as before, and with a significant gleam in



his eyes, "you must remember that I have a nice trap set at my house, for the bulk of the pursuers, and Brosey —"

"Well, what of him?" asked Moratin, not understanding his pause.

"I was merely going to say that he won't trouble us—that's all!"

Carla had understood his ominous pause, and faintly in his arms.

He now called Moratin's attention to the fact.

"Never mind," was that individual's comment. "We can carry her all the easier, taking turns."

"Come on, then. We'll go to the old church, where my money is hidden, as I told you!"

"Is that a safe place?"

"Perfectly. Even if we were to be surprised therein, there is a secret way to get out—a cut called the Monks' Wall, which comes out far below the vault, and half way down the mountains. I suppose I am the only person living who knows of this passage-way."

"Well, it's just as you say about our hiding place. I leave the matter to you!"

"Go where you will, I will warrant you that we shall not be much troubled. After my mine has killed half-a-dozen of them, they'll have affairs enough of their own on hand to last them until we have taken our departure!"

While uttering these observations the two villains had been hastening in the direction of *La Giganta*, or Gigantes Mountain, which towers almost perpendicularly a full mile above the sea, immediately in the rear of Loretto. After a rapid journey through the intervening woods and ravines, they reached the base of the mountain, and struck out its solitude with the air of men determined to make its secret.

Carnar still bore Carla.

There is no country in the world where more desolate landscapes can be found than in Lower California. In some portions of the province there is not a habitable spot for hundreds of square miles, but a succession of deep ravines and high cliffs, with barren plains here and there, and the whole thrown together in that awful loneliness which renders Sinai and some parts of Arabia Petrea so terrific.

This desolation and ruggedness is particularly noticeable in the mountain ranges near Loretto.

The scene around Carnar and Moratin became more and more a chaotic wilderness of rocks and woods, as they advanced up the side of the Gigantes, towering masses of granite and yawning chasms succeeding each other at frequent intervals, till they were far above and beyond the sounds and signs of the pursuit.

At length they paused to rest, having reached the vicinity of the old ruin they were seeking.

Carla had given repeated signs of returning consciousness, and now opened her eyes, and stood upon her feet.

The scene from the elevation they had attained would have been, to any person capable of appreciating a tremendous solitude, sublime. The moon was just rising over the Gulf, changing the aspect of the night, and silencing the words the two men with soft hush, while the valley lay in deep shadow. There was a continued roar in the tree-tops—the murmuring of a wind which seldom slept. The voices of countless insects were in the air. Directly east of them, a few leagues from the shore, lay Carmine's Island, visible in the sheen of the moon's rays like a dark spot on the face of the waters. But all these features of the scene were as a blank page to the occupants of the mountain, their souls being absorbed by their sinister purposes and plans.

"As no one can hear her girl's voice here," said Carnar, "I will release her!"

He untied the handkerchief from her mouth.

At this instant a terrific explosion was heard in the direction of Carnar's house, and a lurid mass of flames and smoke shot high into the air.

The cry with which Carnar greeted the noise and the sight was that of a fiend!

"Ha, ha! There they go!" he said. "Now if my vessel were only at hand!"

He naturally cast his eyes towards the south, as he spoke, and from his high elevation he saw a light gleaming through the night from that direction—the signal light he had so long desired to see!

He uttered another wild cry of delight and triumph.

He knew that his vessel was there!

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A LUCKY STAR IN THE ASCENDANT.

FERNANDEZ was in quite a happy frame of mind, as he went on his way to the old church where Carnar's money was hidden. His victory over Moratin had roused his courage, and served to give zest to the enterprise to which his present attention was devoted. Humming a favorite air, he hurried on through the rude paths and desolate ways, encountering no one, and seeing no signs of life.

At length he reached the old ruin, and came to a halt beside it, with a reconnoitering eye.

There had once been a village or hamlet at this spot, built after the Spanish Conquest, but nothing now remained of it save a moss-grown church, which, erected in a stormy period, had been intended to serve as a well or a fort or house of worship. With the flight of time, the village had moved farther down the coast, and acquired the name of Loretto, and the vicinity about the old ruin bore, among the neighboring inhabitants, the title of *Villa Antigua*. Having the reputation of being haunted by the uncanny spirits of those who slept in its ancient vaults, few of the people ever came near it. Carla and Yoia had made a partial exploration of the place, but it was reserved for the former to appreciate its full terrors.

"Well, here I am," muttered Fernandez. "This looks to me like a gay old place for owls and foxes! Lucky that I snaked up in this direction to-day, or I should not have known how to find the way here!"

A glance at the ensemble of the ruin enabled him to see where the entrance ought to be, and he moved in that direction. The grounds around were thickly covered with trees and underbrush, and the walls of the venerable pile were half hidden by running vines. Through the interlaced branches above the intruder little patches of sky were visible, and the screeching of a solitary owl was the only note of life he noticed. The loneliness and desolation of this place naturally struck a chill to the heart of Fernandez, but he pressed forward with a resolute air.

A large pile of stone and mortar had fallen from the wall above, half choking up the entrance, but, with the aid of his lantern, he managed to pass over the pile without harm, and pass into the deeper gloom of the interior.

He was in the main body of the church.

A row of small and narrow windows, on each side of the church, had once served as loopholes from which to watch the enemy as well as to make a small portion of light and sunshine; but not a ray of light could now penetrate there through the dust and cobwebs of a hundred years.

"Now, let me see where I am, and what I am doing," thought Fernandez, as he paused in the grimaces and silence. "Carnar said that the money was in the floor of the church above the square of a cross on the flagging, and could be secured without trouble. The first point is to find the floor of the vault!"

He looked all around him, and at length saw a stone stairway in the rear of the spot where he stood, evidently once been, which seemed to open the way into the depths of the church. Making his way through the profound stillness, and among the ruins which beset him at every

step, he succeeded in effecting a safe descent into a pit of the most Tartarian gloom, from which a variety of noxious vapours came up to his nostrils.

The adventurer came to a halt on entering the place, and mentally consoled to a feeling of uneasiness and fear. So small as was the radius illuminated by his light, he could see many a ghastly object within it.

An occasional skull, or other relic of perished humanity, came in contact with his feet, as he attempted to advance and look around him; and here and there, as he went deeper into the labyrinth of this underground world, he beheld stonework coffins and niches, many of which were open, and presenting their ghastly occupants in all the repulsive of decay and death.

"Well, Roy Fernandez, what have you to say for your courage now?" thought the adventurer. "Hah! you better confess that you are frightened, and take to your heels? This is clearly no place for a sneak!"

Even at that moment, with his eyes scanning the ghastly objects around him, he thought of his late encounter with Moratin, and could not refrain from a smile.

This little touch of humour served as the turning point of the emotions he had experienced in that place, and he at once assumed all his firmness, and set himself earnestly at his task.

In one corner of the vault, near the sarcophagus of an old governor of the province, he found the cross in the flagging he had heard Carnar mention in his confidences; and he soon decided, from the utter absence of all such crosses elsewhere in the flagging, that he had reached the location of the buried treasure.

"Here 'tis," he ejaculated, as he held his lantern in the same position for viewing the scene. "A pick or two with my knife—a short pry—and up she comes."

He knelt on the flagging, produced his weapon, and speedily noticed one of the stones which had the appearance of having been recently moved. It required him but a moment to raise this stone, although it felt as if he were heaving a ton, and then saw, in a little hollow under it, a strong square box.

The explorer uttered an exclamation of delight.

With eager hands he seized the box, with an immense outlay of strength, and nearly fell over backwards with the effort, so readily did it ascend into the air.

He saw that the box was empty.

For a moment Fernandez looked the picture of mortification and vexation, but an idea soon struck him.

He concluded that this box was a mere blind, or rather, an outer box, with handles, to mislead the one containing the treasure, in order that it might be conveyed without difficulty. As this idea seemed reasonable to him, he lost no time in extending his search, turning up more of the flagging, sounding here and there under them, and carefully scrutinized every nook his researches unearthed.

Quite an interval of time was thus employed, and he finally began to despair of success.

"I must be mistaken in my theory," he muttered, "or there must be some trickery about Carnar's statements. Ah—!"

It was at this precise moment that he received a sure clue to success.

His hand had come in contact with a small chain which lay away under the flagging, he did not see where. Commencing to pull this chain towards him, he found that it required an exertion to come to the surface, as if it were attached to the very article he was seeking.

He drew in the chain.

A moment of breathless suspense, and a box appeared to his view, dragged out from under the flagging by the chain attached to it. He knew now for certain that it was the object he had been seeking.

"Perhaps there are more of them," he muttered, in the flush of suddenly stimulated greed,



He felt his way cautiously up the stairs, and proceeded towards the entrance of the church, as nearly direct as his recollection would permit. He hovered close upon the movements of the two villains and their victim, and once or twice came near betraying his presence, in his eagerness to get out of the old ruin at the earliest possible moment. They soon passed away from the building, pointing towards the south, while he crept out immediately behind them and shaped his course towards the north.

"Now to reach the sloop just as soon as human strength and wrath will permit," he muttered. "The box must take its chance here." He placed it in the shadow of a rock, with the lantern, at the corner of the church. "I intend to make such time between here and the boat as will astonish those villains!"

Then divesting himself of everything which could retard his progress, he dashed away at full speed for the shore, unmindful of the scratches he received from the bushes, or of his occasional falls and bruises.

The good-hearted fellow, with all his best emotions called into play, was determined to save Carla, at any possible sacrifice to himself.

Like a very fury, he tore through the bushes, and along the rugged paths—on, on!

#### CHAPTER XXII. CONCLUSION.

We need not follow every step of the determined flight of Fernandez towards the shore. He found his boat just where he had left it, and as that was one essential condition of his success he hailed the discovery with a shout of joy.

"If we can only get the sloop under way immediately, a dozen of us, we can proceed in advance of the schooner, and perhaps capture their vessel before their arrival!"

The hope nerved him to the most desperate exertions, and the boat in which he had promptly placed himself, seizing the oars, flew through the water at a furious rate, and he was soon at the sloop.

"Hallo, here!" he shouted, springing aboard, fairly panting with his exertions. "Turn out, everybody! Give the alarm! I have got track of the schooner, and know just where we can find them!"

Lieutenant Strato made his appearance from the cabin, bringing something in his hand. After exchanging a dozen words with Fernandez, this something went whizzing into the air, and he said,—

"Calm yourself, Señor Fernandez, and endeavor to get breath, so as to tell me the particulars of your discoveries. That signal will bring everybody aboard, just as soon as they can come, and we will be already for action!"

Fernandez saw that nothing could be done until the return of the men engaged in the search, and accordingly endeavored to restrain his eagerness and impatience.

By the time Fernandez had become sufficiently rested to resume operations, a boat was seen coming with all possible speed from the shore, and a few minutes sufficed for them to reach the sloop.

At the head of the half dozen hardy dragoons they had taken with them, Brosey and Palo leaped to the deck.

"What have you seen or learned, Lieut. Strato?" was the eager question of Brosey. "Any news of the villains or of Carla?"

"Yes," Fernandez here has come upon them on their way to a vessel which has come upon the coast in Carna's interest. I think we have a good chance to bag them! Where are the rest of your boys?"

"Close at hand, no doubt—yes, there they are, yonder—!" and another boat was now rapidly approaching. "As we drew near the house of

Carna, it suddenly blew up, as you saw, and our attention has accordingly been detained in that quarter."

"Very good," responded Lieut. Strato. "What shall it be—a boat chase, or shall we get the sloop under way?"

"Which do you advise? Which is the best?"

"If I think we can operate to the best advantage in a couple of boats. You can see a light the vessel is showing," and he pointed it out, and that will take us direct to the spot where she is lying. By taking the boats, we can creep up unseen, as likely as not, till we are close aboard of the enemy, and it will then be an easy matter to cut him off by boarding!"

"Very well—we will go in boats."

"If there were any doubt about reaching the enemy before he gets under way," continued Lieut. Strato, "we would stick to the sloop; but from all the circumstances of the case, I am satisfied that we can land the two villains off, or at least arrive with them. The boats it shall be, therefore, and as soon as possible—you in charge of one, Lieut. Brosey and I in the other!"

As calm as he was, Lieut. Strato did not fail to expedite business as much as possible. The moment the second boat arrived, he had both manned and armed to his satisfaction, and instantly set out for the scene of operations.

"Give way with a will, men," he commanded. "If we cannot make a direct water-route tell against an overland journey over rocks and through bushes, with a woman in the party, we ought to be shot! Live! all of you, and say not a word! Silence and speed!"

He took the lead with his boat and dashed towards the signal light of Carna's schooner at a high rate of speed. Our hero had no difficulty in keeping close in his wake, for his steering-gears were as determined as excited.

Now past a headland, and now crossing the mouth of a bay or creek, they sped on like the wind, passing the little village, and sweeping around the lower headland of its bay, from which point it was plain sailing to the anchorage of the schooner.

"Good, boys—you deserve a medal, every man of you," said Lieut. Strato, in low but distinct tones, as he marked the position of the schooner. "I think a complete success is before us!"

The excitement of this race through the water, with all its rushing and activity, seemed to take complete possession of all concerned. Brosey and Lieut. Strato had all they could do to prevent the men from cheering, as they closed in towards the enemy's vessel. It was only by reminding them that the safety of the helpless Carla was depending, not only on their strong arms, but on their discretion, that they refrained.

"Let that desperate rascal once find himself cornered," said our hero, "and he would not hesitate a moment to strangle Carla before she surrenders her to me! We must be as secret as death!"

The rapid progress of the boats at length brought them so near the schooner that they could distinctly make out her outlines, as she lay dark and silent on the water.

The eyes of Lieut. Strato then sparkled with a triumphant light, and he uttered a soft—

"As the vessel was approaching from the starboard," he whispered to Brosey, "it is quite possible that we can take possession of the vessel without being seen from the shore! So, as you will readily perceive, if the villains have not already arrived, they may not discover the change of masters until it is too late!"

He gave the word of command, and the boats both renewed their swift oar-work towards the schooner. Every man in the sailing party under tow took a portion of the crew was ashore, and that the rest would not have any expectation of a hostile attack. Lieut. Strato

even believed that the first impulse of those in charge of the schooner would be to regard the new-comers as the party they were expecting.

All these questions were soon set at rest. A few minutes of rapid progress, as well as intense interest, and the boats were alongside.

"Board!" was the cry now uttered by Lieut. Strato, as the men sprang into the boats, and moved over the side at them and consulted hastily together.

The order was instantly obeyed.

"Take these men prisoners!" was his next order, "every man of them, as silently as possible, and transfer them to the hold!"

This order was also promptly executed, the half-dozen persons aboard of the schooner offering no resistance to their surprise and fears.

"Now, then, stow yourselves away in the fore-cabin, all of you!" added the Lieutenant, "and be ready to appear, arms in hands, when I call you. Lieut. Brosey and I will remain in charge!"

In less than three minutes from the moment of the boat's arrival, all was as still as death aboard of the schooner, the men being stowed away in the fore-cabin, and our hero and Lieut. Strato crouching in the cabin.

"The only source of trouble is the boats," said Brosey, "but they are on the water-side, and are not likely to be seen by any one coming from the shore. And so, we have quite a nice trap for those villains to run into! God grant that they may come soon!"

"Take the schooner alive, if possible," said Lieut. Strato. "You and I ought certainly to be able to do it, with the ready aid at command!"

A few moments passed in silence—terrible moments of suspense to Brosey; and then the sound of oars was heard in the direction of the shore.

"There they come," he whispered. "We were not a moment too soon!"

The sound of the oars grew louder.

A boat was evidently coming off from the shore.

There was another anxious interval, and then Carna was heard saying—

"Hallo! what's here? Not a man is visible on the deck. Just pass up the girl to me, Moratin, and I will escort her to the cabin!"

Moratin assented Carla to the deck, and then followed himself, being in turn followed by the captain of the vessel, retaining his helm.

"It's devilish strange," gasped Carna, looking uneasily about him. "Hallo, there! Where are you all?"

A dozen men poured out upon him in answer to the summons, and a fearful contest took place.

Moratin and Carna were both shot dead, as it was found impossible to take them alive, and Carla was soon safe in the arms of her lover.

We need not dwell upon the happy reunion, nor upon the events that immediately followed. Carla was soon restored to her father, and everybody was as jubilant as she had been a day restored to every man in the party. In the course of a few months Palo Marino and Ysla Brosey had prosecuted their acquaintance to a satisfactory understanding, and they were married at the same time as Carla and Leon Brosey. Our hero visited his own mission a while in the city, and then passed into a higher sphere, and a broader sphere of usefulness, as a senator from his native province, and thereafter advancing to a prominent post in the council of the nation. The ties and associations he had formed during the scenes we have recorded were always pleasant in his later recollections, and we accordingly leave all to their better remembrance.

#### THE END.

THE INDEX for Vol. I of the "SCRAP BOOK" contains a list of 3,400 names of persons who have been advertised for. Price 3d.

## WILD LIFE IN OREGON.

BY WILLIAM V. WELLS.

Ten whole occurred so quickly, that before I could collect my thoughts my horse had sprung up the hill, and now the animals, somewhat removed from the immediate vicinity of my bearship, stood facing the jungle, and with nostrils distended, and ears erect, stared wildly at the spot where Bruin had been seen.

Neither of us were bear-hunters or trappers, and as little acquainted with the method of attacking so formidable an animal as any good citizens alone in an Oregon forest. In the few bear stories I could recall at the moment, the main feature which presented itself to my recollection was climbing a tree, but the enormous trunks around offered very dubious facilities for such an operation.

"Now, then," said H—, "we must pass that tree, and how to avoid a fight is the question. I'd certainly rather retrace our steps than hazard a pistol battle with the monster I just saw."

For my part I had not yet seen the enemy, and with my rifle ready in my hand, was wondering where he would next make his appearance, when the crackling of the bushes showed that he was on the move. With eyes fixed upon the copse, we awaited his appearance. Luckily, however, Bruin was as little disposed for a battle as ourselves, and probably overrating our forces, made his way out above us, and disappeared in the woods.

By noon we had penetrated fourteen miles into the forest, sometimes crossing alight and bear trails, now cantering along an even tract of country, breasted of shrubbery, and overshadowed by the same huge trees, or plodding slowly through green copses of underbrush, the vines clambering up the mighty trunks, hanging in long green festoons from the branches, and forming natural arbors through which the path was barely discernible. A small log-hut, erected in an open space, and nearly in ruins, is known as the "Half-way House," and is the only sign of civilization along the route. Here we dismounted, and tying our horses by their *riettes*, allowed them to nibble awhile at the grass, while we attacked the whortuberries, hanging in profuse clusters upon the bushes.

We were a month too late for the blackberries, the vines of which spread in all directions, and showed traces of the visits of numerous beasts, who are decidedly epicures in their taste for fruit. Here we began to discover evidences of the great coal deposits, which are eventually to make this section of Oregon the Newcastle of the Pacific, and as effectually terminate the importation of that article around Cape Horn as has already nearly been done with coal.

Remounting, we straggled along through the labyrinth of trunks, until at sundown a slight rise in the ground gave us a glimpse of daylight through the forest. A citizen of Empire City suddenly appeared, and paused aghast in his route at sight of two strangers. The grip on his trusty rifle was a little tightened as we approached, but seeing we were immigrants, and probably not connected with any of the local issues of the Coos Bay country, he shouted:

"Dern my skin, but when I heered the brush a-croakin', I thought I had ketched that cow at last. How are ye strangers—brought to Coos?"

We replied, and, after a brief interchange of news, we pursued our way. He pointed out, as we parted, the graves of the children who had been crushed by the falling of a tree some twelve months before.

After the discovery of the coal deposits, there was "a rush" of some twenty families to the mineral region, most of whom cleared and claimed, under the law of 1847, six hundred and forty acres of land. In order to avoid the danger of falling trees, it is necessary to burn and fell all suspicious ones within a few hundred yards of the dwelling. One night the father heard an ominous crackling in the direction of a



AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

giant pine which had been steadily consuming under the action of fire for a week past. The family was asleep, but like lightning the danger flashed upon the settler, and, arousing his wife, they seized two of the children, and hurried the bewildered little flock into the night air. But the warning had come too late. As they issued from the hut, the tree—a monstrous pillar of wood—toppled from its centre and fell to the earth. The cabin was directly in a line with its descent, and was smashed to atoms. A little mound, over which danced a few blackberry vines, marks the lonely grave. As we neared the edge of the forest, the regular strokes of an axe resounding in echoes through the shadowy silence, showed we were nearing our place of destination. The horses, now quite worn down with their wearisome route, pricked up their ears at the sound, and quickening their pace, we issued from the woods upon the banks of a beautiful and spacious bay, stretching some three miles directly beyond us, and about five to the right and left. The surrounding woods were clearly depicted in its glassy surface, while the swelling tide swept nobly up to the spot where we stood. It was the famous Coos Bay, of which some indistinct accounts had reached San Francisco, but which, passed over in the reconnaissance of the United States Coast Survey, had remained unexplored and almost unknown. Indeed, no maps or charts, save the one afterwards made by myself from rough sketches, exist of this fine sheet of water.

To the right lay the little town of Empire City—every collection of dwellings in Oregon and California is a city—composed of some thirty houses, mostly of boards, and from the midst of which a half finished wharf projected into the bay. A hasty glance at the scene sufficed, for our animals were already gazing wistfully at the place, with visions of corn or barley, doubtless, rising in the dim perspective. So with a brisk gait as we could assume, we entered the town—the entire population completely electrified by our arrival, and crowding around us as curious specimens of humanity, which, in truth, we were. Our friend Mr. Rogers hastened out to meet us; and, rescuing his visitors from the crowd, hurried us into his store, where we were not long in making ourselves at home.

Behold us now before a crackling fire of pine-

knots, alternately sipping the contents of a copious bowl of whiskey-punch, and detailing to the attentive listeners the news from "Frisco," as San Francisco is here familiarly termed. The mail facilities between Coos Bay and the great commercial metropolis of the Pacific are extremely uncertain, and by no means regular; so our arrival was a matter of the greatest moment. Mr. Rogers's store is the commercial and political head-quarters of Coos Bay. The stout proprietor himself, a rosy-cheeked, educated Vermont, has held some of the most important offices in the gift of the people. The store is the resort of the inhabitants for many miles around on Sundays; when, seated on the counter, they discuss the most important topics, and select goods from the assortment of our host. A glance around the shelves revealed the extent of his stock, which, as a very informant remarked in answer to my look of inquiry, consisted of "Green Groceries"—i. e., black thread and vinegar!

As the fire lighted up the interior of the rough dwelling, and brought into bold relief the staid forms of men whose tastes and occupations had led them into this corner of the world for a livelihood, it was difficult to realize that four years ago the bare existence of such a place as Coos Bay was unknown. The evenings were away with songs and stories; jolly great pipes of tobacco black as "sooty Achéron" were smoked and relit; more logs were piled upon the fire, and rough jokes flew around the merry circle. At last, weary with the ride, and perhaps a little overcome by the hospitality of our entertainers, we were shown to a species of shed, the sign over the door of which denoted the sole public-house of Empire City. Here we addressed ourselves to sleep; and, after a rather twelve hours, came out on the following day, brisk as larks, and prepared to see the lions.

Coos Bay is about twenty miles in length and from three to four in width. It is entered from the ocean—or, rather, the ocean discharges into it, as the inhabitants affirm—by a narrow channel, perhaps half a mile wide from land to land. The navigation is somewhat intricate, but not dangerous. There is depth of water for vessels loaded to ten or twelve feet, and numerous cargoes of coal have been taken to San Francisco—a distance of about four hundred miles. The mines are some twenty miles from the bay or

entrance, and facilities already exist for the rapid loading of vessels. The coal, which extends over a country some thirty miles by twenty, is abundant, accessible, and of good quality. As yet only a few banks have been opened. An immense trade—that of supplying the Pacific coast with coal—is destined to spring up about this point and California.

During our four months' stay at Coos and vicinity we took frequent advantage of the numerous offers of our acquaintance to make excursions across and up the bay—sometimes to join in the excitement of the chase, salmon-dabbing, or surveying the interesting country about us. The scenery around the bay is made up of deep, silent pine and fir forests, often relieved with the gayer-tinted foliage of the birch and maple. Toward the ocean, where the north-west winds prevailing in the summer months have heaped up asymmetrical mounds of sand, all traces of vegetation disappear, and a desolate expanse of white mingles in the horizon with the blue line of the sea. An incessant roar, mellowed by the distance into a hoarse murmur, marks where the surf chafes among the rocks skirting the entrance to the bay.

Days and weeks may pass away, and if you go beyond the small circle of civilization around the town, you will meet with no living thing but the passive Indian squaw dragging her load of fish to the cabin, or some straggled wild beast, quickly darting out of sight into the depth of the woods.

Early one morning I was roused out by appointment, to join in a tramp to the South Head in search of otter. This trade has already assumed an importance among the whites of Lower Oregon, who purchase these and other peltries of the Indians. We made a party of three, and taking a narrow path, which to me became utterly lost in five minutes, we were soon traversing a dense mass of woods, in which the crinkling of our steps among the leaves were the only disturbing sounds. An hour's walk brought us out upon the coast, which here makes large numerous tiny inlets and bays, formed by the large rocks around, and among which the sea lashes with resistless fury. A stiff breeze blew from seaward, and, as the roaring waves of water topped inland before the increasing gale, I could scarcely imagine how otter or any other living creature could be shot, much less captured in such wild commotion.

My companions, among whom was an Indian known as Chu-wally, bid me have my rifle in readiness. Cautiously descending towards a battlement of dripping rocks, striving to break the force of the sea, but still streaming with thousands of milk-white rivulets of foam, we halted, while Chu-wally, stripping himself to the buff, crept to the ledge and looked over into the little calm space of water under the lee of the rocks. For some moments he remained motionless, and then, without slugging his position, raised his hand in signal to us. "Down! close down!" whispered Billy Romance, the best rifle-shot in the country, as we moved silently toward the spot. Slowly we crept up the steep crags, the booming surf wetting us to the skin as we ascended.

We reached the summit, and peering over the brink, gazed down upon four beautiful otter sporting in the little rock beneath. A single unguided motion would have alarmed these timid creatures, and the utmost caution was necessary; for while the deafening roar of the ocean is a noise they are accustomed to, the click of a lock, or the banging of a rifle, is a rifle-shot against a rock, sends them out of sight in an instant. There were apparently two old females, each with a young one, though the difference in size was scarcely perceptible to a novice. At times, in the long smooth swell of the sea they would gracefully throw their bodies out of the water; but this is rare, and the hunter is only too glad to get a moment's sight at the head above the surface. These appeared to be in a frolicsome mood, chasing each other about,



OTTER HUNTING.

now swimming rapidly on their backs, and disappearing to shoot up again in another moment. We lay perfectly quiet until both could bring our rifle to bear, when, as the two appeared together, they retrieved our fire. Simultaneously with the flash of our rifles they disappeared, but leaving a streak of blood to prove the accuracy of one or both of us.

After a few moments we were gratified to observe one of them floating dead upon the water, and scarcely had we reloading when a second, badly wounded, showed his head both fired, and the game was our own, and Chu-wally plunged in and dragged them successively to the shore. They were of the silver-gray species, the most valuable fur, except that of the marten, taken in this section of Oregon, and worth in San Francisco about \$5 dollar each. We soon had them skinned, and throwing away the flesh, which is unfit for eating, we traigned homeward, quite satisfied with our good fortune. These furs, which, when dressed, are extremely beautiful and soft, are fast becoming rare and more valuable. The Chinese in San Francisco pay the highest price for them for shipment to the celestial regions, furs being a mark of dignity and power in China.

On the smooth ocean beach the marksmen of Oregon sometimes shoot the otter through the surf. As the bank of water moves majestically toward the shore, the otter, who understands better than all other animals how to maneuver in the breakers, spread himself flat on the outer or seaward side, and moves rapidly in to the land. His form is plainly visible through the thin water, as through a plate of glass. The hunter stands beyond the force of the surf, and when the game has been borne to within rifle-shot, the unerring bullet cuts through the transparent element, and it is rarely that the shot is not rewarded with the much-coveted prize. The land otter has a smaller and less valuable fur, said, like the beaver, is often taken in traps on the Coquille, Umpqua, and Rogue rivers. The rifle, however, that unfailing reliance of the frontiersman, is the common weapon used against the entire brute creation in Oregon.

The world offers no better hunting-grounds than these wild woods of the north. Here are found a variety of deer, and the brown and black bear (the grizzly is not seen north of the Cali-

fornia line). The stately elk, with such antlers as the hunters of the Eastern States have no conception of, runs in bands of hundreds in the interior; the black, gray, and white wolf, and the numberless little delicately furred creatures who are made to contribute their soft coverings to the rich robes now so fashionable in the northern United States, are all found in this region.

In mid-winter, when the huntsman plods his way amidst the world of pines, bounding their lofty tops beneath a continuous roof of snow, the muffled echo of a rifle will sometimes indicate the presence of man, when no other sound than the hungry howl of the wolf, or the sudden ruck of the elk, disturbs the silence. Let the wanderer issue from the forest, and climbing the nearest hill, gaze through the varified atmosphere toward the north. If he is beyond the Stenselaw he will see a blue cone far away, rising into the clouds, and traced in feathery outline against the sky. It is Mount Hood, the fourth loftiest peak in the world. Apparently near by, but yet weary days' travel apart, as the traveler will find, should he make the journey, stand two others, Adams and Jefferson. At early dawn these huge landmarks present a deep indigo color; but as the ascending sun flashes against their steep declivities, the blue suddenly changes into a glitter of eternal ice, white as a glacier, and of all spectacles in the great north the most splendid. Partridge, quail, woodcocks, or prairie hens have never yet been seen, but the clouds of curlew, snipe, teal ducks, and geese, greedily feeding along the marshes and river banks are incredible. Some sportsmen deny the existence of the canvas-back duck on the Pacific coast; but the proof is so obvious that no party slaughtered would convince them of their error.

The Indians of this section of country are by no means the fierce and warlike race found further to the northward in Upper Oregon and Washington territory. Although viciously disposed, they have long since learned to estimate the character of the whites at its proper value. Under the protection or rule of the Indian agents they are furnished with a certain amount of blankets and food throughout the year, and from their association with the whites have lost much of their savage ferocity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

# MRS. WILLIAMS' NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

BY MARY GRACE WALPINE.

It was New Year's Eve; a cold, blustering night. The wind dashed the frozen sleet furiously against the sturdy walls of Red-stone Farmhouse, making the bright fire that was burning in the large, old-fashioned kitchen seem doubly grateful, around which were gathered Farmer Williams, his wife, and four children.

The weather brooded, face of the farmer has a stern, disquieting look. He is one of those who "make haste to be rich," and though he is surrounded with many blessings, and every reasonable want is fully supplied, as the close of the old year finds no surplus in his purse, his heart, instead of being lifted up with gratitude, is filled with repining.

His gentle, meek-browed wife is sitting beside him. Her countenance wears a look of chastened sorrow, and tears glisten in her eyes as they wander to the corner of the room where stands a vacant cradle, from which smiled a week ago the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boy, upon whose little grave, to-night, the snow is drifting heavily.

The long silence was broken by a heavy knock at the door.

Farmer Williams opened it, revealing a respectable, middle-aged colored man, who held carefully in his hand a covered basket.

"Dose Mrs. Williams live here?" he inquired.

"She does."

"The lady who buried a child yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, here is a New Year's present for her."

And thrusting the basket into the farmer's hands, he turned and walked quickly down to the road, where could be dimly seen the outlines of a covered sleigh, from which came the faint sound of stiff axles.

Bewildered and astonished, Farmer Williams carried the basket into the kitchen and set it upon the table.

As he did so, he was startled by a plaintive cry; and, upon opening it, there lay a lovely boy, apparently about three months old.

Farmer Williams sprang to the door, but the sleigh and its occupants were nowhere to be seen.

In the meantime, Mrs. Williams and the children gathered around the basket, with exclamations of surprise and pleasure.

As the babe saw the sweet, gentle face that bent over it, it suddenly stopped crying, and, smiling, stretched out its little hands to her.

The heart of the beauteous mother yearned toward it, and, taking it up in her arms, she pressed it fondly to her bosom.

Just then her husband came back from his fruitless search.

"I declare, it's an imposition!" he exclaimed, stamping the snow from off his boots. "But I won't submit to it. I'll take it over to the town-farm the very first thing in the morning!"

"I can't bear the idea of its going there, John," said his wife. "Just see what a sweet babe it is!"

"I don't see but what it looks just like other babies," returned John, gruffly, strong his best to settle his heart against the thing, though in which he only partially succeeded, for, though as was the farmer's wife, he had a kindly nature, if one could only reach it. "Any way, the authorities will have to take care of it; we can't. We've got more mouths to fill, now, than we can find bread for."

Mrs. Williams' lips quivered, as her thoughts reverted to the little grave in the churchyard. Ah, to her heart there was one too few!

"Dear John," she said, pleadingly, "it seems as though God had sent this babe to take the place of our own little Willie, whom he has taken to Himself. Let me keep it. It will not fail to bring a blessing, you may be sure."

Farmer Williams' countenance relaxed as he looked into those tearful eyes.

"Well, well, Mary," he said in a softened voice, "I'll think about it. If we do, you and the children may have to go without a good many things, for those are hard times, and likely to be harder. So you had better weigh the matter well before deciding."

Mrs. Williams did so; and the result was that her New Year's gift "became a fixture in Red-stone Farmhouse."

He grew up a merry, winsome boy, twining even around the farmer's rugged nature, and taking in the heart of his adopted mother the place of her lost darling, loved and cherished by her with equal tenderness. Many sacrifices did he make, many toilsome hours did he spend, in order that her husband might not feel the expense of his maintenance too heavily. And well did his growing intelligence and beauty, and the ardent affection he craved for her, repay her for it all.

There was nothing about him that could give the slightest clue as to his parentage. Simply a bit of white paper pinned to his back, on which were these words, evidently written by a woman, in a graceful but unsteady hand:—

ARTHUR.

Born August 23rd, 1851.

*I was a stranger, and yet took me in.*

Farmer Williams made some inquiries in the neighborhood, and learned that a lady with an infant, accompanied by a colored servant, had been stopping for a week past at the village tavern. That she was very beautiful, but pale and sad, and kept her room most of the time. But they had disappeared as suddenly as they came.

It is just ten years from the time that Mrs. Williams received her New Year's gift.

Let us take another peep, reader, into the kitchen of Red-stone Farmhouse.

The group is smaller now than then. The father who murmured, ten years ago, that he had as many mouths to feed, has now only one child left him—the little black-headed girl that is sitting beside his knee. The rest are all sleeping in the little churchyard.

A heavy misfortune had overtaken him; the thirst for riches has brought its usual curse. Possessed with the mania for speculation, he mortgaged his farm, house, and all its contents. The gilded bubble burst, and the dawning of the new year found him a ruined and homeless man.

This was the last night that he and his wife were to remain in the old homestead that had been in his family four generations, and was linked to his heart by so many tender memories. On the morrow they were to go they hardly knew whither.

It is true, many of his old neighbors, kind, good souls, had offered him a temporary home; but it was hard for that proud, self-reliant man to accept of charity from any.

"What can we do? Where can we go?" he groaned, as he thought of the morrow.

"The Lord will provide, John," said his wife, lifting her head, and patient eyes to his. "He has never yet forsaken us. Neither will he ever forsake any who trust Him."

But the farmer looked the Christian resignation that made that gentle heart such a haven of peace and love.

"Aye, that's always what you've said, wife," he retorted, impatiently, "and you see what we've come to. For my part, I don't think the Lord troubles himself much about us, any way!"

Mrs. Williams might have said that he had brought his misfortunes on himself, but she wisely forbore.

Just then there came the sound of a quick, buoyant step, and there burst into the room a

fine, sturdy lad of about ten, his eyes bright, and his cheeks glowing from the keen frosty air.

"It's bitter cold, I tell you!" he exclaimed, flinging his cap, boy-fashion, upon the kitchen settle, and stamping up to the crackling fire. "Not but what I've been as warm as toast, all but my ears and fingers," he added, blowing upon the latter as he spoke.

"Here is something for you, mother," he said, "resting himself upon a stool at her feet, and tossing into her lap a shining piece of gold.

"Why, Arthur, where did you get that?"

"The strange gentlemen down at the tavern gave it to me, mother. He asked me into his room, and gave me as many nuts and raisins as I could eat, beside."

Mrs. Williams had heard about him before.

"I wonder who he is?" she said, musingly.

"I can tell you," exclaimed her husband, his eyes flashing angrily. "He is the owner of Red-stone Farmhouse! He is the man who bid against me on the new articles I wanted to reserve."

The curse of the homeless rest upon him!

"Nay, John," interposed his wife, gently, "perhaps he did not know how highly you prized them."

"Yes he did; Parson Woods stepped up and told him. But he only smiled, and said 'that he wanted to buy everything just as it stood.'"

"Well," said the boy, saying thoughtfully into the fire, "I can't help pitying him, he looked so sad and sorrowful. He asked lots of questions about you, mother, and all the rest of us; and kept walking up and down the room, wringing his hands and groaning, as if he was in great trouble."

"I will buy you a new coat with this, Arthur," said Mrs. Williams, as she examined anew the gold coin. "You need one badly enough," she added, glancing, with a sigh, at his well-watched roundabout.

"You shall do nothing of the sort, mother," said the good-natured girl. "You shall buy yourself and essay a nice warm shawl!"

Before Mrs. Williams could reply there was a quiet knock at the door.

Farmer Williams opened it. It was only a boy who brought a small parcel for Mrs. Williams.

"Another New Year's gift, I suppose," he said, bitterly, as he handed it to her, for he was in a bitter mood.

Mrs. Williams glanced reproachfully at her husband.

"God grant that it may bring us much comfort," she said, laying her hand fondly upon the early head that was resting against her knee.

As she opened it she uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was a deed of Red-stone Farmhouse, made out in her own name!

On the inside wrapper were these words: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

There were grateful and happy hearts beneath the roof of the old homestead that night, though with Mrs. Williams' joy there was mingled an uneasy feeling. She was well assured that it was in some way connected with Arthur, and trembled with apprehension lest so one so deeply appear who had a stronger claim.

The fear was separated the next morning by a letter that came to her in the first mail.

It contained a check for five-thousand dollars, together with these words:—

"The boy that you so generously received ten years ago, and have so tenderly cherished since, will never, never be taken from you. The mother, forced to relinquish the babe, dearest to her than life, is now in heaven. The father, who basely forsaken his child, and her he had sworn to cherish, is unworthy of so sacred a trust."

"In the 3— Bank you will find the sum of twenty thousand dollars, deposited in the name of your adopted son, of which he is to come into possession when legally of age, and the interest

of which is to be appropriated to his support and education during his minority."

To this singular letter there was neither date nor signature.

There were various conjectures in regard to the mysterious stranger, who had been in the village some days, and from whom it was evident this letter came, as well as the package received the night before.

But when Arthur recalled to mind the look of sad, remorseful tenderness with which he had regarded him, he felt that it must have been his father. Yet he often said, as he looked into the face of his adopted mother, that he wanted no dearest friends than those he already had.

And as for Mrs. Williams, among all the blessings that surrounded her, there was not one that brought a purer joy than he whom she had taken to her heart when a friendless babe, *Yea! Yea's gift.*

## CLARE;

OR,

## THE LOVER'S LESSON.

"I'm so tired," and the shadows deepened on a sweet young face, and darkened a pair of dreamy gray eyes. The speaker, a young girl, was leaning against a willow, and looking sadly at the brook that flowed by her feet. The moonlight, falling on her face, showed a look of earnest pain to be held, and it was easy to see she was waiting for some one—that it was to her "trysting-place." "I'm tired," she repeated, sighing wearily, when—

"Tired of what, Clare?" and other eyes looked in her own. Her smooth cheek flushed crimson at the sound of his voice, as she answered, passionately,

"Tired of life, almost."

"And of me, too?" Well, Clara, I leave to-morrow, and I have come to say good-bye."

The girl's heart grew faint as she looked up in his fair, smiling face, yet her voice was steady as she said,

"So soon?"

"Yes, my sister, to-morrow morning I leave for the city, and a few more months will find your humble servant, Charles Lester, transformed into as staid a Benedict as ever graced the matrimonial noose."

"It is well for her secret that he saw not her shapely features, or the look of woe which came in her eyes. He could not feel the coldness of her frame, or hear the requiem her soul was chanting over the love she was burying deep down in her heart. It seemed as if she said—she almost prayed that she might; yet her voice was calm, too calm, as she asked,

"Who is the lady thus honored? Her name—"

"Is Lucy Mortimer?"

"Is she beautiful?"

"As an angel!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically, as he described her in glowing words, and told his plans for the future, adding, "And what do you purpose doing?"

"I do not know; I suppose I shall live and die a simple country lass," she replied, with glittering eyes and compressed lips. "A pleasant prospect, is it not?" and a low, mocking laugh rang out on the air.

He looked down wondering upon her stormy face, and I gned for the child-look he loved so well; and yet he was blind. He had driven it away, and was letting a priceless treasure slip from his grasp.

"Clare, Clara, what will you? You are so unselfish yourself. But it may be that I only think it, for I am strangely obstructed tonight. I regret leaving, for the few weeks I have been the happiest of my life. When I do, Clara, I hope they will bury me here. Oh, Clara, never desire to leave your native place, for upon all the

earth you will not find a fairer spot. I would not care to see my forest blossom transplanted and lose its sweetness in fashionable society."

He was silent for a moment, and said, thoughtfully,

"Wonder if you ever felt toward any one as I feel toward Lucy, did you, Clara?"

"Yes."

"Yes? Well, who would have thought it from her brow's accented bearing? Poor child!"

He spoke lightly, but he was conscious of a pang of disappointment that he could not account for.

"Come, Clara," he added, after a few moments of silence, "let us go. The dew is falling, and I have already detained you too long."

They walked on, both silent. He, wondering why he felt so sad at leaving, and why he was so interested in the pale-browed, dreamy-eyed girl, who was walking so calmly beside him, that no one would suspect the conflict going on within her. At last he said:

"Here we are at the gate. I suppose this is the last time we two shall walk through this road. Don't forget brother Charles, Clara, but say good-bye, and give me the rose you have in your hair for a keepsake."

"Good-bye," she repeated, like one in a dream.

"Good-bye, little one! God bless you!" and he was gone.

She stood motionless as a statue, looking after him until he disappeared around at a bend of the road. She then turned and walked swiftly in the direction of the churchyard, where the mother's dead white head she found. She trampled the flowers beneath her feet in her haste, and the perfume followed her like a blessing. She opened the gate, and hastened to the spot where her parents were sleeping side by side. With a low sob, she threw herself upon her mother's grave, and wept out,—

"Mother, Mother!"

"Now, Charles, did you really think all this in earnest? I said that I cared for you, and so I do; I like you very much, but the wedding, and that sort of a thing, was all a jest! How could you be so unsophisticated as to suppose our little situation at Newport, a real, moral, old-fashioned courtship? Why, Charles, I am surprised," and the speaker flung back her curls, put on a most innocent look, and laughed lightly, as she leaned gracefully against a marble Psyche.

Lucy Mortimer well became that luxuriously-furnished room, and but one thing was wanting to make her face the most beautiful thing there, and that was soul.

"And you have been trifling with me?" asked Charles Lester, sternly, as he stood proudly before her.

"There now, Charles, don't go off into the 'herosics.' Let's shake hands, and be friends," she said, giving him a look that once would have brought him to his feet, but his face never changed its proud look, and with a cold "Good morning," he left her, piqued at her seeming indifference, yet saying:

"Well, he is rid of. He is a handsome fellow, but it's a pity he is poor. Now I am ready to entrust Senator Howard. He was quite attentive to me at Mrs. Park's soirée the other night, and he is a great catch."

And Charles—who was indignant at her heartlessness; but he was dimly conscious that Clara was dearer to him than ever Lucy had been. He would go to Clara after he became worthy of her, and maybe she would learn to love him if he went to her as a *worker*, not the *dreamer*, she had known him to be.

The full moon arose on just such a scene as it did three years ago. The same distant mountains around, their wooded heights looking dim

and shadowy in the moonlight—the brook, foaming and bubbling over the stones on one side of the bridge, and flowing on calm and still on the other—the trees lining its banks and bending lovingly over the waters on either side. The willow by the bridge looked like molten silver in the moonlight, and in its branches the katy-dids sang.

Charles Lester walked thoughtfully through the flower-bordered country road, on his way to the spot which had been the oasis of the three hard-working years he had lived since last he saw it. He knew the place had been a favorite one with Clara, and he thought he would find her there. What had become of her? He had not heard from her since he parted with her that June evening, three years ago. She was scarcely more than a child then, he thought sadly, but perhaps she was at rest now, beside her mother. Oh, if she should be! If, while he was struggling with the memory of her dear face, he had him, she should be through with all labor, and be sleeping in the churchyard! It could not be. His eyes were open now, and he knew that she cared for him that summer night, three years ago. He would die for her, he said to himself, as gladly as he had lived for her.

As he turned in the road leading to the bridge, he saw two persons standing under the willow tree, just as he and Clara had stood. The man had his face toward him, and he recognised him as Senator Howard. Could that be Clara with him? Somehow he felt that it was. He went to them, and was warmly greeted by the Senator, who said, in his characteristic manner,

"Glad to see you, Lester! I did not know you had returned from Europe. My wife, Lester—Clara, my college-mate, Charles Lester."

"Yes it was Clara! There was no mistaking her chestnut-brown hair banded plainly down each side the broad, white brow, and sloping away from her cheeks. And those deep, lustrous eyes could belong to none other but her. He would know them anywhere, he thought, mournfully. She extended her hand with the old, sunny smile, saying to her husband, "We have met before, Ronald."

"God help me!" was Charles Lester's silent prayer, as he looked at her.

"Now, Clara, I will cut across the fields, and get you the flowers I promised you, while you, Lester, may lead my wife to the house, and I will meet you at the gate," said the Senator. "Don't wait here for me, Clara," he added, as he left them.

Clara turned to go, never dreaming of the anguish in her companion's heart.

"Have you lived here all this time?" he asked, calling her by her husband's name, which pierced him like a sword.

"No," she said, and the low, sweet voice seemed like a familiar music. "I left the same night you bid me good-bye. I was not happy with my relatives, yet it was a bold step to venture into the great city alone, but God was with me, and prospered me, and gave me friends. We have been married six months, Ronald and I."

"Pardon an old friend, Clara—you look happy."

"I am very, very happy," she said, quietly. "Ronald is all the world to me."

They were at the gate, and Charles Lester knew that the withered rose he cherished was not as dead as was the passion she once had for him.

The Senator was coming across the fields; he waited for him, and, refusing his invitation to enter, he left them standing together—she beautiful in her happiness, the heart's idol of the proud, world-honored man beside her.

He looked back after he had gone a little way for the last look at Clara, and then went on his way out in the world again, a sadder man, and hearing, ever after, the words which were to be the dirge of his hopes—"It might have been."



# American Scrap Book.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

## SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

When you hear a woman traduced, add to the odium, and circulate it day and night. The poor woman has no friends; even her own sex, and many far worse than she, are loudest in their condemnation. Yes, too, your scandal-born as loud as ever you can. It's just like you; but beware of the curse that will one day fall upon you, with a weight ever greater than you can bear. Such sins never go unpunished—that's the word, never go unpunished.

### BAD AIR.

Bad air is a slow poison; that is the trouble. People go on taking it day after day from their lungs, and night after night. They grow pale, their lungs suffer, the circulation is languid, they take colds readily, the chest, the stomach, the skin becomes disordered, and a host of chronic diseases attack them. A little carbolic acid taken every day does not kill a man. It is almost a pity it doesn't. Instead of fainting away in crowded and badly ventilated public assemblies, people occasionally died outright in convulsions, the authorities would take the matter in hand, and make it penal for the owners of such buildings to open them for public use without attending to the proper condition for the preservation of health. When a thing is only a slow poison, the age is in too much of a hurry to attend to it.

### DISAPPOINTED WOMAN.

To man the disappointment of love may occasion some little pain—it wounds some feelings of tenderness, it blazes some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupations, or plunge into the tide of pleasure; or if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest. But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappily in her love, her heart is like some fortress that had been captured, and sacked and abandoned, and left desolate.

### LOVE OF LIFE.

What a native clinging of mankind to this poor life there must be, what an inextinguishable sweetness in the mere fact of existence, or at least what a dread of the hour of dissolution, when millions of human beings, placed in circumstances which many of their fellow-creatures regard as insufferably wretched, yet pursue their journey faithfully to its natural end, grudging to lose the smallest inch. Watch a poor old man in rage, slowly dragging himself along in a menial street, as if every step were a pain. His life has been one of toil and hardship, and now he may be wifeless, friendless, and a beggar. What makes that form hold on any longer to existence at all? Is it any remnant of positive pleasure he still contrives to extract from it—the pleasure of talking tendrily to people who will listen to him, of looking about at children playing, of peering into doors and struts as he passes; is it fear and a calculation of chances, or is it the mere imbecility of habit? Who can tell?

### ADVANTAGES OF WEDLOCK.

None but the married man has a home in his old age. None has friends, then, but he; none but his heirs and feels the solace of the domestic hearth; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, and the affections of his children. There is no tear shed for the old bachelor; there is no ready hand and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the unfeigned assurance of care and love. No. The old bachelor may be content with his money. He may eat and drink and revel, as such things do; and he may sicken and die in a hotel or garret, with plenty of attendants about him, like so many comorants waiting for their prey. But he will never know what it is to be loved, and to live and to die amid a loved circle. He can never know the comforts of the domestic fire.

### A WORD TO PHILANTHROPISTS.

There is a class of philanthropists who spend a great deal of time and thought in making people virtuous, who never think it worth their while to try to make them happy. Now, a person who is entirely miserable can rarely be good. Human nature is too much for him. A little sweetness destructively thrown into the wornwood of his daily life, would do more for him than hours of dull talk about the "virtues." It is not the wisest thing in the world to give a hungry man a tract to read; and the *soil's hunger* may be quite as intolerable as that of the body. The aching heart, waiting sympathy, turns impulsively away from long-winded maxims and a worn-out "moral." Change your tactics, and clasp his hand warmly, good philanthropist, if you would win him over. Give your pupil a specimen of the "virtue" you would see him practice. Love him—not preach him—out of his misery. FANNY FERN.

### A PLAN

FOR READING THE BIBLE THROUGH EVERY YEAR.

During January,	read Genesis and Exodus.
" February,	" to 10th Deuteronomy.
" March,	" to 15th of 1st Samuel.
" April,	" to 15th of 2nd Kings.
" May,	" to 10th of Nehemiah.
" June,	" to 10th of Psalms.
" July,	" to 50th of Isaiah.
" August,	" to 20th of Ezekiel.
" September,	" to end of Old Testament.
" October,	" to end of Luke.
" November,	" to end of 1st Corinthians.
" December,	" to end of New Testament.

About sixty-five to seventy-five pages per month, or about two pages for every week day, and four pages for every Sunday.

The above plan is offered by one who has regularly adhered to it for thirty-one successive years as a *daily devotional exercise*, and feeling that it is the "Bread of Life," he is afraid now to discontinue it. Reader, if you have no better plan, pass a copy of this on the inner cover of your Bible, and try it.

### A FATAL HABIT.

The habit referred to is not vicious in itself, but it leads to vice, creeping upon its victims with a fatal facility, the penalty of which may a fine hour be paid at the scaffold. It is the habit of irresolution. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean, and the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet which he is about to drain is poison, yet he swallows it for the sake of the ecstasy. The miser has painted it in glaring colors, that it will destroy all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with foul disease, and hurry his progress to a dishonoured grave, yet he drains it under a species of drunken spell, like that by which small creatures are said to approach and leap into the jaws of the lethargic serpent, whose flendish eyes have

fascinated them. How beautiful, on the contrary, is the power of resolution, enabling the one who possesses it to pass unmoved through perils and dangers, trials and temptations. Avoid then the contraction of the habit of irresolution. Strive against it to the end.

### YANKEE NOTIONS.

THE "LIGHT WEIGHT" OF THE LEOPARDS.—The ounce.

A GOOD VALVE FOR A SMALL COOKING APPARATUS.—The *6-cupee*.

Is it expensive for a person to give up writing?

By putting its eye out what leaves nothing but a nose? Noise.

Why are damned scoldings like dead men? Because they are men-dead.

Why are notable persons always great economists? Because no-table requires no dishes.

A CURIOUS FACT.—The prices asked by a modiste are seldom modest prices.

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

Why are strawberries in a julep like the letter B? Because they make "lush" bluish.

Why is a herbalist like a humbug? Because he's on the look-out for *simples*.

The newest wonder is the case of a judge, who was so divided in opinion that he fell in two.

A FRENCH dancing-master who was cast away on a desolate island, lived six months without water by just sucking his pumps.

A FORTUNE in British councils is considered by some a great consolation. N.B.—They are called consols on that account.

CONSIDERING the certificates some pill doctors get from the clergy, they might appropriately be called "*pill-ers* of the church."

The young lady who eloped some months since with a "gallant major," has returned with a "minor" in her arms.

If you wish to dream of wedding rings and fruit cake, walk with a book-muslin dress stuffed with health and palatation.

"FOLKS speak," said Dr. Blanderborn, "as though inanimate things had no feeling, yet I have heard of a counter-pane."

A YOUNG lady who was perfectly thunder-struck at hearing her friend's engagement, has since been provided with a lightning-rod.

A COBBLER in Sacramento writes to his friend in Boston, that by the recent great fire he lost his *awl*! We hope it wasn't his last.

It rained so hard in Arkansas, lately, that people had to jump into the river to keep from drowning.

DRIVING Johnson's trip to Oregon, he was so hard run for flesh victims, that he had to stop the meat saw and live on the broth for over three weeks.

NEVER compliment your prudish maiden aunt by saying, "you're a fine figure, aunty." She might think you meant a *figurate*, and scratch your name out of her will.

A newspaper advertiser for "compositors who won't get drunk," and adds that "the editor does all the getting drunk necessary to support the dignity of the establishment."

Most women had rather have any of their good qualities slighted than their beauty. Yet that is the most considerable accomplishment of a woman of real merit.

WILL HE DO IT?—A brother publisher says he will believe in the theory of spiritualism, if

the dead author of an unfinished story on his hands will dictate the rest of the copy by spiritual telegraph.

**YOUTHOE.**—Skimpolee stumbled over a hawser on the dock in New York. Popkins instantly bade him go and thank the captain of the vessel to which the hawser belonged, for securing him a trip over your rope (Europe).

**SHIMPFLASTERS.**—If the price of white paper goes up much higher in America and the reputation of shimpflasters descends much lower, it will not be long before more can be made out of a bill by bleaching it white and selling it for paper, than by attempting to pass it.

**ADAMITIC.**—"Adam," said a sagacious man, "showed much wisdom in giving names to the animals when they were brought to him. But as for the hog, I think any one would have known what it was, if he had not named it so."

**MORP PORK.**—There is a town in Ohio where the people have lived so long on pork that they are beginning to contract some of its habits. When a neighbor dies, they lay him out as they do a hog, with a corn-cob in his mouth.

**LESSON IN ORTHOGRAPHY, TAUGHT BY JACK FROST.**—Boys consider that the best way to get over the spelling of hard words, is to *skip* over it. The same method should be applied to a spell of cold weather, by the way the men send along the streets.

**WANTED.**—The chair in which the sun sets. A garment for the naked eye. A buckle to fasten a laughing-stock. The animal that drew the inference. Eggs from a nest of thieves. A bucket of water from "All's Well." Highest cash price paid.

**DESERVES THE HORNS.**—A poet offered the following evidence of *trava face* to his sweetheart:—

I love you as the golden throne  
That brightens up the morn—  
I love you (this is saying much)  
As I love my morning born.

**A LIGHT STORY.**—The *Concord Reporter* relates a story of a storekeeper somewhere in New Hampshire who dropped a lighted candle into a keg of gunpowder, which began to burn, but with great presence of mind he dashed into it a couple of quarts of his best rum, which extinguished the fire and saved his powder!

**NOT A NICE HORSE.**—"Mamma," said a little fellow, whose mother had forbid his drawing horses and ships on the mahogany sideboard, with a sharp nail, "Mamma, this ain't a nice horse. At Sam Rackett's we can cut the sofa, and pull out the hair, and ride the shore and tongs over the carpet; but here we can't get any fun at all."

**DESCRIPTIVE.**—An Auburn paper thus describes a traveling circus:—"The circus was in town last week. Its 'grand entry' was a grand sight. The gorgeous dragon chariot looked like a mud-snow with a zinc tail. The immense procession was a minute and a half in passing. The elephant swung his tail delightfully."

**ABOUT BABIES.**—Babies are little creatures when good, and as it is well known that everybody's baby is the best baby in the world, perhaps we are running some risk in saying that babies should be excluded from the church, the theatre, and, if possible, from the omnibus, the cars—and several other places which a bachelor friend enumerates.

**A SHARP BOY.**—A Yankee boy had a whole Dutch cheese set before him by a wagfish friend, who, however, gave him no knife. "This is a funny cheese, Uncle Jon, but where shall I cut it?" "O," said the grinning friend, "cut it where you like." "Very well," said the Yankee, coolly putting it under his arm, "I'll eat it at home."

**TAXED HOOPS.**—An exchange is responsible for the following:—"Why, my dear child,"

said an anxious mother to a bright-eyed little girl, "what has become of your hoops?" "Why, ma, I don't mean to wear 'em any more." "Why not, child?" "Because father says there is a tax on 'em, and I do not want the taxes to scratch me."

#### MATRIMONIAL.

Be to thy husband as obedient  
As is the tongue unto the thought that moves it;  
Be true his tongue is

A wife, commenting on the above, says that his wife would sell all the talking that he cared for, but that if she would only be his ear, instead of his tongue, they would get along very happily. We advise him to hold his tongue and save his ears.

**A FIGHT IS A FIGHT.**—One of the coolest things that could possibly have happened occurred at the battle of Fair Oaks. Right in the hottest of the fight, two of the Second Maine Regiment hove got at long-barrels with each other, threw down their muskets, and fell at at fistcuffs, had it out, picked up their muskets, and pitched into the rebels again.

**AN OLD INFIDEL.**—"Cartes de visite! Cartes de visite! Twenty cartes de visite for one dollar," said old Reeswax, looking up from his New York newspaper. "I don't believe a word of it. Here I've been looking for a will-cart for morn'a week to give me a rise as they call it, and a dollar of my rubbish; but though I'd be gin a cawly, nary one has come."

**MAKING THE MOST OF IT.**—While preaching a funeral discourse in this city, recently, the minister—who, by the way, has lost, by the interposition of Divine Providence, three wives, and now has the fourth—thus eloquently said to the mourners:—"A, my dear friends, God sends this trouble upon you for a wise purpose. There is a joy, a luxury in such afflictions, as I can testify from personal experience."

**A PORTER PERSE.**—"You know, madam," said a gentleman, "that you cannot make a purse out of a sow's ear." "Oh! please fan me!" exclaimed the lady; "I have intimations of a swoon. When you use that odious species of vulgarity called it in refined phraseology. You should say, 'It is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary receptacle from the aridular organ of the soter sex of the g-nus porcine.'"

#### PORTER COOKERY.

Metkoth might a roasting lay  
On Cupid's kitchen-spit;  
Metkoth be soiled their heart away  
And skit skit next to it.

Metkoth my heart leaven to melt,  
And thine to fat and gravy run,  
Till both be soiled a dangerous felt,  
And melted into one.

Then melted into grease we spread,  
And Cupid as we both with bread,  
Nipped up within the year.

**A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.**—Scalas, the grocer grocer, says he has an honest customer who be true, and whose face he is always glad to see, except when there is any drinking going on behind the screen; for the man is so generous he won't allow anybody to pay but himself; the others get their fill and go; and Scalas, who otherwise might have had cash down for the drinks, is obliged to wait till the true customer pays, at the end of the week.

**EFFECT OF DRAFT.**—"I wish to Heaven," said a New York barber, the other day, to a person who was shaving him, "that the draft was over; it has ruined my business." "How so?" asked the other. "How so? why for twenty dollars that I received before for dying hair, I now don't receive one! Those who used to have their hair washed to make them look young, now let their gray hair be seen, in order that they may look old enough to avoid the draft!"

**HOGS AND HUMANITY.**—On a certain railway in Illinois they run a combined "express and stock train," on which they carry hogs and humanity, paying quite as much attention to the

former as to the latter. One day lately a porcine quadruped escaped from the cars, and forthwith the "express and stock train" was brought to a dead halt, for the purpose of capturing its swinishness. An exciting chase of half an hour followed, in which the passengers were called out to join, and porky was run down, returned to his fellows, and the train moved on its way.

**DON'T MISS A QUESTION.**—A wide-awake member of one of the city schools went home, after the examination in his school, the other day, and, on being questioned by his father, admitted frankly that he failed to come square to the test; but he said he "I did not miss last year! I didn't miss a question." "I suspect," said his father, "the committee were pretty easy with you last year, or you would not have been so fortunate. What did they ask you?" "Ask me," said the urchin, "ons of them said, 'My lad, what is your name?'" That boy is certainly on record for promotion.

**SOMETHING LIKE A MEDIUM.**—An enthusiastic believer was relating to a sceptic, spiritual performance to which he could testify, and among other things said that, on a certain occasion, the spirit of his wife, who had been dead several years, returned to him, and seating herself upon his knee, put her arms around him, and kissed him. "I can testify to that," said he, "as she used to do when living. 'You do not mean to say,'" remarked the sceptic, "that the spirit of your wife really embraced you and kissed you?" "No," not exactly that," replied the believer, "but her spirit took possession of the body of a female medium, and through her embraced and kissed me."

**A MILK PERSE.**—Among the articles enumerated in the Federal tariff, and set down for a duty of ten cents, we find "Milk of India-rubber." What the article in question can be we are puzzled to conjecture; unless, indeed, it is one of the many fancy names bestowed upon the alcoholic compound used for giving elasticity to the spirits. Or, as *lae* is its Latin for milk, it is possible that milk of India-rubber may be only another name for gum lac. However the case may be, we hope that the President of the United States will use something stronger than the milk of India-rubber to stick the States together with.

**ADVICE TO PUBLISHERS.**—Popkins suggests that the pugilists had better turn their attention to other crafts, for which they are so peculiarly fitted. Thus, he thinks that some of them would make excellent shipwrights and riggers, being good *sparers*; others could supply a place in carpentry, as *borders*, from their habit of *planking up* the stakes. Some would do for blazers and bar tenders, from their habit of *tapping the claret*. A few of them would do for lawyers, (or even editors,) on the score of *fibbing*. And here and there one of them, especially after being punched in the head, would be able to enter the ranks of the *not-it-ity*.

**AN ENTERTAINING TOWN.**—They have a little town ("it is not a town") which is thought to be overlooked by travelers, and which is "all sorts of a stirring place." At one day they recently had two street-fights, hung a man, rode three men out of town on a rail, got up a quarter-race, a turkey-shooting, a gauger-pulling, a match dog-fight, had preaching by a circus-ride, who afterward ran a circus, and a "big" and a "small" and, as if that was not enough, the judge of the court, after losing his year's salary at single-handed poker, and whipping a man for saying he didn't understand the game, went out and helped to lynch his grandfather for hog-stealing.

#### AN INTERESTING LETTER.

The following letter is said to have been found in a bottle at sea, and is the last communication from a fond fortune-seeking lover, at sea, to his sweetheart at home:

"My Darling Julia,—We air going' down, at

least so the fust must inform me, very soon, and that kino gen'lman advises me to do up my little cloaks, bi the pliated streak end my karcen on sich. I pbeal very queer, harr'd of no brack. Just, an' my supper bar'ing, goes the rong way. The wares is rollin mountings high and on dyin stuart advices pork and mullasses tide two a string, no a string tide two the mullasses an the pork poured over, no a pork to a—well neder mink, I pbeal very sadfille, and I want to go ashore, and go to messin' to bed.

"The caplin is very kind-hearted, and is very willin for me to go ashore."

"Just to plag me they have ben and salted out the water. This morn I was sick to my stomach and undertook to get out to git a drink. Oh you've no idier how salt it was. I asked the mast the kaws, and he said it was bakens the park-bards locked. Tave now we are a gain; I heard the caplin tell the stuart he'd better like the lamps before he went down. The ship is pitch-in and the saylers is doin' up the sales to tak' 'em ashore. They can swim; wat kin I do. I kin't need to the kilmate, and the water is so damp last nite it kum rite in my back."

"There was air gain' down. I must sell the bot—"

The rest was unintelligible.

#### SIM PATCH AND HIS TROUBLES.

Well, I declare, that Nell of mine's gone off—'loped with that Skillet. Arter jist I said, they actually made it up, and when I told Nell she should'n't have him, she jst 'loped with him. The mean, hateful thing, to act that way, when I picked her up the door, and done so well by her. Oh, dear! I do see so much trouble. Mrs. Patch is actually jealous. Got jealous bout Mrs. Eversy. Mrs. Eversy is a nice woman, and I like her real well, but I don't dare to tell Mrs. Patch so. She cum to our house, good many times, and stayed till after dark, then I had to go hum with her to luct that great young un o' hers. That wasn't nothin' you know, cause she likes ever so far off, and I 'fear I to go hum 'long. Mr. Patch said so nothin', but I could see by the d-a-b-b-o her eyes, that she didn't like it. Jist 't'other day I was out swim' wood, and Miss Eversy cum along and stopped to talk. It was rainin' a little, but she d'n't care. Well, we talked 'bout love and things 'bout an hour, and when she went hum, she said, "Oh, Mr. Patch, if I only had an interres'in man like you be, I should be ever so happy." That wasn't nothin', you know, but when I went in, Mrs. Patch gave me pinger-bliss fur takin' to her. Mrs. Eversy told me she allies cum to our house, when I cum hum, 'cause I was so interres'in, and I tell you, she made Mrs. Patch awful mad. Last night when Mrs. Eversy cum and stood waitin' for me to cum home with her, Mrs. Patch said awful ugly, "Miss Eversy, I don't go over to your hum, tryin to break up your family, and look sweet at your man, so you jst keep ever from mine, or I'll show the hole in the house the carpenter made, in double quick time." I was awful 'shamed o' Miss Patch, fur I know'd Miss Eversy didn't mean any harm, 'cause she only cum to our house cause I was interres'in, and be a pleasant companion, but Mrs. Patch is the meanest thing that ever lived. I wish to goodness I never seen her. Hio, I'm quite young yet, and may be I'll out-live her.

#### SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

By Professor Julius Cesar Hannibal.

LONG EXCURSION.

Deluded Followers: De lub ob siance cum back to de mint ob your suspected speaker in all its glory, kin de innocent him to her foot, an darfer I shall 'plain to you on dis 'portant

'casion de culiar history ob de insect, now in pictur book by de name ob de Kanner. De rabbit, my fren, ob ebery nation differ do one from de t'other, 'kordin to kilmate an' nat'ral history. In England, der an kalf'd de hair, an' am almost de same as de native 'Merican. De English an de 'Merican rabbit am different from de Welch rabbit. De one an flash an' blood, an' de oder am toste an' cheese, an' like an oyster, dey al good, of properly looked.

Firstly, Dar am sebril kinds of rabbits in dis country, among de different species ob which de find de bus de hemsle, de shemler, de deer, de young, de wite, an' de broken rabbit, all ob which am flect ob foot an' quibben ob heel, 'specially of dey see a dog full tilt arter dem.

Secondly, Some darkies 'spose dat keese de rabbit lub got big, long ears, dat he am de jack-asses baby; but rich, I is hanny to say, am not de fac. A look at de case ob der napkins wood at once sasgrify de most specticle on dat pint, kase Jack lub a long lanky narrative, wite de rabbit's am short an' stumpy, which he sartly waxes more for ornamental stan use.

Thirdly, De rabbit am not a krute bird, kase when he see de hunter near arter him, he will run at de tide he had in a stuns fence, an' lebe all he best 'sness to de clemency ob de widdler an' mankind. He am foolish 'nuff to 'spose dat when he becam 'skured he whole body am safe. But de hunter cum 'long an' see de stumpy narrative a stickin' out, he kin katches him jins as slick as I ketch dat bud Jim Jonson puttin' dat puter quere in de sewer las week.

Fourthly, De darkies like de katch deese fillers an' make out soup ob dem, an' dey set all kinds ob snares an' traps for dem, jis like de fair set offin sets for your suspected speaker; but I se de more kute an' kunnin' dan de rabbit, kase I aint to be katch'd dat way.

I hear a good nanagate once 'bout a close drake de rabbit, an' all; you nought be so hard it s'foid it will jist fly agin, in pictur ob ill'ustration. It 'pears from de records, dat ole Jersey Simon set a trap and katch'd a rabbit, which tickled him almost to deff. It was a fine, fat bux, as wild and sassy as he cool 'tack. "Oh!" said Simon, "you in a good fat feller, an' I'll hab you as a pet, I se so s'ny's fat arter all, you see. No, I won't needer; I gess I fry you like de wassengers, bein' as de fat in you will fry you. Now I cum to talk 'bout it, as you am so mity fat, I think you got best br'd."

All de wile Simon was 'dressin' dis interres'in tale to de rabbit, he was a sun-obin 'lum down an' 'feelin' him all ober, an' he grin like 'nearly wite a bot clemant, an' in de little he dectide be undertake to toe an' bid a little bit, an' de rabbit make a spring an' run awar. Simon look arter him wite de loerer lip almost on he breast, an' when he see he was clear gone for evrin, he sing out, "Well, clear out; I don't kar; you se so s'ny's fat arter all, an' jis like as not you ole s'uff."

Fifthly, If all mankind were to look on misfortune as dat ole drake did, de humanist assidum would lub to shut up shop an' luff de keepers take a holiday.

Sixthly, De rabbit's nose am made ob stuffin' like inguin-bur, for it keep a moving all de time, as if he smelt sunthin bad. I hab seen men an' women keep der nose stick up all de time, as if de thing on dis earth wasn't good 'nuff for 'em, but dey'll fine time 'nuff in de nex world dat will turn up der nose like a corkscrew.

Seventhly, De rabbits use der nose for burrowin' in de ground, fur dey bid der houses six store deep, an' I understand from nothin' none o' dem t'ousand ob dem was 'sgrin' to de sun an' abolishment, when de underground 'railroade was bit, on wich dey run de runaway darkies from de Souf to Kewala.

Will Simon Augustus Arlington Betts please to tick in he rulle shirt, an' p'ra roun' de assen?

#### SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A VALUABLE HINT.—We find the following in an exchange:—"In severe cases of croup, pneumonia, or any irritation of the lungs and throat occasioning cough, a simple and almost certain remedy has been found effective, and one which lies at the very foundation of the cure. It is lost sugar of the pure kind broken into lumps. For adults, or those who prefer it, it may be taken in the lump and suffered to dissolve in the mouth; but for young children, or those whose throat is too sore to swallow the sugar, let it be dissolved in cold water, making a thick, sweet syrup, and take a teaspoonful at a time very frequently. Two instances have come under my own notice, and I can answer for their truth. One was a babe of seven months, attacked with croup, who took half a tumbler of sweetened water in teaspoonful doses in one hour, and who was relieved instantly of cough and oppression for breath. The other was a soldier suffering from pneumonia, whose cough was so violent as to cause him to raise blood, and who was relieved by eating the sugar in lumps. He prevented the paroxysms of coughing by taking the sugar as soon as he felt one coming, and since the first night he took it has never raised blood, which he had done with every spell of coughing for two weeks previous. The remedy was first used by a lady in Philadelphia, and afterwards recommended by one of our first physicians, who saw its success, and in his own practice was invariably satisfied with the result of using it. Remember, mothers who have croupy and delicate children, and live beyond the reach of a physician, the remedy lies in your own pantry, safe and certain. Use it. In croup it may be given frequently enough to act as an emetic, with good effect."

SLAVES.—The total number of slaves declared free by the Proclamation is 3,119,307, and these still held in bondage by reason of the loyalty of their masters are 689,000.

THERE is said to be a great scarcity of steam-bath lands on the Mississippi River. The steam-baths are now paying fifty dollars per month for such cheap hotels as they can get, and they are scarce at that.

THE INDEX for Vol. II. of the "SCRAP BOOK" is now ready, price 25. It contains, besides the regular index, a list of nearly 15,000 names of persons who have been forfeited for Embozzled cloth covers for binding Vol. II., price 15. 63.; or the Vol. complete, 45.

THE PIONEER OF KENTUCKY; or, the Adventures of the B-lander. A Tale of Western Life. By Dr. J. H. Robinson. Complete in 6 Nos. (7 to 12), price 61.; by post, 65.

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## DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL.

**MURFREESBORO.**—The scene of the late terrible battles was, previous to the rebellion, a handsome post village; but it has, since 1861, suffered severely from the ravages of war. It is the capital of Rutherford county, Tenn., and is situated on the railroad running from Nashville to Charleston, S. C. It is 30 miles from Nashville. The Union University at this place was established in 1841 by the Baptists, and was at one time a very flourishing institution; but since the State went out of the Union the University began to decline and has since failed altogether. There were five churches in the town before the war; bank building; and at the beginning of 1862 two newspapers were published in the place, and had a fair circulation. For ten years—viz., from 1817 to 1827—Murfreesboro was the capital of the State; but in the latter year the State House was consumed by fire, and the capital removed to Nashville. The surface of the country is agreeably diversified, the soil highly productive, well watered, and extensively cultivated. The country is intersected by the Nashville Chattanooga, and Charleston Railroad, and the population in 1860 was 27,919, of whom 12,981 were slaves.

**GUIDE TO AMERICAN POLITICS.**—Bacon and Co., 48, Paternoster-row.—Among the many useful books brought out by this enterprising firm, none, we think, will be so really useful to the English people at the present time as the above. The subject of "American Politics," and the fundamental principles of the United States Government, are comparatively unknown to the majority of the people of England, for want of such a guide. In this "Guide" (published at one shilling) will be found the Federal and Confederate Constitutions, Declaration of Independence, &c., &c., together with the separate powers of the National and State Governments. By the peculiar divisions of power in the American system, the people of every State live under two Governments—the National and State Governments—each having its separate sphere of special objects and duties, and each sovereign in its particular capacity. This is a system peculiar to America, and mostly unknown in the European Governments. A knowledge of these peculiar principles, it must be admitted, is essential to a proper understanding of the political news we are constantly receiving, and a correct comprehension of the news from No. 1 to 5 are so constructed that each map represents about half the area of the one preceding it, enlarged to double the scale, so that the sizes and prices are kept uniform. Thus the maps of each section of country are enlarged and detailed in proportion to their present importance and interest as war maps—the extent of all the information required for tracing the movements of the armies. No. 1. The Shilling Railway and Military Map shows the whole country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in three colors, as they are now divided—Federal Free States, Federal Slave States, and Seceded or Confederate States. No. 2. American States, North and South—the eastern half of No. 1 enlarged to double the scale. No. 3. Southern States—Southern half of No. 2 enlarged to double the scale, embracing the entire seat of war. No. 4. Virginia and Maryland, on a large scale, designating three thousand towns, streets, &c. around Richmond and Washington. The most elaborate and extensive. No. 5. Army Map of the Potomac—a portion of No. 4, enlarged to double the scale, which permits the introduction of many valuable features unknown in other maps.

## TABLET OF MEMORY.

## IMPROVEMENTS, DISCOVERIES, ETC.

**Aberration of the stars** discovered by Dr. Bradley, of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, 1727.

**Air-balloons**, invented by B. Guano, a Jesuit, 1729; revived in France by M. Montgolfier, 1783, and lost off at Paris, August 27; introduced into England, and Mr. Launier succeeded from Moorfields, September 15, 1784; Mr. Blanchard and Dr. Jefferies went from Dover to Calais in about two hours, January 7, 1785. Air-guns invented by Guter, of Nuremberg, 1668. Air-pumps invented by Gerike, of Magdebourg, 1650.

**Alexander** invented 1404 before Christ.

**Algebra** was introduced into Europe in 1300; in general use in 1500.

**Algebra** (numerical) first used; 960; first known in Europe, 1494; letters first used, 1590.

**Alum** first discovered at Bozou, in Syria, 1300; discovered in Tuscany, 1480; first brought to perfection in England, 1608; discovered in Ireland, October 22, 1757; in Anglesia, in 1760.

**Almanacks** first published by Martin Lilius, at Leipsa, in Poland, 1470; compiled, nearly in their present form, by Muller, 1743; the Company of Stationers, London, claimed an exclusive right to publish till 1779.

**Alphabet**, the Greek, consisted of 16 letters till 389 B.C., when the Ionic, of 24 characters, was introduced.

**Altars** first used, 185; consecrated, 271; the first in Britain, 634.

**Ambassador**, the first sent by the Czar of Russia to England, 1566; the first sent to Turkey from England, 1606. The first that arrived from India in Europe was from Tipoo Saib to Francis, June, 1778. The first ambassador from the Ottoman Emperor arrived in London, Dec. 1793.

**American paper currency** commenced, May 1775; coinage took place in 1792, in eagle, half-eagle, and quarter-eagle. The first is the half-eagle, or forty-dollar shilling. English. The dime is the tenth part of a dollar; and the copper coin, called a cent, is the tenth part of a dime.

**Academy meeting-house**, first in England, established, 1640.

**Academy** first used by the Church, 387.

**Anatomy** restored at Brussels, 1550; of plants, discovered, 1680.

**Anchors** invented, 1587.

**Annuities**, or pensions, first granted, 1512, when 20*l.* was given to a lady of the court for services done, and 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for the maintenance of a gentleman, 1550; and 13*l.* 8*s.*, a competent sum to support a gentleman in the study of the law, 1554.

**Arithmetick** first used at the coronations of England, 972; in Scotland, 1097.

**Anthems** first used, 386.

**Antiquaries** first mentioned in history, 1315.

**Apprentice** first made to Rome from England, 1138; abolished, 1532.

**Apple-tree**, two kinds, brought from Syria and Africa into Italy, 9 years before Christ.

**Apricots** first planted in England, 1510. They originally came from Cyprus.

**Arch** introduced into England before 440.

**Arch of stone**, St. Paul's Church built on; a manner of building formerly unknown here, 1187.

**Archdeacon**, the first appointed in England, 1075.

**Argentine lamps** first introduced into general use in London, 1785.

**Arithmetic** introduced into Europe, from Arabia, 991.

**Arithmetick**, decimal, invented, 1402.

**Arms**, coats of, introduced into England, 1100.

At first used to distinguish nobles in battle.

(To be continued in our next.)

## AMERICAN

## FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

## INTRODUCTION.

If there was one universal law of health, the discovery of that law would set the world at rest immediately upon its being made known. But so far from there being but one law, there are many; and even the many general rules cannot be made to suit the infinite variety of human constitutions. Thus, fresh air, exercise, digestible and nutritious food, cheerfulness, sufficient warmth, pure water, and several more conditions, go to make up the general rules of health. One person, however, may be able to endure the changes of temperature better than another; or to take more severe exercise; or to digest a different food; or to sustain greater cold, heat, or sorrow, privation, &c. Let not the strong and muscular person say to the feeble or nervous one, "Do as I do." There can be no absolute rules of duty, or the proportion of animal and vegetable food. The constitution, state of health, and the temperament, must decide the quantity of food. Meat is stimulating, and should be avoided by those who have an inflamed stomach; while it should be eaten freely by scrofulous persons, and by those who are in a low state of blood from some exhausting disease. A little observation of one's sensations will enable him to form a correct judgment of the propriety of certain kinds of diet. Temperance is the chief rule of living; and when this is observed there are few things which may not be partaken of. Tea and coffee, like other things, affect different persons differently; but are as often good as bad in their effects. Those inclined to bilious humors, say to have them aggravated by coffee, while tea has no such effect. Either may be taken in excess, or too hot, or too strong. Water is the one beverage against which nothing can be urged, if it be pure. Soft water is best; and hard water distilled is good; since it is exposed to the atmosphere long enough to reject what is such and carbonic and which were lost in distillation.

The kind of exercise which is beneficial is regular, cheerful, agreeable exercise. For the feeble, riding in carriages, sailing, and swinging, are suitable modes of taking exercise. For the more able-bodied, walking, running, dancing, leaping, gardening, riding on horseback, and any active sports, are good. Exercise should never exhaust the strength, and that is the first rule concerning it. It should put the body in a glow, and bring on a feeling of liking to rest, but not of great fatigue. It should be so regulated that it be not taken immediately after the digestive powers are impaired by it. It should be taken in cold weather, to keep up a good circulation, and lessen the need of artificial heat. It should always be used to avoid sitting in a draught of air at any time, and particularly when heated with exercise.

Rest and sleep are as necessary as action. Regular sleep, not prolonged by indolence, is essential to health. Fresh air during sleep is the most important of all things. The feeling of exhaustion which we are apt to experience on waking, or when we first awake and in the morning, is due to the fact that we have been during the morning hours, in bed, too often from having slept in an insufficient quantity of air, which having become exhausted and poisonous, has locked our senses in a state of stupefaction. It does not seem to be considered by the people, that they spend a large portion of the twenty-four hours in bed, too often from having slept in an insufficient quantity of air, which having become exhausted and poisonous, has locked our senses in a state of stupefaction. It does not seem to be considered by the people, that they spend a large portion of the twenty-four hours in bed, too often from having slept in an insufficient quantity of air, which having become exhausted and poisonous, has locked our senses in a state of stupefaction.

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(To be continued in our next.)



# THE SCRAP BOOK

AND  
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY FUN HUMOR FAMILY MATTERS.

No. 69.—Vol. III.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



JESSE'S REEL.

## THE BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER. A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

(From the *New York Ledger*.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUSADE OF THE FOREST."

### CHAPTER XV.

SAQUOIT PUTS OUT ONE OF HIS FIRES.

It was at this point in his narration that Stockwell paused for a moment, and Wheaton asked: "But what made all this necessary?"

"You shall hear: we were closely beset in the fort, and were falling short of provisions and powder. Herkimer, with his army, had been stopped and nearly cut to pieces at Oriskany; and we came after help, which must be immediate, or the fort will be lost. We took horse at Fort

Dayton, met Learned the next day; and Willett has gone on to Albany, directing me to make my way to Van Schoick's, to hurry forward the supplies. So then, my friend, you know our position, and can judge whether you should help us or not."

Wheaton walked the floor for a moment, in deep thought, turning his look every second or so to where Jenny sat in the corner, near her father. By the door, with his gun between his legs, rested Murphy, on a short piece of log or fire-wood; while Bartlett uneasily moved about, now and then looking out, but always listening carefully to what the others said.

Somehow, he had ceased to be as important a personage with the new-comers as he was at first. Those were days in which boldness, strength, and address were master qualities; and Wheaton had immensely risen in importance since disarming the athletic woodsman.

At this time the doorway became again occupied by the forms of the Indians, who had disappeared some time before, at a sign from Murphy.

"Got 'em?" said he, as he now sprang to his feet at their approach.

The foremost among them gave a shrug which evidently meant a negative, for no captives were to be seen with them.

At the same moment the missing Oneida, truly enough, walked within the range of light, and Wheaton had the satisfaction of finding his opinion verified.

"Murphy," said Stockwell, "it seems to me you are sometimes too rash; no enemy would have approached in that way."

"Be the jokers, then, it's what they never do when I am present," answered Murphy, with a fierce significance of meaning.

Saquoit now came to the door.

"What for shoot?" said he, with his brow a little contracted.

"Och! blazes! and hear that ghost talk!" answered Murphy, with a careless laugh; "but, me old chap, ye've been mighty near making a journey into the other world. Hoot! aye? but what have ye there?" he continued, as his quick eye caught sight of a red and dark object dangling from the Indian's belt.

The latter, slowly detaching it, stepped into the house, and held it admiringly to the light.

It was a human scalp, still fresh and bleeding! Jenny, pale with horror, uttered a slight scream as she buried her head on the bosom of her father. Wheaton looked grave; while the lips of Bartlett slightly quivered, for in the gory object before him he recognized the hair of his luckless Bob Sternway. Ah! it was ticklish work this, in which he was engaged. Here he beheld one of its first fruits.

While he made these alarmed reflections, Murphy was examining the scalp coolly and minutely, with much the air of a connoisseur in such matters. Occasionally during his examination his eye turned upon the Otocia with a slightly ironical expression.

"Soh!" said he, at last. "ye are after takin' white scalps as well as red? Do you happen, now, to think we're Tories and haytians?"

"Know him now," answered the Indian, laconically.

"Know what?" asked Wheaton, with some anxiety.

"Know him white—mean scalp," replied Saquoit.

"I am very sorry for it," said Wheaton, seriously.

"Tell me, my friend, how this has happened and who it is."

"Good," said the savage, "tell friend—not other" (glancing at Murphy). "Poor Injun wigwam burn—know dat, s'pose. Injun burn here, too." (He laid his hand on his breast.) "Not burn so much, now—little, though, pretty much."

"Is this the man who set fire to your hut? Who was he?" continued Wheaton.

"Know nattem—s'pose Injun, Ottawa—he wid dem—dat all."

"All right," exclaimed Murphy, turning away; "it's only a mistake, and then will happen, even to Nebuchadnezzar himself, who would see mushrooms instead of potatoes."

Wheaton looked at Bartlett, as the latter, in order to conceal his agitation, walked about, trying to appear indifferent.

"You see," he said, significantly, "I don't think this scalp belongs to any of the neighbors—not even to either of the Smiths. If it is that of any of your friends, take warning by it."

"Oh, yes," answered Bartlett, trying to ruffle it out, "you and I will have our settlement. I have not been defending a suspected person, mind that."

Wheaton turned away in contempt; then addressing Major Stockwell, he said:

"I've a great mind to go with you, not only to help you along, and to show up this foolish charge against McDonald, but most of all, to expose the tricks of this impostor."

"Why not go, then, at once?" said Stockwell; "we ought to have been moving some time ago."

"You couldn't have gone some time ago," answered Wheaton; "you could have made me headway in the dark, along these wild bluffs. The river is the only way, and that you could not travel without a boat, and a pilot like Sook-wit or myself to take it through the riffs. But, you see, my trouble is this. Here we are, five or six miles from any family on this side the river; you are carrying off McDonald, and if I go alone, this mercy and the two women in it will be left to the house of the next Indian that comes this way."

While Wheaton was speaking, Jenny had

quietly approached, and now laying her hand on his arm, uttered his name in a low voice:

"Jenny, lad!"

It was a common name enough, but now, coming from her lips, it was music in the ears of its owner. He, the strong man, no longer the old, bowed like a willow before the gentle breath that whispered to him. He ceased speaking, and going aside listened for some seconds to what she had to urge. He made no reply, and to judge from his countenance, it was less from any recent opposition, than from a sort of throb in the throat which the words he heard seemed to throw him.

Often amid the rudest scenes of life, a low voice works upon us, as did those magic words, "Jenny, lad!" upon the turbulent waves of Galilee some eighteen hundred and odd years ago.

Wheaton's hesitation then ceased, and coming back, he said:

"She thinks—that is, on the whole, it's best I should go down the river to guide the boat. By keeping to the water till a mile or so this side Cohoes, we can still reach Half-moon Point by sunrise."

"Well, so much the better; at last it seems we are coming to something," said Stockwell.

"But scent the boat," said Murphy, "how many it happens to bound!"

Wheaton turned to Saquoit, who replied, after considering a moment, and reckoning upon his fingers:

"Six wid Otocia—five wid Big Axe."

"And why not as many with me, as with you?" asked Wheaton.

The eyes of the Indian twinkled slightly as he answered:

"You hit on stone; roll over like log."

"You be hanged, Sook-wit!" said Wheaton, snatching his fingers. "I'm as good a canoe-man as you, any day. However, I can take enough, seeing that there's only McDonald, Stockwell, Murphy, and Bartlett to be taken. We shan't need much padding, as most of the way the current runs like a mill race."

"But how are the Otocias to go?" asked Stockwell.

"The two legs apiece, like myself," answered Murphy; "and we'll be there afore we'll arrive by walking in any other vehicle, I'd swear."

Wheaton now took Saquoit apart, and talked to him for some time, earnestly, and in a low voice.

Speedy preparations were made for departure. It was agreed that Murphy, with such of the Indians as chose to accompany him, should keep to the shore, while the others went on the boat.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### DOWN STREAM.

ABOUT half an hour after the incidents related at the close of the last chapter, a canoe, occupied by three men, moved out upon the bosom of the river, from under the cliffs of the southern shore. The night was so dark that hardly anything could be seen, until they passed to be beneath the shadows of the bushes; and even then the pale and scattered light of the stars gave them but a feeble and imperfect view of surrounding objects. The water, however, sometimes furnished a guide to their way, if it did not give them any light; for where, in its rapid course, it passed over some ledge of up-shooting rocks, its boiling foam emitted a kind of phosphorescent light. Wheaton stood in the prow of the canoe, and steadily kept, while all the others, except Stockwell, sat upon the bottom, to secure a better balance. The latter was in the stern, commanding a view of the others. This arrangement seemed judicious, inasmuch as the attention of Wheaton would constantly be required in the management of the little craft,

that soon began to shoot down the murmuring rapids with the rapidity of a cloud.

On the northern shore they observed a steady light, about half way up the side of the hill, which might, but might not, could account for. Wheaton cast upon it many a curious gaze, and it is not too much to say, that at that time, many of the stories current about the strange nocturnal habits of the Smiths recurred to his mind. There shone now at near the hour of midnight, that steady and mysterious light, upon a spot where no human being could be, and where none could have an honest business to perform at such a time.

However, after a few minutes, as the boat swept away down the broad and bounding stream, a shoulder of the shore soon shut out the light; and Wheaton's mind, being no longer distracted by superstitious thoughts, was given wholly to the difficult and somewhat dangerous occupation in which he was engaged. Well-known rocks and shoals had to be avoided; wide-sweeping eddies, also; and particularly a broad whirlpool, occupying half half of the breadth of the river.

Soon the gurgle of the water, and its occasional roar over some huge boulder lying in their path, operated upon the tired officer like a mother's nursery song, and he dropped off into a deep sleep, stretching himself in the bottom of the boat with his head well up in the stern. By chance, it may be remarked, was perfectly dry, as it was born out of a solid log, and the bottom was several inches thick. Wheaton cast an eye back as he saw his companion thus give way to his fatigue; and, as the other two were quite silent, he had nothing to do but to watch the current ahead, and indulge in the thoughts which, at such an hour and in such a scene, must crowd themselves upon the mind.

So the hours of the night glided away. A light fog here and there floated over the water, and Wheaton kept his eyes vigilantly watching the landmarks, and reading the signs of the current before him. He was near, in truth, approaching the great falls of Cohoes, and if he, for ever so little, overshoot the point where he should land, the strength of the current might snuff them all onward to their destruction. As they came nearer and nearer, Wheaton thought best to incline as closely to the northern shore as he could, without grounding, so as to land as soon as the danger should become imminent. Dark, rocky banks here formed the bank, and thick cedar-bushes hung like rattles over the water, rendering all dark beneath. Stockwell was still asleep, and the other two were, or seemed to be, in the same condition. In the obscurity which still lay spread like a bundle on the water beneath the shore, notwithstanding the pale light that stretched along the eastern horizon, Wheaton found it unsafe to go at too great a speed; so that, checking their progress by occasionally clinging to the vines and rocks that stood up against the face, he was enabled more surely to pick his way down the shallow and variable stream. At one point, discovering, from the murmuring and the white-crested waves ahead, that there was a rapid shoot of the current between two rocks, he brought the boat almost to a standstill, in order to reconnoitre. Soon becoming satisfied, however, he allowed it again to float slowly ahead, and finally guided it safely through the foaming passage, and then laid in front of him, once more, a broad reach of quiet water, down which he might proceed without any new or immediate risk.

At this moment, as he rested a little from his exertions, which had been by no means unobtrusive, he heard the voice of Stockwell muttering something indistinctly behind him.

"So, you've had a good sleep on't?" he said, addressing him.

"Not very," answered the other, shivering as

\* Gásh-choo, in the Mohawk dialect, signifying "ship wrecked canoe."



he felt the chill night air, and partially rose up to see where they were.

"Not far from the Falls, I take it," he continued, after a moment, "at least, I judge so, from the noise. How soon will you take to the shore?"

"A half-mile further down; but you had better waken the others, for this current runs like a sluice, and we will be there in five minutes."

"Hello! my men!" exclaimed Stockwell, "it's time to get up, you fellows! There's no more standing, 'though, or you'll have to get over into the water. Where's the other one? He must be a good sleeper, as well as myself."

"Ye're joking, young man," answered the voice of Mc'Donald, now half-awake, and stretching about in the canoe; "I see no one save our three set. Maybe ye wad he pit the chiel asleep during the night."

"Not a bit!" now roared Stockwell, who, with sleep, had recovered his vigor, "not a bit! I say, you there, Wheaton, what's become of the other passenger?"

Wheaton looked back for a second or so, and was soon satisfied that Bartlett was indeed missing, but could, at the moment, give but little heed to the fact, as all his attention became necessary to keep the canoe in its place, and to prevent its being sucked into some of the whirling eddies, or thrown against some of the large rocks that beat their way. On rounding a turn in the river they now saw, some distance ahead, a high column of foam, rising like smoke from a chimney, and floating up, illumined by the increasing daylight. Beneath it, and around its base, clouds of spray covered the surface of the river, and obscured from view whatever lay beyond.

"The Falls!" exclaimed Stockwell, half in surprise, and half in awe.

"Sit down all!" said Wheaton, without looking back, and bracing his knee against the prow. Hardly had he done so ere the canoe struck forward, and veering to one side nearly threw Stockwell, who was late in obeying the warning, into the water.

"Take care again!" shouted Wheaton, bracing his knee paddle in the water, apparently to give the canoe another shove. The current, however, was so strong that it swept the bottom of the paddle from under him, as he leaned on it, to force it down, and he fell against the gunnel. Just then, unluckily, the unstable and almost unmanageable craft, ran partly over a sunken rock, and the three men, rolled over the water, like cakes out of a cauldron. Luckily, neither was the water deep, nor were they far from shore; so that, as soon as Wheaton had assisted Mc'Donald into an upright position, as he floundered in the current, he left him and Stockwell to make their way to shore as best they could, and he thought himself of endeavoring to save the last.

This was no easy task. A few minutes would suffice to carry it beyond human reach, and to dash it over the cataract that thundered now within a mile's distance. As the canoe drifted in the current, for it could not sink, it was found full of water, and it wheeled sluggishly and slowly away, like a soaked log. Notwithstanding this, it would be impossible to recollect it, if it should once be fairly seized by the current. Fortunately, before it got fully headed down stream, and as it was rounding, it struck between two large stones, and before it shook loose from the temporary detention Wheaton was enabled to reach it. With great exertion, he then managed to rock the water out of it, and to drag it ashore. Here, on a narrow ledge of slate, he found his two companions shaking themselves, after their ducking, and looking ruefully enough.

"It's well for me," said Major Stockwell, "that this did not happen yesterday, or with my fatigue I might not so easily have got out."

"Aye, lad," added Mc'Donald, "and I'm thinking the Onondaga spoke the true word when he spoke of your skill in navigation."

"Pooh! pooh!" replied Wheaton, a little annoyed, notwithstanding; "this might have happened to anyone; and what is certain is, that if it had happened to Stockwell, ten to one, he would have saved the canoe. These Indians do well enough afoot, but on the water, I take it, they're like a fish that has just learnt to fly."

"Weel, weel, laddie, let's to mind a wee ducking; but how are ye to get to the banna of these overhanging cliffs?"

"We'll find a way," answered the confident Wheaton. "Just help me to secure this boat, for there's not such another in these parts (and beside, it belongs to Stockwit); and then we'll see about getting up there."

By the joint exertions of the three men, the boat was, with some difficulty, dragged up on the ledges; and having no other means of securing it there, they loaded it with heavy stones, so that it could not by any temporary rise of the water float off. The exertion they made served to warm them after their sudden immersion, and as the morning broke, still and sultry, they enjoyed no incommensurate from their wet clothes.

As they stood gazing over the country, after having scaled the cliff, before them, and about two miles distant, in a direction a little north of east, where the northern branch of the Mahawk the Hudson, they saw a light puff of smoke suddenly rising from the earth. While yet they gazed at it, the sharp report of a morning gun from the American encampment on Van Schaek's Island broke upon their ears.

"That's it, major," said Wheaton; "we're only a couple of miles off, and by a smart push we can get in in time for breakfast."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE UNFOUNDED TREASURE.

We must now revert a little, both in direction and in the order of time, for the purpose of explaining some occurrences which took place during the preceding night.

Somewhat after the hour of eleven, a group of four men stood on the northern shore of the river, near Mc'Donald's house.

"If it's as you say, Otterway," said the voice of Solon Smith, "it's too good to keep. To think that the blasted fools should turn jailers to each other! Bartlett's a trunp, only he shouldn't have allowed himself to be taken in the same way with his game. He's had it's downright jorral! But what o'clock have become of that lammon he called Sternway?"

"You're always a blowin'!" answered his brother, earnestly, "against people you don't think as sharp as yourself. I dare say he couldn't find his way down the bank some way above it, and has gone to hid in the hollow."

"Well," answered Solon, after a pause, "but it's no matter; what do you say to going over there again to find out how things stand? We can wait till all is still."

"Who's the goose, now, Solon?" said his brother, in a low tone, "and what we've got to do to-night, and that soon?"

"Well, well, Eldad, maybe we can do both," answered Solon, drily; "do you just hold your tongue. What do you think was the meaning of that rifle-shot we heard, Otterway?"

The Indian shrugged his shoulders, after the manner of a Frenchman, before replying:

"May be shoot Bob," was at length the surmising reply.

"That would be too bad, wouldn't it, Otterway? Eh, Sabbat?" replied Solon. "You oughtn't to let such a thing pass. In your way, never mind, and go over there, and put me in friend of mine be killed without striking back."

"Go, maybe; you go too," answered Otterway.

"Why," as to that," replied the polite Solon, "Eldad said I have got a job on hand for to-night that we must attend to. How warr,

EL? didn't the old one say this was the very night, and none other?"

"To be sure he did; and you sent it without asking," said the brother.

"You see," said Solon, appealing to the Indians; "if you two, now, would just slip over, and bring us word what's going on, we'd be ready in an hour or so, or by to-morrow morning, to lend a hand to anything—that is, to anything in reason."

The Indians stood for a moment silent; Otterway rose, having first scanned the river, and pointing across, said a few words, in some aboriginal tongue, to his companion. The latter replied by a single guttural exclamation, and both then again relapsed into silence.

Soon after, all could hear the scrambling footsteps of some one coming slowly down the hill above them, and muttering to himself some unintelligible words. Occasionally, also, a pale gleam of light shot across the tops of bushes near them, then flashed for a second on the water in front of them, and then disappeared. The Indians, for once, exhibited signs of wonder, and a slight degree of alarm. Eldad himself looked solemnly at the water, and muttered about to confront some very serious enemy; but, the countenance of Solon exhibited its usual look, of cynical insensibility.

"Brother!" said Eldad, "he's coming; remember, no nonsense, we may soon have to repent o't. It's more the hour!"

"I know, my brother," replied Solon; "but I say, you, Otterway (this was addressed to the Indians), 'hadn't you better go on the errand we just talked about?"

Otterway, with one eye towards the mysterious light which descended the hill, and with the other to find his way, now left, accompanied by his companion, going a rod or so down the stream to where a canoe was now on the sand. But a few words passed between them, though they seemed perfectly to understand each other. In a few seconds a dark object might have been seen, by a close watcher, to leave the shore and pass upon the breast of the stream. It made no noise, and seemed to glide over the water like a living thing. Solon had not been unmindful of making sure that it was actually gone before he turned his own steps up the hill. He had not done so, however, without having a watcher in his turn; for as soon as his back was to the water, another dark object, like the first, the reeds and sedge of the shore, and, at a little distance, followed him like a spiritual duplicate.

A few minutes afterwards the two younger Smiths, and the blind old man, their father, with a red blazing torch in his hand, stood at the entrance of a small excavation in the side of the hill—a spot already brought to the notice of the reader. All three were now silent. Solon took the light from the hands of his father, and placed it upright on top of the pile of earth that lay in front of the excavation. He tramped it, and added other splinters of resinous wood to it, by way of replenishment; then stepping out, he gave the old man time to stand, and then, singly engaged in a calculation from their position, as to when the exact and important moment for their operations should arrive. Having at length made up his mind, he led into the hole which ran horizontally under the hill both his father and brother. The old man set down at the centre upon a stone, while Eldad, with a pick upraised in his hands, stood watching for some signal to commence. Solon now with a stick drew round them on the earth as large a circle as the place would admit. Although the light from the torch shone directly in upon them, they were still, the more so, from its obscurity; and could only see each other as the rays from without flashed against them. Their own shadows were projected in huge proportions upon the side of the artificial cavern; and their imaginations becoming heated by their position, occupation, and purposes, it is not sur-

prising that things soon seemed to them somewhat supernatural.

It would appear, however, that they were all too simple or too irreligious to indulge in any incantations or verbal exorcisms, in order to further the success of their undertaking. The only formality they observed was a strict silence. The theory, it is supposed, of most money diggers in this country is, that a word spoken is fatal to success; that, when near touching the long-sought treasure, they may see themselves surrounded by hordes of bears, lions, gophers, and other frightful things, which threaten them, and seem ready to dispute the prize with them. All this is supposed to be the work of the Evil One, who thus evokes menacing unrealities to frighten timid men from their object. They may tremble with fear, but must not give heed to what thus besets them; silently they must labor on; and can they once touch the treasure itself, all these images of horror, like phantasmagoria, disappear. Moreover, the magic circle has something to do with it. Unprotected by that, the shadowy demons would become real ones, and would tear to pieces the profane invaders of their realms. Nor must the laborer move outside of it; nor must he utter a word. A single ejaculation of surprise or alarm, and not only the demons, but their guarded treasure, are gone. Indeed, it would appear to be the object of these cunning people so to work upon the fears of the explorers as to induce them to utter some vocal sound, which, whether it be prayerful or profane, proves fatal to all hopes of gold that night.

So, as the unaccustomed Eldad worked away, with pick and spade, in the obscurity of his subterranean burrow, and in the silence of midnight—amid the dancing shadows which flitted around—it is but natural that he should start at every unusual clink of his tool, taking it for the metallic voice of gold, or that soon his fancy mistook the flitting lights and shadows, and fancied for the imps he had every reason to expect. His companions also became worked upon by the influence of the place and hour. They scarcely breathed aloud as they little by little fell under the enmeshment of superstitious awe.

Nearly an hour seemed to pass, and the stout Eldad still labored on, expecting at each moment to come upon the treasure. The light already burnt low, and the phantoms leaped more fiercely and wildly around them. Everything indicated that the decisive moment was at hand. Of course, the old man saw nothing of these strange objects which seemed so palpable to his associates, but his fancy was, if anything, more creative than theirs, and he readily supposed all the frightful shapes, which now began to seem real to the others. The nerves of each were strung up to the highest pitch of expectation, when, all at once, the old man extended his hand suddenly in the attitude of one intently listening, uttering, in a startled whisper, the word:

"Hiss!"

Eldad, with something like a curse, threw down his tools. The charm was broken. No treasure-trove to be picked up that night!

"I tell you lads," said the old man, still in a whisper, though a little angrily; "I tell you we are spied on; there's some one there watching."

"And I say, you old fool," answered the reverend Eldad, "that you'll sp'ill the charm by your gabble!"

"So much the better," replied the father, without heeding the brutal language of the son, to which, it would seem, he was accustomed: "so much the better, if any one else is watching us, to come in and share."

Meanwhile the more vigorous Eldad had gone towards the mouth of the excavation, to which place the other two immediately followed him. The light was just burning out; but, before it entirely disappeared, they discovered the head of a man visible just beyond the pile of earth. In the sudden darkness which soon succeeded, none dared move; but when their eyes became

a little accustomed to the obscurity, a tall form was indistinctly discernible before them. At first, as they still labored under the effects of their late excitement, they imagined that it might be the Prince of Darkness, come down to bar their way out of the den they had dug; but soon they heard a voice, which they recognized, saying:

"What for bury so deep, when kill? Eh?"

"Pooh! it's only the Indian," exclaimed Eldad, with an air of disgust.

The old man, touching the arm of Solon, who was standing in his ear.

"Nonsense," replied the latter, in a tone loud enough to be heard: "I tell you he's only a western Indian, come along with Bartlett."

The old man's suspicions, however, whatever they were, did not seem to be appeased, for he again, and for some seconds, spoke in a low tone to his son, who continued to respond negatively, and in a manner a little contemptuous. The father at last gave it up, though not without some irritation on his side, for he said aloud:

"Well, well, it'll soon be seen who's right, and who's wrong. Where did he come from? That's the point. Who but one has got any interest in watching us? Answer me that, and you that have eyes, look well to his feet, that's all I can want."

"I say, El," replied Solon, giving his brother a jocosely punch in the ribs; "he thinks Ottewill there must be the devil in disguise! he!"

Eldad did not mistake the hilarity of his brother, but, on the contrary, started at the idea; until, having again carefully scrutinized the Indian, he apparently made up his mind that it was all right.

"Now then, Ottewill," said Solon, after he had indulged in his momentary grin, "what did you see 't'other side of the river?"

"Gone," said the Indian.

"Gone? who's gone?" interrogated Solon.

"All, but square," was the response.

"Are you quite sure of this?" again asked Solon, thoughtfully.

"You no believe Ottewill, call Sabbat, he say," answered the Indian.

Sabbat was therefore called up, and to the question of Solon, replied in substance that he had seen four persons going down the river in a boat, and that not a sign of any man, white or red, was to be seen about or in M'Donald's house.

Solon sat down on a stone, and with his face turned towards the water, deliberated for a long time, resting his chin on his right hand.

"El," he then said to his brother, "what do you say to getting hold of your gal to-night? The coast seems clear."

"Haint we had a narrow enough escape already?" asked the dissatisfied Eldad; "do you want to get your skull cracked before morning? Didn't we see the woods alive with them Oneidas just now to get out of their way?"

"Oh! well," answered Solon, "I know Wheaton is, or was, over there, and if you're afraid you needn't go, of course. Only I think the gal nice enough for my appetite, and if you're tired and want to stay behind, why, I'll go arter her on my own account. We shan't soon get another chance like it."

Eldad's blood was in flames. His brother well knew how to kindle it. "Go arter her on your own account?" he roared. "You, ye limping toad! to try to get my gal! I'll wring your precious neck, and John Wheaton's to boot, if either on ye meddles!"

If it had been daylight, Eldad might have seen the cheek of his brother grow pale, as he alluded thus to his deformity. Solon had secured more favor than he expected, and was himself out to the quick, as Eldad meant he should be, by the allusion to his lameness; and in his heart were uttered some very gloomy vows, the nature of which it is unnecessary for us to explain. Ha-

at for some seconds, silent, not daring to trust his voice with a reply.

After a time, he felt himself so far quieted that he could again speak, without incensation. He smothered his spite, and said:

"So you don't mean to go over with us?"

"Of course I'll go; but mind, I've warned ye of the risk we run; and more than that, mind you don't cast eyes on her, or you'll repent it!"

Solon forced himself to laugh a little at his brother's frantic jealousy; though what feelings prevailed in his own heart it might have been difficult to define.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE NIGHT VISIT.

FOR some time after the departure of her father in custody of Major Stockwell, Jenny M'Donald waited the floor of the house, in a state of agitation which she endeavored vainly to quiet. The scenes of excitement she had been through, with so little demonstration, appeared now to react upon her nerves, and made her keenly apprehensive of some new danger. She was alone—practically so, at least. Her mother was there, but sick—confined to her bed, sometimes delirious with fever; and wholly an object of care rather than of aid. The poor girl had passed in review in her mind all the circumstances of her situation—her loneliness, her exposure, the waiting and toil which lay before her, her father's capriciousity, its uncertain duration, the absence of her lover, and the vicinity of treacherous and dangerous neighbors. She could not prevent a few tears from coming into her eyes; though with a stout heart, she endeavored to repress them. The night was already far gone. She felt no desire for sleep, though out of doors all seemed peaceful and still. Nature, if not man, kindly invited to repose. She had closed the door and was about to bat it fast for the night, when she heard a soft knock on the outside.

She immediately asked who was there, when, much to her relief, she heard the well-known voice of the Oneida, who pronounced the word:

"Sagouit."

She immediately opened the door, and took his hand, in gladness at the sense of reassurance his presence afforded.

"Sagouit, I am so glad you are here! Though I thought you had gone off with the rest."

"I why go? I came to see the Big Axe, my say; so stay; besides, want to bid."

"What has become of those strange Indians? I have been uneasy about them all the evening."

"Gone with Samt—come back to—Oneida see 'em; sometimes hear 'em talk—big fool to talk much—one Missagaw, one Oneida."

"Do you think they will be back here again?" asked the young girl, in much anxiety.

"Don't know," was the answer; "but tink him so; and come tell—what you do, when come, eh?"

The question startling; could then, the danger be so real and so near? She hesitated without replying.

"Where Big Axe say go?" pursued the Oneida.

"He told me to go under the fall; but you know I cannot leave my mother?"

"No hurt mind," answered Sagouit; "no want him—want young Sagouit."

"Who wants me, Sagouit, and what do they want me for? I have never injured any of them."

"Smitt went, Bertin went, for squaw in wigwam, may be—Indian want scalp, by end by."

"Good-bye," Sagouit, exclaimed in a hurry, beginning to feel great alarm, "what shall we do? Couldn't we get my mother away with us?"

"What good?" said the Indian. "No want her."

"But they might take her scalp, as you say," she answered.

"No dare take him here."

"But they burnt up your but, Saquiot, and they may burn this?" she continued.

"No do it kin," said the savage, thoughtfully, and in a slight tone of melancholy. "Burn house of poor Indian—he nutten; no dare burn white wigwam."

"What makes you think this, Saquiot?" she asked.

"Hear Mississauga talk—gabble much like turkey. Ha say been big fight at Ohehah (Oriskany). Much Indian kill, white man too. Thyeendagana run off—gone to Oquage."

Jenny saw that the Oseida seemed informed of many things of which she herself was ignorant, and was disposed to trust judgment, as well as his fidelity. The danger, if any existed, seemed to threaten herself alone. She might escape it, double; but could she leave her mother? It was not to be thought of.

(To be continued in our next.)

## DORA DEE.

I.

SHE was not the daughter of the celebrated doctor, although she was such an enchanting little which she might have come of a nervous family. Indeed, she may have had ancestors connected with the black art, and been descended from a whole line of sorcerers for aught that I knew; for her family history, from a very early period of her existence, was wrapped in the profoundest mystery. She was born in an ash-barrel; an appropriate place enough for such an offering, as she signified, according to Mr. Mitchell, desolation. The ash-barrel selected for the repose of Dora stood exactly in front of the residence of Mr. Pluff, sexton of the well-known and fashionable Episcopal Church of the Holy Symphony. Mr. Pluff was justly proud of the reputation of his church. He could give you, sir, the very best music in the city. None of your heavy old sacred music, which it was positively unsafe to play, seeing that it was composed for Romish services, but all the newest and pleasant music that could be had for the money. Why, sir, at the church of the Holy Symphony they actually played the best music from the "Trotatore" before it had ever been produced at the Academy of Music. Then Pluff was also proud of his clergyman. Show him in the city such a clergyman as his church had, and he recoiled! what fashionable sinners he had! All the upper ten, sir, crowded into the Church of the Holy Symphony to hear the sweet rose-water sermons of the Reverend Arthur Alantius; sermons so soft and velvet that they would not have disturbed the moral repose of a Sybarite!

Mr. Pluff was at first rather disturbed that any low person should have been misguided enough to drop a nameless child into his ash-barrel, and worthy Mr. Pluff for a moment had her misgivings. But they were a good-natured gain, and after a midnight consultation, while the unexpected gift was slumbering in an impromptu cradle, they decided that, since Providence had sent this mortal waif to their door, they would not reject it; and accordingly the little creature was adopted by the sexton, and took the place in his household of the offering which Heaven had denied him in the legitimate manner.

As Dora Dee grew up, she more than repaid the care of the old sexton and his wife. She had the sweetest of soprano voices, and more than one young lady who had been taught all the "extras" at Madame Cancan's fashionable academy envied the possession of that pure melodious organ whose notes floated through the nave of the Church of the Holy Symphony. Although Dora Dee—she had been christened after a deceased and beloved sister of Mrs. Pluff—did not

go to Madame Cancan's, she yet received a very excellent education. She understood music tolerably well; painted a little in water-colors, and possessed a quick, intelligent style of conversation. In time the sexton's adopted daughter attracted attention from his fashionable congregation, and on Sundays, I grieve to say, young men would gather on the porch of the Church of the Holy Symphony to catch a glimpse of the pretty brown-haired Dora, as she passed out. It did not surprise Mr. Pluff one bit when Mrs. Trapeze, of Fifty-second Avenue, came to him one day, and proposed that Dora should go and live at her house as companion to her daughter, Miss Aurelia Trapeze. He was accustomed to look upon everything connected with the Church of the Holy Symphony as so far above the common run, that he was prepared for what other men might have looked upon as an uncommon occurrence. Much as it grieved the worthy sexton and his wife to part even partially with their little Dora, still the advantages to be derived by a residence with Mrs. Trapeze were too obvious to be possibly declined—the use of Miss Aurelia's masters; good society; or at least what passed for such—and, after all, the separation was only for a time, and Dora was to spend every Sunday with her adoptive parents.

So Dora went to live with Mrs. Trapeze.

II.

"Dora Dee! Dora Dee! you are bright enough to be a sunbeam; why will you be nothing but a Will-o'-the-wisp?"

"I am sure I am not leading you astray, Mr. Halbert Kimball."

"Yes, but you are, though. It's not your fault, Heaven knows, for you avoid me on every occasion; but you are like the bird with tailman in the Eastern tale, and I, like the Prince, cannot help following you."

"First you call me a Will-o'-the-wisp, then a bird; have you any more complimentary similes for me, Mr. Kimball?"

"A thousand, if you will only let me tell them to you. You are like a rose just about to blow."

"That's been done."

"You are beautiful as the morn."

"Herick said that of a young lady years ago."

"I have no objection to his having the first of it. It answers my purpose just as well."

"But not mine, Mr. Kimball. I don't want old compliments; and, to be frank with you, I don't want compliments at all."

"Why not?" said Mr. Kimball, mournfully.

"You know as well as I do; but as it may impress the reasons more powerfully on you, I will recapitulate them."

"Now for a lecture," murmured Kimball, half reproachfully, and sinking back into his easy chair.

"First, you were brought here by certain high and mighty powers in order that you may marry Miss Aurelia Trapeze, your amiable cousin."

"I don't like red hair," exclaimed Kimball, peevishly. "I should have to put an extinguisher on her head every night."

"Mr. Kimball, I am ashamed of you. Miss Trapeze deserves to be spoken of more respectfully."

"Kimball growled.

"Secondly," continued Dora, dogmatically, "it would be a very good match for you. You are not very rich. Aurelia will have a hundred thousand dollars."

"I have enough for my wants."

"So every man thinks, but if you were married, you would be perfectly miserable if you could not keep your carriage and go to the opera. Don't say no, for I won't believe you."

"Have you ended?"

"No. I am now going to be selfish. You know my history—that I am a foundling; that I

was adopted by a poor sexton and his wife, who died last year, shortly after I came here, and whose deaths left me without a friend in the world."

"Don't weep, Dora; don't weep! You have a friend, one who will die for you."

"Well," continued Dora, suppressing her sobs, "you know on what footing I live here. It is my only home. Your attentions to me have already drawn on me the suspicions, and I fear dislike, of Mrs. Trapeze and her daughter. Heaven only knows the little persecutions I have to endure! But I really do not know the moment I shall be told to quit the house. Now for my sake, if not for your own, cease this pursuit of an object that is not worthy of you. The Trapezes are worldly people. They long for the family connections which a marriage with you will give Aurelia; for, of course, they know that Mrs. Trapeze's marriage with Mr. Trapeze was a *mésalliance*. Do give over these romantic notions of yours; settle down into a respectable member of society, and let the poor ladies' companion ship for herself!"

"Never, by Heaven!" cried Kimball, bursting suddenly into a passion, all the more violent for the efforts he had been making to suppress it.

"Dora, here in the face of Heaven I ask you to be my wife. I will never wed Aurelia Trapeze; let her buy a husband, if she chooses, with her hundred thousand dollars. Halbert Kimball is not for sale. But you, dear girl, sweet orphan, my heart yearns to be united to you. I am not poor—I am not poor; and with such an incentive as you by my side, I would conquer every difficulty. Dora—Dora—I love you. Give me your heart—I implore it!"

The twilight deepened suddenly in the bay window in which Dora and Kimball were sitting. Both looked up, startled, and beheld Mrs. Trapeze in black velvet looking behind them like a hundred-and-twenty-gun frigate with every cannon abated.

"Get up, Mr. Kimball," she said in a tone of suppressed rage to Halbert, who in his earnestness had knelt, "I do not permit my drawing-room to be converted into a theatre for domestic melodrama, though it must be confessed that this little adventures here is a consummate actress."

"Madam," began Dora, her face paling with indignation at this insult.

"Mine Dora, I do intend to have any words with you. You have betrayed my confidence; you have abused my bounty. You shall leave my house this instant."

"As you please, madam," said Dora, proudly, but with a burning heart.

"Good God! Mrs. Trapeze, not to-night," cried Kimball, in a tone of consternation, "she is not to blame; you must let me explain. There are five feet of snow on the ground."

"This moment," repeated Mrs. Trapeze, coldly; "my house affords no shelter for female who sin, and call it misfortune."

Kimball was for a moment stunned by this brutal appeal, but only for a moment.

"Then I leave it, too, madam," he cried; "leave it for ever. As for your insinuations with regard to this young lady, they are false, and unworthy of even a soul as mean as yours. Beware, madam, of insult a lady whom I intend to make my wife."

No one saw the white figure flitting from the room. No one heard the agonised sob that burst on the threshold of the drawing-room. No one heard the hall-door close softly, or saw the delicate feet sinking in the cold snow.

No one will prevent your departure, Mr. Halbert Kimball. The only thing I trust I beg of you to remember, that when you grow tired of that girl, there is no admission for you ever again."

"Come, Dora!" cried Halbert, not caring to trust himself to a reply. "Come with me. No father ever watched over you more secretly than



Rosamond's Bower?" Here he indicated as much forest with his arm as would have been a few thousands of the Bower in question.

"Oh, I perceive, he's gone tracking deer, or something of that sort," said I, immensely relieved by Jack's manner. There was a slight pause. My fears returned; I felt there was something wrong.

"Well," said Jack, "I'll tell you; I don't see why there must be some boat here. You were quite right about that Olier—your son. He's a good-for-nothing fellow, and quite coolly refused this afternoon to paddle me, when I wanted to go down the river a bit further than usual."

"And you?"

"I ran the canoe upon a yard of bank—whether an island or not, I cannot tell—gave the leonine rascal a good bastinado with the paddle, and set him ashore."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed with horror, "don't you know, Jack—haven't you sense enough to understand—that these Indian fellows are vindictive to the last degree—that they will never forgive or forget a blow?"

"Pooh!" said he, getting up quite merrily, and marching homewards, saying over his shoulder,—"Oh, you don't bother yourself! Olier will be down on his marrow-bones to-morrow—see if he isn't! Besides, I own him half a dollar."

To-morrow came, unfruitful with the half-breed's submission. The story got abroad among the huts, and the old settlers, who knew their man, shook their heads ominously, and boded no good to my impulsive brother. However, two days passed harmlessly, during which Jack and I fished and shot together. Olier had not reappeared, and I began to breathe more freely. Doubtless he had left the district. He was an unsettled fellow, and he owned no property or tie in the village to tempt his stay.

Twenty miles below the village the dark Scoug whitens into rapids, and is hurried with gigantic power over a lofty precipice. I had often wished to see the falls, but it had been hitherto impossible to accomplish the distance by my single arm. At last my wish was to be gratified. A shooting party was made up by some of the villagers, and, at my urgent request, I was included. The arrangement was to spend a night at the falls, camping out on the bank, and return on the following day. Instead of canoes, we were to sail down in a large flat-bottomed boat, termed, in Canadian parlance, a scow. Strange to say, Jack did not care about going, saying that he would enjoy himself more in his own canoe; and, as we were already crowded for room, we did not press him to change his resolution.

Our expedition had little in it noteworthy. The river, for over twenty miles sail, remained the same monotonous, melancholy Scoug, never varying for the space of a hand. Not a vestige of clearance was there between our village and the falls—not a glimpse of bank. The wood-lined waters like a wall, and, save the wild game, no one ever tried to force a way through their close-knit ranks, woofed at the base by a tangle of unwholesome verdure. This aspect I had stern reason for remembering. Too only bright thing was the patch of cloudless blue sky seen at the extremity of the long reach of wood and water. Over all brooded the intensest silence. No bird trilled us a single song; all was still save the lugubrious woodpecker, which, perched on a rotten tree, hammered its hollow sides with its beak—tap, tap, tap!—a most unceremonious sound.

We had seen the stupendous falls in their lonely majesty, and we were steering homeward in our scow. As we neared the village again, distant only some five or six miles, the sun was sinking behind the tree-horizon. A slight blue haze baled the long reach of wood and water, in ineffable softness and beauty. We voyaged on a liquid field of cloth of gold. But ever and

again, marring my intense perception of its loveliness, came the ghastly tap, tap, tap, of the woodpecker. I could not resist a chilly sensation of horror as I listened to the morbid cadence, echoing through the solitude. It sounded like a coffin-maker hammering at his dismal task. A relief suggested itself. Some of my companions were French Canadians, and the evening before had cheered our bivouac with some gay *offices* of sunny France. I asked them of their story, but said nothing about the woodpecker, whose note I wished them to drown. A strong chorus soon vanquished the bird of ill-omen, and rang to the vaulted river. I recollect the strain well; it was a favorite *coucou*'s duty, sung to the dash of oar, and began:

"Mon jolly canot blanc,  
Ramez, ramez, ramez."

Suddenly the song lulled, and again I shuddered, as I heard the reverberating tap, tap, of my ominous bird about me in a peculiar air. My companions had ceased rowing, and I, called my attention to a canoe, which was floating down the river a few yards ahead of us. They thought it was a break-loose, and stood by to strike a boat-hook into it, with the prospect of a reward from the owner up at the village. It came dropped down to us, and, being the note of that ghastly woodpecker, tapping against our skull. There was a stifled cry of horror from the settler at the bow; and as we crowded forward to see what was the matter, another cried out at the awful tale of blood: "Here, young fellow, and your brother—staked by Olier, as sure's there's death in a rifle ball!"

It was an awful end! My poor brother lay bent over his life paddle in the canoe weltering in his heart's blood. An avenging bullet had passed through his heart. Stalked by Olier! Fendish thought that was the work of any brother's blood rested on thy head! I shall not now detail the agonies of that Indian summer. Through all my grief ran the thought of an exterminating vengeance. Vengeance! nay, justice! I sought what had been law since the world began—blood for blood. It was in vain that those early legal and judicial maxims in Canada to seek for a rigorous pursuit from the dispensers of legal justice, the criminal executive might be willing, but their arm was weak. Retribution, in the trackless wild of wood and water where I dwelt, could proceed only from my own steady purpose and solitary endeavor.

I could depend but for small aid on the settlers. Some of them, indeed, cursed the foul murder in *unintended* speech; but others, again, imputed little crime to the blood-stained reekin, and even went as far as to justify his speaking code of vengeance. Olier had led the district, but a certain instinct told me he would ere long come back again. Likely enough, he would suppose I could not long remain in a place where such hateful memories clung, and that he might then safely venture back. I waited my time. Safe he was in the tangled thickets; but, to the end, no covert under heaven would preserve him unharmed from my wrath.

Winter set in hard, white, and cold. The river Scoug was a level road of ice; the trees were choked up with snow, and on each side of the ice-bound river the forests towered like massive cliffs of drifted rock. No path could be forced into the recesses of the forest below our village. Scarcely had winter settled down for his unobtrusive reign than I heard whisperings that the villain half-breed was again hovering on the outskirts of the settlement. It was told me that he was lying in a kind of ruse about the village, and, also, that he had more than once come to the very dwellings of the settlers, by night, to visit his friends, and obtain various articles for his camp. I knew it would be vain to attempt to track him to his wigwag, or at all events, to surprise him; his wiles were much too deep to admit of such a possibility. But I knew a wild joy trembled through my being, when I

heard he came by night to the village. A terrible scheme of vengeance swept across my soul; and I felt, no power but the Swedish spirit, that the doom of the half-breed was sealed, and that I was to be his unrelenting executioner.

I have said that the river, below our settlement, was bordered by an impenetrable forest, without symptom of clearing or the abode of man. The drifted snow, lying in deep masses on each side of the river, up even to the tops of the trees, rendered this impenetrability still more appalling and stubborn. The forest which lined the ice-bound Scoug supported a solid wall of frozen snow. For twenty miles the river, with its wooded banks, was nothing more or less than a funnel of ice and snow.

Night after night I lay concealed at the bluff, awaiting the murderer. I was armed with pistols, and wore skates. Skating was an amusement in which I had excelled when a schoolboy, and facility in the art was of the last importance to my scheme of retribution. At length he came. It was an exquisite night. The white expanse around sparkled in the shew of a young Canadian moon, which sailed calmly through a cloudless sky. I could have shot the villain as he skated by me within fifty yards, but I would not risk the chance, and, besides, my vengeance cried for a stern deed than done by the pistol. No sooner was he past my hiding-place than, with a shout of exultation, I started on his track. Olier awaited a moment, to see who his pursuer was, then, quick as lightning, tried to double up the river again. But I had anticipated this, and with a soaked pistol in either hand I barred his passage. With a curse he turned and sped swiftly down the ice.

And now the race of life began. Mile after mile we swept along in silence. An awful, portentous silence it was, through which nothing broke but the soft hiss of the wind as it swept and cutting its way over the impenetrable Scoug. The moon lit me nobly to my vengeance. He could not escape me, for I found with a savage glee that I was a match for the swift-footed Indian. Olier soon became aware of this, too, for, now and again, he would creep close to the woods, looking as if for an opportunity to escape; but was but one out from this walled-in river, and that was over the falls!

Faster and faster yet we skated toward the catastrophe. It could not be far off. I pictured to myself what Olier's thoughts might be. Did he know whither he was rushing? Had he not a right to fly to flash on his guilty mind? The half-breed made answer to my thought. I saw him in the pale shimmer start convulsively, and throw his arms in the air; but he dared not stop, and on he dashed again with a yell of despair, which echoed weird like up the frozen channel. Another and another came to my eye, and I knew what had caused that cry of agony to burst from Olier; it was the dull throry of the falls! We were nearing them fast. Still the walls of snow shut in my victim, and every moment lessened his frail hope of escape. One chance was left him—to distance me, and escape somewhere in the forest from my scrutiny. I saw hope the wings of the bird could scarce have saved him.

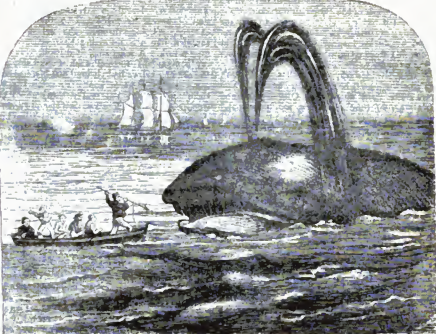
However, and louder grew the noise of the waters. If I thanked the Almighty in frantic prayer that the murderer was delivered into my hand, I hardly trust that it is forgiven me now. Even the time I had first started on Olier's track we had maintained exactly the same distance between us—perhaps about a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards. I still grasped my loaded pistols, ready for any stratagem on the part of the murderer.

And now the crash of the falls came loud and ominous on the ear. Another five minutes would decide the hunt. Suddenly Olier turned and stood at bay. He was not armed; I had felt certain of that all along, for otherwise he would have measured strength with his sword. Without being aware that I skated down upon him, he, looking a levelled pistol in each hand, still

my purpose was as fixed as ever only to shoot the villain as a last resource. When I was within twenty yards of him the coward faltered, and again turned swiftly down the river. With a yelling laugh I pursued him, pressing still more closely on his track.

Defeating was the roar of the cataract; high into the pale sky ascended the mist of its spray, through which the splintered lines of the moonlight darted in rainbow tinted beauty. I could see directly in front the jagged line of the ice, where it was broken by the rapids immediately above the cataract; and beyond I could trace the dark volume of the Scugog, as it emerged from its prison of snow and ice. For an instant the half-breed turned his face towards me, as I pressed with concentrated hate on his footsteps; never shall I forget the horrible despair that distorted the villain's features. It was a mercy that the sullen roar of the falls drowned his curses—I knew he was shrieking curses on me—for they would have haunted me in after years.

With the courage that is begotten of the darkest despair, he dashed on to the brink of the rapids, and the next moment I was alone on the ice. I gazed with stern joy on the dark flood which had seized in its resistless hands the shedder of blood, and was hurrying him over the falls. For a moment I thought I could perceive the murderer struggling in the eddies; but the illusion, if it was one, could live only for an instant. The cataract was within pistol-shot, and, as I turned up the dreary wilderness of ice and snow, I knew that the doom of the guilty ogster had been fulfilled.



SPOTTED BOB.

## SPOTTED BOB. A FORECASTLE YARN.

BY DR. C. COMPTON SMITH.

PROLIFIC as the land is in the wonderful creations of vegetable, animal, reptile, and insect life, it is perhaps less so than the vast oceans that spread their waters over more than two-thirds of the surface of our globe. Not only in number, but in variety, the productions of the sea excel those of the land; and the huge monsters that revel amid its stormy waves, differ as much in size and character from the largest land animals as do the mass of waters in proportion to the area of the dry land.

The carves and caracens of the mighty sea are rich in untold treasures of what the ancients—of sunken argosies, and their freight of gold and jewels, which have been accumulating in pile and rift since the early dawn of navigation, when the first white sail was spread cautiously to the summer breeze; and in the coral chambers of the Indian seas are myriads of rare and beautiful creations, that live in disorder upon the tessellated floors. Shells, out rivaling in brilliancy of coloring the brightest tints of flowers, or even the sun-illuminated clouds of evening, varieties of which have never yet been gazed upon by human eyes, are strewn profusely and unappreciated upon the sands of the lowest depths. Vast forests of submarine trees and plants, among the branches of which innumerable living creatures sport and hare their homes, find root upon the strange formations that make the foundations of the great deep, and draw their sustenance from the superabundant waves; and flowers and fruits more beautiful and delicate in texture than those that blossom and ripen beneath the skies of tropic isles, bud and grow far down in the green light that illumines the recesses of the old ocean.

The sea has its mountains and valleys, its hills and plains, all animate with its creatures like the land; and in its jungles prowl voracious monsters, ever lying in wait for game; while the leviathan propels his huge bulk from zone to zone, making his home alike in the tepid waters of the Sea of Sargasso, and among the icebergs of the polar seas. In short, wherever the storm-

winds toss the briny waves, and where the enterprise of man has ventured upon the deep, there breaks to the surface the vast glittering form of this king of aquatic monsters—the mightiest of all living, breathing creatures, and of all game that little man pursues with destructive eagerness, the most sublime.

The ranging ground of the sperm whale has been the scene of many exciting stories; and the yarns that have been spun in the forecastle, in which he has been the hero, might fill many a volume of rare interest. The hunters of this oceanic monster can tell of as many desperate encounters with him, and as many hair-breadth escapes as were ever listened to around the campfire of the western pioneer, when some veteran hunter of the grisly bear of the Rocky Mountains holds forth to their wondering cars.

Sailors, ever a simple-hearted and honest race, from the peculiar life they lead, being free from the deceptions and falsehoods of life on shore, are naturally credulous. Jack believes with as implicit trust in the existence of mermaids and mermaids, the great Kraken, and the sea serpent, as a young girl does in the perfections of her first lover. In short, to doubt the real existence of either of those fabulous creatures of the deep, would argue great ignorance, if it did not expose you to his contempt. I well remember how, on one occasion, I was brought to, as Jack termed it, on a faint bow-line, for presuming to question one of these old legends of the forecastle, in which his snakeship was made to figure largely as the hero.

"Maybe, sir," said the old salt who had been telling the story, "you may think it all a lie—the yarn I've just spun. Perhaps you imagine the entire ocean is like that desolate region, well known to all sailors, that lies between the fifth and sixteenth deg. of south latitude, and stretches half way between the west coast of South America and New Zealand, in which no living creature has ever been seen, in either sea or air. But you're a landsman, sir, and can't be expected to know much of what you have never seen. Blame my eyes, if I think you even believe in Spotted Bob! though there's not a chisp as ever passed the Horn but has seen him."

"Spotted Bob!" I repeated. "Indeed, Jack,

I must plead ignorance in this case also, but I will not entire incredulity as to his existence. But I must acknowledge that I never so much as heard the name of the gentleman before."

"I thought as much," replied the sailor, as he shrugged his shoulders, and winked at his comrades with an expression of contempt for so much downright and incurable ignorance. "I thought as much, sir. But, by my soul, sir, there ain't a cabin boy so high, as has ever made a run across the line, but can teach you your A B C's of sea matters."

"I admit it, Jack," I replied, good-naturedly. "I am wofully behind the light-house. But will you not enlighten my ignorance, and tell me who Spotted Bob is?"

"Well, sir, I can't say as I've the least objection, if you'll take a seat alongside—here, on the windlass, sir." And the old tar hitched up his canvass trousers, and, taking a fresh quid, commenced:

"Spotted Bob, sir, as I just said, is well known to every sailor that ever made a voyage round the Horn. I remember the first time I ever seed him. I was but a lad then, and on my first voyage, on board of a Newport whaler. We were to the north'ard of the Falkland Islands, running with a stiff breeze on the starboard tack. I was in the mistop, on the look-out, for we were now on the winning ground, and away to the leeward, as I changed to range my eyes over that quarter of the horizon, I noticed a smooth patch of water, as if a blubber horse had just breached and gone down again. I kept my eye in that direction, and presently the fellow made his appearance, spouting the salt water over his shining back, like a thunder storm up in the doldrums."

"There she blows!" I shouted to the deck; and in no time two boats were lowered from the cranes alongside, and filled with men, wide awake for the chase.

"I was ordered into the leading boat, with the skipper, and away we pulled right before the wind. 'Away my hearties, with a will!' shouted the 'old man,' for this fellow yonder is good for seventy barrels, if a single pint. Away, my bullics!' and we sprang to our oars with all our might."

"When I first discovered the whale from the mast-head, his head was turned low-ward, and when he breasted again his fluke was still towards us. He stayed but a moment or two at the surface, and then went down again. But our skipper knew to a second how long he would be sounding, and still stretched away to the spot where he would be likely to breach once more.

"At length he came to the surface, not ten fathoms off. The skipper was standing in the bow, with the iron in his hand, balancing it for a throw. At that instant, however, the whale turned suddenly head to—and, blast my timbers! if I ever see so much mischief expressed as was seen in them eyes! Besides, the blundering creature carried, on each side of his ugly head, two great white spots, that glinted like Magellan snow-banks above his fierce little eyes.

"Starn all! starn all! for your lives, boys!" cried the skipper, as he dropped the iron from his hand and turned towards us. "Starn all! we've caught a Tartar, my boys! don't you see—it's that unlucky devil, Spotted Bob!"

"As we reached the vessel, I heard the skipper direct the mate to get everything snug for a gale of wind.

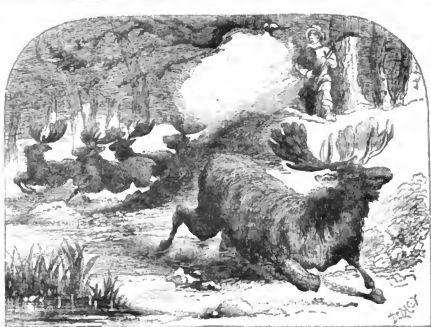
"Aye, aye, sir," replied the officer. "I discovered him from the deck as soon as you did, sir. I knew it was Spotted Bob. We'll have a precious stormy time getting round the Horn, I'm sure of that, sir; but what can't be cured must be endured."

"And, sure enough, the mate was right. In less than two hours after we had hoisted up before the mate, we were scudding under bare poles before a perfect hurricane, which continued for nearly a week; and it was more than three months before we were running up into the Pacific. Well, sir, the upshot of it was, that we lost our fish for six months more; nor until we had run down to Valparaiso, and entirely refitted, and all on account of that unlucky fish, Spotted Bob! If we had let him alone, it would have been well enough; but the blubber hunter, as is foisted into lowering a boat for him, 'll be likely to go home again without a stain if he about him; if so be she is so lucky as to reach home at all. Spotted Bob, sir, is the Flying Dutchman of them latitudes. But if you let him alone, there's but little, if any, harm in him. He's a rum customer, you'd better believe."

"Well, sir, my second voyage was out of Nantucket, on board the whale-ship *Neptune*; and it was my misfortune to fall in again with Spotted Bob. It happened in this way: We had made a short run round the Horn, without encountering any difficulty from the weather—the skipper said he never ran so fine a run—and had worked our way well up into the whaling ground of the Pacific, when, one day, just as we had finished outting in the blubber of a huge old sperm, the man in the fore-boat cried out: '*there she blows!*'—and pointed off towards leeward. The mate ran to the main rigging and looked out in the direction, and as he came down, I heard him tell the skipper that a single whale had broken water there. The boats were already in the water, and the men, eager for the sport, were at their stations, when the first officer took the lead of the leading boat, and giving the order, 'lay out, boys!' sped rapidly away from the ship.

"My post was at the bow of the stern boat, but we kept so close after the mate's boat that we could hear every word that was said by the men in her. The whale was not far off; and after a snug pull of a few minutes, we sighted him. In the leading boat was an old white-headed sailor, named Sims, who had followed whaling all his life; he would have been boat-steerer but for an injury he had met with in an affair with a sperm whale a few years before, which disabled him from pulling the harpoon. As we neared the chase I heard Sims say to the mate:

"'Mr. Browning, I don't exactly like the looks of that 'ere fellow, sir!'



ELK HUNT.—See Page 266.

"'Why not, Sims?' The whale, a large one, was heading slowly away from us. 'Don't you see he already shows the white feathers?' said the officer.

"'I ain't from fear of us,' replied the old man; 'for I'm greatly mistaken, sir, if that old customer is anything less than Spotted Bob himself. I think I ought to know his fluke, sir.'

"'Spotted Bob! Who erer heard of that fish being away on bareboats?' Be lively, my lad, we'll soon give him the taste of cold iron!"

"But the last words were hardly out of his lips when the whale turned his huge bulk in the sea; and there, sure enough, glinted them two great white spots I had seen before on my first voyage.

"The cry of '*Spotted Bob!*' was uttered simultaneously by both boats' crews, and without waiting for orders, every man threw himself forward upon his oar, while the tough ash flashed rapidly through the water, as the boats flew away from the dangerous spot.

"But we had not made a dozen boat's lengths to windward when, lashing the sea with his great fluke till it boiled like a pot, and with his drenching splash he rode under them great white spots, the brute made a dash at the mate's boat, with his great jaws opened like the gates of destruction, as I've heard the long coats on shore tell about. The officer saw what was coming in his wake,—he was a brave young man, and cool as a Greenland iceberg when there was danger about, if he was a little self-willed and head-strong at times; and catching up the harpoon, shouted to the men to 'pull for their lives'; but what was the use of laying out all the strength of their little muscles, when Spotted Bob was coming up astern of 'em! The oars boat, and the boats flying leaped out of the water at every stroke; but it was in vain—the mad devil managed the water white with foam about him, while his fierce, burning eyes flashed out a light that made them white spots above 'em shine like the binnacle lamps in a stormy night, was up to them in no time. His jaw, full of great white ivory, was just upon the gunnel of the boat, when the mate roared out:

"'Overboard with you, every man of you! jump for your lives!' and balancing the heavy iron for an instant in his hand, he cast it with

all his might into the great red throat of the furious monster.

"The whale snapped his huge jaws together, and snarling with the pain, he showed his bloody maw for a moment. But it was only for a moment, for before the men could obey the mate's order and leap into the sea, the brute caught the boat in his jaws and crushed it as if it were a sea-gull's egg. The poor mate was ground to pulp before he knew what hurt him; but Sims had struck the water uninjured, with the rest of the boat's crew, and was making for our boat, for we had laid to for them. But Spotted Bob dashed in among them, and, as if singing out the old whaleman from the others, sucked him into his bloody mouth."

"For a moment we could hear the poor fellow's screams, as he stretched out his arms imploringly towards us; the next instant, throwing up a jet of water upon us that filled our boat almost to sinking, Spotted Bob threw his great black fluke high up in the air, and sank into the depth of the ocean—he had tasted blood and was satisfied."

"Well, sir, we reached the ship in safety, but in less than twelve hours we had scarcely a spar standing on the old *Neptune*. One of them South Sea squalls, like nothing else in the world but their namesakes in the Indian Ocean, they call typhoons, had struck us; and, after rigging jury masts, we were five months reaching a port where we could rest. But the upshot of it was, sir, we never took another barrel of oil that voyage. So much for Spotted Bob's again, and the demon's own luck he always brought along with him."

"Then two, sir, is all the whaling voyage I ever made; for after that I concluded that I would give Spotted Bob a wide berth. I've been in the merchant's service ever since, with the exception of a five-year's cruise in the navy; and in that time have had many a sight of that infernal blubber horse, which was sure to be followed with a gale of wind, or some other unlucky event, such as springing a mast, carrying away a spar, or the death of a shipmate, or some such misfortune."

"I remember once, after lying in the harbor of Rio for a few weeks, and running to the southward, I was aloft one day letting out reefs from the main top gallant 'sill, when away off to leeward I saw a whale break water. I thought I



knew the rig of his duke, and told my messmates they might look out for breakers ahead, for I was certain it was that blasted Spotted Bob.

"Sure enough, sir, in less than three days the doctor's berth was full of men sick with yellow Jack, and before we reached the cold weather of the Horn, we had said good-bye to more than a score of the boys, as we lowered them over the side in their shotted jackets. There, sir, was Spotted Bob for you again."

"But Jack," said I to the old man when he had concluded his story, "I presume before this season of those terrible fishermen of Nantucket or New Bedford have done up the business of whaling so completely that they have turned over Spotted Bob into barrels of oil?"

"No, sir, no," answered Jack, "I tell you that 'he iron ore' is not yet forced in the mine that will the harpoon that will strike home into that infernal monster. He is Satan's own admiral of the seas—iron can't hurt him, and nothing short of God's thunderbolt will ever fadge Spotted Bob."

## WILD LIFE IN OREGON.

BY WILLIAM V. WELLS.

(Concluded.)

As Indian dance or merry-making have been announced near the bay, the white mobile population turned out to "see-it" at it. Entering an open space in the woods about midnight, we found about thirty braves and squaws around an immense fire of pine logs, the flames from which lit up their grotesque accoutrements and hideously painted faces while the surrounding forest, echoing their monotonous chants, was dimly illumined with the red glare. For a space of twenty-yards around the fire the scene was a blaze of light, but from that point the woods receded into an impenetrable gloom. We, dismounted, and, fastening our horses to the lines of the wagons among them, here an old squaw, whose leather hide, naked from the waist up, lay like the folds of oiled parchment over her attenuated form, sat rocking herself to and fro, mumbling an indescribable jargon. She was stone blind. There a few of young ones, tattooed and bedaubed beyond all description, joined their voices to a jumping, jolting dance, hand in hand, back and forth, toward and away from the fire. Beyond were seated, as near the flames as the heat would allow, a row of Indians all fantastically dressed, beating time to the chant with sticks, which they held crossways in their hands, and at given signals rattled nervously together.

Several old chiefs seemed to act as leaders in the festivities, and at their signal a wild unearthly yell arose, which, but for the presence of my companions, I might easily have construed into war-whoop. All were in motion; rocking, dancing, jumping, or stepping, in uncouth gait, to the time of the music or chant. Perspiration flowed in streams, and the decidedly careless display of female animated nature would have driven less interested, and perhaps more scrupulous, spectators than ourselves from the scene. The flames roared their chorus with the hideous noise of these creatures, it seemed like a dance of fiends incarnate in some oriole of Pandemonium. Hanging up in elongated wicker-baskets, so closely woven as to be waterproof, were some downy paposes, strewn to the straight back of some portable cradles, and nothing but the head of the little limbs visible from among the fire and dirt.

An Indian burial is scarcely a less remarkable scene. Formerly the body was buried, and the wife of the corpse killed and interred with the body. This, and many other like horrible practices, have been almost abolished by the settlers. When one of the community begins to show signs of dissolution (which is usually hastened by the sweating or other sanitary process to which the sick are submitted), the whole tribe commences a terrible outcry,

which generally lasts through the dying agony of the sufferer. The body is then stretched upon the ground and sprinkled with sand and the ashes of seaweed or kelp. The legs are forcibly doubled up towards the head, and the ankles tied as closely as the rigidity of the corpse will permit to the neck. The relatives of the deceased then gather about and place the hair upon the body, thus rolled into a heap—together with some shells and nutritive roots for the dead to subsist upon. The body is then lowered into the grave, which is made of a length to accommodate the whole of the body, and the refuse has been submitted. The earth being thrown in, the whole tribe jump alternately upon it until the ground becomes quite solid. The baskets, clothing, spears, and all personal property, is formed into a heap, packed upon the grave, and covered securely with sticks and stones. With a chief, the ceremonies are more impressive and lengthy.

The wolf of Southern Oregon is the fiercest animal—not even excepting the bear—to be found in the country. These prowling fellows, when driven to extremities, will approach a herd of cattle, and a band of three or four spring upon them, and in a short time completely devour the victim. The white wolf, which is considered the most dangerous, is about five feet in length, and nearly as high as a yearling calf. The strength and ferocity of this beast is wonderful, and a mortal struggle has occurred between it and a small white wolf and the hunter. On two occasions, while at Coos Bay, we heard of the depredations of wolves, and joining parties to start in chase, were disappointed by the incredible cunning which seems to guide them from all pursuit. Once a party of four left Empire City, in a small red boat, for Wapinitia Creek, in the upper part of the coast of the bay, where two large wolves had been seen for several days.

With plenty of provisions and ammunition, we shot away from the wharf, and, giving the sail to the wind, were soon scudding "like a feather" a staggering westerly breeze, rapidly passing the wood-crowned headlands, and awakening the echoes with an occasional rifle-report, at which some doomed pelican or eagle came tumbling from their proud elevation. Arrived "at point proposed," we found a couple of friends awaiting us, and swelling our number to six. The chase lasted all night, but was unsuccessful. We had just rested ourselves under an immense pine, and had commenced an assault upon the eatables with all the earnest vigor of hungry men, when F—, one of the best hunters in the bay, suddenly sprang up and whispered "Silence!" But we could not smother admission, for already the ground began to tremble beneath us with the tread of an approaching band of elk. Quick as thought we had dispersed to a distance of two hundred yards apart, and, squatting low in the underbrush, waited some time to breathe before the slow growth of trees toward the mountains separated, and the form of a noble elk appeared, advancing proudly toward the stream we had just left. He stopped as he thrust his head from among the leaves, sniffed and stamped impatiently, and evidently saw danger; but he had already passed our most distant outpost, and to retreat was now hazardous. With daintily lifted feet and nose protruded he brushed past, and in another moment was followed by a herd, one, two, six, ten—it was impossible to count them. I had determined to await the signal of F—'s shot, and had my rifle raised, when he disappeared, the ringing of a rifle woke the forest echoes. The herd started and dashed past the ambush, while the woods resounded with fire reports in quick succession. Like light the beautiful animals vanished, but with the thundering tread of a storm of artillery. Two of the deer were cruelly plunging on the earth, and a third grievously wounded, was making a succession of agonising springs to follow in the path of his companions. Another shot brought him down; and now des-

patching the others, we felt that at least our wolf-hunt had not been in vain.

My companions had promised me a shot at an elk, but even they had not anticipated such luck. The mnt was soon pecked to the bone, and at midnight we were again in Empire City.

Marsh birds—especially the sandpiper, thrush—J— was "flushed" to duck pond, "side last." We once landed a boat with water-fowl, the result of but two hours' shooting. Starting at early dawn, we sailed rapidly toward a creek extending several miles inland from the bay, and reaching its head-waters, drifted leisurely down. The stream, some two hundred yards wide, dimly reflected in its bosom the sombre shadows of the pines and fir skirting its margin. An intense silence reigned. The cry of the sedate crane, as he stood "knee-deep" in some shallow pool, watching patiently for his prey, or the quick twir-er of a duck of blue-winged teal or mallard cutting hurriedly through the air, and settling quietly upon some reedy shore below, alone disturbed the stillness. We landed on a grassy meadow, and leaving one in the boat to follow the stream, the others occupied the space between the shore and the water. The ducks were fired with a thousand echoes through the forest, and in a moment arose ten thousand winged creatures from the "plashy brink" of creek and bayou, embracing every style of marsh bird and duck that can be mentioned. With every discharge these flights from place to place continued. At times they would settle down in our immediate vicinity, and apparently offer themselves voluntary sacrifices. Unable, owing to their low flight, to pass beyond the woods guarding the banks, they followed the line of water, and never failed to pass over the ambush below. We waited until the sun was well up, when, weary of the slaughter, we found our boat loaded with game.

The hunters in this vicinity seldom use the shot-gun, and consider such shooting as the above quite unworthy the waste of powder.

For some years past the most liberal and great preparations have been made for the observance of the time-honored anniversary. Now, in Oregon, where people reside ten miles apart, and call a man neighbor who lives half a day's journey away, it is not so easy to make up a fashionable party, for sundry reasons, as in California, or any other of the "close settlements" in New York. If a hap is to take place, weeks must be given to prepare in the "store clothes" taken out, aired, and brushed, old bonnets furnished up, horses driven in from distant pasture, and saddles made ready. Thus the nearest settlement must be applied to for a proper amount of whiskey and sugar, raisins and flour. But on the occasion above alluded to, great efforts were made to have matters go off with *feist*. Deacon L—, residing on the ocean beach, about twenty miles to the southward of Coos Bay, and near the Coos County line, was invited, and a gentleman from Southern Oregon, had appropriated some time in advance, the right to give the Christmas ball. It was to last two days and two nights. Oceans of whiskey, hills of venison and beef, no end of pies, and "such like." The ladies from Coos County were to be there, and a smaller number from the distant point of Port Orford itself engaged. To this feast did all hands look forward with earnest longing and hope. Two days beforehand the exodus for Deacon L—'s began to take place, and among the invited guests were two "Frisco chaps," E. J. H— and J. M—, and a smaller number from the coast commenced. There were gay roasting blades from Port Orford, gallants from Coos Bay, select men and distinguished individuals from all over the country, and bells from everywhere. Such a *reveler's* affair had not occurred since the settlement. Two of the best of the night and day the festivities continued, and after all the dancing, riding, drinking, singing, and laughing—and all this without sleeping, and with a determination to "never give up"—there

were baxom forms and brilliant eyes that dared us to another break-down.

I snip my fingers at all civilised Miss Nancys here-forth and for ever. Give me, for the essence of fun, and the physical ability to carry it out, a scorn-f-d, rosy-cheeked, bouncing Oregon lass, with eyes bright as the rivers that sparkle merrily on their way to the sea from those mountains, clad, mountain-side hearts like as the fresh breezes of that northern climate. I may forget the Central American excitement; sooner or later I shall have forgotten the birth of an heir to the French throne; the siege of Sebastopol may fade away, but that Oregon bell will be ever fresh in my memory.

On recovering from this, we had made up our minds to start for California; but one day, while drifting at a target—the same being a temporary nail driven half way to the head in a pine tree—a long lady M-curian informed me that a whale had drifted ashore near the Herd, and that the Indians, agreeably to their custom, had commenced devouring him.

"That's very extraordinary," said I.

"Wal, boss, replied my informant, "jest you mount and ride thar, and ef you don't see 'em eatin' that whale, there's no make-up," and his nostrils dilated with anger at my look of incredulity.

So we mounted and rode, and after an hour's ramper along a level ocean coast, a vile smell began to demonstrate the truth of at least one part of my friend's information, a distance, and forming a hillcock on the white beach, lay an unwieldy mass of something, around which we could see at least a hundred Indians hasting from place to place. We clipped spurs to the horses, and arriving at the spot, found a scene which I almost despair of depicting. The whale, which I believe was a *Macrorhynchus*, had, as is often the case on the coast, got into shallow water, and in his struggles and alarm presenting his body broadside on, had been rolled by the mighty surf high up the beach, like a cask or log of wood. He must have lain there some time, as the water was a putrid stench, such as I hope never again to inhale. The huge creature lay on his side, and the sand had already buried a portion of the carcass so as to render it immovable. The surf at high-water had broken entirely over it, but now there remained a considerable space of bare beach outside.

This space, and the ground for twenty yards around, was occupied by the Indians, who seemed to consider this some special dispensation of the Great Spirit in their behalf. A deafening roar, rising to a pitch, and then subsiding into a hiss, was the sound which they uttered with the stench. Nearly all were naked, and attacking the whale like ants. Here appeared a little, pot-bellied oldie, whose limbs seemed scarcely capable of sustaining the swelling paunch that overtopped them, staggering up the beach with an armful of putrid blubber, the oily substance trickling down over his little body in a hundred glistening streams; there a sturdy fellow with a knife, carving away as for dear life—dissecting the huge subject before him—cutting his way into the interior. Further on are two squaws, fighting for the proprietary right to a square chunk of whale skin, one of which is a cake of ice as sold in New York, the said chunk coated with sand half an inch thick, as the delicious morsel has been rolled about in the squabble. Beyond, an old creature has overburdened herself with the treasures of the deep, and, in pure child-like simplicity of soul, seated upon the jealously-guarded prize. Still another group represents the Laocoon, the father and sons being three members of a family, and the avenging serpent a long string of the unctuous blubber, under and with which they are struggling for the sake of a morsel of meat. Even the chiefs have thrown aside their dignity in the excitement of the moment, and join the general assault.

We proceeded up the beach to where some

fires were burning, near a few temporary huts. Here several women were roasting the fish, which they devoured apparently before it was well warmed through. No fire in England ever produced, in proportion, a greater noise. My companion said they would stick by the week without a plank (nautical speaking) except when, when, gurgled the marine matter, they would take to the mountains, and die of berries and young horsets. I saw the latter cooked and eaten, which is done in the following manner: A horse's, or wasp's nest, perforated, as usual, with hundreds of little cells, where the young are deposited, is obtained from the hole of some decayed tree, which is easily found. My lady squaw brings this cake, which is here nearly a foot in diameter, to the fire, and deliberately roasts the juvenile occupants of the cells alive. She concludes by turning the cake upside down, putting it briskly on the back, and wotting the baked contents, like whortleberries, as they tumble out. This is considered an excellent corrective after over-indulgence in blubber. Pike, who spoke the jargon, attempted to get into conversation with some of these Indians, but they only replied with gestures. The occasion of a whole afternoon was thus rendered so far from being a trifling success, that it was almost a momentous for frivolous discussion.

The salmon-fisheries of Oregon are yet scarcely known. Even in San Francisco, where the resources of the Pacific coast should be well understood, there seems to be but little attention given to this subject. These are two "runs" of salmon every year in all the rivers and bays of Oregon, from the Clackee to the Umpqua inclusive. But one attempt has been made in Oregon to use the seine, which was on the Rogue River. With imperfect apparatus and every disadvantage to work against, about five thousand of these fish were taken in the river in two days, with the assistance of the Indians. These were packed with refuse salt, and in so hurried a manner that the fish were not cured, and hence the statement, believed by many intelligent persons, that salmon cannot be salted on the Pacific coast owing to the want of a sufficient number of barrels. I am, however, with a better knowledge of affairs, have already sent two full cargoes from Vancouver's Island to China, for the salmon are found as far northern as the Russian possessions. To see from the chief article of food for the Indians in Coos Bay as well as on the entire coast, and their method of catching them with hooks and spears is often an interesting spectacle.

I had intimated to my friend, Mr. Rogers, my desire to witness a torchlight salmon excursion, and with his usual courtesy he organised an expedition, of which my species of curiosity was collected at a point a mile below E-prise City and were nearly one entire day making their preparations. The canoes were first cleaned out and furnished with a herbed spear of wood tipped with iron or glass. A pile of pitch-pine knots were placed in each, and other arrangements made the nature of which I did not understand. Determined to see the whole performance, I embarked in a frail affair—a species of dug-out—having for my crew an old squaw, whose bleared eyes and skinny, wrinkled hidecousness, illumined with the glare of the torch she had stuck in the hollow of her ear, reminded me of the goblin of some folk witch from regions damned. But I soon found that my female Charon was not to be deflected, for she led her paddle with the dexterity of a—forgoat I know—century's experience. We did not proceed a little bend in the bay where the dead salmon, regaled, and so spoils of the moment. The reason was simple enough. Each canoe contained two persons, a squaw squatting in the stern to take the fish from the spear and replenish the fire; and an Indian, who, from the boss, darted his weapon with absolute certainty at the fish. The light of the fire seemed to draw the attraction for the fishy denizens of the bay; for as the lake passed along the surface of the water, they would dart upward toward it and become the sure prey of the spearman. In a

trio, the drumming of captured salmon was heard from a dozen boats, and my crew became so excited that they had nearly thrown me out of the cockle-shell in gesticulating and screaming to her grandson, who was not displaying any remarkable dexterity on that night. The cold was severe, my hands and feet were soon numbened, and yet they apparently showed no old nature, almost naked, and yet signs of suffering.

The scene was one of the most remarkable I ever witnessed, and but for the cold would have been superb. At my request the squaw paddled me alongside a canoe, the proprietor of which lent me his spear; but though he pointed out dozens of fish, I could not get within three feet, long, my unpractised hand met with no success.

In an hour the novelty of the thing had passed, and I gave the signal to return. There were about five hundred fish taken in that time. Another method is to use the common fishhook. The fleet of canoes start for some favorable locality where the high of the land leaves the water free from the action of the current, and the surface is speedily covered with dozens of little rick, on each of which are wound about ten yards of line. These are generally fixed to a dozen hooks attached to the end, which are allowed to hang from ten to twelve feet below the surface, being suspended at that gauge by a float. The salmon hit greedily at the bait, and swim away, unwinding the line as they go. The reel spins around with great velocity, which is the signal for the proprietor to haul it up, haul in the captive, and administer a stunning stop on the head with a small sick provided for the purpose. There are often a dozen canoes engaged on one fishery—all gliding swiftly about, and more than half a dozen are generally fixed to the line. The salmon are, beyond comparison, the most delicious in the world, even surpassing the famous ones taken in the Sacramento River in California.

The old deposits of Coos Bay should be the subject of a separate article, and require more space than could be devoted to them in the limits of these pages. A report, recently published by myself in San Francisco, contains the outlines of what will doubtless become hereafter widely discussed. That the importation of coal to California via Cape Horn, from Europe and the Eastern states, must eventually cease, few who are acquainted with the facts will deny. A space of country about the size of Rhode Island is a solid bed of coal, outcropping wherever a raio or break occurs. The veins are from six to ten feet thick. The coal has been repeatedly and satisfactorily tested, and produces the same results as steamship purposes. It is in quality not unlike the Scotch channel, but lighter, and when unmined with foreign substance, burns to clear red ashes. But these are only a few of the boundless treasures of the unexplored regions of the Pacific, and which, as the old-time population, are destined to teach the inhabitants of the extreme West to rely on their own resources. California and Oregon produce nearly every article necessary to the comfort and subsistence of man, and it needs but the construction of the great avenue of population—the national railroad—to bring the riches of the West to the centres of business and wealth. Shall we live to see it built?

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**THE INDEX** for Vol. I. of the "Scrap Book" contains a list of 2,400 names of persons who have been advertised for. Price 2d.

## A TRUE STORY.

A YANKEE sailor, who had been roving around the world for several years, on returning to his home, was constantly and annoyingly lionised on account of his having had "personal relations" with cannibals, anacondas, whales, sharks, elephants, tigers, pirates, and other creatures which inspire the untravelled mind with terror. He hated, above all things, to "spin yarns," but still he was constantly beset to do so. Being at a party one evening, he was, as usual, importuned to "spin them a yarn," and finally, at the request of his father, he related the following harrowing tale, the circumstances mentioned in which he saw with his own eyes.

"As one of the Panama steamers was leaving the harbor of Havana, a beautiful widow lady named Howard was standing by the gunwale, on which her son, a little boy some four years old, was sitting, playing on a sugar flagolet, which his fond mother had purchased for him, in port, of an ingenious Spanish confectioner. The child was greatly delighted with the toy, and held it vigorously; while Mrs. Howard seemed to enjoy the little fellow's delight as much as he enjoyed the flagolet. The transcendent beauty of the mother and the angelic loveliness of the child riveted every eye that observed them, and various were the speculations advanced as to their history. After some time a sailor shouted, 'A shark!—a shark!' and everybody crowded to see the huge creature that was swimming alongside the vessel. As the passengers were remarking upon the appearance of the shark, a shriek was suddenly heard—then a splash; and quick as lightning the ravenous monster darted upon his prey.

"Little Tommy Howard had fallen from the gunwale, and the widowed mother was now childless.

"Mrs. Howard, who had fainted, was carried below, in a state of insensibility.

"The shark still swam by the vessel's side. Some of the men determined, if possible, to rescue little Tommy's death; and baiting a huge hook with a piece of shark, they cast it overboard. Almost immediately the shark swallowed it; and fifty talwart arms pulled lustily at the stout rope. He was an immense monster, and struggled violently. As soon as his nose was pulled well out of the water, a number of Californians began to practice pistol-shooting at his eyes. The whale soon took a quietus upon him, and he was hauled, lifelike and limp, on board. When his huge bulk had been stretched along the deck, it was proposed that he should be opened, and the remains of the boy taken from his stomach and given Christian burial. The proposition was immediately acted upon, and soon the carcass was laid open; when, to the utter astonishment of everybody, the boy was found snugly seated between a couple of the monster's ribs, STILL PLAYS HIS FLAGOLET!"

The young sailor has not been annoyed, since that evening, by requests to "spin a yarn."

## DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A YANKEE travelling in the Western States stopped at an inn for the night. He saw his horse well lodged in a barn, and then entered the house, where he found a party of Southern chaps assembled on their return from a horse-race.

In the morning, on preparing to mount his horse to start on his journey, the Yankee found him too lean to go; any further. The Southerners said this in the yard, where they were preparing to mount some of their fine race-horses.

Says one of the Southerners to the Yankee: "My friend, we have heard much of Yankee wit and tricks; do show us a trick before you leave us."

The Yankee attempted to assure them that he was not witty, nor had he any tricks, but in vain. Whereupon he says:

"Well, gentlemen, if you insist upon it, I will show you a trick. Let any of you start as he please, and I will bet you my horse that I will run and jump up behind."

"Done," cried several voices at once. One rider set forward at speed. He found no Yankee on the horse behind him. He stopped to claim the bet, but then discovered that the Yankee had run after him, on his starting for a few rods, and afterwards continued jumping up in the air. He was jumping up behind. It was decided that the Yankee won the bet.

"What wouldst do that?" cried the mortified Southerner.

"You can't," said the Yankee. "I'll bet you my horse of that, my lad; bet me mount him. Now, start ahead!"

The Yankee mounted the horse and set forward at a steady pace; but just as the Southerner after having run forward a few rods, was about to jump up behind, to his rage he saw the Yankee face about, riding with his back to the horse's head. The Southerner looked daggers, and continued to look until the Yankee and his horse were out of sight, and he has never seen either horse or Yankee since.

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 14, 1868.

## SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

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THOUGHT the world is wide enough for every one to take a little, and there appears no reason why we jostle and make one another unhappy as we pass along, yet so it is; we are continually thwarting and crossing each other at right angles, and thus lose all memory of the temper that governed at first setting out.

## WAIT AWHILE.

Instead of being so particularly anxious to marry, as some "buxom lassies" are, it would save them a world of trouble, if they would but wait to study and be informed of the weak points of the opposite sex. Because a man happens to be good-looking, and to be attired in expensive apparel, it is no evidence that he is a man; and, besides, the devil is no fool, to be around in coarse clothes.

## THE ENDLESS REST.

There are no weary heads or weary hearts on the other side of the dark valley. The rest of heaven will be the reward for the toils of earth. The value of eternal rest will be enhanced by the troubles of time. A rest from sin; a rest from suffering; a rest from conflict; a rest from toil; a rest from sorrow. It will be undisturbed by dreams, and sometimes by alarms, but there are no troublesome dreams or alarming occurrences there. Wearied one, look away from the cause of thy present suffering, and remember there is a rest remaining for thee. A little while, and thou shalt enter into endless rest.

## FALSE PHILOSOPHY.

Those clever philosophers, the phrenologists, insist that men and women are not liable morally for their acts as any except their Maker, and that such restraints as are put upon the vicious should be of the mildest and pleasantest character. The basis of this opinion is, that the shape of the head defines, whether we will or not, the character of individuals. Thus, a rowdy, who delights in exerting his superior strength upon the bodies of those who never injured or interfered with him, is to be restrained from murder by a mild course of moral suasion. His butcher desires are to be cooled off by asperit doses of

soft-soap—or humanitarian and soothing talk. The monster is to be tamed, as Mr. Carey tames the wildest horses, by kindness. No force must be used. Homeopathic doses of imprisonment have been generally dealt out; and crime has increased allopathically, or in large doses.

## WHEN TO MARRY.

Early marriages are advocated by some moralists, and let me say by equally sagacious philosophers. Some writers maintain that, by marrying early, a man escapes many of the licentious temptations of the day, and grows up surrounded by influences that gently wean his affections from forbidden things. Others say stoutly that, by marrying late, a man will have secured all his "wild oats," and will have acquired a disgust for the heartless enjoyments of the profligate, and become admirably fitted to occupy an unswerving position as an experienced, steady, upright, head of family. Which principle is the more substantial? That is the question. Both are sound. Both are practically correct, and yet neither is faultless. It depends after all, as much upon the nature and temperament of the man himself whether, in marrying early or late, he is more likely to secure domestic happiness—for marrying young will not rescue him from outside temptations if he be of that enthusiastic disposition which is prepared to find itself captivated by every novelty he witnesses; and marrying late, if he is of a certain nature, will only render his evil habits ineradicable by winning him back to his old habits and companions, should his new life prove unsatisfactory.

## A LOOK AND A WORD.

Those are both little things—a glance shot from an eye—a motion made by the lip—that is all. But it is the meaning of the glance, the idea conveyed by the word which gives them their power; they come from the heart, and go to the heart. They have done more good in the world than gold—more evil than war and pestilence. How the mother's look or word can quiet childhood's fears and quell its passions! How dear is the first word from baby lips—how fondly treasured in the heart the last word of the beloved dead! Little things they may be, but they are mighty messengers for good or evil. They fly forth like the gentle dove, bearing blessings on the airy wings; like the raven, they brood with darkness and discover over this beautiful earth. They can pour oil upon the troubled waters and apply balm to the wounded spirit; or they can scatter firebrands, sorrow, and death. Kind words are looked upon like jewels in the breast, never to be forgotten, and perhaps to cheer by their memory a long, sad life; while words of cruelty, or of carelessness, are like a stone in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars which will be felt to the grave by their victims. Do you think there is a kinder heart which bears the mark of such a wound from you? If there is a living one which you have wounded, hasten to heal it, for life is short; to-morrow may be too late.

## DOCTORS AND PATIENTS.

Some people seem to regard medical men as a sort of tinkers, and to look upon their own systems as mere utensils, which, when damaged by overwear or abuse, can be repaired as easily and as speedily as leaky kettles. Every day we see persons overtaxing their mental and bodily powers to an extent which endangers health and life, under the belief that when they "run up," they have only to put themselves under the care of a physician to be made as good as new. And if, when they have thus deliberately violated the laws of health, and are suffering the penalty which nature exacts for such outrages, the doctor cannot afford them the relief they seek, they pronounce him incompetent.

The healthy, who would continue to enjoy the

inestimable blessing of a sound mind in a sound body," must observe the medicines and order which alone that blessing can be prolonged. And no man be fool enough to suppose that he has a brain, a physique, a constitution capable of bearing anything. When a vigorous system does collapse, the wreck is generally so utter as to be past salvage. Always, therefore, seek medical aid before the crisis comes. The strongest and the weakest are equally helpless when struck down by a deadly malediction. Above all, if you seek medical advice, follow it. It has been well said that the patient must co-operate with his physician, and must both co-operate with the laws of God in the human constitution, or it is as vain to expect health to succeed disease, as it was to pursue the chimera of the philosopher's stone or the elixir vitae.

#### BEARDS.

Every man, one would think, has an inherent right to determine whether his beard shall be shaved off or permitted to grow. And, therefore, the national creed in some countries, and fashion in others, settles the question for him. It is so now and it has been so always. The Arab tells you, as he strokes the flowing honors of his chin, that Mahomet never used the razor, and the Hebrew quotes Moses as his hirsute exemplar. The Tartars made war upon the Persians because the latter would not trim their beards and whiskers in the Tartar style, and the Roman and Greek churches waged a controversy of centuries (the dispute is not yet settled, we believe) as to whether a hairy face or a smooth one was the legitimate outward and visible emblem of inward sanctity.

In this country a majority of those who are capable of growing facial hair wear it either in the form of whiskers, moustaches, goatees, or all three. Some Napoleonize the upper lip; leaving a handle of twisted and beaudoined hair on either side, extending two or three inches beyond the corner of the mouth. Others affect the Victor Emmanuel style of moustache—a broad, thick band of fibres in which a very might be ingeniously build her nest. Then in whiskers there is the massive kind, bearded of cocker's snobs; the semi-circular sort that connect with the upper lip; and the bottled varieties which look like hairy pears. Of beards the shapes and sizes are innumerable, and it may be remarked that they are all inconvenient to persons who trifling in soup, custard, and other soft food.

As this is a free country, where every man has a right to enjoy his own hair, we shall make no invidious comparisons between the shavellers and the unshaven; but merely bless our stars that nature do not, like the Lombard women of the olden time, incline their hair to resemble a beard, or like the French women of the last century, so dispose of their curls as to give them the appearance of whiskers.

#### YANKEE NOTIONS.

ARE cooks generally victims of soup-eristion?  
COMES TO WHICH ALL PASTORAL POETS ARE  
SUBJECT—BE-EDGES.

A GOOD PLACE FOR A CHARITABLE INSTITUTION—The Pitti palace at Rome.

WHAT will Eugene say? Louis Napoleon recently paid a visit to Nancy.

WANTED TO KNOW.—When a man "dies young," what color does he die by?

A SHOEMAKER must be hard-up for air when he has to breathe his last, and die to boot.

WHAT one word would express to an Indian the act of tying him up? Ingen-u-ty.

It is a chap should mount to the top of a church steeple inside, he might be called an in-spired man.

It is a sad thing for society that the graces are more admired than grace.

His who never pays for his whiskey has always a due upon his eye.

WITHOUT the deer ladies we should be but a stagnation.

WHY is the air of Germany bad for consumptives? Because it is too tonic.

WHEN is your mother's sister bilious and not bilious at the same time? When she's anti-bilious.

THE vocalist who was seen "pitching his voice," besmudged himself with the tar he used.

Is a small boy called a "lad" is it proper to call a bigger boy a "ladder"?

Or all the Percy family, the noblest is Percy Vere (persecute); and the most cruel, Percy Cure (persecute).

WHAT precious stone does a marine with the droopy remind you of? An aque-marine, of course.

WHY is not a sleepy fellow a purchaser of lead silk? One lies in bed, and the other buys in lead.

WHY is a cup of Epson salts like the draught given to departing travellers in the olden time? Because it's a stir-up cup.

A YOUNG lady lately dismissed her beau for wearing a superfluity of beard and whiskers. She said he was entirely too hirsute to suit her.

A RAILROAD contractor recently tried to take a ride on a "train of thought," and falling off, was run over by a "passing crew."

"Oh, dear!" said a fashionable girl, when she first beheld a cucumber. "I always thought such things grew in alices."

THEY say that drives a flock of geese is quite as respectable a "quill driver" as most varieties of pen and ink.

THE profession of a clergyman is sooner learned than that of a doctor; it is much easier for most people to preach than to practice.

If a young lady would sack her lover without hurting his feelings, let her give him the sack she has on—contents included.

UPON the ocean iron is king; but whether in the shape of iron plates or cannon-balls, that's the question.

At enthusiastic chap exclaims, "If there is anything that is splendid, it is a young lady on skates by moonlight." Undoubtedly so.

MRS. ELDERSBERRY says there must be a great many children killed on battle-fields, as there are always so many small arms found after a fight.

A FRIEND wishes to know whether the chase of a cat can be more appropriately called a pursuit than the more especially when it is well known not to suit the cat?

A LADY well advanced in maidenhood at her marriage requested the choir to sing the hymn commencing—

This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not.

THE WEATHER.—"Thomes, spell weather," said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "W-e-a-t-h-e-r, weather." "Well, Thomes, you are set down," said the teacher; "I think that is the worst spell of weather we have had since Christmas."

THE EDITOR'S DESK.—An editor in Ohio thus writes to his subscribers:—"We hope our friends will overlook our irregularities for the past few weeks. We are now permanently located in the county jail, with sufficient force to insure the regular issue of our paper for the future."

ALL A ROBININ'.—What is the difference between one of Burns' sweetest songs and a cat

in a milk-house? One is Robin Adair, and the other is robbin' a dairy. [The jocular miscreant who perpetrated the above outrage on our modest town, has fled from justice in the disguise of a contraband.]

WORLD OF PURE SPIRITS.—An inveterate drunk-driver, being told that the cholera with which he was stricken was incurable, and that he would speedily be r-un-over to a world of pure spirits, replied, "Well that's a comfort, at all events, for it's very difficult to get any in this world."

NOW, WHAT IS IT?—Two children have recently been born in Troy, N. Y. The father of one of the children is brother to the other child. The mother of one of the children is sister to the other child. The father and mother of the other child are grand-father and grand-mother to the first child. Now, what relation do the children bear to each other?

SUCKING EGGS.—"You see, grandmamma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "Bless my soul," cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my younger days, we just made a hole in each end and sucked."

SMART BOY.—A poor widdle's little boy wanted a slug at school, but she couldn't afford to buy him one. The next day, sometime, in his hand, she inquired, in some surprise, "Why, Tommy, dear, where did you get that slug?" "I heard you say, when papa died," he replied, "that now he has gone we must look above when we wanted anything, so I went up and got this slug of the roof. I wish I had a frame for it!"

#### UPON A RECENT PROCLAMATION.

Old Abba a wondrous way, last his last joke  
Is, by the way the very best of us  
Him to the slaves he cannot reach no one.  
He spoke says, "Consider yourselves free."  
While some of the best have been very true  
"Slaves" you were born," says he, "and slaves you'll be!"  
Thus he will do a thing because he can't—  
But when he can perform it, says, "I haven't!"  
"Slaves" should be the very best of us  
Repugnance to what none should not, principle,  
His next attempt, the King, and Queen, can't fall—  
To be put out upon Jeff. Davis' tail.

#### "CHURCH BELLES."

Coming in couples,	Whispering softly,
Smiling as sweetly,	Heeding no avowal,
Up the long aisle,	What they go there for
Tripping so fleetly,	Is, their seductress.
Flatter of feathers,	On all around them,
Flair of dresses,	Beats; brightly,
Flair of ribbons,	Wholly none come,
Shaking of tresses,	Singing do away.
Enraving bouquets—	Pray discouraging
Enraving him,	Don't suit their whims,
Needling at neighbors,	Plain they assemble
Peering in faces;	Just the "Aims."

THE RUSH TO ARMS.—A young man in New York, lately married, fears being drafted, and advocates the passage of a law similar to that in force among the Israelites, as recorded in Deuteronomy, 20th chapter, 5th verse,—"When a man has taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he has taken." Foolish Bureaucratic! Were such a law passed, it would cause a greater rush to arms than ever.

PROVINCIAL.—"Pompey, can you tell me why it is that a man can never starve in de desert?" "Girts it up." "Well, it is on account of all de sardines in there." "Barn's good, Sam; but where do they get the ham, bread, and mustard from, eb?" "Well, you see, when Noah's Ark landed on Mount Ararat, you see, he had a son named Ham, so he settled in de wilderness, and all his descendants were bre(d) and mustered there." "Yah, yah!"

HIS DRAWERS.—The other day, a young lady stepped into a well-known establishment, and

inquired of a handsome clerk, "Sir, have you any mouse-colored ladies' gloves?" "Mouse-colored ladies, miss?" "Yes—a sort of grey—just the color of your drawers," meaning the store drawers, which were painted grey. "My drawers, miss," ejaculated the young man, glancing down at his dress to see if everything was right and tight. "My drawers, miss! Why I don't wear any!"

**ITEMS FROM AN EXCHANGER.**—Fashionable arrivals.—Hon. John L. Dale, on a mule, Capt. R. O. Eden, on a visit, and several reefs' crews "on a bust." "The Editor" is about, the "foreman" has the toothache, the "devil" is drunk, and trying to drink lager beer out of a boot-jack, the press is out, and the war is well over; so please excuse a poor paper this week. Local items are scarce this week; nobody dies, marries, or gets born; the water keeps getting low, and the wheat and other crops high—in other, not dismal; and things go on in a quiet, perverse sort of a way, as if there were neither editor nor local items. The war is over.

**KNOW'D TO FORGET SOMETHING.**—"I say, cap'n," said a keen-eyed man, as he landed from the steamer *Polanna* at Natchez—"I say, cap'n, this 'ere ain't all; I've left 'at 'tchin' or tushin on board, that's a fac. We'll see now. I grant it's all 'ordin to list—a four boxes, three elasts, two company boxes, a pony, two hamm (one part used), three ropes of twine, and a couple of telegraphic. But you see, cap'n, I'm kinder dumber—no, I feel like eat suthin's short. Though I've counted um nine times, and never took my eyes off on 'em some I came on board, I feel there's a 'tchin' missing there." "Well, stranger, time's up, all 'tchin' on, so just fetch your 'ere 'ere 'ere 'ere children out of the cabin, for we must be off." "Them's um, by hokay! them's um! I know'd I'd forgot suthin' or nother."

#### SHANEPHARE.

All the world's a life—

A mighty, shy, and enormous nooner—

And all the men who never merely live,

They have their "mild ties" and their "sinner whop-

pers."

And one man in a day tells many orams;

According to his notion. There's the schoolboy,

Who says he's old when he has played old hooker.

Then comes the lover, sliding like the bellows,

Then comes the soldier, who kills men, and calls 'em

As he would killers. And then the Broadway liar,

Reading the papers in his smoking chair.

Then comes the broker, shoving notes and charging

Lies a sad trooper. Then the grocery store man,

Who lives by selling roasted pork for coffee.

And for good wages, slates for coal, and omelette

For cognac brags. Then the brigadier,

Who, knowing nothing of the art of war,

Leads men to slaughter, fast to give him praise.

Then comes the cypher-clerk, who cries

Who swears Miss Tompkins signs the Madame Grial,

Albion, Jenny Lind, and Guinevere!

The whole four nightgowns rolled up in one;

But soon the line's finished out, and he is left

Silent when, near system, hula, and opera tickets.

**COULDN'T SEE IT.**—They have a telegraph, office in the town of L— in front of said office stands a telegraph pole; and when an important despatch is received, the operator copies it off, heads it "Br Telegraph," and tacks it on said pole. Now, it came to pass that a veritable crop, from the rural districts, "who, though he had heard of the telegraph, but never before seen it, happened along that way. He was attracted by the telegraph, judging from the "economy" of collar and tail, was certainly "crocked" before the advanced price in such fabrics; and the shortness of his pantalons led me to infer that they were "built" since the advance. Noticing the despatch on the pole, he stopped and read it. After perusal, he was observed to glance from the wire to the telegraph, standing thus for half an hour. After a while, he accented a passer-by with: "See here, mister, I'd like to know how

this 'ere darn thing got off o' that wire onto this pole? I've been watchin' her since she got spall for another to come along; but it ain't comin'. When d'ye expect another, mister? I'd like to see the tarball thing slide down onto this 'ere pole!"

**A GREAT CHANCE.**—Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in a large New-England town, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable colored man, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connexion with a colored church in that place. "I believe you are connected with the church in Elm-street, are you not, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer. "No, nah, not at all," said Mr. Dickson. "Are you not a member of the African church?" "Not dis year, sah." "Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?" "Well, I'll tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, strapping a coarse razor on the palm of his hand. "It was jist like dis. I joined the church in good faith; I give \$10 toward the state; I would do for year, and the church p'ople call me 'Brudder Dickson'; and the second year my business not so good, and I gub only five dollars. Dat year do people call me 'Mr. Dickson.' Dis razor hurt you, sah?" "No, the razor goes tolerably well." "Well, sah, the third year I feel berry poor; had sickness in my family; and did gib 'tchin' for preachers." "Well, sah, arter dat dey call me 'dat old nigger Dickson'—and I left 'em."

**POOR LAND.**—I dropped into an office one evening not long since, where "story-tellers" most do congregate, and one of the party had just concluded a yarn about the "poor land he once owned." That may have been poor land," said another, "but nothing to be compared to some I once tried on, in a certain part of South Carolina, some years ago." "Let's hear about it," exclaimed several. "Well, you see," commenced the narrator, "it once fell to my lot to visit that now God-forsaken Swamp State on business; and, rising early one morning, I took a stroll through the graveyard attached to one of the dingy-looking churches, and was considerably astonished to observe a couple of dorkys, with a horse and cart, spreading guano among the tombstones, and even throwing some into a newly-dug grave. I approached the 'chuckles,' and demanded the reason of such proceedings. 'I golly, massa,' replied one, 'guess you a stranger about dese hrah parts, ahn?' I informed him that I was, and again asked for an explanation. 'Well, massa, you see de ground am so germantey poor about dese diggins, dat if we didn't put de hrah rich guano on dese graves, de poor sinners in um could never rise on de day ob judgment, shuah!' I soon after left that part of South Carolina, bearing, if I remember much longer, I might come to an untimely decease, and get 'put under' whoo guano was scarce—shuah!"

**SHARP PRACTICE.**—Some five years since, two well-known Alabamians left to seek their fortunes at Washington. We will call them Mr. A. and Mr. B. Mr. A. got a contract from the Government, and made a snug little pile—some forty thousand dollars' worth of real estate. While acquiring this property, Mr. A. contracted about \$7,000 worth of debts, two thirds of which hundred of which belonged to Mr. B. A. he not any more honest than the law allows. So he thought he would get rid of "those cursed bones," his creditors, by making over his property to his best summer. During his absence in quest of riches, a fine looking young lady, aged about eighteen, He accordingly engaged a lawyer, made out the papers, and assigned the whole of his real estate to his niece, the interesting young lady already spoken of. Having concluded his arrangements, he thought he took a look at the last summer. During his absence in quest of riches, he had been in the pursuit of quietness and cotton-factors, and ascertains all about the assignment, and goes in

for making things square. He commenced operations by counting the niece's dowry, and finished up by marrying her. When Mr. A. returns from Georgia, he finds that he has been done—that Mr. B. has not only got thirty-seven thousand, but five hundred dollars' worth of real estate in addition. Mr. A. is now swearing in right audible, and insistent that it is a conspiracy. He talks of law, law, and red tape; but as the statutes will not allow a man to take advantage of his own wrong, we fear he will have to "grin and bear it." It is not necessary for us to say that Mr. B. feels first-rate over the achievement, while the niece cannot understand why her uncle should give her five hundred dollars' worth of real estate, and then fly into a passion just because she bestowed it on her husband.

#### CURING A WIFE.

Mr. Jones, for the past ten years, has prayed every day that his wife would tumble down and break her neck, or else die like a Christian, in her bed.

The simple reason for this is, that Mrs. Jones was fond of complaining, taking medicines, and having protracted interviews with the doctor, all of which required money, and money Mr. Jones hated to part with.

In fact, he had much rather part with Mrs. Jones, but that lady manifested no intention of leaving this pleasant world and taking up her abode in an uncertain sphere. Neither did she say that she would live, leaving her lord in an uncertain state, and her physician in a perplexed condition. The doctor said that she wanted roving, and Mr. Jones thought that he would do something to start her, and get her out of bed.

He hit upon a plan which he thought would operate in a satisfactory manner.

Mrs. Smith were in the capacity of nurse to Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Smith is a widow, voluptuous, pretty, and coquettish. For a handsome present she resolved to enact the part that Jones marked out for her, so one evening, when Mrs. Jones was growing, and threatening to die, Jones called in that widow.

"She is going to kick the bucket at last," said the husband, "so you and I may as well fix things so that we can start fair."

Mrs. Jones turned her head and stopped moaning. Her eyes beamed with a natural brilliancy. The parties in the room took no notice of her.

"Yes," said Jones, "she is going at last. Now we can talk of our own affairs."

Mrs. Jones raised her form in bed, and sat bolt upright. She looked attentively, and her eyes grew brighter and brighter.

"How soon shall we be married after she is dead?" asked Jones, passing his arms around the substantial waist of the widow Smith.

"I suppose you will be willing to wait a week or two?" inquired Mrs. Smith, as she reposed on the breast of the amiable Jones.

Mrs. Jones uttered an exclamation, which sounded like an oath, and giving one spring, landed on the floor.

"You think I'm going to die, do you?" she yelled. "I'll see you hanged first. I'll live to spite you. No more of this house," turning to Mrs. Smith; "for you don't stay here another minute. I can act as my own nurse."

And from that day there was rapid improvement in Mrs. Jones' health. She no longer tolerated nurses, but one can imagine what kind of life poor Jones leads.

His version of the love making scene is not believable.

**THE INDEX FOR Vol. II. of the "SCRAP BOOK"** is now ready, price 25¢. It contains, besides the regular index, a list of nearly 1,500 names of persons who have been advertised for. Embossed gold covers for binding Vol. II, price 15¢. 6d., or the Vol. complete, 45¢.

## DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL.

There are in Erie twenty oil refineries, turning out eight thousand gallons a day.

**QUAKERS.**—There are 282,823 Quakers in the United States, and seven hundred and fourteen meeting-houses.

**CHICAGO.**—A carefully-taken census of the city of Chicago, just completed, shows that her population during the past two years has increased 27,768. In 1860 it was 109,262. Now it is 137,030.

**TEACHING.**—The Republican war statisticians make up a ghastly record in the figuring of losses in the various engagements during the year—Rebel killed, wounded, and prisoners, 103,707; Union killed and wounded, 132,819. Total, 236,526.

**EDUCATIONAL.**—In 1860 there were 223 colleges and professional schools in the United States. About 10,000,000 acres of public lands were appropriated during that year for the support of colleges and schools for agriculture and the mechanic arts. Five million persons received instruction in the educational institutions of the nation in the same period.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAYS.**—Nothing can give a more forcible idea of the importance of the Southern States of the Union than a survey of their immense railroad system. There is a too numerous class of persons, resident in the Northern States, who from defective information on perverted party statements, have adopted most erroneous impressions as to the commercial status of the vast section of country located south of Mason and Dixon's line. They pride themselves on the idea that all the commercial enterprise of the country has, by some unknown means, centered amongst the Northern people. It is settled for in their minds that the Southern States are half-a-century behind the advanced civilization of the rest of the Union, and that that region of country is in an altogether raw and undeveloped condition. The railroads of the South are a standing refutation of all such misconceptions. We know of no surer indication of the wealth and enterprise of any portion than the extent of their railroads. If their roads are few and ill-conducted there is either a lack of capital or of commerce, or both; or there is an unwholesome adherence to old ideas; if, on the contrary, their roads are numerous and well-managed, the inference is clear, legitimate, and a large amount of commerce is pressing for accommodation, and that is it under the control of a competent and intelligent people. Measured by this standard the South has something of which to be proud. We have compiled the following statistics of the clear extent and the value of railroad property in the several Southern States. The figures date up to the close of 1853, and show the length of road constructed or in the course of construction, the length then in actual operation, and the cost of the roads, including building and equipment:—

State.	Length.	Cost.
Virginia.....	1,055.7	\$43,690,360
North Carolina.....	1,020.0	770.2 13,998,465
South Carolina.....	1,134.0	807.3 19,083,343
Florida.....	1,017.3	1,241.2 25,587,229
Georgia.....	730.5	280.8 6,368,699
Alabama.....	1,822.4	796.6 20,975,639
Mississippi.....	445.1	365.4 9,024,444
Louisiana.....	1,410.0	119.0 16,073,370
Texas.....	2,607.0	284.6 7,578,943
Arkansas.....	701.3	38.5 1,130,110
Missouri.....	1,337.3	723.2 31,771,116
Tennessee.....	1,414.4	1,267.3 35,441,341
Kentucky.....	693.4	468.5 13,822,062
	16,828.1	8,794.8 235,960,842

**THE HUNTED LIE.** A Story of Starling Adventure in the Far West. By Col. Walter B. Dunlap. Complete in 6 Nos. (Nos. 22 to 27), price 6d.; 8d. by post.

## TABLET OF MEMORY.

## IMPROVEMENTS, DISCOVERIES, ETC.

Arms of England and France were first quartered by Edward III. 1358.

Army, the first standing one in modern times, established in France in 1445, by Charles VII. Army, the first commission of, to raise a militia, 1422.

Artichokes first planted in England, 1487.

Asparagus first produced in England, 1608.

Assaying gold and silver legally established in England, 1259.

Assaults on life first established at Sheffield and Birmingham, 1773.

Assignats first ordered by the National Assembly of France, April 17, 1790.

Asiento, or contract for supplying America with slaves from Jamaica, begun 1689; vested in the South Sea Company, 1713; given up to Spain by the peace, 1763.

Astronomical observations first made at Babylon, 2234; celebrated tables made, 1253 B.C.

Astronomy and geography brought to Europe by the Moors of Barbary and Spain, 1201.

Attraction, the first idea of, taken up by Kepler, 1606.

Auction, the first in Britain, was about 1700, by Elihu Yale, a Governor of Fort George, in the East Indies, of the goods he brought home with him.

Aurora Borealis, or the northern lights first observed, March 6, 1719-16—Electricity first discovered, 1769.

Baize manufacture first introduced into England at Colchester, 1660.

Baking of bread invented, 1400 B.C., became a profession, 1740 A.C.

Banks for lawyers first used by Judge Finch, 1615; for clergymen, in about 1652.

Bankers—Mint used formerly by merchants to lodge their money in, till the king made free with it in 1640: after which, trusting to servants, till too many ran to the army, they were obliged to be goldsmiths, whose business was to buy and sell plate and foreign coins; and at first paid 41. per cent. per diem, but lent it to others at higher interest, and so became the first bankers, 1645. The charter of the Bank of England was executed July 27, 1694, and was granted for 12 years, the corporation being then determinable on a year's notice. The original capital subscribed was 1,200,000*l.*, which they lent to Government at 8 per cent. interest, with an allowance of 4,000*l.* per annum for their expenses of management. The term of the charter was, in 1706, extended to five years beyond the original period, in consideration of the company having undertaken to circulate for Government exchequer bills to the amount of 1,500,000*l.*, and it has since been further extended at different times. House built 1782, enlarged 1770, and considerably improved and insulated in 1799.

Bank notes, 512 weight one pound.

Banks first began in Italy by Lombard Jews, 808; that of Venice, 1157; of Genoa, 1315; of Amsterdam, 1609; of Hamburgh, 1610; of Rotterdam, 1635; of England, 1640; established, 1694. In the East Indies, 1737; in America, 1791.

Bank stock 3 per cent. ann. created, 1736; 3 per cent. canal, do, 1731; 3 per cent. reduced, do, 1747; 3 per cent. ann., payable at the South Sea House, 1761; 31 per cent. ann. do, 1758; long ann., 1761; 4 per cent. canal, do, 1762. Old South bank created, 1695; Royal dist., 1727.—The name is derived from Banco, bench; benches being erected in the market-place for the exchange of money, &c.

Barbers introduced to Rome from Sicily, in 329 A.C.

Bark, Jarcia, virtues of, discovered, 1500; first brought to Europe, 1650.

(To be continued in our next.)

AMERICAN  
FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

## INTRODUCTION.

Whether a person should sleep in a room warmed by a fire, depends on the health of the occupant—those only who are in a feeble state of health being benefited by it; and then an open fire-place being the only suitable method of heating a sleeping room. Open windows in sleeping-rooms are not safe in all climates, but are better, perhaps, than air breathed over too often; but a room of a large size, kept open during the day and closed on going to bed, is perhaps the best of all. It should not, even in that case, be so warm as the occupant's skin. The clothing, both by day and night, should afford ample protection from the cold, should be easy, of a soft material, and of such colors as reflect most heat and absorb the least. White is the coolest in summer and the warmest in winter, and is always proper to be worn next the skin. Nothing should be worn that is so warm that the skin which is not porous, to let pass the insensible perspiration. India-rubber shoes are very hurtful when worn in the house, or when the feet are long confined in them anywhere. Thin-soled slippers in wet or cold weather are exceedingly injurious. The health suffers more from having one portion of the body insufficiently protected, while the other parts are comfortable, than it would if the discomfort were equally distributed over the whole surface, because the circulation of the blood is impaired by this uneven temperature.

One of the chief promoters of health is bathing, when carefully practiced. The bath, like our diet, must suffer a great many modifications, according to our temperaments and conditions of health. A clean skin, which is able to perform its functions of excretion and perspiration, is an absolute necessity of perfect health. But the use of the bath as a tonic must be governed entirely by the constitution of the bather. A feeble, nervous, excitable person, should not risk a cold bath, while a more robust one might be benefited by it. The best test of its usefulness will be the feeling of the body after it. If a glow of warmth succeeds, the proper effect has been produced; but if chilliness and "goose-flesh" are the result, the tepid, or warm bath, must be substituted. The sponge bath, with not too much water, is best for persons of a feeble constitution. The water should be so hot that brisk rubbing as will stimulate a glow upon the skin; the body being bathed in parts, while the other portions are kept covered up from the air. After bathing, exercise is important to restore the circulation, which may have been driven from the surface by the chill.

Another important way in the preservation of health is that of plenty of domestic amusements. Both the intellectual and physical well-being depend upon the mind's balance being kept by habitual relief from care, anxiety, or even monotony. Perhaps the water is even more hurtful than the fire, in cooling and disordering the mind and health. Americans have yet to learn the value of innocent diversions for themselves and their children. Amusements help digestion, circulation, and perspiration. They make labor pleasant, and study profitable. The idea, descended to us from our stern Puritan ancestry, that one-half of our nature was given to us as an occasion of self-denial, is pretty well exploded in this day and generation. Our social feelings, our sportive inclinations, and fruitful capacities should be cultivated, not suppressed. An equal and healthy development of the mind in all directions is as desirable as an equal development of the body. God made one for use as well as the other, and he never gave us any useless qualities of either. It is the abuse of our qualities which constitutes sin.

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# THE SCRAP BOOK

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

HUMOR. FAMILY. MATTERS.

No. 70.—Vol. III.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



RESCUE FOR SAQUIOT.

## THE BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER. A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

(From the *New York Ledger*.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUSADE OF THE FOREST."

### CHAPTER XVIII.

(Continued.)

WHILE she was yet considering, the Indian rose up, and listened a long time at the open door. Jenny herself remained breathless with expectation. She could, however, hear nothing without, save the rustling of the wind, and the monotonous sound of the waterfall, to which she had become so much accustomed that she hardly heeded it.

At last, the Oneida, turning to her, said:  
"No want go hide yet?"

"No, my friend," she replied; "I cannot leave my mother at such a time, whatever happens."

The Indian made no immediate reply, but after considering a moment, said:

"Oneida go now—see what come—he be close by, sure."

So saying, he went out, and at once disappeared in the direction of the river.

For some time Jenny remained in a state of much excitement, hearing and seeing nothing, however, to justify any new apprehension. The woods without seemed as silent and tenantless as usual. The night itself was serene, and no noise from the direction of the water gave token of anything unusual there. Occasionally going to the inner room to attend to the wants of the invalid, she on her return walked the floor, in constant expectation of hearing something from Saquiut.

This state of things must have lasted until after midnight, and the poor girl, in spite of her apprehensions, began to feel the effect of fatigue and prolonged watching; when she heard again a knocking at the door. Not doubting that it was the Oneida, she hastened to open the door, when, to her horror, two strange savages immediately pushed in, followed by two white men, whom after a moment she knew but too well.

"He! he! Miss," said the voice of Solon Smith, in a malicious giggle, "he! he! you see, we don't stand on ceremony; do we Eldad?"

The brother, thus appealed to, endeavored to turn upon the frightened girl a look of friendliness, but only succeeded in rendering himself more hideous.

The two Indians, without more ado, began appropriating to themselves whatever articles struck their fancy. Jenny remonstrated with the Smiths, but only obtained for answer that

the Indians were friendly; so those hostile ones, during the course of the night, intended to make an attack on the house, which they would entirely plunder, and set on fire, carrying off the occupants as captives; that they had crowded the river expressly to save Jenny, and that there was no harm in the two Indians taking a few things they wanted, since they did not, their enemies would wait a few hours later.

As between Solon and his brother, the first was sneering and confident, while the latter seemed timid and bashful. If the truth must be told, he had doubts how far his present proceedings might advance him in the good graces of the girl they intended to marry off. As for the Indians, they concerned themselves with nothing except the gratification of their own cupidity. They freely entered the room of the sick woman, who, happily for her, was to a profound sleep; and they even snatched from the bed on which she lay a blanket that struck their fancy. Jenny expostulated in vain against these outrages; but, by Solon, was only answered with jeers, and by his brother with tumult as dogged irresolution. The work of plunder, as far as it was to go, was soon ended. Then it was that Jenny was given to understand that she must absolutely go off with the intruders. 'You see, comprehended the truth of the Oneida's surmise, even while she wondered at his absence. To be sure, his presence against such odds would do no good; but night, on the contrary, put his own life in danger.

The distress, the agony of her situation, can well be conceived. Her mother, sick, helpless, and unconscious, was to be left behind! Jenny used prayers and entreaties to no purpose; she could not move her captors. Go she must. Summoning a last hope that after her departure Solon would still return, she turned to kiss her mother, she determined not to try to awaken her; but approaching her bedside quietly, she kissed her as she lay—suppressing her own sobs, though she could not restrain the tears that gushed from her eyes. A faint consolation cheered her as she turned away; for, from the unconscious lips of the sleeper, a whispered blessing pursued her.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### THE EVASION.

SOON after, they all left the house in Jenny. She was not one to engage in a useless and unbecoming struggle; so that while her lips quivered and her cheek was white with agony, she appeared to go forth of her own free will. The whole party at once struck off to the west, across the stumpy clearing, though their progress was necessarily slow, on account of the darkness and roughness of the way. The two Indians were in advance; next came Solon, halting along like a "devil on two sticks"; and between him and his brother, who brought up the rear, walked the captive girl. The door of the cottage lay beneath open, and the light which came out of it shone upon the bushes and trees towards the head of the cascade—in a direction opposite to that in which the party was now travelling.

With a bursting heart, Jenny cast back many an anxious look at the house she was leaving; uttering, in her heart, prayerful wishes. All at once, while her eyes were turned in that direction, she saw, or imagined that she saw, a shadow or figure of a man suddenly slip across the line of light that came from the open door. As she could not be in hands more dreaded than those of her present captors, the light gave her a faint hope of the presence of some friend.

While they were picking their way slowly across the rough field, gauding themselves as much by the ground they trod on as by what they saw, Jenny several times, in passing near the stumps, felt her eyes, as if they were, as if it had caught on some thorn or bramble. At first she paid no attention to it; but when it occurred several times, she began to think it singular, and

directed all her attention towards the space over which she passed. A few long hours seemed to glide from time to time by her, and mingle itself with that of the next tall stump she came near; and as she went by this she felt the same pull at her dress. She looked behind at blind, to see whether he noticed anything unusual; but he only kept on along in silent satisfaction of herself, but apparently heedful of nothing else. Her thoughts at once recurred to Sequoit. Was it he that passed across the light from the open door, and had fastened forward, to hover near her, ready to give assistance in case of need? By many things rendered this probable; and she determined to set upon the hint. The next time she felt the pulling at her dress she suddenly stooped, and catching at whatever held it fast, her hand encountered that of some one else, which, at all risks, she pressed for an instant, in token of recognition.

As she rose upright she again turned to Eldad to see whether his suspicions had yet been aroused. It seemed not.

"We might have gone by a smoother path," she said to him, "if we had kept nearer the river. These branches tear my dress and scratch my face."

"Well, I'm sure I don't mind 'em," replied the amiable Eldad.

"What are you two laggin' behind there for?" now squeaked forth the voice of Solon from ahead; "I say, El, put off your sparin' till some other time, won't ye? Hei! he!"

Eldad set forward a muttered curse, by way of reply to his brother's jeering, and added: "The gal says the way is rough, and she can't keep up without tearing her clothes; but I'm sure I'm no trouble."

Just then, somehow or other, a stick seemed to get entangled between his own legs, so that he stumbled and floundered about, scarcely saving himself from a fall.

Devoting the sticks to a better fire than human hands generally put them in, he again moved onwards, but had got only a few steps on when a similar entanglement again took place about his feet, more obstinate and more difficult to get rid of than the first. Every time he got one foot released, the other seemed in the same plight, and at every step was a new snare, so that he almost thought he had walked into a brush heap. He began to peer downwards sharply to see what the mischief was, when he was, apparently, the tilting of some bush sent a little shower of dirt directly into his eyes. He now fell to the ground in spite of all he could do; but he did so swearing manfully.

"What are you cussin' back there for in that way?" said Solon, who had tripped at the same place as his brother, and looked curiously to see what was the matter. An instant before this, Jenny felt herself drawn a little to the right, where her hand was caught, and she heard a quick whisper saying:

"Dis way."

Turning forward at the word, still holding the guiding hand. While Solon and the Indians were occupied with the mishap of Eldad, she had gained a rod or so towards the river, along which there was a thin skirting of trees.

The peculiarity of the situation was that to the right of Eldad was exactly in the line of the light which still came from the cottage door, and, as for a second or so, neither he nor Jenny was seen it was supposed they both had fallen.

"That comes of your huggin' each other so close," said Solon laughingly; "but, El, you ought to keep the gal from fallin', at least."

"The deuce take 'em!" answered Eldad; "if I blame her or any one else from stumbling among these cursed roots. I don't feel 'em now, but I seemed to be among a nest on 'em. But where is she? That rubbish so blinds me I can't see my own nose. Eh, girl, are ye hurt?"

He got no answer, however, as she well be imagined. Solon came back, and after groping about for some seconds, they became aware of

the fact that the girl had really disappeared. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, and the Indians hastened back to where he stood. He informed them of what had happened, when all four, spreading out like a fan, began to move rapidly backwards towards the house, scrutinizing everything in their way, and not doubting but that the girl was somewhere in the vicinity.

A careful examination of the ground, however, as they went along, necessarily caused their movements to be slow. The two savages were at the sides, or, to speak in military phrase, on the two wings, while Solon and his brother, being less active, formed the rear and main body. In this order, proceeding in profound silence, they moved towards the house. No sight or sound, however, betrayed the presence or passage of the missing girl. Sabbath even extended his examinations into the fringe of trees that bordered the river bank; but here all was silent and motionless as the open field.

At length the four pursuers, disappointed and a little angry at being thus feiled by a girl, again were within a rod or so of the house, which remained silent, and almost spectral, with the steady light pouring from its open door. They were even within the range of the "canebrake," and looked mutually a little blank as they saw that none of them had discovered a clue by which to trace the fugitive. While they paused thus for a moment, they were all started by the sudden slamming of the door of the house, and the disappearance of the light. This seemed like the work of magic, for although they doubted not for a moment that it was the fugitive who had but just taken refuge in the building, and closed the door, they were at a loss to know how she had got there without being seen.

They went round the building and came to the door.

"You had better let us in!" shouted Solon, "or we'll have to break the door down. We sinit again to let you stay here and be roasted alive, as you will be, before morning, unless we take you to a place of safety."

"They smiled at the demand for an answer, but received none. They then began to hammer away at the door, but this produced no more effect than their calling. Not a sound was heard from within. At last, getting out of patience, Solon picked up a heavy stone, and striking it with violence against the door, it suddenly flew open, the broken panes of glass falling in pieces on the floor. It had only been latched—not barred. All was still within. The light burnt where it had been left. The four men entered, now beginning to feel a little queer at the mystery which hung over the affair. They had no more than fairly got inside, when the door of the inner room quietly opened, and there stood confronting them a figure which made the superstitious Eldad utter a shriek of horror, while the hair of Solon himself almost stood on end.

It was a tall form clothed in white, the countenance of which, pale as a sheet, exhibited signs of that one risen from the dead. It remained motionless in the door, its lips slightly moving, while its eyes, to the heightened fancies of the beholders, shone like two balls of fire.

After a moment, a thin, quivering voice seemed to issue from its ashen-lid lips, and that of one risen from the dead. It remained simple as in the following words:

"Laddie, o'er the braces they room;

Laddie, mind ye't work;

There's fire and hail, there's death and doom,

There's burning in the fire and doom;

Laddie, mind! the imp's here!

Across the woodland glen;

My prayer and song, snipe high and thrif

Like the hawk and the kestrel!

"Gae forth, but trace ye no ways about,

We'll surely detect ye;

For these ye gang to now thoroughly

Be caught and by day ye'll die!"

"What's there?" was now suddenly heard in a hoarse and different voice, as the song ceased, while the apparition, or whatever it was, re-

was, came towards them, with flashing eyes, and its thin, ghastly fingers stretched out as if to grasp them.

It was too much for the intruders. First, the two savages had bounded forth at a single leap; and after them floundered the heavier but equally frightened Eldad, while Solon alone, constitutionally incredulous, though superstitious on some points, remained outside, staring at the supposed phantom with his great, round eyes, until he had fairly reached the outside of the house.

"Ah! Jenny, darling! where are you, daughter?" he now heard in still another tone of voice, while to his astonishment and relief, he saw the female form in the room suddenly raise her hand to her forehead, as if recovering from a dream, or suffering from pain. He now discovered that it was no other than the sick woman, who had doubtless been a little out of her head, or acting under the influence of some painful dream, and had probably been inclined to leave her couch by the noise they had made at the door.

He burst into a kind of brutal laugh, though its tone was yet a little tempered by a remnant of his late fears; then calling out to the others, he said:

"Hi! hi! you're a pretty set to be scared off by a sick woman! But what's this? She seems sinking on the floor?"

In point of fact, the strength which had sustained the invalid for a few minutes now abandoned her, and she sank down powerless, repeating, in a faint voice:

"Jenny! my daughter!"

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### THE STRATOON AND ITS FAILURE.

It was some time before Solon could persuade his brother even to come to the house, so deep had been the impression made upon him. Meanwhile, the poor woman had been lying on the floor in a kind of fainting fit. But little heed was given to her. The night was getting far along, and whatever was done ought to be accomplished before daylight. Taking a driving time, there was no knowledge who might appear in the morning to interfere. Solon searched the house through for the missing girl, supposing, of course, she was hid away there; but he found nothing. While he was thus engaged, Eldad remained at the door, partly as a guard, and partly because he could not be persuaded to enter. It was a singular fact, that no entreaties could induce the savages to go again inside the building. The superstition of the Indian is not usually of the same character as that of the white man. The belief in apparitions and ghosts can hardly be said to prevail among them; but where they have lived for any length of time among the whites, or under their influence, they are sure to adopt, first of all, their views, such as drinking and swearing, and next, their superstitions.

At length the two Smiths came away from the house, and seemed to hold a kind of consultation. They had been disappointed, and felt it sorely and vindictively—so much so that they had not even had the humanity to restore the sick woman to the bed, from which their alarms had called her.

"She can't be far off, I tell ye," said Solon, in a testy tone. "Where do you think she could have gone to? Do you reckon she'd leave a sick mother a great while?"

"Humph! was the reply: 'but for all that we might search them bushes a little.'"

"No," answered Solon, "the quickest way is the best. No doubt, she has got eyes on us in five minutes, and I know a way to bring her here."

So saying, he went to work gathering wood and brush, and placing it near the side of the house—so near that to one a little distance off it looked as though it was actually against the logs, while in reality it was several feet away. This

done, he went inside the dwelling, and soon returning with a lighted torch, he applied it to the pile he had made. Eldad crumbled, but neither assisted or interfered. The two Indians looked on with indifference. They stood in a position to the east of the house, directly opposite the door, and at a distance of several rods, almost, in fact, on the brink of the ravine into which the smoke was poured.

While Solon was still stooping down, endeavoring to enkindle the brush heap, and as the latter began to blaze up a little, he felt a sharp sting through the muscles of his side—so painful that he dropped his fagot, and cried out in pain. On looking down, he was horrified to find that the point of an arrow—hardly protruded as if it passed through him. Blood was gushing forth in profusion, and with the timidity of cruelty the frightened Solon rose up faint, and could scarcely stagger to his brother before he fell upon the ground in an actual swoon. Eldad saw what was the matter, when, turning angrily to where the Indians stood, he began to accuse them of treachery.

He had, however, scarcely opened his lips, before a wild shriek burst apparently from behind the Indians, who ran to the right and left as fast as their legs could carry them, while an undisturbed, blustering through the obscurity, rushed directly upon the astounded Eldad, and, passing him, in a twinkling scattered the scarcely ignited brush, and as suddenly disappeared within the door of the house, which was closed behind. He, however, had been enabled, in spite of the rapidity with which the whole passed, to make out that it was none other than Jenny herself, who had thus been forced, as Solon had diabolically calculated, to come forth from her hiding-place, by apprehension for her mother's safety.

Here was a situation! What to do? The Indians fled, the house closed and probably barricaded, and his brother, upon whom he relied in emergencies, lay either fainted or dying at his feet.

"Get up Solon! he said, picking the latter up with his arms, and he's to be gone!" "We can leave this business for to-morrow, until we get revenge on them cheating savages."

Solon, just recovering, confessedly heard what was said, and with many a groan scrambled to his feet.

"What shall I do, Eld?" he said, as he writhed with pain; I can never get across the river with this hanging in my side."

"You be hanged!" said the sympathizing Eldad; "taint nothing; and dad'll pull it out in one jerk."

"But I tell you I can't live to get to 'other side!" whined Solon. "Can't you do something yourself?"

Eldad at once drew his hunting-knife from his pocket, and ripped open the clothing along the arrow, so as to expose the wound. It now turned out in reality that the arrow had only skinned the side, tearing up a thin film of flesh, but doing no other harm, and being held in the place only by the clothes. To Solon it was a great relief, and he hardly heeded the coarse laugh of his brother, as the latter discovered the extent of the supposed injury.

Soon, however, the delight of the wounded man in finding himself not seriously injured gave way to rage, which vented itself for the moment, in a kind of general maladiction.

"It's your own fault, arter all," said Eldad, at last; "for I didn't want to come over here in company with them yellin' thieves!"

Solon was about to reply when, with some sudden change against him, he fell in the water, he paused, for a sudden thought struck him.

"But you see," he answered, at length, "it couldn't be them, for they've got no bows and arrows, and carry only guns."

"Sure enough!" answered Eldad, his eyes opening at what he thought a wonderful discovery. "Who could it be, then?"

Solon's face grew more sullen and vengeful as he reflected.

"It must be that snake of a Skowwit; and now I think on't, hasn't he been meddling with us all the while?"

The apprehension of the treachery of their associates being removed, the desire both of success and revenge returned upon them with double force.

After a short conference, they made up their plan to attain both these objects. They proceeded a little way on their return, in order to seek their associates, and after some difficulty succeeded in getting them to answer one of their preconcerted signs. Having informed them of the probable plan of the Oneida, and giving them to understand that their co-operation would not be required at the house, they at once inspired the savages with zeal in what they had to do—namely, capture or kill Sagouit. Knowing the danger they had to meet, all now proceeded more cautiously. The Indians slunk about the darkness, as if they intended to leave, but only for the purpose of creeping back again, in a covert manner, and to approach their foe without being suspected.

After waiting for about a quarter of an hour, and judging that by that time their allies would be in a position to give full occupation to the Oneida, the two Smiths went back directly to the house, which they now found all dark and still within. To their repeated summons they obtained no answer. They at last, after looking carefully around them, to discover, if possible, what their friends had succeeded in doing, resolved to break open the door. Eldad again seized a large stone, and was approaching with it, when from a small opening near by, which served at once as window and loop-hole, he heard the voice of Jenny, who said, in a clear and decided tone:

"Eldad Smith, if you come one step nearer the house you are a dead man!"

He only answered by a contemptuous laugh, and continued to advance. He had not, however, proceeded three feet, before a gun flashed and exploded almost in his face, and he reeled and fell back upon the ground like a log. After the smoke had cleared up, and the prolonged echo of the report had died away in the forest, all was silent, except that the girl heard a voice exclaiming, as it appeared rapidly to recede:

"O cursed she-wolf! you've murdered him! But your hour is coming!"

In truth, since Jenny's return to the house, and her discovery of the plight in which her mother had been left, the timid girl in her had entirely disappeared, and she had become a heroine. She scarcely feared any longer, and almost wildly she would have rushed out. She deliberately and securely barred the door, and with silent resolution took down a loaded gun, and stationed herself at the small window, prepared to defend the house now to the last extremity.

By the time the events last related had taken place, faint streaks of morning light began to appear in the east. When the voice of Solon had ceased to be heard, as he retreated like a foiled wolf from before his prey, the unusual stillness which generally ushers in the morning took possession of the Oneida whole forest scene. It was true, the ceaseless hum of the cascade and the ripple of the river, scarcely louder than the rustling of leaves, could always be heard; but they only gave to one a sense of profounder solitude.

Jenny sat long by the window in sleepless watchfulness, but by her inexpressive face she saw the daylight so far advanced that the early birds began to flit about among the bright treetops, and the melancholy voice of the whip-poor-will was heard from the glen.

She also heard about that time a dull and heavy sound, as of a falling rock, followed by a scream of alarm or pain.

This was all she needed for not long afterwards she fell asleep, the set—with the gun across her knees, and her head dropped on her hand.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## REBOKATS AND REJOICINGS.

WHEN JENNY awoke the sun was already an hour or so high, and the scene which met her eyes without was peaceful and beautiful as could be imagined. It seemed to her that the whole series of events of the preceding night was only a bad dream; but, as she found herself sitting by the window holding a gun, and saw her dress disordered and torn, she recognised too well that it was a painful reality. She paced in review all that had occurred, until she came to the most startling of all, namely, her firing upon one of the Senecas. Her heart was seized with horror, and she dared not look upon the ground where she supposed the body of the slain man might lay. She rose uneasily, and prepared to meet the new duties of the day, whatever they might be. She visited the invalid, whom, to her surprise, she now found much better, and quite free from fever and delirium. It was unaccountable, except upon the old French theory, that fright kills a fever. However, Jenny knew nothing and cared nothing about the theory, and was only too well pleased to find her mother doing so well, without asking why. She did not explain to her what had taken place, but merely attended to her wants, and enjoined upon her to be quiet.

She put off as long as she could the necessity of opening the door and going out.

While she was still hesitating, she heard a knock upon the outside of her door. It was the well-known voice of the Oneida. With trembling footsteps, she went to open, and, although glad to find this trusty friend still near her, she could not divert her mind of the horrid expectation of beholding a corpse stretched before the house. She looked earnestly in the visitor's face as he came in, as if, except to read there the evidence that her fears were well founded. "Well," said she, after a moment, as she scrutinized in vain the expressive blank of the Indian's countenance.

"No," said the savage, gravely, as he set down. "Fire burnt yet in here?" (he laid his hand on his chest) "no one put him out wid one leg—kill Mississaga tink, hopes soon kill oder—den Sagouit's fire go out."

Jenny was surprised that there was no allusion to the one who had shot, and she timidly glanced through the open door. Nothing met her eye. She entered walked out. Not a sign of anybody, living or dead, was to be seen.

She examined the ground. Not a drop of blood even could she find. It was mysterious; but, with all the mystery, she heaved a great sigh of relief. A mountain seemed lifted from her heart.

"But what has become of this one here?" said Jenny to the Indian, pointing to the spot where she supposed Eldad to have fallen.

"He only knock down," said Sagouit, indifferently; "by and by he get up, go off wid big grumble. Sagouit might kill, but best not."

"I am glad of it, my friend," cried Jenny quite joyfully, not knowing that she had fired only a blank cartridge. "I am glad of it; for although it is a bad one, I would not like to have his blood upon my hands." "No like him, a'pose?" said the Oneida, looking gravely at Jenny.

She blushed at the thought that she could be supposed to have any other interest in such a man than she would have in the last of human beings.

"No, my friend," she said after a moment. "but it is not a pleasant thing for a woman to think of having killed even the guilty."

The Indian now remained silent for some

time, apparently considering the sentiment he had just heard expressed. He then said, "What do you now, a'pose 8 nit come back?"

"I cannot toll, Sagouit," answered Jenny, sadly; "my mother cannot be removed, and I shall not leave here. Could we resist them, do you think?"

"S'pose try him, if tink best," replied the Indian; then after a pause he added, "No good go to Ononela—now what you call Shi-neu-ta-da"—and get sogder?"

The countenance of the poor girl brightened at the suggestion.

"How long would it take you to go and get back, Sagouit?" she asked, after some reflection.

"When sun get here," he answered, pointing off to the south.

It was soon agreed that he should do so, and Jenny bestowed herself to set before him something on which he could make a meal, after his long watching, and before his own exertions, which would be by no means unfruitful.

"Sagouit," said the kind-hearted girl, "you see I haven't much to give you for all your kindness; but it is my best."

"When good friend say dat, make poor Injun eat, and satisfied," answered this gentleman of the fresh feel rich, "I'll answer the country, from this house to Sheneetady, the distance might perhaps be four miles. It was dense forest all the way—at first hilly, and impeded with underbrush, but afterwards open pine woods. And active runner like the Oneida might well go and return in two or three hours, and still have time to perform his errand in the little town."

As soon as the Indian had finished his meal he started. It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon when he left the house and climbed the hill that lay directly in his path, and a short distance from the river bank. When once on the summit he could see the site on which stood his own little hut no longer ago than the evening before, and the ashes of which still sent up faint traces of smoke. The Indian sighed as he beheld the place of his desolated home; for as it was all as he had in the world, it stood him instead of family. To leave it like a clear fire, and to have no more disappeared—this, the fruit of so much simple toil—swept away by the fiery broom of war, and its late possessor was turned out like an Ishmaelite, to do battle against his kind, for the poor privilege of living. But the Oneida passed not to mind these things. Other cares absorbed him. He looked back upon the quiet house of McDonald, which lay warmly bathed in the summer sun, but around which unseen dangers hovered. Across the river to the northward, the stone chimney of another house could be seen; and the negroes of the Indian seemed everything about it, moving down the slope of the opposite hill, and leaving no object unexamined. He could even discern the excavation in which superstitious greed had worked the night before, and there sitting close beside it, he could make out the form of the elder Smith, watchful as a griffin guard his treasure. Presently also the eyes of the Indian caught sight of several other forms close down by the water side; and he fairly started as he reckoned their numbers and saw their purpose. The distance was too great to enable him to distinguish features or persons, and as he thought it important to know these particulars, as well as the object of the movements he saw, he bounded again rapidly down the hill, and in ten minutes had passed the house and concealed himself among the bushes of the shore, at a spot where he could command a view of the river and of its opposite side.

From this new position he at once discovered that his apprehensions had not been ill-founded, for in one of the men in the group opposite he made out Bartlett. A kind of discussion seemed to be going on, after starting out of which he intended to wade the river, they apparently at the suggestion of Bartlett, returned to

the beach, and taking out a boat, engaged themselves in repairing it. All these movements were quite intelligible to the Oneida, as he himself had given that same boat a severe shattering a few hours before, by dropping a large piece of rock upon it and those it contained.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A HAWKING PARTY.

IN the work of repairing the broken boat, the Indian Ottawa did not disdain to lend his assistance. In his eyes such an occupation was not labor; it was rather artistic in character, and like the manufacture of weapons, was not to be despised by a warrior.

While he and Bartlett were thus engaged, the latter overheard fragments of conversation between the two Smiths, which revealed to him things of importance, and of which he did not fail more fully to take advantage.

"I tell ye," said Eldad, in a suppressed but half-angry tone; "I tell ye, it's the gal he's after himself; and I'll not help to put her in his clothes, if I know it!"

"Be quiet, Eld," answered the other; "don't be a fool. All we've got to do is to get her over to the States, and afterwards we'll see you know."

"Yes, but," persisted Eldad.

"There, then," interrupted Solon, "don't talk any more, or he'll suspect something. I tell you we can take care of her when once here, and him too, for that matter."

As he finished this sentence he glanced with a meaning look at his brother, while he slightly nodded his head sidewise towards Bartlett.

The latter, during this little colloquy, had more than ever pretended to be engaged with the Indian on the boat, but he had not lost a word of what was said, and treasured it up for future use.

As soon as the little craft was again ready for the water it was launched, and all but Solon got into it. The latter, in remembrance of the search he had got the night before, and for other reasons, had determined to remain behind.

"I don't know," said he, "if I am right," said Bartlett, sitting down in the boat, just before they started, and putting on a thoughtful look.

"How so?" asked Solon.

"Why, not to go on this foolish business. I've accomplished all I wanted to. The old fellow has injured me, and now I've paid him off. I don't clearly see why I should meddle with his family any more than you. My party has already suffered enough, and Ottawa and I have other work before us."

At these unexpected remarks, Eldad sat an angry look at his brother, who was himself puzzled, so that for a moment no reply was made.

"As we've helped you in your job, I should think you might help us in mine," then laughingly said Eldad.

The answer, after all, was perhaps as good as any that could have been made. True, it betrayed a little more fully to Bartlett that his two white coadjutors were now working on their own account—all events, not on his; but he nevertheless placed him where he wanted to be, under the appearance of necessity of going forward with the undertaking, and without seeming to be personally interested in the result. He had, to say the least, taken away suspicion from one of his companions; and he, too, made his reflections, that the prize being once obtained, it would only then be necessary to consider how was to be disposed of. He relied upon his own address.

So the boat pushed off into the stream, leaving Solon a little mystified, but still eager for her success, and sitting on a rock, watching their proceedings, with the hungry eyes of a wolf that saw a bolder animal than himself running down the prey on which he hoped to savor.

It is needless to say that other eyes than his were also witnesses of the progress of the boat across the river. Slowly and with difficulty,

struggling now among the foaming "rifts," and now across some deep pool, where the paddles found no bottom, did the light skiff make its unsteady way. The passage occupied probably nearly half an hour. The day was as fair and inspiring as one is usually seen in those latitudes. All nature seemed alive; the very fish sported in the water, and the birds swooped overhead with resounding wings and melodious cries.

Bartlett was rather relieved than annoyed by the absence of Solon. The Indian he could rely on, and Eldad he could lead. He himself was by no means destitute of the courage and conduct necessary on the occasion. He knew the perils of frontier life, and when in it he was ever watchful against surprises, and quick to seize the means of success. Besides, in the present case, there was only the Ononda to be feared. Of his presence and agency, though none had yet seen him since the night before, all were convinced. It was, then, upon him that Bartlett's thoughts were principally bent, and for him that he exclusively watched, as the boat made its way across the stream.

When near the southern shore the Indian, who sat in the bow and was plying his paddle, said some words to Bartlett in his own tongue, and without ceasing his operations or turning his head.

Bartlett quietly raised his eyes towards the top of the cliff before them, and without appearing to do so, scanned it very thoroughly.

"Are any of those birds overhead good eating, Eldad?" he asked, pointing upwards, but casting a look askance at the rocks.

With open mouth Eldad examined the fowl that in considerable numbers and variety sported above them. His countenance assumed a look of some contempt as he continued his examination, and he said:

"Unless you can make game of fish-hawks and crows, I see nothing. Snipe and other good water fowl don't fly up that way, but keep to the marshes and bushy places."

"I don't agree with you about fish-hawks," said Bartlett, calmly. "There is some Indian dialect, and in a lower tone, he said to Ottawa, "Where is he? I see no sign of him."

"By little cedar—lay down there; head one side, legs 't'other," replied the Indian hurriedly, in the same tongue, still busily plying his paddle.

"I say, Eldad," now continued Bartlett, taking his rifle, "I've sometimes found them birds good eating. They're hard to hit, I know, but I've a mind to try one."

So saying, he appeared to be engaged in selecting some one of the birds overhead for the object of his aim; when all at once, changing the direction of his gun and his eye, he pointed the barrel at the upper edge of the cliff and fired.

The report was followed by the cawing of the crows, as they trembled the westerly air, and sought the refuge of the bushes and trees of the back hills.

"Ha! he!" snickered Eldad. "I thought you'd find it easier shooting grey squirrels on the trees, than wild birds on the wing."

"It's no grey squirrel," replied Bartlett, as he peered through the smoke that still clung about him; "but I'm much mistaken, if it isn't a RED ONE."

No reply, or evidence of attention, inquiry, or alarm came back from the shore. All there was as still as at the first.

The boat, meantime, was making its way, not towards the mouth of the cove, but towards the point where there was a practicable ascent to the top of the ledge. Both the Indian and Bartlett pushed on as fast as they could.

Close in shore there was a space of still, clear water, some ten or twelve feet deep, over which the canoe was propelled. The water, however, leaving its way as it touched the stony bank. The Indian had suddenly recoiled from the bow where he sat, and with a deep guttural expression

of horror and alarm, cast himself on his knees in the middle of the little boat, where he seemed to engage himself in prayer. He was, in truth, astonished, looked forward and around to discover the cause of this sudden emotion. In the clear water over which they now slowly floated a singular object met his eye. He leaned down to examine it more attentively. Little by little, as it became more distinguishable, the truth was revealed to him. This strange object was none other than the body of a man, standing erect upon the sandy bottom of the river! There it lay, and to fro, with the changes of the water, the countenance rigid and dusky in death, and a few hairs floating beside the head. Bartlett, however, was still bare and where the sculp had been torn off! It took him several seconds to make out that it was the body of their late companion Sabbat. He was not surprised at this death, for that he knew; but the unexpected manner in which they had come upon his corpse, that was supposed to have floated far down the stream, and the fact that they now found the sculp torn off, were the subjects for surprise and consideration. The Indian—barbarian in birth, with the faint, weird twilight of Christian teaching lighting up, so to speak, one corner of his mind—saw only masonry in the incident to indicate the power and presence of some evil spirit. So he trembled and prayed. Soon, however, his thoughts took a new turn; and he began to regard this rising up of the body of his comrade against his way as Hamlet regarded the visit of the ghost of his father, to the effect, as an appeal and inciting to vengeance from the other world. His then grew calm. A vulnerability deeper and more menacing than usual settled upon his smart features. His eyes twinkled in their deep sockets with a bright blaze which indicated the activity of the mind within, notwithstanding the look of the features without.

Bartlett cast a look upon him, divined the working of his thoughts, and almost smiled as he found this human engine thus fired up for his own use.

They now quickly landed; and the three, without precaution or more ado, hastened to explore up the ledge. When they were on the top and came in sight of the house, they found everything there quiet. The smoke arose from the chimney to indicate that the occupants had taken no alarm, or at least had not fled. Ottawa, instead of following, hastened along the cliff to the cedar-tree he had mentioned to Bartlett, and there carefully examined the appearance of things. At first he seemed a little disappointed, for no body was found. After a few moments, however, he raised a yell of exultation, which instantly drew Bartlett and the old squaw. Eldad meanwhile pursued his way to the house.

The savage had, in fact, as Bartlett now learned, discovered traces of blood upon the ground. These, as soon as his companion joined him, he proceeded to follow up. They led directly to the door of the house.

We must precede them a few minutes.

(To be continued in our next.)

## OVER THE FALLS.

SOME twenty-five years ago, Fred Maynard and myself, who had been some time together at college, determined to celebrate our release from Alma Mater by a grand time in the woods with our rifle and fishing lines. But for some days it was a question with us where we should go, that we might at the same time find game in abundance, and also include our old college friend and picturesque in nature. We at last determined to pitch our tents on Grand Island, in the Niagara river, between the Falls and Buffalo; and in less than a week we were comfortably encamped on that once deer-haunted and untroubled spot.

We had been in the woods several days, having first spent two days in the vicinity of the outcrop, and were enjoying ourselves to the

full-feeding high on roasted venison and maul-killers, of our own procuring, when fate, as if envious of our good fortune, sent down upon us one of those sun, storm comers to the latitude of the Great Lakes. The wild gale roared through the old forest, and tossed the giant arms of the great trees threateningly above us, while at the same time the chilling rains fell in torrents upon us. We knew the storm would continue at least for twenty-four hours, and it was necessary for us to seek some more substantial shelter than our canvas tent could afford us. The boatman had hired for the term of our stay informed us that at the lower end of the island, some three miles from where we had established our camp, was the cabin of a settler, with whom he had no doubt we could find protection from the storm till morning, and under his guidance we started for the place.

On the way, we learned from our guide that the settler, whose name was Chambers, had been living some years on the island alone, with no companions save an old invalid, that paragon of the character of his master, who was regarded as an unweird and selfish man. Besides cultivating a little garden, Chambers supported himself comfortably by hunting and fishing, the village of the Falls furnishing a remunerative market for his game.

Thus much we learned of the man upon whom we were about to call to solicit protection from the merciless storm. The boatman also hinted something about some great misfortune which had years before befallen the man, but which was now almost forgotten by his neighbors; or, at least, had ceased to be a subject of conversation among them.

After nearly an hour's walk through the tangled underwood, we at length came in sight of Chambers's cabin, which was a small structure, surrounded by a fence. It was also enclosed by a small vegetable garden, inclining to the edge of the river bank. This gloomy building, with its low, narrow door, and single window of four small panes, nearer the roof than the ground, did not hold out a very inviting prospect of hospitality.

"I doubt much," said Fred, "if this unweird recluse will thank us for intruding upon his retreat; and to tell the truth, Curley, I've already conceived a strong dislike of the man. But, however, any port in such a storm as this, say 'I'!"

At this instant, as if to enforce the truth of my friend's impressions, a fierce, black dog bounded over the hedge, and coming half way between us and the house, took a position in the path, and with a loud growl forbade a nearer approach.

"Get out, you imp of Erebus!" shouted Fred. "Hillo, the house!"

But even while he was hailing, the door opened, and the occupant of the cabin presented himself. He seemed at once to comprehend the character and object of his visitors, and with a few broken orders to "Mungo," as he called his dog, who with a wag of his tail returned to his master's side, we were invited to enter the cabin.

Forbidding as was the exterior of Chambers's cabin, the interior, but for the want of sufficient light, was not so gloomy as it appeared, even in pleasant weather; but in this bitter storm, which prevailed without, it was not only comfortable, but almost elegant. One side of the little room was filled with shelves, on which were arranged in perfect order a choice selection of books, and a few of the most valuable libraries were a collection of geological and mineralogical specimens of that peculiar region. Several volumes were lying upon his table, and one still open showed that he had been engaged in reading when his attention was called toward us by the growing storm.

Placing chairs around the capacious hearth, we were kindly invited to be seated, while he busied himself in relieving us of our dripping over-

costs, and hanging them upon pegs upon the wall.

"I believe," said he, with that tone of voice which always distinguishes the educated man, "you are the gentlemen whose encampment, for several days, has been upon Deer Creek?"

We answered that we were, and but for the storm would not have intruded upon his hospitality.

"Then," said he, with a manner which at once made us feel at home, "I must thank the elements for the pleasure of your company to-day. My poor roof you are welcome to, for it is some years since it has sheltered others than 'Black Mungo's' head and myself. You must reconcile yourselves to the thought of being my guests till to-morrow, at least, for this storm will not cease before."

We thanked him for the unexpected courtesy, and Fred whispered in my ear:

"After all, Charley, first impressions are not always correct!"

In the mean time the storm continued to increase in violence, and the roar of the wind, and the rushing of the river against the bank, as it rolled onward toward the mighty rap it was soon to take, made our enjoyment of a domestic life and our comfortable shelter, and by the time our abundant game supper had been partaken of, and the capacious fireplace filled with blazing wood, we felt not only at home, but positively happy; while our host, throwing off all reserve, became as communicative as an old acquaintance.

At length, presuming upon our familiar footing, I ventured to express my surprise that one possessing the knowledge of the world and of man that he did should withdraw himself so entirely from them, and live the life of the recluse in ordinary life.

A sad smile spread itself over his face, as he replied: "Doubtless, my friend, every man has a reason for the peculiar track he pursues in life. I have mine for preferring the apparently unsocial and selfish one I have chosen. It is not that I am a misanthrope—there from it I derive my kind; but life has seemed to hold out the lurements it did some thirty years ago, when I had hoped to share it with those I loved. I am alone in the world, for no human tie remains with me this side of the grave. The last and strongest was torn from me almost within sight of this very spot. Since the death of my wife, you now observe, my books and nature almost my sole companions, if I may except my faithful Mungo, who has shared this cabin with me for the last ten years. It is years since I have narrated the great fearful error of my life, but if it will make the hours of this gloomy night pass off the more rapidly to you, I will once more recall them, though the reminiscence is the most painful I can refer to."

I begged him to pardon my thoughtless inquisitiveness, and protested against his recalling the past events of his life, which doubtless were of the most sacred nature to himself. But, unmindful of my words, he related the following story:

"I will not dwell long upon the early passages of my life," he commenced, "but will come immediately to the one great, sad, and controlling incident in it, which I have termed my first recollections are of the beautiful banks of the Trent, in northern Staffordshire, where I was born. I was an only child, and my parents dying in my early boyhood, I was left to the guardianship of my mother's brother, whose family entreaties were by his kindness to come to me forget the unhappy nature of my position. But as I grew older, I could not but feel a deep yearning for the love of a mother, though my aunt almost filled that relation to me. In my uncle's family, I had for playmates their own only daughter, Evelyn, and another cousin, on my father's side, who was, singularly enough, occupying precisely the same position as myself. Like me I was an orphan, and under the

guardianship of my uncle Browning. His name was Arthur Browning. He was senior but some two years, while my beautiful blue-eyed cousin, Evelyn, was a year and a half younger than I. With all the ardor of my childish nature, I attached myself at once to my cousin; and during all the years of our childhood we were as true as ever friends. We grew to love each other with an affection stronger, if possible, than that of brothers and sisters; for Evelyn, whom we both idolized, seemed to come between us a bond of love, cementing us more strongly together than even the love of brothers. She was a gentle, loving child, and very amiable, but she was constituted to develop itself as she grew older. For about ten years we remained under her father's roof, receiving instruction from the same teachers, and studying the same branches together, excepting some of those peculiar accomplishments belonging exclusively to her sex. But after that time, Arthur and myself were sent to school, away from home, and afterwards to the university. All our vacations, however, found us at home in the society of our beloved Evelyn, who on every visit seemed to have still improved in all her virtues, and all the passions of womanhood.

"But let me pass over this period. As I became a man, I learned that the love I bore my gentle cousin was indeed different from that of a brother; and further, that she returned all my gushing affection. In short, she became my wife. I was shortly after our marriage that we both learned, to our surprise and sorrow, that our cousin Arthur had been upon the point of proposing for her hand, little dreaming that I had ever regarded her in any other light than that of a sister. Poor Arthur! I knew well how to feel for him, well imagining what my own heart would have been under the same disappointment. He never mentioned the subject himself, and wishing us all happiness, soon after sought to forget his passion amid the new scenes which opened to him in Canada.

"His wife wrote to us regularly, expressing herself highly pleased with her new prospects, and at length came to hint at the necessity, as I thought, of her establishing in a good profession, of taking to himself a wife, thus leading us to suppose that he had finally conquered his early disappointment.

"We had been married about three years, when the parents of my friend, stricken by a fatal epidemic, died within a few days of each other; and a few weeks after, with a view of drawing her away from the scenes of home, which continually reminded her of our mournful loss, I proposed to make a voyage to America, and to spend the season with Arthur in his new home, upon the banks of the Niagara. He had repeatedly urged us to come, and now insisted more urgently still that we should do so.

"It was a balmy June morning when, accompanied by my Evelyn, and our darling boy (whom had christened Arthur, after our cousin), in the arms of his nurse, we stood upon the landing of the village of Chippewa, which you can see just yonder across the river," and Chambers pointed through the little window in that direction. "Arthur was awaiting our arrival, and with bounding pulses we hastened into the embrace of his arms. He pressed the form of his foster sister to his breast, and imprinted a fervent kiss upon her lips. I observed a peculiar flashing of his dark eyes, which I had never noticed before. There was a certain wild and impulsive manner about him, which I never observed in him as a child; and, after butting it to the excitement of the occasion, I soon forgot it.

"Now I can recall many little eccentricities, both of word and manner, which my friend betrayed. But little then did I dream of the fatal certainty which the sight of one and will be followed by the sight of another in her arms in him."

"Our cousin's place, a pleasant manner which occupies the height of the river's bank opposite,

commanded a view of the broad Niagara, and the many beautiful islands scattered upon its course; while, in the distance, the wild rapids tossed their white waves madly against the shores, and leaped from rock to rock, in their impetuous race to the awful abyss into which they were about to be lost.

"For several days Arthur seemed to be laboring under a deep melancholy, from which Evelyn and myself in vain endeavored to recall him. He shunned our society, and every morning before taking himself to his skiff, pulled over to this island and spent the day with his gun in the woods. His objects were evidently not to hunt, for every evening he returned without game of any kind, and his gun had the appearance of never having been discharged.

"One morning, however, he saluted us both, at breakfast, with his usual cheerful manner, and excusing himself to us for what he termed his want of good fellowship, proposed that I should accompany him to Table Rock and the Whirlpool, and promised in the afternoon to take Evelyn and his little namesake with him in his skiff, over to Navy Island, which, with its inviting green woods, was one of the most beautiful nature in the world, as it appears seen from the windows of his residence.

"I never had a more delightful ramble than that which morning with my friend. It seemed more like the beloved Arthur of our younger days than he had before since our arrival; and when we returned home to dine, he had scarcely given himself time to rest, he had already the walk had given us, before he ordered his boat in readiness. I was also to accompany him; but as there was not room in the little craft to accommodate her, the nurse was to remain behind; and the care of the little Arthur devolved upon myself by turns.

"My friend, seated at the helm, which he handled with the skill of an experienced waterman, pushed off from the shore, and singing a cheerful boatman's song, as an accompaniment to his vigorous strokes, soon struck the shalving beach of the river, and we were merry song.

"I never remembered to have seen my cousin in such hilarious spirits before; and I was alarmed lest a reaction might be attended with the same gloomy melancholy from which he had but just recovered. He laughed loudly in the exuberance of his excitement, and made the old grog round with his merry song. Catching his little namesake from the arms of his mother, he tossed him in the air, and throwing him upon his shoulder, ran and leaped over the grassward like a thoughtless school-boy. The child, partaking of his noisy enthusiasm, emitted him in tiny shouts, while the faithful Evelyn looked on delighted. Ah! my friends, little could we foresee the fearful termination of a day which opened upon us so promisingly—a day that was to close down upon one of that little party in an awful gloom, which no joy could ever brighten up. But let us hasten to the fatal tragedy, which wound up this eventful day of my life.

"The afternoon soon glided away, and as the long shadows began to stretch out upon the river, I had to remind Arthur that it was time to return. At first he proposed that we should wait till the moon should reach her zenith by the yellow light; but fearing to expose Evelyn and the child to the evening dews, I urged our immediate departure; and placing my wife and our little boy in the after part of the boat, took my own position in the bows, that I might the better observe the progress of the moon as she rose. He sprang in before us, and taking his position at the helm, as before, with a few vigorous strokes we were once more afloat upon the strong current of the Niagara.

"Instead of striking directly for the Canadian shore, as we were intended to do, it was our wish for the opposite direction, passing between the head of Navy Island and the foot of Bookton over into the main channel of the river."



"Arthur! Arthur!" I shouted, where in Heaven's name are you steering?" for I had heard frightful stories of boats being carried down the sweeping currents of this passage; and in my ignorance of the navigation of the strait, supposed that it was never voluntarily returned into.

"Ha! ha! Harry, old boy, don't distress yourself,—why, you are more scared than an old woman! Don't you see I'm going to circumnavigate the island, and enter the mouth of the creek from below? Is a thing I've done a hundred times; besides, you see, in that way I'll take advantage of the stream, and drift into the eddy formed by the outpouring current of the Odjappee!"

"Don't be alarmed my boy! Ha! ha! ha!—but we'll have a right angry time of it yet!—ha! what say you little one?" (the child had echoed the wild laugh)—"what say you, dear sister mine? Shall we not have a merry time of it?"—and with another mad burst of merriment, and a fierce fire gleaming from his dark eyes, which had never before been so bright, he sprang once more to his oars, with a strength that made the little craft, with its precious freight, leap almost from the water, as it sped rapidly along, under the outer shore of the island.

A few such strokes sufficed to bring us to the lower end of the long point which stretched nearly opposite the mouth of the creek we had entered, when, with another hoarse, hysterical ha! ha! he shouted in a voice that might have been heard on either shore:

"I say Harry, old fellow, don't you know this is to be my wedding day!—ha! ha!—yes, my wedding day!—for Arthur Smithson is to be married at last!—and such a glorious baptism as shall attend it was never witnessed before! And you, my dear cousin Harry Chambers, shall be my bridesman—ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—and with another mad laugh that rang out wildly over the rushing river, and was repeated by the startled echoes of the Canadian shore, the madman tossed his sculls from their sockets, and poising them for an instant upon his knees, prepared to cast them from him into the river.

I detected at a glance this desperate intention, and springing forward upon him, I endeavored to wrest them from his grasp. But, as if possessed of a giant's strength, he dashed me to the bottom of the boat, and anticipating my object, sprang to his feet, and, holding the sculls high over his head, buried them with all his madman's force far out upon the surging current.

At this fearful moment my Evelyn, who, spell-bound, had been watching the frenzied motions of the madman, gave a wild shriek of terror, and fell fainting upon the bottom of the boat, with our own darling babe in her arms. Scarcely, however, had she fallen than the madman, leaving his seat, rushed to her side, and lifting her in his arms, seated himself upon the after seat, which she had been occupying, and pressing her inextinguishable curls to his breast, covered her blanch lips with hot kisses—and calling her his dear little wife, begged her to open her eyes and smile upon him.

Rescuing my poor child from the hold of the furious man, and almost mad myself with the excitement of our perilous position, I was for some moments utterly powerless. But we were drifting rapidly down before those frightful rapids, from which no arm of man might rescue us; and tearing up the thin lining of the boat, I strove with almost superhuman strength to turn the skiff toward the shore. For some moments the struggle seemed doubtful; but for fear life, and those I loved a thousand times were than life, I toiled on, while the madman, still clutching the form of my lifeless Evelyn, looked coolly on, and smiled at my efforts. At length I had succeeded in forcing the boat from the strong, middle current, when, at that

moment, my frail paddle snapped and fell from my hands.

"Again I tore another strip of lining from the boat, but it was too short to avail against the fresh impetus which the light craft had now gained; and to my utter horror I saw there was no further help for us! Some were carried into the hearing rapids, and I felt the cockle-shell beneath us tossed and thrown like a feather upon the impetuous waves. The waters roared and raved about us as if they were maddened by the presumption of puny man to venture upon their empire, calm and deceitful as was their upper course.

"Oh! how often since that fearful hour have I thanked God that my poor Evelyn was spared the horror of it. She remained clasped in the arms of the madman, passing through all that awful voyage, but all inaccessible to the terrible seas about her.

"Down, down we shot, like an arrow, towards that dark abyss, which, since the dawn of creation, no living object has ever passed and lived—towards that chaos and destruction ever ready for fresh victims. With a headlong rush we had reached within sight of the Table Rock, on which, that very day, Arthur and myself had stood, lost in awe and wonder at the sublime spectacle of an ocean of water leaping into that stormy gulf. With a strange calmness I recalled the wild, wild ramble and frightful scene of that position, my eyes took in all the fearful grandeur of the scene. Still our little skiff, as if suddenly gifted with wings, flew down that wild descent, till, as we were nearing that last little island on the Canadian shore, but a few rods above the mighty cataract, I made one more desperate effort; and concentrating in it the force of a dozen strong men, under ordinary excitement, wrenched the side rail from the boat, and making use of it as an oar, I forced the bow from its headlong direction toward the island. At that point the boat came in contact with a huge rock projecting from the white billows, and with a skilful force applied upon it, I threw the boat to the shore. With the speed of lightning I sprang to it, and would have saved her. But at that moment the madman, dropping my poor Evelyn from his feet, leaped upon me, and with a powerful blow dashed me away from my hold upon the light craft. In an instant it shot out into the wild rapids; and ere I could find my feet, was rods away, springing like a frightened courser towards that awful leap—bearing to the bottom of the abyss all I loved, a thousand times dearer than my own soul. Ah! how distinctly I can recall that terrible scene, and the manner of my poor mad cousin, as pressing the already—thank God!—lifeless form of my Evelyn to his breast with one arm, and with the other revering along the frightful child, he shouted back to me a voice that rang above the thunders of the descending floods:

"Ha? ha! ha! cousin Harry—is not this a glorious wedding ride? Ha! ha! ha!—and so disappeared from my sight for ever on earth all I loved!

This was the fearful story of our boat. It was the last time I ever met him, for when I revisited Grand Island on the following summer I found the old cabin deserted and fallen in. Its former occupant had suddenly disappeared from the island. Our old cabinman informed us that the last that had been seen of him was returning from the village of the Indians, and that in the face of a fierce north wind, crossing the river, had probably gone over the cataract—as portions of his skull were afterwards seen floating about the great eddy of the whirlpool. I have since his spirit I have found him! and I loved once last, having joined them, and with the same awful gateway they had passed before him.

THE INDEX for Vol. I. of the "SCRAP BOOK" contains a list of 2,400 names of persons who have been advertised for. Price 2d.

## MY REVENGE.

BY A STEEP-DIGGER.

I HEAVILY disliked my step-mother. I had almost adored my lost mother, and her memory was now enshrined in my heart with all the tender devotion, the purest reverence, with which passionate natures like mine worship their lost saints.

I had grown to womanhood before she died. This child's love had been united with the woman's appreciative admiration for a character not person singularly harmonious, graceful, and good.

I would not see that my father possessed the undoubted right to bring another mistress to his home, to take another wife to his bosom. I would not see that she whom I hated had committed no wrong against me in loving the man my dead mother had loved, nor yet in fulfilling, wisely and cheerfully, all the duties of her new station, and in winning, by tender care and scrupulous justice, the affection and respect of the children of her husband. My prejudices were stronger than reason or observation. She was my step-mother; the hated word summed up all causes of contempt and anger.

I could have acknowledged her a true and noble woman, at the head of another family. As a neighbor, I could have sought her society and accorded her my admiration, perhaps my love. But in my own home, with that hateful title for ever a barrier between us, I scorned all her advances, misinterpreted all her actions, and sought not to understand her character or motives.

My step-mother had one only brother, her nearest kin, her all before the newer artificial ties of her present life had been formed; for they two were contemporaries and had been from an early age. He was younger than she by a year, and I knew she loved him with that mingled love often felt by elder sisters in similar circumstances, compounded of the maternal and the sensual sympathies and activities—a love than which there is certainly no other in the world, or more self-sacrificing. I had not thought to strike her through this. I had until Guy Somers came to pay his first visit to our home.

But no sooner had I met and been introduced to him than a project unwomanly and flimsy took form in my thoughts.

His was the most interesting nature, so far as the softer emotions of the human heart are concerned. He had been an invalid all his more youthful days, and lived much among women. He had the quiet home-ways of the sex, shrank from all many sports, loved birds and flowers, and poets of all kinds, was a student of poetry and the higher range of fiction; and, though for some years he had been pursuing a learned profession with distinguished success, had lost none of these early tastes.

Overlooking his latent strength of character, I dared to despise Guy Somers, and my contempt grew daily as I saw him yielding more and more to my fascinations.

My father and my step-mother smiled approval. Their dearest wishes would have been met by a marriage between Guy and myself. My step-mother was too generous not to forgive all the unhappiness daily I saw him suffering because that I was making her beloved brother happy. And, besides, I was no longer a black shadow in the domestic horizon; but kind, graceful, and polished in manner, was doing all in my power for the general happiness.

Guy felt without making a declaration of love, but I saw his heart was already ravished, and knew my letters would saddle him with it. It was six months before I saw him again. I had yielded to the charm of those rare qualities. I knew now that Guy Somers was greatly my superior in all mental gifts, and was not less assured of his high principle, his moral bravery. Incredibly I had learned to admire, arm to arm



him, but was not the less resolved to persevere in my plot to the bitter end.

And so, though my heart died within me, and I knew that I spoke the words of my own doom, I coldly assured him that his relationship to my step-mother was the sole bond that united him to me. He could be a friend, connection, but nothing more.

They waited within to congratulate us, as this fateful conversation took place upon the lawn on the summer evening of his return. They waited in vain, however. I stole in at the office and went to my room; while Guy wandered away by the river side, and returned at midnight, haggard, exhausted, and drenched with the unwholesome dews. Next morning he saw his sister a few moments at sunrise, and, here the family assembled at breakfast, was miles upon his way toward the city where he had his home.

I know not whether his sister then fully understood my plan, but I think the triumph with which I veiled my own pangs of sorrow and despair partly enlightened her. An icy coldness grew up between us, and even my father punished me with his grave disapproval. I was very unhappy.

Soon news came that Guy was ill—worse—worse—that he was sick unto death, and his sister hastened to bring him home to die. I was forced to remain during her absence, but I gave notice that I should leave before her return, and go, as I bitterly said, "Where I need be no longer the helpless victim of suspicion and injustice." I was going, however, because I dared not stay and witness the death agonies of the man I loved.

But, on the day proceeding that fixed for her coming, my father was brought home, mangled and lifeless, to all appearance, from some terrible accident. I could not leave him. I had no thought of leaving then. All my filial affection blazed up again. I took my place by his couch, in the terrible anxieties of those hours of suspense, almost forgot the sorrowful and sinful passage of the years that had intervened since his marriage.

My father was better at last. He would live, the physicians said, and then I had time to inquire for the other invalid. In his life, the vital powers almost exhausted by his journey and return to the scene of his disappointment, hung but on the slenderest thread. And so, while I nursed my father, daily recovering as by a miracle from his hurts, amidst my joy for one came the hourly recurrence of the dread and terror for that other beloved one, never so loved as now.

No longer had I triumph in the sorrow I had caused. I had stood in the very presence of the Destroyer, in his most hideous form, and therein had my eyes been opened to see the sinfulness of my course. I had no thought, even now, that I could do ought to save Guy. I was all unworthy to approach him, though the longing to minister to him, to look again upon his face, led me often, in the still midnight, to steal to his door, and listen for the faint sounds of life within, as if my own existence hung upon them. Yet I never crossed his threshold. I should have looked to have been hunted thence with angry scorn. I moved in a horrible dream. I felt reason succumbing beneath this fearful pressure. It came as length—delirium, mortal weakness, utter unconsciousness!

"I woke at last. Like one coming to life, I opened my eyes as upon a new world. I saw first the trees waving before an open window, then objects in a lofty room, familiar, yet unfamiliar. I turned my glance—it rested upon the sweet, pale face of my step-mother.

"Where am I?" I asked, faintly.

"In the garden-room, dear," she answered, coming to my side, with a soft, gliding movement, and laying a soothing touch upon my hand. I slept again, and woke as the purple sunset was stealing in, to find myself, as I thought, alone. I lay still, enjoying the sen-



THE COURAGEOUS WIFE.

sation of returning life, for a long time, but the instant I moved a form crossed my vision—a thin, spectral form, that looked ghostly, indeed, in the waning light. I knew the voice that said:

"Are you awake, Eleanor, dear?" and the touch of that hand on my own shot a thrill of life and strength into every vein.

I suppose I had told all—cleared my bosom of its "perilous stuff" in my long delirium. At any rate, I was never permitted to make any explanations, but was so loved and petted, that thenceforth I became as good as I was happy. We were a ghostly pair of lovers, Guy and I, but my father and his dear Grace soon nursed us into strength and rosiest. Then we had a wedding one still, solemn autumn day, and I have been too entirely happy ever since to plot another scheme of revenge. I can never be too grateful to an over-ruling Providence, that the wicked one I here have confessed was not permitted to prosper.

## THE COURAGEOUS WIFE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

A LITTLE band of hunters and pioneers one night sat around a camp fire in the western wilderness, smoking their pipes and telling stories, when the following thrilling adventure was narrated by a veteran who had been one of the early settlers in the north-eastern part of Ohio.

"When I was twenty-five years of age," said the old man, "I removed with my family, consisting of my wife and two small children, from the State of Connecticut to the Western Reserve. I erected my cabin some distance from any of my neighbors, and immediately began to clear my lands and put in my crops. We had a very hard time of it the first year or two; but after that things began to improve quite cheerfully, and I soon had my farm comfortably stocked with cattle, horses, hogs, sheep, and poultry. My principal annoyance now was from the depredations of wild beasts—the bears and wolves in the vicinity being both numerous and audacious, and often disputing with me the pos-

sion of living property—for which temerity, of course, not a few of them paid with their lives.

"My wife (Heaven rest her soul!) was a brave, noble woman, and well fitted to be the companion of a pioneer. One of the first things she requested of me, after taking possession of our new home, was that I should make her familiar with the use of the rifle; and aware how much such a knowledge might conduce to her safety, especially in my absence, I taught her to load and fire, and she soon became almost as expert with the weapon as myself. I taught her this, I say, for her own safety; but in the end, as it proved, it providentially became the means of saving me from a horrible death.

"One dark, cloudy night, I was awakened from a very sound sleep by my wife, who said to me:

"George, I think there is some wild beast among our hogs. They are making a great outcry—do you not hear them? I did you not better get up and see what the matter is?"

"Very likely," muttered I, with a drowsy yawn, and an indistinct impression of what she said; but being very sleepy and fatigued, I passed into forgetfulness with the words upon my lips.

"From some cause I awoke again very suddenly, and beheld my wife in the act of leaving the house, with a light in one hand and a rifle in the other; and at the same time I became fully sensible of a very violent swish demonstration outside—one animal in particular fairly piercing my ears with his squeals of terror.

"Where, in the name of common sense, are you going, wife?" exclaimed I, starting up and hastily putting on one or two garments.

"Why, George, I could not bear to think of losing our property in this way; and as you seemed disposed to sleep, I had concluded to try what I myself could do in defence of the animals."

"Rash woman!" cried I, "would you peril your life in this manner? How do you know out the assailant is a bear?"

"That is exactly what I suspect it is," she answered coolly; "but bears have been killed

before now by women; and whilst any woman dare venture, I dare.

"You dare venture too much, I fear, my little heroine!" I rejoined, as I took my rifle from her hand. "Frey go back to bed now, and leave this matter to me. I am fully awake now, if I was not before; and whether bear or wolf that has disturbed my slumbers, he shall pay dearly for his audacity."

"You cannot well aim and hold the light too," returned my wife, "and so I will go with you."

"And yet you thought you could do both," laughed I. "Ah, how lucky for us poor men that we have such protectors!"

"The night, as I have said, was very dark; but there was no breeze to disturb the flame of the candle, which threw a dim light over a broad circle. We approached the pen, not far from the house, and found the hogs all standing, bristles on end, facing one way, and grunting fiercely, as if with anger and terror, but rather as if the danger were past than actually menacing. We counted them, and discovered that one, a half-grown animal, a pet of my wife's, was missing, and she vehemently declared that whatever brute had molested it should die."

"Let us go up the hill in search of the thief," she said. "I dare say we shall find him between here and the wood."

"I was nothing loth to go—for, considering everything, I was much vexed and annoyed, and longed to have a shot at the deprecatory; but I advised my wife to go into the house, and leave me to attend to him alone."

"No," she replied, "there may be danger, and I will share it with you. Besides, you will need me to hold the light, so that you can see to take aim."

"The hill alluded to ran up from behind the pen about a quarter of a mile; and at the summit there commenced a heavy wood, which stretched away into a forest—the side facing our dwelling being cleared and under cultivation, but thickly studded with blackened stumps of different sizes and heights, which would render it very difficult to distinguish an animal of a dark color by the dim light of our candle. I ran into the house and got my knife and ammunition and secured the door; and then we both set off up the hill, in the direction the hogs were still looking."

"Slowly we picked our way forward, turning carefully to every side, and more than once stopping and preparing for shot, as we mistook some blackened stump for the object of our search. At length, when about half way up the hill, I fancied I heard a low growling, crushing noise, such as a carnivorous brute will sometimes make over its prey when disturbed in the act of devouring it; and telling my wife to be very cautious, we moved carefully forward a few paces further, when she suddenly grasped my arm and whispered:

"There he is, George; I just caught the slins of his eyes."

"What is it?" I inquired, as, with my rifle ready for a sudden shot, I tried to peer into the darkness before me.

"I do not know—I have seen nothing but the shine of two eyes."

"We advanced some three or four paces further, straining our sight to catch a glimpse of the beast, when a low but very savage growl brought us both to a halt."

"Yonder I think I see him—something black and white together," said my wife, pointing straight before her. "Yes—see! it moves!"

"It is a bear," said I, "and I judge a large one. If I fire and wound him without doing him a mortal injury, he will perhaps charge upon his assailant; in which case I should feel all the better to know you were safe with the children."

"But I should not feel all the better to know you were fighting a wild beast here alone in the dark. No, George, I will remain, and if there is danger, share it with you."



THE SKELETON.—See page 262.

"You are a brave little woman," returned I, "but your courage only makes a coward of me. I dare not fire while you are so resolutely standing by me."

"Pshaw!" rejoined my wife impatiently; "give me the rifle!"

"That will do, Betty; now be prepared for what shall follow."

"I advanced a few feet nearer the savage beast, and my wife heroically kept by my side, holding the light above her head. I saw something black moving before me, from which issued a very distinct growl; and aiming for the centre of this object, I fired. A louder and more ferocious growl followed the shot; and as I sprang aside, to clear the smoke and get a better view, I saw the beast, half mad with pain and rage, rushing forward directly toward my wife. To utter a wild cry of alarm and horror, dark in before him, and deal him a blow with my butt of my rifle, was the work of a moment; and the next he was upon me, and I found myself locked in an embrace that bade fair to press my soul from my body. Dropping my rifle, I seized him by the throat with my two hands, and choked him so powerfully that he was fain to relax his deadly hug; but with his teeth he managed to lacerate my shoulder, and force from me a cry of pain."

"Oh, God help you, my dear, dear husband! you will be killed! you will be killed!" cried my half-distracted wife in tones of intense agony and terror."

"I was about to answer her, but again the huge paws of the savage beast closed around me, and only a wild groan passed my lips. It seemed to me, in that terrible moment, as if every bone in my body was being crushed—as if, in blood in my veins was being forced upon my brain; my senses reeled, and strange lights flashed before my burning eyeballs; and then a sudden darkness followed, which I believed to be the darkness of death."

"Great God have mercy on me and save me!" I mentally prayed, as I thought in agony of my poor wife and helpless children."

"Then, instinctively, as it were, I again grasped the throat of the beast with all my remaining strength, and again compelled him to

relax his hold, and we rolled over and over on the ground together."

"The powder-horn and bullet-pouch! for the love of Heaven!" screamed my heroic wife. The thought that she might possibly save me, for the moment, gave me new life; and with almost superhuman celerity, while with one hand I clung desperately to the throat of my furious foe, I tore them from my neck with the other and cast them toward her; and in the same moment I whipped out my knife from my belt, and plunged it some two or three times into the body of the beast."

"Strung to madness with the pain, he now exerted all his strength with a terrible fury; and with one blow of his paw he knocked the knife from my hand, and with the same downward stroke, tore the clothes from my right side, and lacerated it in a fearful manner. Then once more those flashes of light and darkness succeeded, and I thought that moment would be my last. It did not seem possible that I could escape with life; but with the same desperation that the drowning man clings to a straw, I still clutched his throat, and still choked him with all the energy of despair. Once more I felt his limbs relax, and I drew in another breath for another terrible struggle."

"Courage, George—courage and hope!" cried my poor wife, with fearful earnestness. "Hold out a minute more, and you are safe; the rifle is almost loaded; already am I ramming down the ball!"

"I could only see dimly, for she had set the light down on the ground at a safe distance, and her form was like a shadow above me; but the words thrilled and spurred me to struggle on, praying God to sustain me through the awful encounter."

"Quick, for the love of Heaven," I gasped; "fai not to fire upon the beast as soon as you are ready."

"Over and over we now rolled upon the earth, sometimes the bear uppermost and sometimes myself, and all the time I was clinging to his huge throat and choking him, and he was scratching and biting me, uttering the most savage growls, and endeavoring to get me again in his death-like embrace. The blood was now streaming from many a serious wound, and every moment

I felt myself growing weaker and more weak. At length, with a furious stroke of one of his paws, he knocked my limbs aside, and they dropped powerless to the ground. Then, as I fell his awful death-howl, I gave up hope and thought only that in another moment I should be struggling before the bar of God.

"But in that moment of living death, with my sight darkened, my brain bursting, my heart crushed, and my soul standing on the verge of another world, there came a flash, I did not see, a report I did not hear, and a leaden ball crashed through the head of my foe, shot from the rifle held in the hands of my heroic companion. The bear fell back dead, and his limbs relaxed with a quiver, and I lay as one dead upon his gory breast."

"I have no further remembrance of the events of that terrible night. When consciousness returned, daylight was upon the world, and my devoted wife was standing by my bed, weeping forth her heart-crushing grief. It was her arms alone that had borne me across the field of battle, and her gentle ministrations that had called my spirit back to an earthly existence."

"I recovered slowly, and it was many a long week ere I was again able to shoulder my rifle, and assume to be the defender of my hearth and household. Noble companion of my joys and sorrows! to her I bowed my head, and reverently did I devote it to her happiness, till God called her to a home and rest beyond this world of sin and sorrow."

### THE RED DWARF.

#### A LEGEND OF NEW YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY WM. HENRY PEEK.

Many years before the war of the Revolution, there stood a time-worn edifice of irregular brick and crumbling stone, in the now magnificent pleasure-ground which we call the Central Park of New York. Isolated and bleak, in those days, with no attempt at ornament upon its rude walls, the old house had been untenanted for years, when Hugh Garbolt, the man, with all his habitation. No one then living could say to whom it belonged, or by whom it had been built; though grey-haired men told that it had sprung as from the earth, unmade by mortal hands, and fit only for the lurking places of snugglers, desperadoes, or demons. The man, with all his recollection, who had lived there before Hugh Garbolt made it his home, died there alone; nor was he known to be dead until a wandering hunter, demanding shelter at its iron-bound door and prison-like windows, and receiving no reply, forced an entrance from the rear, and after striking a light with flint and steel beheld a human skeleton, clad in decaying leathern garments, seated in an osken chair in ghastly grimaces.

Before this hideous figure was spread upon a table a goosy store of silver and golden coins, which their owner, perchance, was counting when the hand of death snatched him, sudden and sure. The hunter was a man of nerve, and did not hesitate to appropriate the treasure; and though he did not fail to tell of what he had seen in the chair he said not a word of what he had taken from the table. The latter truth leaked out when the hunter became a man of money, married, and told his wife.

The honest burglers of New Amsterdam, as its first white settlers defiantly persisted in calling New York, smoked their pipes for three months in deep meditation, and resolved unanimously that the hunter takes a precious live, until a tale, gaudy, and evil-eyed man from France set the town in an uproar by declaring that he intended to penetrate to the spot and make the house his abode. From the very day that the hunter had told his tale the shunned dwelling had been called "The skeleton's House," and no unclean, however daring, had ventured within

a mile of it; and as for any sensible Knickerbocker's going there, the very idea was preposterous.

But Hugh Garbolt, with a sneer that had been growing his thin, hard face for sixty years, defied all known and unknown demons with a scoff that made the good burglers' hair bristle over their heads, and went alone to "The House of the Skeletons."

The burglers waited two days, and then nodded at clouds of smoke that Hugh Garbolt was a fool. But when he returned on the third day with a bag of coin so heavy that he staggered under it, the burglers opened their eyes, and watched that Hugh Garbolt was a very wise man.

"To be sure about the place," said Garbolt to a score of listeners, as he sat wrapped around his lips, "and found some musty papers which told me that an old buccaneer had lived there, and where to dig for it. I dug these 20,000 golden crowns from under the table."

"But," said Hans an Schipper, the innkeeper, as he slowly filled his pipe, "the skeleton?"

"Is there," said Garbolt. "My dear friends, you are all welcome to that!"

The burglers smoked several hundred pounds of strong Jamestown weed during the following week, and on the eighth day resolved to claim the 20,000 golden crowns for the township. But Monsieur Hugh Garbolt had disappeared, and with him went the crowns.

Two months rolled on and still the skeleton of the dead buccaneer held grim and unmolested watch over the table, when young Albert Vandemer paid it a visit. Albert Vandemer was the only son of a most worthy and respectable widow, whose husband had paid the great and final debt when Albert was but ten years old.

Ten years more had passed, and though the sad and gloomy tale he had heard deeply affected the thought of the past, her soft eyes sparkled with joy as she gazed upon her mummy son. Kind, generous, handsome, and affectionate Albert, with his tall, lithe frame, keen blue eyes, and bounding step, never paced the street unattended by gossip, glance, or smile from the rosy daubers of his pipe, the windows like living geraniums of beauty on either side.

But the good burglers and their better wives shook their heads as he stepped so gaily, and said he was by far too daring, as had been his father, who lost his life in trying to swim through the Gate without putting out the fire of his pipe on exploit that extinguished pipe and life for ever.

One fine day some phlegmatic youth, who envied Albert for his famous courage, bantered him to go and spend a stormy night in "The Skeleton's House."

"I've a respect for tombs," said Albert, as his handsome face flushed with indignation, "and have never made them a butt for sport. And that is the only reason I have never entered that burglar's den. But if you, John Hood, will go with me, I will stay there any night you may appoint."

John Hood turned pale at the idea, and took to his heels as his young comrades toward the challenge was fair; but Albert declared that he alone would dare the unknown horrors of the place that very night.

"For," said he, gazing at the sky, "the clouds that read above foretell a stormy night to my eye."

His words was as good to all who knew him as their eyesight, and none would have questioned it, but he returned next day and said:—"The skeleton is a jocular elf, and never gets to pipes and ale, strong each as a hero himself," however absurd the statement might seem to men who held it as a firm belief that lungs were indispensable to smoking, and bowels to the relieving of stifled beer.

Albert Vandemer cautioned his companions to conceal his purpose from his fond mother,

who, though she would not be alarmed by his absence from her roof for a night, would undoubtedly have called in the aid of her stout and stern father, had she known of his absence during this perilous undertaking.

Arming himself with his father's trusty pistol, and good old cutlass that had eaten the scalp lock of some dozen or more red savages, Albert was soon on his way towards the awful spot, nor did many hours pass ere he found himself before it, despite the roughness of the stone, the tangled and overgrown grass and undergrowth that then covered the now well cleared park.

"The Skeleton's House" was of antient and a half, square in shape, and built in the midst of a dense wood here and there broken by the rugged backs of huge rocks that seemed like stout giants forcing their way to the upper air. One iron-bound door in front and two strong oak-shuttered windows, all as firmly closed as the entrance of a tomb, met the youth's first glance as he passed before it. He walked cautiously around it and found similar entrances in the rear, but the door yielded to his touch, and culled in his hand the entrance leading forth skeletoned though heavy sinews might clothe them. At first he could discern nothing, but when his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he saw the silent and fleshless sentinel still grinning in terrible mockery of mortality over the worn-out table, the thick and darkening fog of its huge lay damp and dark around it. Looking closely the youth saw that wires had been used to keep its ghastly skull erect, and as his keen eye roved sharply around he noticed a part of the earthen floor much more beaten down than the remainder, and following this slight path as his sight grew clear and true, he traced it to a corner, where he saw a row of great iron spikes driven into the wall, and ending at a small trapdoor above, in the oaken ceiling. To loosen his pistols in his belt and accout with his cutlass ready for anything unexpected, man or demon, was the work of an instant with the active Albert. A steady pressure forced up the trap, and a flood of light poured in upon the small apartment above, from a window there wide open. Entering stealthily, Albert stood erect and looked about him. A cot bed was in one corner, and several more arms and legs were scattered about. Perceiving a door near him, Albert boldly opened it and found himself in the presence of a most lovely girl of some fifteen or sixteen years, whose look of terror and disgust, as he entered, immediately changed to one of joy, hope, and surprise, as she beheld black eyes gazed into his frank and manly face.

"Ah! you have come to take me away!" she exclaimed, grasping his hands. "But where is he—the monster?"

"He? Who? What monster?" said Albert.

"The dwarf! The Red Dwarf! The monster that up to this placed over me to keep me in this horrible place."

"I have seen no such animal," said the bewildered Albert; but if you wish to escape I will place you in safety in spite of any dwarf, red, green, blue, or black, that ever breathed."

A shrill yell, like the cry of some fierce beast thrilled upon the ear, and Albert started to meet the sound of foot leading into the inner chamber was rudely dashed upon, and the scream of terror that poured from the young girl's lips told him that the enraged new-comer was her dreaded father.

The Red Dwarf was a horribly-deformed man, of some thirty years of age, with a savage and brutal visage, a snarl as venomous itself; with yellow, shaggy hair and tangled beard, and arms so long that the hunch-backed monster resembled a huge ape more than a human being.

With flaming eyes that rolled ferociously over the undaunted front of the athletic youth, as he placed his tall and slender form before the trembling girl, and gripping with its long spider

like claws, this thing cld in loose robes of a red-lid brow snarled :

"What are you here for? Go away! She's to be my wife when Hugh comes back! Go away!"

"Ah! he will murder me if you go!" cried the girl, clapping her snowy hands. "Oh! if you take me away with you. My uncle stole me from my parents in Virginia—he is keeping me to force my father, the husband of Garibaldi's sister, to sign away all his property to get me back—do not leave me!"

"I'll tear you to pieces if he doesn't!" snarled the dwarf. "I saw his tracks near the house, and here I am true-to-Hugh."

Instantly seeing that the dwarf was of low intellect, if not an idiot, Albert did not wish to shed his blood, but ordering her to get out of the way, he turned to encourage the girl.

With a yell and a bound the Red Dwarf was at his throat.

Magnificently then did Albert's stout sinews, toughened in many a struggle with his burly comrades, second to none in the land, come to a giant in strength, and as active as a panther. He howled, snapped his sharp teeth and tried to sink them into Albert's throat, who used his strength alone, disdaining the weapons in his belt, and having cast aside his cut-throat. For fully half an hour the combat was a fearful, but at length Vandemere, crying, all his prowess, hurled his foe headlong down the trap, just as the head and face of Hugh Garibaldi, pale and death-like, was peering from below. The waigist and impetus of the vanquished dwarf bore Garibaldi down with him against one of the iron spikes used as a means of ascent, and there, hanging by the great jagged nail, peering fully four inches under his right ear, Hugh Garibaldi, shivering with agony, was for a moment suspended, until a desperate plunge and struggle sent him headlong to the hot southern door below, as dead as if he had cut his throat from ear to ear—St ending to his long unending career of atrocious villainy. The dwarf, senseless and bleeding, for the spikes had dreadfully lacerated his breast and shoulders, lay gasping under the corpse of his father—for such was the relation of the two—by Hugh Garibaldi. Not pausing to await the recovery of the dwarf, Albert sadly descended with the joyous but trembling girl, and instead of spending the night in "The house of the Skeletons," he slept in his own snug bed, after having the brief story of the rescued one, and her true name, as Ella Arall, and was warmly welcomed to the home of the kind-hearted widow Vandemere.

Ella Arall was the niece of Hugh Garibaldi, who had for many years led a life of infamy all along the colonial coasts, and she had been kidnapped by him three months before her rescue, and hidden in that secluded house so eagerly shunned by all, and there the miserable offspring of her step-uncle, for her own mother was dead many years, kept rigidly guarded over the helpless girl; though the ghastly thing in the chair in the lower room, left there by Hugh to terrify her and such as she, was a picture too nearly, would have been to her timid mind a guard as fearful as a thousand savage men.

When Hugh Garibaldi first visited the spot, its adaptability as a place of concealment struck him at once, for even then he had it in mind to adopt the only child of his late, most father, to sacrifice every dollar he had in return for his lost and bloodied child. The treasure of the dead buccaner he had squandered within six months after his departure from New York.

When Albert, with some dozen or more astonished burghers, returned to "The Skeletons' House" the next day, they found the place a

smoking ruin, and whether the Red Dwarf perished in the flames or escaped with the body of his father, remains a mystery to this day.

The very spot where the dwelling stood is unknown, though I have often fancied I saw the hideous red-dwarf of the whistling dwarf peering from ragged rocks at the noisy skaters as they whirled and darted around his ancient home.

The father of Ella soon reached New York, and in the following year all the burghers and good grows within a mile of widow Vandemere's house were seen one evening slowly rolling arm in arm, and puffing with placid joy, as the frisky lads and giggling frolics rejoined at the wedding of Albert Vandemere and Ella Arall.

## THE REPENTANT FATHER.

A STORY FOR PARENTS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH ROGERS.

"How dare you have the impudence to give utterance to such sentiments in my presence. I never thought to rear a son who would so forget his father!"

"But, father," pleaded the pale, slight boy, "I did not mean to offend you. I merely expressed my opinion, as my heart dictated."

"And pray, sir, by what right are you entitled to an opinion? Why, the idea of you dictating to me is outrageous!"

"Well, father," said the boy, "I knew old Tom was innocent of the theft; and I only said, sir, it would be better not to accuse him in public until the evidence was conclusive. I see no harm in what I have done—do you, mother?"

"Tears came into the mother's eyes, as the now furious father said scornfully.

"Oh, she will tell you so, of course. You are for ever thwarting me; but I will let you know, boy, my will is law; and you must either submit to it or leave my house for ever. Times have altered since yours, when a man cannot be master in his own home."

"Oh, husband, Willie did not mean to offend you," said the sorrowing mother, softly.

"Hold your tongue, woman—offer no apology for him. Don't let me have to say his mother encouraged his badness."

"God forgive me, father," said the boy, as he stooped to kiss his mother; and then, without saying a word of his intention, he silently left the house.

"I may be wrong in what I am about doing," he said, trying in vain to suppress his sob, "but I will never be happy in my home. I have done my best to be respectful, and never dream of offending father, and yet he is always harsh and cruel to me. I cannot bear it longer. My only regret in leaving is that my mother will miss me—for she ever loved me—and to my dying hour I will love her. It will be best for me to seek some employment by which I can support myself, for I will never again be dependent on my father."

Unconsciously the boy had wandered down to the water's edge; and as anything connected with his father had a magic charm for him, so, indeed, Willie stood gazing, with much curiosity, a noble vessel which was anchored in the stream.

"Well, young ladsmen," exclaimed a jolly old sailor, coming up to the boy, "how do you like the *Sea Bird*? Fine craft—her?"

"Oh yes, indeed," said Willie Adamson. "She is splendid! Do you sail in her?" he asked, with boyish eagerness.

"I do, boy," replied the sailor, who had been looking admiringly at Willie's honest face. "Joy, how would you like to go a voyage in her?—they were glad of your age."

"Oh, if I could only go," said Willie, "and what is there to prevent me—father will not care, and I will persuade mother to show me."

"Well, boy, you had better see the captain—but here he comes. He is a good man, so you need not fear afraid of him."

"Well, my boy," said Captain Jay kindly, when Willie made known his wishes, "I should be very glad to have you with us, for I like your looks. So, if you intend going, you had better be here early in the morning."

"I must consult my mother first," said the boy, "and if she consents, I will be punctual!"

"Mother," said Willie, as he wound his arms around her neck, and kissed the tears off her cheeks, "do let me go—it will do me good, and make a man of me, which I never will be if I remain at home, for you know father will scarcely let me think. I would love him but he will not let me; and perhaps, mother," said the boy, earnestly, "when I come back he will think more of me. Now, mother dear, do let me go. I will only be gone three years, and then I will return, never to part from you more."

"My son, my only son," sobbed the weeping mother, "how can I part with you? Yet, perhaps, it is better; surely it cannot do you harm if you only keep pure and good. Yes, my boy, I can go, with a mother's blessing on your head."

Proudly the gallant *Sea Bird* sped over the deep blue sea, carrying many passengers, some seeking pleasure, others childhood's home in merry England.

Willie Adamson loved the boundless ocean, for there he was untrammelled by tyranny, and he could cultivate the best feelings of his noble mind—aye, give utterance to them, too, and be respected for his many sentiments, for there was not one on board that ship but felt a strange interest in the pale boy whose dark eyes beamed with a sweet gladness, whenever a word of kindness was spoken to him. Oh, how great is the power of kindness over those whose youth has been blasted by a parent's unkindness! With them it has a double force, for it awakens in their mind the thought that all the world is not so dark as it appears to be, and that even the young heart is tortured by paternal harshness. Thousands of the poor wretches who are now outcasts might have been good and respected if the holiest feelings of the heart were cultivated instead of always chiding them for their faults; a gentle word and a loving kiss is a sure preventive against youthful errors than the harsh reproof, for there is no soul so degraded but that kindness will soften it.

Willie Adamson was a noble boy—kind, gentle, talented, and affectionate—and it was no wonder that Captain Jay intended to take him as a son. Four years previous he had lost his only boy, a youth of about Willie's age and disposition.

"Willie," he said, one day, as he found the boy intently reading, "how would you like to study navigation?—your fathering life seems to suit you, and if you are a clever boy, you will make a better turn studying for that branch. If you desire, I will teach you myself."

Willie could not answer, for this last proof of Captain Jay's kindness touched his heart, and he sobbed aloud.

Tears swelled the captain's eyes, as he said: "You are a good boy, Willie; just like what my own child was years ago."

Months and years glided into the vast chaos of eternity, never to return; bringing joys to some and sorrows to others; but to the old, haggard, lonely man, who weeps over a narrow grave in the old churchyard, they have brought repentance; and he mourns loudly his former errors, and the cursed cruelty which had blighted the lives of two who should have been very dear to him. Yes, he had seen the devoted wife, who loved him in spite of his harshness, stricken from his side by the sad intelligence that her Willie—her only child—had found a watery grave. That boy whom his cruelty drove from his home. Well, indeed, had that father been punished; and he bowed his head humbly before the chastening rod of the all-wise God.

"Oh, if I could only see my boy once again," he cried, "to ask his forgiveness, I could be happy; but vain, vain wish!—I never shall see his dear face! Oh, my son, I can make no atonement, save to beg, implore parents to avoid harsh conduct towards their children. I will tell them thy sad story, Willie; and bid them pause before they blight the sympathies of childhood."

"Mr. Adamson, you had better go home," said the sexton kindly to the old man; "the evening dew is falling, and you may take a severe cold, which may prove fatal."

"And what matters if I do die?" said the old man; "I have nothing to live for; no wife, no child—none to love me."

"God loves you, Mr. Adamson," said the sexton, earnestly. "He never will forsake you."

"Aye, sir, God must love me," said the old man, sadly, "or he would not have tolerated me so long. I have been a bad, cruel man; and yet he has given me time to repent."

Very feeble was the old man as he tottered to his desolate home, and tears of remorse rolled down his aged cheeks when he remembered what a paradise it might have been but for his dreadful temper.

"And this is your old home, Willie," said a fair, sweet woman, as she leaned out of the carriage to get a better view of the place.

"Yes, Bertha, dearest; in that house I was born, and spent many years of my life."

"Oh, how dear it will be to me," she murmured, as her mild, blue eyes rested lovingly upon her husband's face, which was at that moment sad and thoughtful.

"Why, Willie," she exclaimed, "what is the matter with you?"

"I am thinking, Bertha," he replied, "who will be there to greet you. You know it is many years since I heard from home. Perhaps they are all dead. Oh, God, spare me this trial. Let a mother's kiss again press my cheek, and a father's voice welcome me."

"The house is very dark," said Bertha, as she stepped from the carriage. "They cannot be at home."

"Alas," Willie said, "I fear they have gone to their last home."

"John, John," said old Mr. Adamson, who had just returned from his wife's grave, "attend to the door, and see who those strange beings are."

"Yes, sir," said the man respectfully, for he sincerely loved his master, whom he had served for thirty long years.

"Why, John, is it possible you are living yet?" exclaimed Willie Adamson, as he grasped the aged hand of the faithful old servant, to whom he had often rehearsed his boyish sorrows.

"Merciful Heaven, are you indeed Master Willie, returned safe, when we all thought you were dead. Why, sir, they told us you were lost at sea, years ago."

"I know, John, that —" but before he had time to proceed, his old father, who had heard John's exclamation of joy, rushed forward, and throwing his arms about Willie's neck, sobbed like a child.

"Willie, Willie, my own son, come you back to love your old father, and forgive his former harshness to you!"

"My father," said Willie, unable to restrain his emotion, "I will never part more—but my mother—my dear, dear mother, where is she?"

"In heaven, Willie," said the old man, solemnly.

"Tell me, Willie dear," said his father, next morning, as they sat in the library, "what happened to you during your absence. We thought you were dead, and your poor mother, my boy, died heart-broken. Why did you not write; you must have known we would be uneasy about you?"

"It is possible, father, you never received any letters from me? I wrote several times, and I almost feared they would never reach you, for I

was a captive in a strange land, and as it was death to any person who would carry letters from the slaves out of the country, the men to whom I intrusted mine must have proved false."

"Oh, Willie, my boy," said the father, "did they take those prisoners?"

"Yes, father," Willie replied, "the vessel which Captain Jay commanded was wrecked off the coast of Ireland, and nearly all the crew were lost, but Almighty God spared my life. I was the only one saved. For two days I was drifted about on an old raft, without a morsel of food to eat, and was at last picked up by a vessel bound to a port in the Mediterranean; but here I was not as my more fortunate, for our ship was attacked by pirates, who boarded her and killed many of the crew. Myself and a few others were loaded with chains and carried to Tunis, where we were exposed for sale in the public market. I met with a better fate than many of my compatriots, having been bought by a rich old gentleman, who carried a beautiful room within five miles of Tunis. I was appointed to wait on him, and although my patience was often tried by his peevish ways, yet he was not a bad master to me. During his last illness I watched and cared for him, and when all the others fled from his side, fearing contagion, I alone stayed with him, and did all in my power to alleviate his suffering; but he died soon after, leaving me, not only my freedom, but his wealth. Oh, how happy I felt when, after ten years' captivity, I trod again my native country a free man. During my residence in Tunis I learned to love my master's daughter, and, upon her father's death, we were married."

"But my daughter," said old Mr. Adamson, turning to Bertha, "your features are not like those who inhabit that far-off land—they are surely American."

"My father," she said, "was not a native of that country," she replied; "he told me before his death that he was born in the United States. When very young he was taken captive and brought to Tunis, where, I am sorry to say," she said, blushing, "he became a renegade. He gave me some papers, telling me if ever I was in America, they would direct me to find his friends."

"Let me see the papers, daughter," said old Mr. Adamson, eagerly.

"Certainly, father."

She arose, and returned with a small packet. As he opened it a card fell on the floor, and upon reading it, he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What is the matter, father?" cried Bertha and Willie.

"He was my adopted brother," said the old man. "See, here is his name, Herbert Adamson, and he directs you, Bertha, to seek him. Come to my arms, my darling, my more than daughter. Your father, dearest, was my best friend. We grew up together from childhood, for he was an orphan, and my mother kindly gave him a home, and loved him as a son. About twenty years ago he left us to seek his fortune, and we never heard from him since."

"My father told me," said Bertha, "he had heard you were all dead."

"Willie, my boy," said the old man, "you have made me doubly happy, by choosing Bertha for my wife. God bless you both, my dear, dear children." And overcome by gratitude to Almighty God, the old man knelt, and with him his children, who loved him truly.

And never again in that old mansion was heard a harsh word—no thought but gentleness and peace reigned there; and when the old father was borne to rest, so full of music, sorrowing hearts bent lowly o'er his narrow grave.

THE MAID OF THE RANCH; or, the Regulations and Moderators. A Tale of Life on the Texas Frontier. By Dr. J. H. Renshaw. Complete in 6 Nos. (Nos 18 to 23), price 6L; by post 7s 6d.

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

— o —

A THEORY has been started that *temperatures* control color; and that the higher the former, the darker will be the latter. If this be true, some of our nobles, who sit in their heated and unventilated rooms may wake up some morning and find themselves mulattoes.

### ACTION.

The life of man, even in its true sense, consist only in constant, active exertion, not only of the body, but also of the mental faculties. He is a stranger to happiness who passes his days in listless inactivity. That man can alone possess true joy who devotes all the energies of his soul and body to one great purpose and aim—who lives for a great object, and strives with all the powers he can command to attain it; the fulfilment of his wishes, and the vigorous health of body, while no less so does mental effort promote the growth and increase of the vigor of the mind.

### THE GO-BETWEEN.

There is, perhaps, not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which we mean that creature who carries to the ears of one contending party the observations that happens to drop from another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By his vile officiousness he makes that poison effective which else were inert; for three-fourths of the slanders in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens who, under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

### HAVE FAITH.

Of all the principles that actuate and govern a man's life, none has a more important influence than faith. He must recognise his nature as adapted to a nobler purpose and end, and in the pursuit of that purpose, find faith in his mission and ability to accomplish it is his surest and mightiest inspiration. The finest genius and the best talent are to no purpose without the guidance of faith to some definite end. The man who has no work or revolutions in the world have been men of profound faith—either in God, or in the work to which, under God, they put their hands. Faith has nerve the arm of the hero and the heart of the martyr.

### CLOSING UP.

The close of the week now gracefully it comes to telling and a merry melody. Even those who scoff at religion and its institutions acknowledge the wise, if not divine, ordination of the Sabbath—a day of rest and peace—wise, because it answers one of the greatest of human wants, as no other device could answer it. As the shadows of evening shall fall, the music of the Sabbath will lay down their toil armor, the finger-woman will fold up her work—that brings, alas! too scanty a titillation—and homeward from every busy haunt will go the host whose hands surround us with the comforts and luxuries of life. And how quiet will become the great city, how so full of the music of diverse yet mingling labor. The song of the hammer and trowel ceased, the autheims of wheels die away over the deserted streets, and solitude and repose reign masters of it be hour. Solitude so welcome to every better sense. Hapless, so sweet after the week's toil, and so to be unbroken for a day—repose, which brings reflection and meditation, enlarging the soul by a review of the experiences

through which it has passed. Joy be with all, in such hours of repose. May they ever strengthen us all, to renew the battle of life with greater earnestness, and with higher aims.

### "THE FIRST BORN."

What an important personage, and how greatly influential for good or evil, is the oldest child in a family! Emphatically it is so, if a girl occupies the place of the "first born." As goes her education and general training, so goes that of all the children that may follow. Her character is pretty sure to be theirs, in manners, in morals, in habits, and everything. And yet she is quite too apt to be spoiled by over-indulgence and petting.

It behooves parents, then, to look carefully to the training of their "first born." They should so direct the "bent" of his or her character, that it may safely become a model for the younger children entrusted to their care. In a word, the "first born" should be regarded as the teacher of the rest, and trained accordingly.

### LOVE OF ADMIRATION.

The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense, who desire to be admired only for that which deserves admiration; and we may observe, without a compliment to them, that they do not only live in a more uniform course of virtue, but that they feel a still greater regard to their honor, than what we find in the generality of our own sex. How many instances have we of chastity, fidelity, devotion? How many ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands? And all the great qualities and achievements of womankind, as the prosecution of science, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous and get themselves a name. But as the passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in everything that is laudable, so nothing is more destructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly.

### WASHING THE BABY.

You may think it a very simple thing to wash a baby. You may imagine that one feels quite calm and composed while this operation is being faithfully and conscientiously performed. That shows how little you know. When I tell you that there are four distinct delicate chins to be dodgily manipulated, between frantic little crying spells, and as many little rolls of fat on the back of the neck that have to be searched out and bathed, while all the endearing baby-talk you can command the while as a blind to your mercenary intentions; when I tell you, that of all things, baby won't have her ears or nose meddled with, and that she resents any infringement on her toes with shrill outbreaks, and that it takes two people to open her chubby little fists, when water seeks to penetrate her palms. When I tell you the mastery strategy that has to be used to get one stiff, little, rebellious arm out of a cambric sleeve, and the frantic kickings which accompany any attempts to tie on her little red worsted shoe; when I tell you that she objects altogether to be turned over on her stomach, in order to tie the strings of her frock, and that she is just as mad when you lay her on her back; when I inform you that she can stiffen herself out when she likes, so that you can't possibly make her sit down, and at another time sit up herself up in a chair, so that you can't possibly straighten her out; and when you enumerate the garments that have to be got off, and got on, before this process is finally concluded, and that it is to be done before a baking fire, without regard to the state of the thermometer, or the agonized draw on your bow, when I inform you that every now and then you must stop in the process to see that she is not choking, or

strangling, or that you have not dislocated any of her funny little legs, or arms, or injured her bobbing little head, you can farm some ideas of the relief when the last string is tied, and baby emerges from this, her daily misery, into a state of rest, diamond-eyed, scarlet-lipped content, looking sweet and fresh as a rosebud, and drawing off in your arms with quivering white eyelids and pretty unknown murmurings of the little half-sleeping lips, while the perfect little mass hands lie idly by her side. Ah! how shall one keep from spoiling a baby? A me! how can one ever give brimming enough measure to this—the motherless. FANNY FERN.

### YANKEE NOTIONS.

UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.—All the marriageable girls.

QUEST FOR GEOLOGISTS.—Are fossil rats ever found in trap-rock?

A SHAFER accused of stealing shipplasters naturally puts in *leg-bail*.

WHEN the wind is in the (g)east you may expect a storm to rise.

WASTED, to complete an assortment of states, a few specimens of the "iron heel of despotism."

INFORMATION FOR BAKERS.—There's nothing like the *greasy waves* for producing *long rolls*.

WHEN at sea you look out for breakers; but on a railroad the *breakers* look out for you.

WHY is a man who forges anchors like a hermit? Because he's an anchor-wright (anchorette).

THE Japanese put their fingers into the dishes at dinner. This is what may be called *Jap-an-ny manner*.

ANOTHER COLONISATION SCHEME.—It is proposed to ship all the boot-black to the plains of Shinjar.

A MAN out at the elbows was asked to quote Shakespeare. He replied he would rather be *coated* himself.

WHAT was the exclamation of Adam when the first female death occurred in his family? "*Dead, 'n' lost!*"

If your boy is sloven in his dress, give him a good thrashing, and it will be sure to *smartens* him up.

LADIES are seldom troubled with the *dumb* ague, but are very subject to the kind that makes the jaws *chatter*.

A NAPOLITAN QUESTION.—Does a man who goes to the pawnbroker's thereby become "the nephew of his uncle?"

THE love-knot is made seriously crooked, probably as an arch reminder that love is always crossed.

BY OUR COCKNEY CONTRIBUTOR.—Why is it easier to catch a hare than an heron? Because beavers have 't and hares have none.

"What are you doing?" said a fellow to his son, who was tinkering on an old watch. "*Jaw-proving my time*," was the witty rejoinder.

"What church do you attend, Mrs. Parington?" "Oh, any paradox church where the Gospel is dispensed with!"

WHEN the son of Ulysses arrived at the gate of Hades, they demanded his name. Tell 'em a case, said he (Telemachus).

It is astonishing that people should call this an intemperate age, when it is well known that all our pumps have suckers.

"Our children will have the immense fax on their hands," said an American gentleman. "Oh, rubbish!" replied an elderly lady, "what a blessing it is we have *nails* on ours."

WHAT vegetable does a row in Sweden put you in mind of? A Swedish turn-up. (St. reward is offered for the apprehension of the small-poisoner; see was sent us the above.)

NEW-CURT.—"Jim, what makes eyes keep such a cussed mawing night?" "Don't know, Bill; suppose, though, it's on account of their new-cuse membrane." The parties to this atrocity have been lodged in "Cell Number 4."

A VIGOR ERROR CORRECTED.—The absurd story about the Phoenix was out of the fact that Phoenixes always roosted in ash trees, and hence when they took wing they were said to "rise from their ashes."

STRIKING.—"What does the miller, Coar?" "Dat nigger dat lib does Cat-stally hit me on da noom wud his fist." "Well, deinf, you strike him back, Coar?" "No, mass, but I strike him head!"

MATHEMATICAL.—A minister out West advised in the hope of making young people on forward, that he would marry them for "a glass of whiskey, a dozen of eggs, the first kiss of the bride, and a quarter of a pig."

REFLECTION IN A CITY RESTAURANT.—They have two kinds of soldiers in the Union army—soldiers who are fit for doing duty in the trenches, and soldiers who are only fit for doing duty on the trenches.

OWE DEAR!—"Owing to what do you adopt such an extravagant style of dress, sir?" asked Paterfamilias of his fast first-born. "Owing to my tailor, my hatter, and my boot maker, old man," was the ready reply of the dutiful one.

ALL PROPER.—The following toast was given after a dinner at Queenston, Canada, lately:—"Dan you, canal, blast your furnaces, sink your water wheels, and smash your railroad, away with your electric telegraph, and over with your suspension bridges."

SOAPY.—It is said that there is a man who is so extraordinary fat and adipose, that he one day, in the heat of summer, had the imprudence to seat himself on a pile of wood ashes. A quantity of soft soap was the result. Peace be to his ashes. Soap to it.

HORRIBLE.—"Bill, you young scamp, if you had your wits, you'd get a good whipping." "I know it, daddy, but *kills* are not always paid when due." The agonized father trembled lest his hopeful son should be suddenly enticed from him.

JOKING ASIDE.—"Pa, is it when these newspaper folks are going to tell a side-splitting story that they say, 'joking aside'?" "Wife, you'd better put this young 'un to bed; he's been out doors again, studying 'em tele-graphs."

LICKED HIS DADDY.—An old Dutchman undertook to wallop his son, but J. & Co. turned upon him and walloped him. The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing at his son's manhood. He said, "Yell, Jake, is a short fellow; he can't rip his son."

UNCERTAINT.—"Captain," said a rowdy-looking personage, "I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but you surely stole that barrel of flour." Up to the latest hour the captain was inquiring of his friends whether the affront or the apology were the greater.

I LOVE THEE STILL.—It is all very well for the North to get up the cry of "On to Richmond still," but were the hundreds of military characters in their midst who would not press on to "Richmond still" unless they thought there was whiskey in it.

TO LET, with immediate possession, a ten-roomed house, situated in the vicinity of some protocholic milk. The house has been entirely rebuilt and beautifully decorated since the last explosion, when the tenant was ejected without notice.



**AMUSING.**—There is a lady in Cincinnati who amuses herself, when so inclined, by throwing tobacco, tobacco, shroud and bones, and the boot-jack, at her husband's head. The husband has become such a proficient dodger that he doesn't mind it much.

**USEFUL.**—The Hoosiers on the Wabash turn their "aye ahaes" to some account—they climb into the top of a "shell-bark" just as the chuck comes on, and by the time the "personal enticement" leaves them, there is not a hickory nut left on the tree.

**QUITE TRUE.**—Muggins says that rogues ought to be well paid, and hires a fellow as much trouble. He once educated a man in a horse-trade, he says, and was in law about it afterwards for over fourteen years. Unless you have got lots of patience, therefore, never set up for a rascal.

**LAWYER.**—"Landlord, give me a glass of brandy. I've just told the truth, and want to get the taste out of my mouth." Thus exclaimed a pettifogger, as he nudged from the bar of justice to that of *tale*. Querer his strange food disagrees with people, isn't it?

**A PINCH FROM OUR ATTIC SALT-CELLAR.**—An eminent physiologist—Dr. Carpenter—tells that "all organised beings originate in cells." Visitors to Lumbia will not fail to observe that some "organised beings" have a mania for getting back to the place of their origin.

**SHOULD THIS MARK THE EYE OF AG.—**Mr. Barcy is generally supposed to depend a good deal upon the power of his eye for the subjugation of vicious horses. We should like to see what effect the *Leas* of a tragedian would have upon an unsophisticated mustang of the *pamper*.

**NOSEY.**—A musician, whose nose had become distinctly colored with the red wine he was wont to imbibe, said to his little son, one day, at table.—"You must cut bread, boy; bread makes your cheeks red." The little fellow replied.—"Father, what lots of bread you must must have snuffed up!"

**MAINTAINING.**—"My son, would you suppose that the Lord's Prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of half a dime?" "Well, yes father, if a half dime is as large in everybody's eyes as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it in about four times."

**DON'T YOU SEE?**—A foreign itinerant says that "there are in the Italian kingdom thirty-four vacant sees." This would seem to offer a fine opening for Mr. Chase, the Federal Secretary of the Treasury. A Salmon Chase in one of the now vacant sees would be a novelty to Italy and a lasting to America.

**AFTER.**—"We have been told that there are sixteen men-of-war after the *Alabama*, concerning which all we have to say is that, according to previous experience, the odds are just "290" to eighteen that said ships of war will keep going after the *Alabama*, instead of getting alongside of her.

**MIND YOUR EYE.**—An enthusiastic clergyman, writhing in a eulogistic strain about the "blaming virtue of combedy's" hair pompones," says—"That they promote the growth of the hair where baldness is, I have the evidence of my own eyes." In other words, the wool was pulled over the reverend gentleman's eyes by the proprietor of the patent humbug.

**A MAIDEN'S WANTS.**—A jewel of a dame, residing at New Haven, Ct., has furnished, under the signature of "Nona," a few stanzas expressive of the outgushing desires of her blessed little innocent heart. The following is sample. Hear the darling:

With the blessings I have, my wants are but three—  
More simple and definite—nothing that's wild;  
I ask for no more than is useful to me—  
A husband and love, a cottage, and child.

**A STRONG HINT.**—A preacher, whose text led him to speak of the prophet Jonah, remarked incidentally—"I am of the opinion Jonah was an old man; neither smoking or chewing, from the fact that the fish retained him so long in his stomach. If the fish had swallowed the house we are worshipping in, he no doubt would have vomited himself to death."

**INGENUOUS.**—Some ingenious musical wag wrote the following novel "catch," which was set to music and sung by a boy to make the audience laugh out loud. It is quite romantic to read, but ludicrous to hear sung:

At! hoo, Sophia, can you leave  
Your lover, said of hope bereave?  
Go fetch the Indian's borrowed shawl,  
Yet richer far than that, your bloom;  
I'd rather be a soldier in your heart,  
And more than one, I fear last part.

The music of these lines was so arranged as to make one voice cry out:  
A lion a fire! fire! fire!  
While a second chimed in:  
Go fetch the Indians! fetch the Indians!

And a third called out:  
I'm but a soldier; but a soldier, sir.  
The reader will easily see how this ludicrous production was produced. It is quite as good as a comedy.

**NOT A BAD REUSE.**—Those who go round with the contribution-box in California churches plead and argue the case at the pews as they go along. In one instance the following dialogue ensued:—Parson L.—"extend the basket to Will, and he slowly shook his head." "Come, William, give us something," said the parson. "Can't do it," replied Will. "Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" "Yes, good enough, but I am not able to give anything." "Point! point! I know better; you must give a better reason than that." "Well, I owe too much money; I must be just before I am generous, you know." "But, William, you owe God a lot, or debt than you owe anyone else." "That's true, parson; but then he ain't pushing me like the rest of my creditors." The argument was conclusive.

**INTERESTING DIALECT.**  
Landlubbers! learn these facts. The stern post is not an evening paper. The berth on board do not necessarily add to the census. The hatchways are not hens' nests. The way of the ship is not the extent of her airvaporals. The boatwain does not pipe all hands with a mere-schump. The breezes are not suspenders. The ship does not have a wake over a dead calm. The swell of a ship's sides is not caused by the dropper, nor is the taper of a bowsprit a tallow candle. The deck is not a pack of cards. The hold is not the vessel's grip. The trough of the sea is not dug out of the ship's log. The crest of a ship's mast is not an indication of the ship's buoy is not the captain's son. The men are not bat to quarters with a club. Seamen do not blast their eyes with gunpowder and a slow match. Ships are never boarded at hotels. When a vessel is buried in a work it is not wrapped in its shrouds, and when it is agled she is not necessarily laden with pork. The bow of a ship is not an evidence of politeness. A sailor's stockings are not manufactured from a yearn of his own spinning. The cat-o'-nine-tails is not a *fascia natatoria* of the feline species. You cannot risk a ship with a yoke. The sails of a ship are not a part of her rigging. The stays constructed by a milliner. Mariners do not clean out their chests by the use of lotzogs or hoarhound candy.

**DIDN'T BELONG.**  
A good old lady who lived in one of the rural districts of Maine, and who had never seen much of town life, was prevailed upon, on one occasion, to pay a visit to a relative who lived in a distant inland town of some

importance. When Sunday came round the old lady accompanied her friends to church, where her simple notions were shocked at the wonderful display of what she called worldliness and pride. The minister himself did not escape her criticism. In the midst of the sermon, and while the old lady was cogitating upon things around her, a mischievous crow that had been tamed and taken into the flock in at one of the open windows, and alighting upon the back of a seat in front of one of the deacons, looked that functionary full in the face, and exclaimed, in a clear, audible voice that sent a thrill of horror to the heart of the old lady, "Curse you! curse you!" At this, however, the deacon could capture the fugitive it flew to another place, and pronounced its malediction upon another prominent member of the church. The minister stopped, and the congregation became distracted. Everybody was anxious to see the intruder captured and expelled from the place, and many were the fruitless efforts made for the crow's legs; but he eluded them all, and round and round he went, uttering his imprecations. At last he came across our old lady, and she too shared the crow's ominous imprecations. The old lady rose from her seat preparatory to its execution, and confronting her black adversary with flashing eyes and uplifted finger, exclaimed, in a sharp shrill voice that startled the audience, "Oh, ye needn't curse me, for I don't belong to this congregation!" and left the place in deep disgust.

**A STUDENT'S JOKE.**  
Ebeneser Sweet is a "meat man" in Brunswick, and has probably furnished Bowdoin students tougher morsels and harder words than they ever experienced in after life. Ebeneser is considered a wag, but a story is told in Brunswick which shows at least on one occasion he was outwitted.

A student called into his market one morning, and seeing a large tub full of eggs on the floor eyed it very wisely for some moments, and thus accented Sweet:

"I will wager twenty-five cents that I can jump into that tub and not break an egg."  
"You can't do it," replied Sweet.  
"I'll stake twenty-five cents I can," responded the student.

"Well, here's twenty-five cents," continued Sweet "put up your money."

The money was accordingly solemnly put into the hands of a third party, and the student prepared for the difficult encounter. In a moment he made a leap, and the next moment he fell crash into the tub of eggs and rested his feet on the bottom—breaking nearly every egg in the tub.

"There," exclaimed Sweet, in a fury of delight, "you've lost; I knew you couldn't do it," not thinking, in his delight at winning, of anything but that.

"Well," replied the student, as he coolly turned and went out of the market, "there's your twenty-five cents."

It was a long time before Ebeneser recovered from the effects of that joke.

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## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**FOR SORE FEET.**—The thin white skin which comes from suet is excellent to bind upon the feet for chilblains. Rubbing with Castile soap, and afterwards with honey, is likewise highly recommended.

**WHITEWASH THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF.**—Mix up half a pailful of lime water, ready to set on the wall, then take one gill of flour, and mix it with the water; then pour on it boiling water sufficient to thicken it. Pour it while hot into the whitewash.

**A HINT TO OYSTER-EATERS.**—When too many oysters have been eaten incautiously, and are lying cold and heavy in the stomach, there is an infallible remedy in hot milk, of which half a pint may be drank, and it will quickly dissolve the oysters into a bland, cream jelly.

**INK-STAIN.**—HOUSEWIVES who are horrified at the sight of ugly bickstains will like to get hold of a receipt for removing them. The moment the ink is spilled, take a little milk and saturate the stain, soak it up with a rag, and apply a little more milk, rubbing it well in. In a few minutes the ink will be completely removed.

**CATCH AND CURE OF INDIGESTION.**—When the symptoms of indigestion arise from the stomach being slightly overtaxed, and are limited to a sense of weight, distention, and heartburn, they are easily relieved. The heartburn proceeds from a forcible effort on the part of the stomach to digest what it cannot. For this purpose the stomach pours out a quantity of acid secretion, that is not wholesome gastric juice. This acid fluid is not so violent, but an irritant, and the principal cause of the pain experienced. A few grains of carbonate of soda in a wine-glass of cold-water, or joined with as many drops of sal volatile in a wine-glass of hot-water, will neutralize the acid, and the stomach will be tranquilized. The patient has then only to wait, introducing nothing more into the stomach; which, in a few hours, will have recovered its tone, and secrete gastric juice enough to dissolve what remains of the food.

**GRACEFUL PAINTING.**—First procure a pine frame about an inch in thickness and half an inch wide, the inside to measure exactly the size of the engraving. Place the frame upon the engraving, and mark round the outside with a lead pencil. Cut down the paper with scissors to the pencil line. Choose the best of your plain paper. Cut it over with thick paste. Place your engraving, face down, on a piece of clean paper, upon a table; saturate your engraving thoroughly with a sponge wet with cold water; press the pasted side of your frame firmly down upon the picture, then turn it over, and press gently with the flat of your hand, as to have it stick closely all round the edge of the frame, and then leave it till entirely dry. When dry, moisten again the wrong side with pure spirits of turpentine, and, while wet, apply a coat of varnish from the outside, then continue to work (keeping it damp, only not too wet, or it will filter through in spots) until it is wholly transparent and without spots. If it is found difficult to remove the spots, apply the second coat of spirits, and afterwards the Grecian varnish. When perfectly clear, it should remain a week before painting, which is done on the side you have varnished. Paints, sky blue, and rose green, &c. The shading of the engraving answering the same purpose in painting. **RECIPE FOR GRECIAN VARNISH.**—Three ounces of fir balsam, and two ounces tenth proof alcohol. Mix well, and add one ounce of pure spirits of turpentine. After the picture is framed you must give it a coat of outside varnish. Put it on with a stiff brush. **RECIPE FOR OUTSIDE VARNISH.**—Two ounces of fourth proof alcohol, three ounces of bruised mastic, and one ounce of turpentine. Put the outside varnish on the face of the picture.

## TABLET OF MEMORY.

## IMPROVEMENTS, DISCOVERIES, ETC.

Barometers invented, 1626; wheel barometers contrived, 1668; pendulum ditto, 1659; marine ditto, 1709; phosphoric, 1675.  
Barons first ennobled to Parliament, 1206.  
Barons first created in England, 1886.  
Baronets first instituted, 1611; of Nova Scotia, 1625.  
Barriers first appointed by Edward I., 1291.  
Bath springs discovered, 871 A.C.; the baths of the Romans discovered under the Abbey-house, 1755.  
Baysonnet invented, 441 A.C.  
Bayonets invented at Bayonne, 1670; first used in England, September 24, 1803.  
Beer first introduced into England, 1492; in Scotland, as early as 1482. By the statute of James I. one full quart of the best beer or ale was to be sold for one penny, and two quarts of small beer for one penny.  
Believing of noblemen first introduced into England, 1674.  
Bellows first patented in London, 1556.  
Bellows invented, 554 A.C.  
Bells invented by Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in Campania, about 400; first known in France, 550; first used by the Greek Empire, 564; were introduced into monasteries in the seventh or eighth century. Pope Stephen III. placed three bells in a tower on St. Peter's, in Rome. In the churches of Europe they were introduced in 900. They were first introduced into Switzerland, 1020. The first tunable set in England were hung up in Croftland Abbey, in Lincolnshire, 900; used to be baptized in churches, 1030.  
Berlin coach invented, 1500.  
Bible first translated into the Saxon language, 990; into the English language, by Tyndale and Coverdale, 1534; first translation by the king's authority, 1536.  
Bills of exchange first mentioned, 1160; used in England, 1307. The only mode of sending money from England by law, 1381.  
Bishop the first that suffered death in England by sentence of the civil power, 1405.  
Bishop of Nova Scotia first appointed, August 11, 1787.  
Bishop, in America, the first was Dr. Seabury, consecrated November 14, 1781.  
Bismarck in Germany first founded by Charles-magne, 800.  
Bisphopries removed from villages to great towns in England, 1076.  
Black-stall Hall first appointed for a repository for woollen cloth, 1515.  
Blind first made in England, 1340.  
Blind plasters invented, 60 A.C.  
Blitz, Prussian, discovered at Berlin, 1701.  
Blood, circulation of, through the lungs, first made public by Michael Servetus, a French physician, in 1553; Calpurnius published an account of the general circulation, of which he was highly confident, and improved it afterwards by experiments, 1569; but it was fully confirmed by Harvey, 1628.  
Boat wages first commenced with the king's armaments, in 1620.  
Boats, flat-bottomed, invented in the reign of William the Conqueror, who used them in the Isle of Ely.  
Boats first invented by a man at Venice, 1588; first used in the service of France, 1634.  
Bomb-vessels invented in France, 1681.  
Bones, the art of softening them found out, 1648.  
Books, in the present form, were invented by the Arabs, time of Mohammed, 632.  
Books sold by catalogue, began 1670.  
Book-keeping first used after the Italian method in London, 1569.

(To be continued in our next.)

## AMERICAN FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

## INTRODUCTION.

(Continued.)

BUT since the world is already "out of joint" by the errors committed in past times, it is now made necessary to find the most immediate remedies for the evils which have befallen humanity. With the purpose of aiding in this most necessary work, this book is written. Into its pages is condensed as much practical knowledge of disease and its treatment as it is possible for such space to contain; and, as the work was designed for the people, the most common diseases most common to our climate and people were chosen to be described and treated of. The remedies given are from the highest authority, where not certified to by the author's own experience.

Our word about temperaments, before proceeding to describe diseases or prescribe remedies. Persons of a nervous, thinking temperament, or persons with a large brain, cannot bear as large doses of medicine as those of a muscular temperament. Persons in whom there is a strong circulation of the blood, activity, and warmth of temper, are apt to be made worse by tonics and stimulants. They need purgatives, sedatives, and sweating remedies, to diminish the force of the circulation. Those with large abdomens, or of the alimentary temperament, and who are subject to complaints of the liver, spleen, and bowels, can bear larger doses, because their habits are sluggish, and their constitutions not very easily acted on. Before giving medicines, the temperament, habits, and constitution of the patient should be considered; and where there is any peculiarity or idiosyncrasy of constitution, it should be regarded. If a medicine set with unusual violence, decrease the quantity. Females and children are more sensitive to medicines than adult males. Persons who use stimulants require more medicine than others. Nervous set more powerfully in hot weather or in warm climates than in cold. If a child persons require more stimulants than the adult.

When a person becomes ill, notice should be taken of the cause, age, and temperament. Learn the cause, whether local, specific, or general, and also the history of it. Discover whether its nature is febrile or non-febrile. Take particular notice of the symptoms of the different condition of the mouth, tongue, and digestive organs, the breathing, the urine, the fecal discharges, the condition of the nervous system and the brain, the state of skin, &c.

Habits of observation will soon enable you to determine the nature of the various symptoms of disease, and especially in children, who are constantly under your care, and whose habits are known to you; also in yourself, or the other members of your family. Every person should be able to prevent disease by an early understanding of the symptoms. It aims to cut out, prevent, and cure have been the only care needed; and the deplorable ignorance of the masses of humanity concerning their own condition is truly disastrous in its consequences.

## SKIN DISEASES.

**MEASLES** is an acute inflammation of the skin, both external and internal, combined with an infectious fever.

**Symptoms.**—Chills, succeeded by great heat, languor, and drowsiness; pains in the head, back, and limbs; quick pulse; soreness of throat, thirst, nausea, vomiting, a dry cough, and a light-colored urine. These symptoms increase in violence for four days. The eyes are inflamed and weak; and the nose pours forth a watery secretion, with frequent sneezing. There is considerable inflammation of the larynx, windpipe, and bronchial tubes, with soreness of the breast, and hoarseness.

(To be continued in our next.)



# THE SCRAP BOOK

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FUN HUMOR FAMILY MATTERS.

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THE RESCUE.

## THE SECRET CYPHER;

OR,

## MYSTERY OF A LIFETIME.

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

AUTHOR OF "THE TRIAD; OR, ARBOLD THE TRAITOR."

### CHAPTER I.

An old man stood upon the steep bank that overlooks the harbor of Danville. Long grey locks straggled from underneath his hat; his face was thin, and overpread with deep lines of care and sorrow. His eyes were unsettled, and roved strangely from one object to another. His lips murmured inaudible words, and from the strange start which he sometimes gave, he seemed to be subject to some nervous disease. His whole appearance and manner was wild and weird, but the deep gloom that was fixed on his

brow, and the quick, piercing flash of his eye, excited wonder, while they repelled curiosity.

The harbor of Danville lay enclosed among high surrounding hills. But one narrow opening communicated with the outer sea. Here the tide ran furiously among rocks and whirlpools and flashing currents. Here, too, the thick mists and fog banks from the ocean gathered in impenetrable masses, through which the blinded sailor groped his way with difficulty. There the tide, in its ebb and flow, bore them helplessly about through the opaque atmosphere, until at length the roar of the breakers sounded in their ears the knell of death. The wrecks that strewed the shore told of the dangers of the sea.

A vessel had just arrived at the wharf of Danville. It was the packet schooner that ran between this place and the neighboring town of Walton, which was separated from it by a wide

arm of the sea. All was hurry and noise and confusion. The deprecating booms croaked, and the loosened sails flapped furiously in the stifling gusts of wind. Lines were thrown out from the shore, and the vessel was gradually warped in close to her moorings. Long before she touched the wharf, however, a young man bounded over the intervening space, and walked rapidly away.

He was a tall and athletic young man, with broad shoulders and imposing presence. His face was formed in the boldest Roman type, his hair clustered in dark curls over his brow, and his eyes were peculiarly lustrous and piercing. He carried in his hand a small valise, which was covered over with labels of European railroads and hotels. With a quick and firm step he walked onward until he reached the place where the old man was standing.

Upon this latter the effect which his presence produced was striking. At the moment when

the young man had leaped ashore, his attention had been arrested, and he remained rooted to the spot. His face grew white, the nervous shudders passed through his frame more rapidly than ever, and he staggered as though he would fall.

"Well, Mr. Murdock," said the new comer, "how do you do? You appear not to know me. No wonder. Four years make quite a change. Have you forgotten Cyril Armat?"

"Cyril," murmured Mr. Murdock.

"Just what is the matter?" said the other. "You are weak; you will fall. Take my arm and let me lead you home."

"Oh, it's nothing, it's nothing," said Murdock, with a strange, wandering way. "I was only startled by your resemblance to your father. Your appearance took me by surprise. I thought it was surely your father, and it seemed as though I had darted back twenty-five years."

"And if you had," said Cyril, cheerily, "it should not make you tremble. But I did not know that you were acquainted with my father in his youth."

"I saw him occasionally," said Murdock, turning away.

"Will you not let me accompany you home?"

"I am not going home. I thank you for your kindness, and be turned abruptly away."

Cyril Armat seemed to understand the old man's peculiarities, however, so he resumed his journey. He walked along the principal street, looking about him with a glance of delight, as though he recognized with pleasure the features of the pleasant little village. At length he turned up a steep hill, and at the top he entered the gateway of a large and handsome house. Several dogs leaped forward, and after snuffing the visitor, they bounded toward him with barks of delight. An old negro servant looked out of the door, and uttering a joyous cry, ran into the house. By the time that he reached the porch a number of servants had gathered there, who cried out:

"Master Cyril! Master Cyril! Welcome back at last!"

Cyril greeted them kindly.

"Where is the Judge?"

"Here," said a tall and stately man, who at that moment made his appearance. "Welcome back, Cyril. Why, how you have changed. Four years make a great alteration on one."

"Well, Judge Rawlin," said Cyril, warmly shaking hands with him, "they have made no change in you."

Hereupon Cyril entered with the Judge, who prepared to treat his guest in the true spirit of hospitality.

"Where is Leila?" asked Cyril, with a slight flush.

"She went out sailing early this morning. She will be amazed to see her old playmate, for she hasn't the slightest idea that you have returned from Europe."

"It's rather a equally day to be out," said Cyril, uneasily.

"Oh, it's not rough," said the Judge. "There's only a slight gale occasionally—just sufficient to give excitement. Besides, Judah Murdock is a good sailor."

"Is he with her?" said Cyril, with evident hesitation.

"Yes," said the Judge, smiling at the young man's emotion.

"It is certainly dangerous for a small sail boat. The gusts of wind at the entrance of the harbor are terrible, and the fog is as dense as water. I hope they will keep in the harbor."

"Oh, Murdock is too cautious to put himself in any danger."

"I saw old Murdock as I came up," said Cyril, glad to change the conversation. "He has broken down very much. I was surprised at the effect that I produced on him. When he saw me he nearly fainted."

"That man is an unfathomable mystery."

"He seems to be crushed under the weight of some deep sorrow."

"Or crime," said the Judge.

"It must be so. His start, his strange, unsettled glance of inquiry, his eagerness to be alone, and his wild soliloquies, all seem to arise from a troubled conscience. I would give a great deal to penetrate his secret."

"Whatever it is, it had far better remain a secret. At present no one knows anything about it. Even his own son is ignorant. He has often spoken to me about it. He thinks it is the effect of his mother's death. She died young."

"Very probably."

"I wonder where he came from."

"He says that he was born in London. But he seems much more like a native of this country. At any rate, he has been all over the world. You cannot mention a country with which he is not familiar. He told me that he spent about fifteen years in travel. He has only lived here about ten years."

"And nothing more is known about him?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Strange that no word should have been dropped."

"He guards his secret tenaciously. In a gossiping place like this any careless word would be at once noticed, but thus far the curiosity of the villagers has been completely baffled."

While the conversation thus went on, the Judge and Cyril became aware of a swiftly rising storm. Heavier and heavier grew the gusts of wind, and great clouds arose, spreading rapidly over the sky.

"I wish that Leila was home," said the Judge, uneasily.

"That's just what I've been thinking during the last hour," said Cyril, rising and going to the window.

"I cannot stand this," said Cyril. "I will run down and see what has become of her."

The Judge said nothing, but seizing his hat, he hurried from the house with Cyril.

"The storm has come up very suddenly," said the Judge, as they hurried down.

"But I know when we entered the channel that it was coming."

At every step the wind increased more and more.

"My only hope is," said the Judge, with a agitation which he could not conceal, "that they have landed, and are now taking shelter from the rain."

## CHAPTER II.

THEY soon reached the steep bank of Danville harbor. Below lay a sandy beach which the tide had left uncovered, and one side of the shore ran steeply down into deep water. Here the waves rolled in from the outer sea with terrible violence, and dashed themselves to spray upon the rocks. Far and wide the spacious harbor was covered with white-capped waves, and where the channel opened, there great ocean swells came rolling in with ever-increasing fury.

The sky was now completely overcast with clouds as black as night, which lay piled in vast heaps over the northern horizon, transferring their dark hues to the face of the sea itself, which now presented a wide waste of raging waves. The fog lay all about the bay, and by the increasing violence of the gale, and the winds which carved in unrestrained fury over the outer sea now poured in through the channel with concentrated energy.

A crowd of the villagers had assembled here, and stood gazing on at sea.

"There's a hard chance now for any craft out there," said one.

"That's so," said another. "It's one of the wildest storms ever I saw."

"They say young Murdock is out with the Judge's daughter."

"You don't say so!—and has he the Judge's boat or his own?"

"The Judge's."

"That's a good guess."

"Or perhaps he's got ashore."

"I guess he's got ashore the wrong way, then."

At this moment a tremendous crash of thunder interrupted the conversation. It burst with a deafening peal overhead, and then spread away in long reverberating rolls of sound till it died in long reverberations over the distant hills.

At that moment Cyril and the Judge burst into the crowd, and looked out upon the sea.

"They haven't landed in Danville," said the Judge, in a tone of agony. "No one has seen them. They are out in that raging flood."

"Restrain yourself and hope for the best," said Cyril, with forced calmness. "Perhaps they are all safe."

At this moment, a cry escaped from the crowd.

"Look! Look! There she is! The Judge's yacht!"

The Judge grasped Cyril's arm convulsively, and cried in a hoarse whisper:

"Do you see?"

Cyril had already seen. His hope died away—his heart almost ceased to beat.

There, at the entrance of the channel, a little open boat flew before the raging hurricane. In the stern was a female figure, and near her was a man. The sail had been closely reefed, but so furious was the blast that it seemed as though every fresh gust would hurl it to destruction.

The little vessel was surrounded by wild and foaming billows. Over the bows heaved lightly, now rising high upon the crest of some giant wave, now sinking down in some deep hollow, till it seemed as though she had gone from sight for ever.

Every eye was fixed on the frail craft, as she gallantly struggled with the raging elements; every tongue was mute in that time of suspense. Borne onward by the hurricane, she rapidly entered the harbor, but every moment seemed lengthened to hours in their dread anxiety. The Judge still clung to Cyril in his agony of suspense, and, pale as death, looked out upon the danger that impended over his beloved daughter.

Nearer and nearer came the boat, still rising and plunging over the enormous seas that rolled in toward the shore. She was now so near that Leila and Murdock could both be distinguished plainly, the former dually pale, but calm and motionless, the latter apparently distracted with excitement. At length, when opposite the spectators, he began to take a tack in toward the shore. It was a fearful moment, for such a manœuvre was attended with the utmost danger. The boat was now not more than a quarter of a mile away.

"Oh, the fool! the fool!" cried Cyril, bursting into imprecations and passionate cries, as he saw Murdock desperately tugging at a rope, and evidently bewildered by his danger. If ever cool courage and presence of mind were needed, it was then, for in that moment such a gale toward the shore was a desperate task.

Gradually the boat turned. But the sheets were entangled. Murdock pulled desperately. In his fright he dropped the tiller and row up. The boat was half round. At that instant a giant wave caught her, and scudded to hurl her out of the water. A second after and she was plunged downward and hidden from view in a dark tumult of waves.

A cry of agony burst forth from the crowd. But soon hope returned, though faintly. As the wave rolled on, the dark form of the boat appeared once more. Leila was seated in the water clinging to the shore, and Murdock was striking out for the shore.

"The coward!" cried one of the men. "He has got the life-preserver, and he is leaving Miss Rawdon."

"A rope! A rope!" shouted Cyril, in loud tones.

Diverted of hat and coat and boots, he stood there with hair streaming in the wind, and eyes that flashed like live coals.

Several men rushed forward. Hastily seizing a line from one of them, he bound it tightly round his waist, and gave some brief directions. Then he advanced to the edge of the bank. Beneath him rolled the dark form of the ocean billows, as they successively dashed against the shore. Not a word was uttered as he prepared to spring. A few-quick steps with such unbound dashing, the crowd looked on in silence.

A great wave advanced. It touched and broke in thunder against the cliff. There was a leap, a plunge, and Cyril had disappeared. Diving under the water, he reappeared beyond the third wave, and again plunged and reappeared once more beyond the larger billows that rolled against the shore.

Never did swimmer encounter a more dreadful sea. Around him the huge waves roared and plunged as though to overwhelm the rash mortal; who thus dared to venture among them. The stout sailors on shore looked on in mute suspense, wondering at the spectacle. The Judge stood rooted to the spot, all his heart going with the bold adventurer, who thus risked all for the salvation of his child.

Boldly and strongly Cyril strook out in the direction of the boat. But in such a sea the swiftest swimmer could not hope to make any but a slow progress. Now rising to the crest of some enormous wave, now sinking far down in the deep hollows of the rolling surges, he thus appeared and disappeared till the suspense of the silent spectators grew almost too great for endurance. Still the swimmer kept on his way, with no apparent abatement of strength or repulsion, his eyes fixed on the boat before him, as it rose and fell with the tossing billows.

Still Leila held on, her white face turned imploringly to the shore. She knew not that help was coming, nor did she think of the strong swimmer that was approaching to succor and to save.

Wind and tide were both strong, and while they opposed the progress of Cyril, they yet assisted his efforts by bringing nearer to him every moment the object of his search. Gradually the space between them lessened, gradually the approach of salvation grew nearer. But a few yards intervened; a few strokes more and he will reach the boat. At last he was taken up by an enormous wave, which lifted him far on high, so that the eager eyes of the maiden, as they gazed toward the shore, rested full upon him. One leap, one plunge, and Cyril was close beside her, his strong arm around her, his low voice speaking words of hope, and life, and safety.

One wild cry of wonder and of joy, and her strength all left her. She hung senseless in his arms. He pressed the burden to his bosom, and clinging to the boat, held her high out of the water.

But there were other arms to help them now. As Cyril touched the boat there burst from the spectators a wild outcry of joy. Seizing the rope which was connected with Cyril, they began to pull it vigorously toward the shore.

The boat now yielded to their efforts, and came rapidly nearer. Cyril clung to it strongly; but still more strongly did he preserve from the wrathful waves the precious form of her who had so heroically escaped their fury.

At length the boat was close to the shore. It had been pulled so as to clear the headland, and was brought ashore at a place which was to some extent sheltered from the violence of the sea. Here a hundred hands were outstretched to relieve Cyril of his burden. But he refused them all, and bearing her in his arm, he carried her

with jealous care up the beach, and into a house. There, and there only, would he give her up. But at that moment the strength which had held out so long failed him utterly, and even as Leila opened her eyes to find herself saved, she saw her deliverer fall exhausted at her feet.

### CHAPTER III.

SHORTLY after Cyril had been drawn ashore, a huge wave threw a human being violently upon the beach. The man staggered forward with gasping cries, and at once was seized by a dozen outstretched hands. For awhile he lay panting and breathless upon the sand, but soon regained strength. Then, in a weak voice, he cried:

"Who?"

"Miss Rawdon."

"She is safe."

"Safe! How?"

"No thanks to you," said a stout fisherman. "You got the life-preserver for yourself."

"She had the boat."

"And she would have been down among the dead men by this time, if that was all."

"The boat was enough! I had to save myself!"

"Then take care of yourself now, since you are so precious," said the man, turning away.

"Who saved Miss Rawdon?" he asked again.

"A young fellow jumped in and swam out with a rope."

"Swam out?"

"Yes. It was a hard chance, too. But he got there all right."

"Who was he?"

"Young Aymar, from Walton."

"Cyril Aymar?" said the other, turning paler than ever.

Muttering something that sounded very much like a curse, Judah Murdock rose to his feet and walked away. He directed his steps to the house where Cyril and Leila had gone for refuge. He worked his way through the crowd outside, and entered.

Cyril lay on a sofa with closed eyes and heavy breathing. He glanced faintly at Judah Murdock as he came in, and spoke a few words. Murdock greeted him warmly, and inquired all about the rescue. He tried to excuse his desertion, by saying that he had been thrown out of the boat, and grasped the life-preserver that was floating near him.

"You are a wonderful swimmer."

"Yes, I am a pretty good one."

"But what is the matter? There is blood on your lips."

"Blood?" said Cyril, coolly, and he put his hand to his mouth. "Ah, I believe the doctor said that I had broken a bloodvessel. It don't amount to anything, however."

"You had better take care of yourself," said Judah, with apparent concern.

"Oh, there's no fear of me. I'm only anxious about her."

"How is she?"

"In a very critical state. The shock was terrible. She has just recovered from a swoon, and they hope that she will sleep a little."

After a few more inquiries, Judah Murdock took his departure.

Leila's position was indeed a critical one. In the terrific excitement of that sudden peril to which she had been exposed, life and reason had almost been overthrown. The exertion of clinging to the boat, against the power of the mighty waves that sought to overwhelm her, and the reduced powers of nature to their last extremity. So she now lay hovering between life and death.

At last, however, she fell into a deep sleep. Her father hung over her in unpeopled solitude, with tender care watching her for hours. The afternoon passed away, and evening came

on before she awoke. She then opened her eyes, and looked fairly around her.

"Cyril!"

"She murmured this in a faint voice. A moment after she saw the Judge as he stooped over her.

"Dearest father," she cried, "how did I come here? Was it a dream? Is Cyril home?"

"Yes, Lily," said the Judge. "He is home, and we owe to him a debt of gratitude which we can never repay. He risked his own life to save yours!"

Leila started up.

"And he?" she cried. "What has become of him?"

"Oh, he is safe, thank God! He's in the other room."

A warm blush suffused the lovely face of the maiden, and her eyes grew radiant with joy.

Strength came back to her with startling rapidity, and the power of joy to restore the shattered energies of nature was now witnessed in Leila Rawdon. In a short time she proclaimed herself ready to go home.

The effect upon Cyril was similar. At the first sound of her voice he had started up, and as soon as she came out into the other room, he sprang to meet her. The beautiful face of Leila was filled with mingled expressions of joy and gratitude, and other more tender emotions. Both were too much overcome to speak. Cyril contented himself with pressing the hand of her whom he had saved from a horrible death, and after a few words they all drove off with the Judge.

A few weeks passed away, and the strength and joyous spirit of Leila were completely restored. Cyril too had suffered no injury of any serious nature. They passed the time in one another's society, and gave themselves up to the sweet influences of love.

These two had been companions from childhood, but they had been separated during those years in which maturity is attained. Once again they met with one another, and they found the bonds of childish preference suddenly transferred to the deathless union which love produces. Cyril saw in Leila the perfection of that sweet image which he had carried in his mind for long years; while she, on the other hand, beheld in her lover the one who, in the midst of terror and despair, had started upon her sight like a strong angel who had come to succor and to save.

Thus one evening they walked together on their way home from a ramble on the shore. The moon was shining softly from the cloudless sky, throwing its mellow radiance over all the silent scene, and filling it with glory. They had walked on, arm in arm, in silence, for a long time, until at length Cyril spoke in low and gentle tones:

"Leila!"

She looked up with a smile.

"I wish to tell you something," said Cyril, with much embarrassment. He paused, and at the same moment Leila's up-turned face fell down, her eyes rich ringlets shading it completely from view.

"Leila," said he, abruptly, "I have loved you all my life. I love you. You must have seen it all in my manner. I can keep my feelings to myself no longer. I must speak them even if you drive me away for ever!"

Leila trembled violently, but did not say a word.

"I have carried your darling image in my heart for years, and in every land I have looked in vain for any face as sweet as yours. I remember every word you ever spoke to me in your life, and ever since I let you my self-respect has been in thinking of our meeting again. If you had received me only as a brother, it would have made me happy; but I longed for a more tender union. Am my hopes vain? Shall I be disappointed? Oh, tell me, Leila!"

He passed. The faintest sound escaped from Leola's lips, which, however, was plainly heard by Cyril, and sent thrills of rapture through his being.

Then all his long-restrained feelings burst forth in a torrent of passionate exclamations. He twined his arms fondly around her slender form, and pressed her to his heart.

They went a little distance further, when suddenly they reached a turn in the road.

A man stepped forth and walked up towards them.

"Good evening," he said, in a strange voice.

It was Judah Mordock. He was trembling excessively, and his voice was totally altered.

"It's a lovely evening," said he. "How you must have enjoyed your walk."

"Yes, very much," said Cyril, drily.

Moonlight, beautiful landscape, and pleasant company," said he, with a slight sneer. "What more can be wanted?"

"Nothing," said Cyril, "not even the society of a third person to describe these pleasures!"

"I take the hint," sneered Judah. "I'm not offended at your wish. It is quite natural. Good evening."

He walked away. Reaching the foot of the road, he turned and looked back. Their retreating figures were just entering the Judge's gate.

—Standing there, and gazing at them, his face showed a frightful mixture of the fiercest passions. He stretched out his clenched fists and heaped upon them all the curses that hate and jealousy could suggest.

"But why do I waste time here?" he cried, at last. "Fool that I am. Let my curses be in acts, not in words. I must go to my work!"

Saying this he turned again, and walking down the road with rapid steps, he was soon out of sight.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE elder Mordock was seated in his library. A book was held in his hand, but his eyes were cast on vacancy. The same expression of nervous fear which came upon his face when he first saw Cyril still was fixed upon it.

The moonbeams stole in through the window and scattered a dim light throughout the apartment. It was an old-fashioned room, with massive doors and mantelpiece, small-pained windows, and large fireplaces. The book shelves, which filled three sides of the room, were of oak, and were all crowded with volumes of all kinds.

The old man's lips moved, and low sounds escaped him.

"Sin brings its own punishment." He gave a heavy sigh, and buried his face in his hands.

"Atonement is impossible—there remains only remorse."

And as though there was a strange fascination in the word, he repeated it over and over again.

"Remorse! remorse!"

"What's all this about?" said a sneering voice behind him.

The old man fairly leaped from his seat in terror. For a moment he staggered, until at length catching sight of the speaker, he recovered himself.

"Oh, it's you is it, Judah?" said he faintly, and again took his seat.

"Yes," said Judah, "I just came in. You're nervous. Worse than ever. You'd better go to bed."

"Presently, presently."

"I'll ring for a light," said Judah. "I wish to do some writing."

In a few moments a servant brought lights, which diffused a cheerful radiance through the apartment. Judah then drew his chair opposite his father, and both sat for some time in silence, involved in their own thoughts.

"Father," said Judah, at last.

"What makes you look so at Cyril Aymer?"

"Cyril Aymer! Do I look at him in any peculiar way!" said the old man, with evident uneasiness.

"Yes, you do—in a very peculiar way. It seems like a mixture of suspicion and fear. What is the reason?"

"Well," said the other, after a pause, "perhaps you mistake my expression. I don't know what you mean by suspicion and fear. There may be something in him which excites emotion."

"What can there be?"

"Oh, sometimes we see strange resemblances in people, which awaken memories."

"And it is so in this case—is it?"

The old man was silent.

"You must have had some singular experiences in your early life."

"All people have more or less," said the other, in a tone which was meant to check further inquiry.

"It cannot be Cyril Aymer himself who excites my father. It is his resemblance to some one," thought Judah. "That one who he resembles is the object of dread. Now, who is he? Let me summon up all my faculties to penetrate my father's mystery. If I could only draw from him a hint! But he is too cautious."

"Could it have been a love affair?" he thought. "No; Cyril does not look like his mother. There is only one human being whom he resembles, and that is his father. He is the living image of Blount Aymer."

"Blount Aymer! Ah! there it must be. He is the sharer of my father's secret. He is the one who threw such a shadow over his life. It must be—it must be. My father was born in England. That I know. He lived here in his youth long enough to gain the fixed characteristics of a native, which long years of travel have not been able to obliterate. Then this dark event in his life must have taken place."

His eyes Cyril Aymer now with dreadful emotion. He is reminded by the face of his early life. Cyril recalls Blount. I have it! I am on the very verge of the secret."

"My father and Blount Aymer must have been in contact with one another in some mysterious way, and the result has been an act of some kind which has blasted my father's life. Did Judah Aymer cause this?"

Thus Judah Mordock mused. His mind gained new powers from the intensity of his hate towards Cyril. Often before had he attempted to penetrate his father's secret, but in vain. Now, however, it seemed as if he had found a clue. Eagerly he groped for further progress. All the raging passions that struggled within him incited him to further advance.

Suddenly he broke the silence, and looking steadily at his father, he asked him in the most indifferent tone that he could assume:

"Was Blount Aymer older than you?"

The old man looked up with a face of agony. Large drops started on his brow, and his countenance was overcast by a deathly pallor.

He looked at Judah for some moments with a penetrating gaze, as though he would read into his very soul. Judah was amazed at the effect of his question, and bore the scrutiny of the old man with a secret triumph.

"Why do you look so at me, father?" he asked.

"What do you mean by that question that you asked?"

"I don't know. A thought struck me. It's a simple question. I was wondering whether you or Blount—"

The old man started to his feet in a kind of frenzy:

"Stop!" he said, interrupting his son.

"Never couple my name with his! What do you mean by talking about him?"

"You needn't get so excited," said Judah,

coolly. "It's a very natural inquiry. Cyril Aymer and I are old acquaintances. I am a year older than he. Is it strange that I should think about the respective ages of his father and mine?"

But the suspicions of his father could not be allayed. He saw that there was something deeper than this. The very mention of that name by which he had been sinned to a fatal degree, and all his morbid fancies seemed to awaken with tenfold strength.

"How should I know that this name would affect you so?" said Judah.

"I wish you never to mention it," said his father.

"Oh, certainly not. I never did before. In fact, I never had occasion to."

"And what occasion have you now?"

"None but what I told you."

His father again relapsed into a deep fit of musing. Judah noticed that his eyes would be directed at every little while. He pretended not to see it.

"One thing is clear," thought he; "and that is, that Blount Aymer is at the bottom of this secret. He is the corner-stone. He seemed to have held in his hand my father's destiny. Good or bad, he has evidently been his evil genius."

"What could it have been? Plainly, it could not have arisen from rivalry in love. My father married like everybody else, and never gave any signs of love-sickness. What could it have been?"

This Blount Aymer, when he was young, was, no doubt, just such a fellow as this cursed Cyril. He was not exactly the man that could commit a crime; and yet crime of some kind undoubtedly lies at the bottom of this secret, and gives it all its power—crime of the worst description. My father said there could be no atonement. Why? Atonement is possible as long as the injured one lives; that is, atonement of some kind, however inadequate; it is only impossible when the injured one is dead.

"If it be crime," thought he, still eagerly pursuing the idea, "it must be one which brings a heavy penalty, else why should the secret be guarded so cautiously? Probably, Blount Aymer and my father were both concerned in it, and were equally guilty. Yet he holds up his head and is happy, while my father has had to bear the burden. Curses on him for the shade that he has thrown on my father's life. Curses on his son! Oh, if I could trace this secret back to him, and find out the man who stained with some crime that the law could reach, I would willingly give my own life the moment after I had tasted so sweet a revenge! Yes, it must be—it must be crime!"

No earnest was his, and so absorbed in these thoughts that he uttered these last few words in an audibly voice.

His father started up and grasped his arm convulsively. Looking up, he saw the old man's form shaken with spasmodic shudders, and his eyes distended, while his whole face was overcast with horror.

"Judah! Judah!" he cried, in tones not at all like his own; you are trying to search out that which would crush you with its weight if you discovered it. You shall never learn it. It shall perish with me. Go no further. Make no inquiries. For God's sake, rest content with ignorance. It will die with me. It will die with me, and so on; for the thoughts of the last few weeks have worn away a life and strength."

He said these last few words in a weary, wandering way, and feebly retired from the room.

#### CHAPTER V.

JUDAH paced the room long and anxiously after his father left. A thousand thoughts passed through his mind, and a thousand schemes were suggested. How should he unravel this mystery? How reach the end which he desired? His father's





of your patient. And now, while I think of it, you may as well get ready for a little journey—in five minutes, mind!"

These last words were uttered in a tone of angry and positive threat which left no room to doubt that he meant what he said. In the meanwhile he advanced towards the door of the back room; but Eldad, standing nearer to it, intervened, saying:

"I'll do it; no need to scare the folks too much."

Suiting the action to the word, he opened the door and passed in. He made his examination in a few seconds, for the apartment was small, and contained no possible place of concealment, except under the bed on which the sick woman lay. She rose on her elbow, half-bewildered at the intrusion of a stranger, and staring upon him as he searched about, said:

"What wad ye, yude man?"

Eldad answered nothing, but made haste to leave the room, while the invalid dropped back upon her pillow, with a sigh.

"Not there," he said, as he came out and closed the door on him.

Bartlett eyed him suspiciously for a moment, and was about to insist upon making a personal inspection of the room himself, when the Indian left the house and began to examine the ground, as he had done before.

Bartlett was impatient to leave, but he knew it would now be useless to attempt to get the Indian away, so long as he could track his enemy and had a chance of coming up with him. Indeed, the chances for poor Squaw, supposing him to be really wounded, seemed but feeble, with these active and merciless pursuers upon his footsteps. He could have had but a few minutes to make his escape; and even a portion of these, it appeared, he had occupied in communicating with the people in the house. He could not, therefore, be far off; and Ottawa had already recovered the trail, which now left to him only the length of the waterfall.

"I leave you, miss, for a few minutes," said Bartlett to Jenny; "as soon as we have attended to the wants of your copper-colored friend, we shall be back, and you had better then be ready."

The poor girl could answer nothing. Her position was agonising. To go away, was to leave her mother to die; and she could not make up her mind to do a single act, of her own free will, towards departing. Overcome by these feelings, as well as by anxiety lest Squaw should not be able to make good his retreat in time, she sat down upon a bench and fairly burst into tears.

Bartlett smiled sarcastically, as he looked back from the door; but Eldad was more deeply moved. As he was not, however, very largely gifted with speech, he said nothing, but only manifested his emotion by the paleness of his cheeks and by uneasily walking about in the room.

"We'd better," said Bartlett to him, "we'd better help the Ottawa a little, for we shall not be able to start him till that cursed Oneida is tamed; and, in my opinion, the sooner we get across the river the better, just now."

Eldad obeyed the suggestion mechanically, going out without saying a word, and following his companion. The Indian was already at the head of the cascade, apparently seeking to recover some clue that had escaped him, and they soon joined him there. As for guarding the girl at the house, there was no thought of that. In broad daylight, it was idle to suppose she could escape; and, moreover, it was very evident that, under the circumstances, she would not even try.

"What's the matter, Ottawa?" asked Bartlett as he came up; "lost the trail?"

The Indian did not answer, but pointing to little red spots on a log that lay across the creek just above the fall, traced then a little way on the other side, to a spot just below the pitch

of the waterfall, where they entirely disappeared. It almost seemed as if the wounded man had dragged himself to the edge or this precipice, and thrown himself over. In the gulf below the form was so thick that objects were scarcely distinguishable. It was a fearful descent, and the stream poured in an unbroken sheet for many fathoms down, sending up a hollow roar from the rocks where it struck at the bottom. As we have said, thick hemlocks and cedars grew over the ravine; and from the top it looked almost as dark and mysterious as a cavern.

Bartlett caught hold of a grape-vine, which, entwined around a neighboring tree, hung over the ledge. By aid of this he was enabled to gaze into the gulf below. He saw nothing, however, to reward his scrutiny.

"We might as well hunt for an eel over Niagara," he said, as he turned back; "but where's the Ottawa?" he added, as he missed the Indian. Happening, however, that moment to look on the ground, he saw the savage extended prostrate, with his head just protruding over the precipice, while he clung with his right hand to the mossy vine already broken. He, too, was examining the processes of the ravine.

"Ugh! Sacrile!" he exclaimed after a moment, starting back with the look of astonishment on his face.

"What is it?" asked Bartlett, again peering over the rock.

The Indian now showed fresh stains of blood on the very rim of which they had laid, and for several feet down. He also pointed out the fact that some distance below them there was a kind of space behind the sheet of water, and that the river, inclining against the rocks, wound around its side, and disappeared behind it. While the two were gazing at this, fully convinced that they had now tracked the fugitive to his lair, something seemed suddenly to flash from the dark space below. The Indian felt a sort of scorching pain across his forehead, and a burning sensation in his right hand, which relaxed its hold on the vine, so that with a sudden alarm he came near falling over head foremost. Bartlett, however, saw his danger, and catching hold of him retained him in his place. As he rose up blood was streaming from his forehead, up which some of his hair was plucked, while the fingers of his hand there was a ragged kind of opening, cutting each into the very bone. In, and nearly piercing through the vine, where his hand had rested, there stuck a flint-pointed arrow!

"A venomous serpent!" exclaimed Bartlett, "he flings his weapons to the left!"

"Where is he?" asked Eldad, approaching.

"It seems there's some sort of lurking-place under the sheet of water," replied the other. "He must get to it by climbing down this vine, I suppose."

"He took hold of the tendril, which was as thick as a hawser, and shook it as he looked over."

"I've hear'n tell of this afore," he replied, "and, accordin' to all accounts, there's quite a place under the fall, big as a room, where he can stay safe enough. Suppose we should cut the vine, how would he get out?"

The Indian, still smarting with his wounds, fairly yelled with reverent delight as he heard the suggestion; and before they had well weighed the consequences of the proposed act, he, with his tomahawk, had hacked the vine off just above the level of the ground. He was about to fling the lower portion away, so that it would drop into the gully, when Bartlett arrested him, and, partly by words spoken in aboriginal dialect, and partly by signs, made him understand that it was best to leave it as it was, so that when the Oneida should try to come out of his hiding-place, and should strike the hold of the vine, as usual, he would be precipitated in the abyss.

To the savage mind the suggestion was a magnificent one, and Bartlett rose immensely in the Indian's esteem in consequence.

Perhaps they reckoned without considering that their operations had been carefully watched. At any rate, the condition of the Indian below the fall appeared hopeless enough, and all three returned to the house. The girl, still understanding the mishap of Ottawa, at the anticipation of the sure, though slow, vengeance they had prepared for Squaw, who had already done them so much mischief, but whose career they now hoped to end, once for all.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### NEW USES OF A FOUNTAIN.

The satisfaction these three men felt at the thought of having laid the foundation for a terrible cruelty to their enemy did not in the least shake their determination to carry out their present design relentlessly and immediately. The Indian would at once have taken out the single captive they wanted, set fire to the house, and consumed all it contained. Bartlett was more moderate, and wished simply to carry off Jenny, leaving everything else undisturbed. As for Eldad, he expressed no opinion either way. He was content to leave the matter to be decided, with great uneasiness, for now came the decisive moment.

"That's a pleasant little retreat of yours, Miss Jenny," said Bartlett; "it's a pity you hadn't joined your brick-colored friend before we came up. It would be so easy getting there since we've paid it a visit!"

The girl continued to gaze from one to the other of the men, as much to learn what they had done affecting the Oneida, as what they intended to do with herself.

"Oh! you needn't look puzzled!" said Bartlett sarcastically; "you understand it well enough; the only trouble now will be for the inhabitants of that airy abode to see their friends again."

"What does he mean by all this?" asked Jenny, turning to Eldad.

"He's just out the vine, so that the red-skin can't climb up the hole, that's all," replied Eldad, without heeding the warning grimace of his companion.

Jenny comprehended the utter inhumanity of the proceeding, and although words of entreaty, on behalf of the Oneida, thus buried alive, fairly tumbled on her lips, yet she knew the folly of interference, and kept silence. The color died from her cheeks, and the light almost forsook her eyes, as the sudden thought of all the horrors of the position of the captive rushed upon her mind. But there was not a spirit to remain long under the influence of a great depression; she soon began to devise what she could do in the case. It is true her own position was perilous enough, and full of appalling uncertainties.

"Well?" said Bartlett, after he had watched her for a few minutes, "are you ready?"

"No!" she said resolutely; "I do not leave my mother and my sister to the mercy of force."

"Ha! ha! that's a pretty piece of heroics!" laughed Bartlett, mockingly; "and how, I should like to know, are you going to prevent being carried away quite alive, and even kicking?"

"Come!" said Eldad, now intervening, "it's no use scaring the girl! Let her see she ain't to be ill-used, and she'll know where to get out!"

"Good luck! what have we here?" retorted Bartlett, eyeing his companion with supreme astonishment, but also casting a sidelong glance of significance to his Indian ally.

Eldad was not so stupid as to lose this little hyperbole, or not to put a true interpretation upon it.

"Look ye here!" he now said, with an air of dogged resolution, "I've pinned you in this business, but not to see any of your bloody Cherry Valley villainies done!"

Bartlett, on the whole, thought it best not to push matters too far, so changing his tone a little, he replied:

"Who talks of doing anything of the kind? Didn't I want to leave her alone, and would have done so, but for your and your brother? You're a rogue

a pretty fellow to quarrel with a man because he is silly enough to mix himself up with your business?"

Jenny saw with regret that the momentary friendly pluck of Eldad was likely soon to be circumvented, and put to rout by the more astute stranger; and she rallied her courage to make a last effort.

"And you," she said, turning to Eldad, "can you afford a neighbor to be abandoned, when she is perhaps on her dying bed, by her only daughter? Is that the way in which you show your good will—that you have tried so many times to tell me about?"

"It's hard, I know," hesitatingly replied the countryman, "but I see no help for it. Couldn't you go with us just a little while, and let me come back to see to her?"

"No," she replied, emphatically; "if this is your friendship, I want none of it; a man who would do such an act would surely abandon his wife, or even his own mother!"

Jenny blushed while uttering these words, as much from shame at the allusion she made to a "wife," as with indignation. She knew what interpretation would be put upon her language; but sorely pressed, as she was, she felt justified in using the false hope it held out, until a less dangerous time should come for frankness.

Eldad looked at his companion, and gave a shrug of his shoulders, as much as to say, "You see, nothing can be done."

"Perhaps," said Bartlett, now musingly, "perhaps the old lady might be cared for at your house, Eldad? And when I think of it, there might be great danger in leaving her here alone, in case some of the Indians of the enemy should stroll this way."

The countenance of Eldad at once brightened up at the suggestion, and Jenny herself could not help feeling a sense of relief, though where all this was to end, she could form no conjecture, and the future seemed dark enough.

"I will speak to her, since it must be so," she said, after a moment's thought; "and see whether she can be removed with safety."

So saying she entered into the inner room, where, to her relief, she found her mother still quiet and self-possessed. With as much gentleness as she could, she communicated to her the necessity there was of going away, and asked her if she thought she had strength enough to bear the transfer.

"I suspected some like visitation, child," said the old lady; "and the Lord will 'em give me strength to bear the new cross to be laid on me; but for yourself, darlin', where are you to be ganging after a' that?"

"Nowhere, I hope, mother," replied the daughter, "at least if a mercy we are not yet separated," she said, tearfully.

"Haud up courage, lassie dear," said the mother, rising up and kissing her on the forehead; "hand up courage, and maybe a' these evil times will pass. But where's the Onaida the while? Could he be help as a bit?"

These questions recalled to the mind of the young girl the painful situation in which the Indian was left; and for a moment she again forgot her own troubles, to think of some means of giving aid to him.

"Bide a bit," she said, musingly, and in her absence of mind falling a little into the idiom she heard so much spoken around her. After a few seconds, she went to a room in the corner of the room, from which she hastily took a considerable quantity of cold meats, biscuits, &c., which, in these uncertain times, the family always kept secretly and by way of reserve. Wrapping these first in a napkin, and then in a piece of flannel, she made up a bundle, which she took to the eyes of those without might seem like a package prepared for travelling. Still she hesitated.

"Mother," she said, "is there aught of a cord or a bit rope, that ye remember anywhere?"

"None that I mind," said the mother, looking on curiously; "but why ask?"

"No matter now," replied the girl. Then taking a small bit of old unprinted calico, she tore it into strips and tied the ends together, so as to make a cord a few feet long. It was not a rope a man could climb by, but it might be of a kind. This she hastily inserted also into her bundle. Then putting on a bonnet and taking a pail, she went to the door of communication between the two rooms, and, as she opened it, she looked back.

"Have no fear mother, you will feel better as soon as you have had a drink of fresh water from the brook. I will be back with it in a moment." She went out through the outer room, carrying her pail in one hand, and a bundle in the other. Bartlett and the others of course noticed this, but supposed it contained irascible things, which Jenny was unwilling to leave to them even during her little absence for water.

"*Mean says you the trouble,*" said Bartlett, affecting a kind of gallantry, and offering to take the pail from her hand.

"No," she said hastily, "you don't know where the spring is, and I should have to show you at any rate."

She hurried out, and ran off towards the head of the waterfall, while the men as much from curiosity as from suspicion, slowly walked after her. She hastily crossed the log which served as a bridge to the little stream; but instead of turning towards the fall, as they half suspected she would, she turned up-stream and went about a rod along the margin as if seeking a place from which to fill her pail. At the point where she stopped, there was a little tuft of willows, whose branches and leaves were just sufficient to conceal an object no larger than herself. As she came to it she hastily parted the light tendrils, and unclosed an opening a little less than a foot in diameter, first through the grassy mould, and then the moist slaty rock below. Lowering her head, she called hastily:

"An Indianist who seemed to reply through the hole, like a voice issuing from a speaking tube. Jenny, finding that her call had been heeded, did not wait for further parley, but, dropping the bundle down through the opening, hastily closed the parted branches of the willow, and passing beyond it, dipped her pail into the stream and filled it.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### THE ENCAMPMENT.

THE attention of the reader is now solicited to a scene and locality quite different from those described in the preceding chapters.

The place was a large island at the point of confluence of the Hudson and the northern branch of the Mohawk, to which allusion has already been made. The upper extremity of the island was now a lively enough scene, for it was the site of a military encampment. Tents here and there were scattered over the level land, while groups of men, in all sorts of dress, from the uniform of the Continental army, to the breech-cloth and moccasins of the wild Indian warrior, were here and there. On the shore, there was also a very busy scene. Boats of all sorts, and even rafts, were continually passing between the island and the north bank of the river, conveying men, cattle, horses, grain, trunks, cannon, and all the paraphernalia of an army.

On the northern bank, or at Half Moon Point, as it was then called, could be seen numerous teams, attached to rough vehicles, which every now and then were started off to the northward, over a rough woodland road, as fast as they received the various burdens. Flat-bottomed boats, also, plentifully supplied with men, to force them up the stream, now and then passed on the north-western side of the island, and slowly disappeared up the Hudson. The secret of all these movements was, that General Schuyler, with all his energy, was push-

ing forward men and supplies to the northward, to meet and repel, if possible, the advance of General Burgoyne, whose trained legions had already forced the passes of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and were pouring through the marshy woods of Fort Ann, threatening a general desolation to the American settlements in the region to the southward.

There was only one house to be seen in all the encampment, and that was a rude structure of logs. Over it, however, floated the stars and stripes, and there stood a group of officers and men, apparently engaged in deep and interested conference. The men were our acquaintances, Murphy, Wheaton, and McDonald; and the officers were Major Stockwell, another in the uniform of a colonel of the New York Line, and several besides. We can, perhaps, best gather the purpose of their conversation by noting some part of it.

"You say you met Leonard at Schoenady?," said the senior officer, interrogatively, addressing Stockwell.

"No, sir," replied the latter; "it was some distance beyond the lower Mohawk River. He was pushing on as fast as he could, but didn't expect to be able to go forward from Fort Dayton until the supplies and reinforcements came up."

"What number of Indians, think you, has St. Leger with him?" asked the officer.

"We could hardly tell; probably fifteen hundred or two thousand; though Murphy thinks Brant has left them, taking with him a considerable number of the Mohawks and Senecas, and that he is now near the Tioga Forks, or at Oquago."

"Call him up," said the officer.

"Murphy," said Stockwell, raising his voice.

"Col. Van Schaek says, send a word to you. The scout now came forward."

"What makes you think Brant has gone down to Oquago?" said the officer, whom Stockwell had called Col. Van Schaek.

"I am then; he never travels without," answered Murphy; "I know the breed well, and they ought, at last, to know me by the same token."

"But where did you see them?" asked the Colonel.

"Where should I but at the Forks?" replied Murphy. "You must know, for that matter, that I've been ordered to join Col. Morgan, and so took the shortest road up the Tioga and through Schoharie Valley."

Col. Van Schaek walked about noisily for a few moments; then, resuming, he said:

"Would to God Schuyler was here. Something must be done, but, without his orders, I shall have to keep sending on everything to Saratoga. This movement of Brant looks as though he felt sure of the taking of Fort Stanwix, and wanted to be ready to strike a deadly blow at the lower settlements about Kingston."

"Spakin' of the devil," said Murphy, with a wink and a nudge of his shoulder, "here he is."

All turned about at his exclamation, and, in point of fact, they saw, riding up from the southern extremity of the island, a group of officers and attendants, who came spurting forward as a hasty gallop. Foremost among them was a full-sized, handsome man, mounted on a strong, plump roaster, now foaming at the mouth and wet with sweat. The rider, as remarked, was a fine-looking man, of an age somewhere between forty-five and fifty, with a high forehead, a keen glance; a quick, shrewd, grey eye, a nose slightly aquiline, and a form and bearing altogether frank and manly; though, at the same time, there was a certain neatness of propriety in his apparel, and a reserve and kind dignity in his manner, which would indicate a man whose interest in the public cause was not exempt and efficient, but whose self-respect and sense of decorum were also constantly awake, and kept at a distance all rude familiarity. Beside him rode a man of somewhat

different stamp, though his countenance and bearing were also in their way impressive. Like his companion, he was full set and strong in frame; his countenance was red, almost brown, with weather-beat and exposure; his eye was dark, quick, imperative, his forehead slightly retreating; his lips, full and sensuous, and his whole bearing, impatient, discontented and audacious.

Then came, after them, the usual following of under-officers and attendants.

The party rode up at full speed to the spot where Col. Van Schaick was standing. The latter advanced to meet them; and when they paused, a groom immediately dismounting, held the stirrups for the gentleman first described, while the other officer, without waiting for the ceremony, at once threw himself to the ground, and abandoned the reins of the horse, as much as to say, "Take care of him who will; we shall find another when we want one."

"Col. Van Schaick," said his companion, as he dismounted, "I have this morning received important news; General Stanwix has sent Willett down to me for reinforcements; can we send him any?"

"That's a point, general," replied the colonel, "upon which I was but now anxious to see you; for I, also, have received the news."

"Learned has already gone forward, you know," replied the other; "but I thought best to ride up and consult you about what other measures could be taken, and I have brought Arnold with me. He thinks there is time to dispose of St. Leger before Burgoyne forces his way through the swamps of Skeneborough. He has even volunteered to lead the movement, and we want seven or eight hundred of our best men."

Col. Van Schaick looked a little thoughtful, and did not immediately reply.

"It's a desperate game," said he, at length; "if either of these armies gets lost, we're lost. I had almost thought it wiser to look out for the strongest and trust the other to Gansevoort. He'll not budge while there's a log of the fort left, or an ounce of powder with the garrison."

"True, colonel; that's true enough; but how do we know but what those very circumstances now exist. Besides, I have taken the responsibility and decided upon the movement. How long," he added, turning to the officer who had accompanied him; "how long, Arnold, would it take, think you, to relieve Fort Stanwix?"

The latter, who, during the colloquy, had been impatiently striking the grass and weeds that grew at his feet with his riding-whip, replied:

"It can be done in a week or ten days, at most. Gansevoort can keep the fort, I think; but we want all the militia of the Mohawk Valley this year, and we shan't get 'em till St. Leger is disposed of. Give me what light troops you can spare, and a few of Morgan's men, and I'll engage to be up with Learned before to-morrow night; and I am much mistaken, if I don't lead those Tories and Indians about Fort Stanwix a dance their little neck."

"This is a service for volunteers," replied the general. "Send through the camp and see who are willing to join in it."

But it is not our purpose to pursue the discussion in all its details. The times were stirring, the case urgent; a half an hour had not elapsed before a plan was agreed on, and the first steps for its execution adopted.

"Col. Van Schaick," said Arnold, where is Dan Morgan?"

"He has been over with a train of boats, but his regiment is up in the grove there to the left."

"Could you send some one to him for me?" asked Arnold.

"With pleasure," replied the other. "Here, you chap," he added, addressing the first man his eye lighted upon, "run to Morgan's troop,



A MODERN CRUSOE.

and if he is there, tell him he is wanted at headquarters immediately."

"Is it me you want to do it?" asked the man addressed.

"Oh, Murphy, that's you, is it?" said the colonel; "I didn't know you."

"Murphy!" said Arnold, turning quickly. "The very man I want. He is one of the corps himself, and will do as well as Morgan. Tim, I want you to pick me a hundred of Morgan's best woodsmen, and tell the colonel I would like to see him."

"That's sure to be done, general," replied the man; "but would you do me also a little favor by the same token?"

"What's that?" said the officer, turning quickly and a little impatiently.

"Get me to speech with General Schuyler himself by the time I get back."

"Certainly," said the officer, again turning away.

(To be continued in our next.)

## A MODERN CRUSOE.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

In that wide waste of waters that stretches southward from the Indian Ocean, and between the African continent and Australia, lies a lonely and rocky island, which the feet of but few bold explorers have ever trod. Regular merchant ships, in their Indian voyages, never venture near its surf-beaten and inhospitable shores; and it is only the adventurous whaler, who, with his roving commission, leaves no corner of the world of waters unexplored, that has dared to penetrate its dangerous harbors, or attempt the threatening reefs that guard this dreary home of the seal and fish fowl.

To find this island, you have but to refer to the map of the Eastern Hemisphere, and place your finger upon the equatorial line, where it traverses the Indian Ocean, and where it strikes upon the seventieth degree of East longitude. Following this imaginary line southward, to about the fifth degree of South latitude, you will perceive a dark speck, scarcely larger than a pin's head, which on the common ellipsis is called "Kerguelen's Land," but upon most sea-

charts is designated by the not altogether inappropriate name of "Desolation Island."

This island, destitute of trees, and, in fact, of almost every kind of vegetation, except several varieties of mosses, and the antiscorbutic plant, known among whalers as the sea-cabbage, was, for nearly twelve years, the abode of a Yankee sailor named Pitman. The last fire of them were spent by him in entire solitude. On first landing he was accompanied by two companions, one of whom was killed by a fall from the rocky cliff, shortly after their arrival, and the other died by disease; leaving Pitman, after seven years, entirely alone upon the desolate island.

In the year 1842, Henry Pitman, who is a native of Massachusetts, and still a young man, notwithstanding his scarred and weather-beaten appearance, shipped at Castine, on board the bark *Penguin*, bound for a whaling cruise in the Southern Pacific. He had previously made several voyages to the coasts of Labrador and Greenland, on board of sailing vessels; but being tired of this laborious business, concluded to try his fortune in another direction; and his imagination being fired by the glowing yarns of the South Seas, he became a whaler.

The *Penguin* had been cruising nearly a year and a-half on the track of the sperm whale, when, from some inexplicable reason, the "spouters" all at once disappeared; and for three months not a whale was harpooned, and but one or two sighted from the masthead. Extraordinary good luck had attended them heretofore, and the ship's hold was nearly half full of oil.

About this time the ship was on her home stretch, in the Southern Ocean, it being the intention of the captain to return by the Cape of Good Hope. But he continued to beat about to the southward and westward of Australia, in hopes of still filling his casks, before he should finally bear away for the Cape.

One morning the cry of "Land ho!" saluted the ears of the crew, from the main aloft; and, on consulting the chart, the captain discovered it to be the north-eastern point of Desolation Island. An idea now occurred to him. He had heard that this island was the resort of immense

numbers of seals; and it occurred to him that he might make up in seal skins and oil what he lacked in sperm oil, to make his voyage sufficiently remunerative. Accordingly he determined to leave a small party of men, who had had some experience in seal catching, on the island, while he should continue to cruise off and on, still in search of whales.

This, the captain knew, was extremely risky business, as parties had sometimes been left thus by whalers, which had never returned to pick up their men, for these ships are as liable to shipwreck as others; and then hopeless indeed would be the fate of those brave men—left alone, and cast off entirely from the fellowship and sympathies of their kind.

Calling, therefore, the crew about him, the captain made known to them his plan, and asked if there were any willing to volunteer to spend a few months on the island, who knew anything of sealing. He promised a *lay* of one half to those who would make the venture.

Immediately Pitman, and two other young men, stepped forward, and offered to go. One of these men was a native of Newfoundland, named McCarty, whose life had been spent, almost, on board a sealing schooner; and the other was an old friend and shipmate of Pitman's. These were three intelligent and hardy sailors, the very men, of all his crew, that the captain of the *Penguin* would himself have chosen, had it been left to him, for this important service.

The ship ran down to the island, and the three adventurous fellows were landed in a little cove on the windward side of the point. As they approached the rocky shore, they found it covered with vast numbers of seals, while the air was darkened by the immense flocks of sea-birds that were continually rising and alighting about them, and almost deafening them with their wild cries.

It was the work of a day only to construct a rude cabin for the men, together with the necessary apparatus for trying out the oil, and curing the skins, &c.; and, on the following day, a good number of casks were landed. The men were furnished with guns, and an abundant store of provisions and shot, together with one or two harpoons, a supply of fishhooks; and blankets, and provisions of flour, bread, and meat for six months. Besides these things, the three sailors took with them their sea chests and one of the ship's small boats.

All necessary arrangements made, Pitman, who was elected captain of the little party, immediately proceeded to the business in hand; and before the *Penguin* had borne away from the island, the black smoke ascending from their tiny works showed their shipmates that they were no new hands at the business.

These men put their whole souls into the work; and so abundant and fat were the seals, that scarcely had four months passed by than every cask was filled with oil, and several thousand valuable skins rewarded their industry. Five months, however, had hardly elapsed, when a gloomy shadow fell over them in the death of one of their number. Robert Dagget, the friend and former shipmate of Pitman, while hunting for sea-eowl's eggs, fell from the top of the cliff, and was instantly killed upon the rocks below. The poor fellow's remains were not found till after a long search, and then it was ascertained that he had struck and downward; for the brains were scattered upon the rocks about, where he had fallen. This was a melancholy day for the survivors; and with tears of sorrow for his loss, they carried his remains to the vicinity of their hut, and committed them to their last home.

"After this sad event," said Pitman, "neither McCarty nor myself felt disposed to work for several days. And for myself, I never lost a friend, under any circumstances, whose death left so wide a blank to me."

But in another month they would be on the look out for the return of the *Penguin*; and it



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behooved them to lay in as large a store of skins as possible. For some time they had ceased to save the oil for want of casks to put it in.

Six months came and went, and as yet their eyes were not gladdened by the white sails of their approaching ship. Seven, eight, and ten months were away, bringing the changing seasons, but no *Penguin*. Still were not these brave men disheartened. But they toiled through the brief summer, and the bleak, stormy winter—every hour straining their vision seaward, for the sight of their still expected ship? Nor was it till a year and a half had rolled away that they gave up the hope of ever rejoining their shipmates.

They had during this time observed the upper spars of vessels frequently passing the island, but none near enough to signal.

The provisions which had been landed with them had long since been consumed, but there was no scarcity suffered; and now, not knowing how long they would have to remain before some passing whaler might discover them, Pitman, with true Yankee enterprise and thrift, proposed that they should contrive some plan by which the oil of the seal they still continued to kill might be saved.

In this, too, his Yankee genius aided them. One day, having built a fire upon the beach, he discovered that the ashes, after being wet by the rising tide, and exposed to the heat of the sun, became hardened like stone; and it occurred to him that wood shavings and sea water would make an excellent cement, which might be used advantageously in constructing a kind of tank for the oil. Accordingly, the two men set to work, and after a few days' built a long and narrow receptacle of stones, thickly plastered with the cement, and capable of holding many barrels of seal oil. Over this they fitted a covering of seal skins. They had now nothing else to do but to turn their attention again to the work of filling it.

They experienced no scarcity of fuel, for the shores were strewn with drift wood; and the large mosses, when dried in the sun, proved excellent for the fires of their tryworks.

Thus, in a few months, these brave seamen, whose many courage never for a moment failed them, had not only filled their tank, but found it necessary to construct others; while at the same

time their piles of cured seal skins proportionally increased.

They had established, from the first day of their landing on the island, a system of labor. So many hours of each day were devoted to the procuring and preparing food, of which there was always enough for the largest army, in the myriad sea-fowl, and fish always at hand, as well as numbers of wild dogs, which were easily brought down with their guns; so many hours were also set apart to the killing and skinning of the seals, and the other necessary work of trying out the oil; and other hours for such diversions as might present themselves.

Sometimes this routine was relieved by explorations of the island. At these times they would climb the broken peaks, and scour the horizon in the vain search of some approaching ship; but although they would sometimes catch a glimpse of the upper sails of some distant ship, passing either to the eastward or westward, none came near enough to perceive the canvas flags they kept continually flying from the top of the cliffs.

At the end of three years their clothes became reduced to rags, and they had to resort to the sea-shore afterwards for their covering, the seals furnishing all they required.

"The first good hearty laugh we had, after the death of poor Dagget," said Pitman, "was when I had completed a suit of seal-skin clothes, with the hairy side out, and trying them on, submitted them to the criticism of my companion."

One of the most interesting portions of Pitman's narrative is that of an extended exploration of the coast, which McCarty and himself made during the fifth year of their residence on the island. It was during the summer of those latitudes, which corresponds with the winter of the northern hemisphere, that they started from their home, with the determination of making a circuit of the island. They were absent about six weeks, and computed the distance they travelled at over three hundred miles. They found that the same general character of sterility prevailed upon the entire coast; but that the northern, on which they had landed, was by far the most desirable, though there were better harbors on the southern and eastern shores.

On the south a long, low, rocky cape stretched into the sea; and here our sailors were surprised

by the discovery of a cabin and tryworks similar to their own, which had been deserted only a few days previous to their arrival. There were still hanging from the rocks fresh seal skins, which the sealers on leaving could not take away with them, and in their cabin they found, what was of great value to them, many articles of clothing and bedding, which the former owners had left behind them.

This discovery also gave them hope that their own establishment would some day attract passing whalers, and they would eventually be relieved from their rocky prison. Leaving at this place their names, together with the date of their visit, and some general directions by which they might be found, they resumed their homeward journey to wander the lonely spot that had so long been their home.

Two years after this, McCarty sickened and died. And it was now that Pitman began to experience the horrors of his lonely situation. Therefore the companionship of his friend had made life endurable, and in the daily pursuit of their work together, his mind was kept from dwelling upon it. But now he brooded over his terrible fate, and doubted not that he also would breathe his last upon this unfrequented shore. Till this last sorrowful event he had been cheered with the hope of once more returning to his native land; but it seemed that in the death of his last comrade he had nothing more to live for.

But one day, while climbing along the cliffs in quest of wild hogs, his eyes were once more gladdened by the sight of two sails upon the northern horizon; and although they did not approach the island, his courage was renewed by the event, and he doubted not that at length some fortunate breeze would yet bring a flying vessel within sight of his continually recurring signals.

With renewed strength and hope, therefore, he returned to his hut, and once more strove to banish his unhappy thoughts, by resuming his work of curing skins and saving oil; "for," said he, "I thought if I should ever be so fortunate again as to return to my fellow-men, I might as well do so with the means which would enable me in future to spend my days among them, without the necessity of following any more the life of a sailor."

Then, again, for long years, did the courageous sailor toil away, and hope on, almost against hope. Tank after tank of seal oil rewarded his labor, and stacks of skins surrounded his cabin.

Twice every year he made a circuit of the rocky beach in search of parties of seal hunters; but never again did he discover signs of any having landed.

Scarcely had three months elapsed after the death of McCarty, than the loneliness of his situation prompted Pitman to seek among the living creatures by which he was surrounded for companionship; and soon his cabin was filled with a variety of domesticated birds. In a few months he had quite a flock of tame petrels, and other sea-birds, which came at his call, and fed fearlessly from his hands. But the pain in which he took the greatest delight were his female seals, which, with little trouble, when taken young, became as gentle and as much attached to his person as ever the house dog was to his master. They evinced the greatest affection for him, and always accompanied him upon the shore, when in pursuit of their wild companions. So gregarious were these animals that they would not only come at his call, and evidence their pleasure by low whining cries, but they were readily taught to enter the net and catch fish, which they would lay at his feet, with the most marked expressions of joy and pride, when a few endearing words or caresses rewarded their efforts.

Many, and extremely instructing and interesting, are the anecdotes Pitman relates of the remarkable sagacity of these marine animals. But

that which evinces, in a marked degree, their superior intelligence, and which, in that respect, places them on a par with our own domestic animals, is the fact that they soon learned to distinguish names. At one time, he says, he had no less than seven of these creatures under tuition, and each individual had a name; and when, for instance, as they were playing together in the water, "Felly Frank" was called, she would be sure to lift her head from the waves, and listen attentively for its repetition, when she would come with a glad whine to his feet. And so it was with the others. No house dogs appeared more susceptible of instruction, or evinced more attachment to their benefactors.

When, after the season of rest and long years of vain watchings and longings for companionship with his fellow-men passed; and still our Modern Crusoe, surrounded with his pets, hoped on. At length, according to his computation of time, eleven years and ten months had elapsed, since the day of his landing upon the island; when one morning, as he was lying in his bunk, from a slight incline-position, his ears were saluted by the joyful sound of a gun fired upon the shore. With heart leaping with excitement, he ran to the nearest cliff, and looked seaward. There,—oh! blessed vision!—not half a mile from the beach, a large whale ship lay, with her sails clewed up, while a boat, full of men, were approaching the shore!

The ship proved to be a London whaler, which, after an unsuccessful cruise, had borne down upon the island with the intention of sealing; when, discovering Pitman's signal, and finding it answered, they landed, and, after a brief and tedious fragment of caresses, which, no frequent renewal, had for nearly twelve lonely years waited for recognition—the captain directed a gun to be fired,—and thus once more was the exile restored to his kind.

The oil and seal skin Pitman was master of more than sufficed to load the ship; and, bidding it gently with his rescuers, he returned to his native land with a hand-ome competence; and giving the sea and sailor's life a wide berth, now enjoys a pleasant home upon the western bank of Lake Michigan.

## A PRAIRIE ADVENTURE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"A ALIGHT-HIDE across the prairie, with a beloved companion beside you; two bounding horses, rearing their muscular bellies before you; the pure, white snow, glistening with star-like gems beneath you; and the silvery moon, sailing through the clear, blue heavens above; oh! is it not glorious?" enthusiastically exclaimed a friend of mine, as we sat conversing one evening before a cheerful winter fire.

"I do not of course mean those great boundless wastes beyond the limits of civilization; but one of those broad, beautiful plains, or meadows, which we have in some of our western States; where the tall, green grass and bright flowers were like a field of grain to the breeze of summer, and the crisp snow lay deep and sparkling beneath the keen, biting air of winter."

"Ah!" he pursued, with a long drawn sigh and a solemn shake of his head; "there was one prairie ride which I shall never forget; and I never think of it but I feel my flesh creep, and a cold, shuddering shudder run through my frame. It was my last ride with poor, gentle Nellie Danforth, who now sleeps peacefully beneath the green turf of her prairie home."

He paused a few moments, with the air and expression of one recalling a sad and painful event, and then resumed and told the following thrilling story:

"I loved Nellie Danforth when she was in the bloom of girlhood; I loved her till the cold grave closed over her, and I love her memory still, more than anything else that remains to me on earth. We were never engaged, for she

was early marked as the victim of a fatal disease; and she always talked to me as one who knew her bidding place was not here, and bade me prepare to meet her in that world beyond, where there is no more parting, no more sorrow. Poor, sweet, angelic Nellie!

"The cold, clear, bracing air of the winter before her death seemed to give her new life and vigor; and when her fond friends, who could not share the thought of her going, were so untimely from among us, began to indulge the vain hope that she would ultimately recover. She even seemed to be more hopeful herself; and one day she expressed a wish to visit a friend who resided across the prairie from her own home, a distance of some twelve or fifteen miles.

"Her slightest wish was my strongest law; and the next day, behind two of the fleetest steeds, we sped across the frozen, creaking snow, to the cheering music of the jingling bells.

"It was ten o'clock of a clear, cold, beautiful night, that, against the permission of her friends, she left them upon the prairie. Nellie was a good spirit; and as I drew 'the warm robes around her, bade our friends adieu, and gave the rein to our fiery steeds, which arched their proud necks and bounded away like the wind, I experienced a wild feeling of exultation and happiness, as if I had long been a stranger.

"Away and away we flew over the crisp and shining snow—the keen, rushing air cutting our almost muffled faces, and the silvery, flying particles causing us to half close and sometimes cover our eyes. On! on! for a half-hour and six good miles, over a level prairie, with only here and there a little cluster of trees standing like sentinels in the white, open level, and the bright, glowing stars twinkling so merrily in the clear, blue, high arching dome of heaven!

"O, how delightful!" said my sweet companion, as she seemed to press more fondly to my side.

"If it could be over this, dear Nellie," I replied, in a low, tender tone; "if I could only dare to hope that your returning health could give me many future scenes like this—oh! what irrepressible happiness would me mine, now and for ever!"

"Ah, my true and noble friend!" she murmured, "if God would only spare me for your dear sake! You deserve to be happy, my more than brother!"

"But never can be, if my own dear Nellie is taken from me."

"Oh, say not that, dear Harry!—the world is full of things better far than I. I may not live; and it would make sad my dying hours to know I left you hopeless and disconsolate."

"Oh, Nellie, dearest, you must not die!" impulsively burst from my anguished heart. "I will pray God, as I have never prayed, so fervently of spare me, and surely, surely, he will grant my prayer!"

"My sweet companion did not answer; but I fancied she pressed still more closely against me, as a long, deep sigh came up from her gentle bosom.

"A solemn, thoughtful silence followed; and then, as we were startled by a distant baying howl, that came floating over the snowy plain, and mingled so strangely with the musical monotony of the jingling bells. Instantly our horses checked their speed, threw back their ears, clamped their bits, and gave vent to a loud and sort of a snort, as if they were alarmed. Another, and another, and still another, of those fearful sounds came floating over the white and glistening plain.

"'Merciful God!' exclaimed my now terrified companion; 'have I been spared for this!'

"Fear not!" I said, as I turned my eyes upon the mettled steeds, who were then dying like the startled deer; 'we shall escape!'

"I spoke in a tone of confidence, but my heart seemed to stand still, and I doubt not my very lips were white.

"For how could we escape a ravenous pack

of wolves, which were already upon our scent and coming from all ways to the right, so that we had not even the hope which a dead chase might have given us? Singly this animal, one of the most cowardly of the canine genus, will not attack a human being; but when banded together in large droves or packs, and nearly famished as they generally are in the winter, they become very formidable and dangerous; and as this was the season when they were most to be feared, and as I was without other weapon than a loaded whip, I felt that if we could not outrun them our chance of ever seeing our friends and home again was so very small as to be almost hopeless. And that we could not outrun them, I became more and more convinced every minute; for though I had put our horses to a dangerous speed, and we were flying along with a swiftness to equal the rushing car, I heard them nearer and nearer, and knew that they would soon be upon us.

My fair companion had become silent from excess of emotion; but I could feel her delicate form quiver in every nerve, as she leaned heavily against me, and I trembled to think what the effect would be upon her feeble system, even supposing we should miraculously escape with life.

"Courage, dearest Nellie!" I said, in a tone that belied my own quaking heart; "a few minutes more, at the rate we are going, will put us beyond danger."

"As if in mockery of my words, there came, even as I spoke, a howl of the most ferocious snarling, growling, harking howls; and looking behind me, a little to the right, I could see along back, moving like advancing upon us, and knew that soon the worst would be realised in all its maddening horror."

"Dear Nellie!" I said, quietly, but with an internal anxiety which no language could portray, "I think it would be better for you to lie down in the bottom of the sleigh, and let me wrap these robes closely around you—for whilst I am defending myself against the attack of these beasts, as I trust I may successfully, you might possibly get injured."

"Oh, Harry!" she exclaimed, as she impulsively threw her arms around my neck and pressed her lips to mine—such a kiss as my dying loved one might give to the living mourner—"may God be merciful to you! and if we do not meet again on earth, I shall thank for you to join me in the abode of the blessed."

"She said no more, but dropped quietly down as I directed; and in another moment I had so disposed the robes about her fragile form that not a fang of the furious beasts could reach her while I should remain with life to fight above her."

"By this time the wolves, a great many in number, were close upon us; and as I looked fearfully around me, I could see them to the right and left, as well as behind us, their eyes gleaming like balls of fire, and their ferocious snarling growls making my flesh creep and my bones shudder. Our horses, maddened by their beast; and now, with their ears laid back, and snorting with terror, they were still doing their utmost, and taking us forward with frightful and dangerous speed."

"Suddenly one of the foremost wolves, which had gained the side of the horse, bounded in with a fierce yell, and snapped him on the flank; and with an appalling cry of terror rather than pain, the animal reared, plunged, and leaped aside, upsetting the sleigh, and sending my companion and self far out upon the frozen snow, though half-frozen, and considerably bruised, I did not, for an instant, lose presence of mind, but sprang to my feet just in time to deal a few heavy blows with the butt of my loaded whip upon the heads of the two or three foremost beasts which had at once assailed me, expecting God me as my prey. As they fell back before me, and then suddenly flew to join the main attack upon our horses—which were all

roaring ground and shrieking their throats beneath a fatal result of their gnashing, tearing, and famished foes—I reached the side of my dear companion, and found her completely enveloped in the buffalo robe, and lying as quiet and silent as if dead.

"Dearest Nellie, are you still living?" cried I, as I passionately flung myself down by her side.

"Yes!" came a faint, muffled voice; "air! air!"

"I tore the robe from her as quick as possible, and found her almost smothered. The cold, fresh air revived her almost instantly.

"Are you injured, Nellie, dear?"

"No, thank you, darling?"

"Safe and unharmed, as yet."

"Oh, God! those horrible wolves!"

"They are now devouring our horses, and possibly we may escape!" cried I, as I glanced quickly around, and fixed my eyes upon a cluster of trees which grew along the margin of a slough at so great a distance. "Quick, quick, Nellie! to your feet, and let us fly!"

"I pressed my arm about her waist as I spoke, lifted her to her feet, and half bore her forward, with a fervent prayer for deliverance, towards the only spot which seemed to promise a hope. We had gone over about one half the distance, when two or three sharp growls close behind us caused my companion to shrink into my arms with a startled cry. Instantly I turned and thrust her behind me, and found myself face to face with three or four wolves, which snatched back a few paces with savage but cowardly growls. My whip, my only weapon, was still in my hand; and seeing that I could reach them with the lash, I swung it like lightning through the air, and brought it down with several rapid cuts right and left; and the next moment our enemies were flying with howls of fear and pain back to their comrades which, snarling and fighting, were busy glutting themselves upon the dead carcasses of our noble horses.

"Again we fled for our lives—or rather I fled, bearing poor Nellie in my arms—for the intense terror of the last few moments had so overpowered her as to render her almost as helpless as an infant. With a grateful prayer in my heart, we reached, without further molestation, an oak tree, with low, hairy limbs and intermingling branches, and I exclaimed, in a hurried tone:

"Now, my darling Nellie, one more effort for your life, and we are saved. In Heaven's name, use all your strength, and climb quickly into this tree, beyond the reach of our foes!"

"I will do my best," she said faintly.

"I lifted her almost upon the first limb, and in a few moments she was by her side; and then we quickly forced our way up, until entirely beyond the reach of danger; and then I found myself almost as weak as my companion, from an excess of grateful emotions.

"We remained there for some ten or twelve hours, listening to the horrid cry of woe upon our poor horses, and accurately on thinking of the cold, which was most intense. Gradually the snarling, fighting pack grew quiet as they became gorged; and then one after another they slunk away to their lairs, and a solemn stillness once more reigned over the late awful scene."

"I told my companion that we must remain all night where we were and run the risk of freezing to death, or set off on foot, over the snow, for her own dwelling, which was between two and three miles distant. After duly weighing the matter, she chose the latter alternative, and an hour later she was fainting in her mother's arms."

"Alas! the frail system of poor Nellie Darnforth never fully recovered from the effects of that night of terror. As the winter wore on, she began to decline rapidly, and the piercing winds of March sang a requiem over her grave, and I was thus left to mourn the loss of the only being I ever truly loved."

## KINESOPATHY.

## THE MOVEMENT CURE.

TEN Swedish Movement Cure, invented by Professor Ling, has come to be regarded in America as an important auxiliary in the profession of healing. It is a simple and easily understood, and their application often restores health and power of motion where medicine, without this aid, would hardly hope to succeed. Dr. G. F. Taylor has the credit of introducing this practice into the United States, and has had remarkable success in its administration, in the way of remedying such simple and dangerous ailments as ankylosed joint, paralysed muscles, diseased nerves. How far the Movement Cure is adapted for other ills to which flesh is heir we would hardly venture to guess, but for a large class of which its results are said to be almost magical.

There is a well-known fact in mechanics, that the strength of a machine is only that of its weakest part—the strength of a chain that of its weakest link. So with the human structure: its strength as a whole is equivalent to the strength of its weakest part. Among the long experience, the Movement Cure is applied chiefly to the exercising and strengthening of the infirm or paralysed part, leaving the healthier and stronger organs comparatively alone.

Within the last year several new articles have been added to the collection of instruments used in this "cure." They are generally without a name; they are told, as a Mormon counts his wives, by the number. No. 13, for example, is a settee on which the patient is placed, where a pair of "clamps," fixed on the abdomen or chest, and set to work by a wheel, kneads him in the most judicious manner. Long experience has proved that such a treatment is invaluable for torpid action of the internal organs of the body. A chronic liver disease, enlarged spleen, inactive intestine, yield to the application and disappear. Another machine exercises the muscles of the hips, promoting healthy action of the organs inside the pelvic cavity. A third makes paralysed arms learn to move. A fourth corrects one species of curve of the spine; a fifth and sixth are employed on others. Another will cure weak knees, and ought to be administered to politicians. Organs, from disease or inactivity, seem to find how to act; the Movement Cure is a mode of teaching them. Where the muscular system is principally at fault, the treatment is almost infallible. Most of the weaknesses and deformities under which our women often suffer yield promptly to the application of "kinesopathy."

It is excessive by which the parts of the body that have acquired a habit of shirking their duty are specially stimulated into action, and made to contribute their part to the general welfare. Its success is measured by the completeness of the restoration of such organs to proper industrious habits; and of the chances, any one who is of a scientific collection on one of Taylor's cures tests, and undergo a twisting, "kneading," shaking, kneading, revolving, or a general energetic agitation, will not be long in forming an opinion. Let the patient make up his mind to endure a promiscuous battering pretty much all over, and recovery may be set down as a matter of course.

The Movement Cure has also been introduced into the principle cities of Europe, where it has won favor and grown into reputation. As is the case in our own country, though acknowledged to be an auxiliary to the medical practice, it has been generally left to individual practitioners to be pursued as a specialty, no physician of considerable practice being able to give it the attention which it would require.

THE VOLUNTEERS; or, the Maid of Monterey. A most exciting Tale of the Mexican War. Complete 62 Nos. (Nos. 15 to 19), price 6d.; by post, 8d.

## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE *New York Herald of Progress* publishes two letters from Mr. William Guay, "an experienced photographer," in support of a new class set up by persons who pretend to be familiar with the world of spirits. "Spirit photographs" are now produced—the high priest of this art being, apparently, a Mr. Mumber, of Boston. Mr. Guay called upon Mr. Mumber, and in order that there might be no deception he prepared a plate himself. "When the plate was done," he says, "I took it out, placed it in the plate-holder, and carried it to the camera-stand, under the skylight. Keeping my eye constantly on it, being at my feet, resting on the camera-stand, I examined the tube and camera-box. Finding everything all right, I desired him to make a young man be his, making sure everything was all right. I took my seat in such a position as to see everything going on. Being seated profile, I could see pretty well the back-ground, and also the camera-box, Mr. Mumber by it, and the young man off in the corner, having previously made sure that there was no other person beside us three. The focus being adjusted, I resolve and hope that the picture of my departed wife may come on the negative standing in front and by me. The cloth being removed, I fancied feeling rather queer during the operation. The sitting over, I immediately passed to the camera-box, took out the plate-holder, and passed off to the dark room, followed by Mr. Mumber. I must here mention that while I was preparing the glass and going through the operation, I pretty nearly made up my mind that nothing but my own picture would come on, and even when about to develop the same I little believed I should get anything more. Having thrown on the developing solution, I closely watched what was coming. Well, then, to my utmost, almost trembling astonishment, there I was seeing two pictures come out! I clasped the glass tightly, my eyes fast secured. Having got through, I washed it off, and put it into the fixing solution, watching it closely all the while. When done I took it out, and there I stood and saw precisely what I had desired. You may better conceive my feelings than I can even now explain to you. Not knowing what to think, I bent down, I dropped down and endeavored to collect myself, resolving to think over it and study about it. I then desired that the spirit form of my father should appear, and, to make a long story short, I have had to know under the same circumstances as before, having to all my heart content all I desired. Here I rest contented till I have perfected myself more in this beautiful process."

In a subsequent letter, Mr. Guay is able to furnish additional testimony as to the marvellous of this new phenomenon. "The weather," he writes, "has been too unfavorable since last Saturday to print from the negatives made of me, on one of which I perfectly recognised the likeness of my father. This was made last Saturday, under more favorable circumstances than that of my wife, taken on Friday, when I was laboring under a strong feeling of doubt. The picture of my wife is very faint, but sufficiently out, however, for me to recognise the features, as far as I can see, looking at the negative, which is semi-positive any way. I cannot detect a single syllable that goes to prove any fraud. Mr. Mumber expresses a desire that I should be with him all the time, so that I may see how the work is done, having great confidence in my skill as a photographer, and is impossible for Mr. Mumber to have procured any pictures of my wife or father. The likeness of my father is clear and perfect; that of my wife is not. I have seen several letters from parties who have gone through as I have, and received satisfaction, certifying their failure to detect any possible deception." Our spirit photographer adds to this "final and conclusive" evidence the following curious statement:—"For proof on the point of recognition, we offer the following

extract from a letter from a Boston gentleman, very well known, whose picture we have seen, beside which stands, or rather floats, a beautiful full-length figure, the folds of the curtain background plainly visible through the entire figure. The writer says:—"I do not recognise or identify the spirit likeness myself, but on showing it to my brother Elias, he at once recognised it as a likeness of a daughter who died some fifteen or twenty years ago. He took it home, and most, if not all of his family (although opposed to spiritualism), on comparing it with a painting of the child, acknowledged it as a likeness. Two artists also examined the photograph with the painting, through magnifying glasses, &c., and they both pronounced it a true likeness."

We have since heard from Boston that Mr. Guay is superintending improvements in the operating-room of Mrs. Stuart, whereby it is hoped better pictures will be secured.

This will necessitate some delay, after which we shall look for other and more distinct proofs of this blessed reality. Information has come to us also, through a private channel, of another artist who is compelled against his will to take spirit pictures. The spirit forms come uninvited, and will not away at his bidding. At present the operator is unwilling to have his name or location known, or to follow the business. This is, we trust, but a temporary timidity. Not even the bonds of a sectarian church should for a moment confuse so glorious a truth.

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

## SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

—0—

THE wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them: sloth and lolly shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard, and make the impossibility their fear.

## WOMAN'S SACRIFICES.

To the honor, to the eternal honor of the sex, be it stated, that on no point do duty no sacrifice is to them too high or too dear. Nothing with them is impossible, but to shrink from love, honor, innocence, and religion. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded; but the voice of affliction—never. The chamber of grief—the pillow of dying—the vigils of the dead—the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the "winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her," on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not and fears not consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor avades them; that resignation which utters neither murmur nor regret; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even over death itself.

## YANKEE WAYS AND MEANS.

The perpetual-motivated Yankee never suffers an opportunity to make money to escape him. He is ubiquitous, ingenious, inquisitive, and acquisitive, and right smart at driving a trade. Among the numerous ways of making money out of the army—quite as honorable as some bigger if not more just ways—correspondents tell us that pedlars of newspapers, pies, cakes, and small wares, drive a thriving trade among the soldiers near Washington. Near Fort Richardson a party of men have taken possession of an orchard and cyder press, and sell great quantities of the liquor they manufacture to the soldiers. An enterprising firm have started a bone-bolling

establishment on the river bank, and are making money by producing a fertilizer from the cast-off bones of the camps. Carts permeate through all the roads and by-paths collecting grease, which is sold to the soap and candle-makers. There are many humbugs, but the Yankee, and the "Almighty Dollar" is his profit.

## WHITE LYING.

There is a vast amount of white lying done in this world. We mean such lying as the perpetrators make no conscientious account of. Thousands who score black lying, practice the white without a conscience. To the candid and honest, or come only a little short of the truth, they conceive to be no great offence—certainly no sin—only an "innocent deception." A million white lies, probably, are told in a single day in the business and intercourse of such a city as this. Fashionable society is hollow with white lying, with false pretensions, evasions, subterfuges. Insincerity would seem to be the peculiar study of a large class, yet you could not offend them more bitterly than by accusing them of falsehood. They talk lies and live by them so habitually that the frankly spoken truth startles them most. For our part, we consider a small lie as black as a large one. Sound morality enjoins truthfulness as of the first account. To be true is to be right, and all short of this is *wrong*! Nothing is made, or gained, but much lost, in the long run, by whatever evasion or suppression of the truth.

Society and trade would be equally healthy and more prosperous if lying were let alone. We are to be held to account by the Supreme Judge for every idle word we utter, and this is a warning reason why lying and insincerity should be avoided.

## A MOTHER'S WORK.

The work to which we refer is that which every mother, whether rich or poor, whatever the advantages or disadvantages of her circumstances may be, is required by the most sacred and rigid obligations to achieve—the assiduous cultivation in her children of the inner nature, of that which makes the true man or woman, that which shall live for ever and ever. For this she must be always at her post, with never so much as a recess from her maternal care and solicitude, toiling on, breaking up the ground, sowing the seed, training the tender plant, enriching the soil, watering, nourishing, stimulating every good and pleasant growth, until the flowers begin to bloom, and the fruit to ripen. Then there comes a beyond—the enjoyment of rest and comfort to the mother, in the golden autumn of her life, when, surrounded by a group of affectionate, dutiful, virtuous, and noble sons and daughters, she sits among them in beautiful repose, her face radiant in the glow of her own heart's ever-burning love, and the smile of Heaven as a halo lights about her head—a spectacle to be admired and envied of all. But the season of comfort, this "Indian summer" of maternal life, never, never, comes to those who evade their responsibilities, forsake their trust, and leave their work for others to do, for the sake of personal ease, amusement, idleness, or selfish gratification. The very thing they seek they lose by a lamentable and hopeless mistake, verifying the words of our Lord, "Whoever will save his life shall lose it; but whoever shall lose his life for my sake the same shall save it."

## HUSBANDS.

Young ladies past the age of fifteen, and from that delicate and interesting age all the way up to forty, and perhaps even later, are generally ignorant of men, their ideas on the look-out for husbands. Nice dress and pretty bonnets, music and dancing, and the polite accomplishments, in societies where these are cultivated,



and very much much of what is called society, are supposed to have this object in view.

We do not say how just this is; but such is undoubtedly the popular idea. It is believed that nine out of ten of all young unmarried ladies would not object to a good husband.

But the supply of good husbands is not equal to the demand. Consequently we have some hundreds of thousands of old maids—none who have taken no vows or oaths, and who do not live in convents, but who are none the less living in a state of celibacy. Some think this a dangerous and immoral state. We are not of that opinion.

The surplus of women makes the celibacy of many a necessity. The unworthiness of men is the cause of a greater number. We see thousands of men around us whose married state is a constant marvel to us. We cannot conceive how they ever induced any women to take them. Rough in their manners, careless in their morals, slovenly in appearance, and filthy in habits, how can these men be the fit husbands of tender, delicate, loving women? Still, such men do get married. We read about them in the newspapers. Sometimes they are complained of for beating, bruising, or stabbing their wives. Sometimes it is a suit for divorce. But there are thousands of such cases that are never heard of. Many a proud, sensitive woman dies of a brutal husband, and the world never knows it.

Until the standard of husbandly virtues is raised, and the market better supplied, women will do well to prepare for the struggle of life without their help. There is too much marrying in haste; and, of consequence, too much repenting at leisure. Marriage, which develops all that is lovely in woman, sometimes brings out the worst qualities in men. Many a woman at forty exceeds the promise of her girlhood; but how few are the men who do not fall very far short of the hopes of their youth.

Probably the chief motive to many a marriage is never avowed and scarcely suspected. Women are such angels of charity, that they marry bad men out of pure benevolence, in the hope of making them better. They know how much men need their society, and how much more worse they would be without them; and so they give themselves up, for better or worse, scorifiers on the altar of charity.

## YANKEE NOTIONS.

SPRINK'S ORDERS TO WINTER.—March!

HERRERS—Proprietors of breweries.

A POOR PLACE TO GO FOR FODDER—A smoke stack.

COMMON SEWERS.—The receivers of "slop-work" in our large cities.

How to make an apple tart—Soak it in vinegar.

A POLICY of insurance is often rendered void by impolicy.

Is a cigar man a man ill, will a cheroot make a Man-illa? Answer that.

THE man who painted the "signs of the times" is in want of a job.

MEW do two-thirds of the seasoning in the world and make women do the other third.

THE "Dew-Down Inn" (do drop in) is the title of one of the New Orleans hotels.

NO one by merely conversing with a fish ever succeeded in drawing it out.

THERE is a phrenologist who can tell the contents of a barrel by examining its head.

NOT to miss a train, sit on the rail. If you don't see the cars, no fear of their missing you.

MOQUITTO grow so large in Texas that they hunt them with rifles. After they are slain,

their suckers are cut off and used by house carpenters for augers.

DUMB BELLS.—Beautiful but uneducated young ladies may be truly termed the dumb beller of society.

A CROSS husband and father at the head of the table makes the best dinner unpalatable and inedible.

It is our business to fatten a great many kinds of animals in our lives, but only worms afterwards.

A HUGBURY man, no doubt, wishes himself a horse when he hasn't for a long time had a bit in his mouth.

FASHIONABLE ladies seldom show their hearts, though a great many of them seem disposed to show where their hearts beat.

ARMIES must be fearfully dishonest, as it seems to be an occurrence every night for a sentry to be "relieved of his watch."

EYES plucked but one apple from the tree of knowledge. Many a daughter of hers fattens herself that she has robbed the whole tree.

THE Hartford Times says, that "next to twenty-four grains there is nothing like a mean man's pocket to make a penny wait."

WHY is one who murdered a relation like a measure? Because he's "killed a kin" (kilder-kin).

THE barber who dressed the head of a barrel has been engaged to "fix up" the locks of a canal.

"THERE's a brandy smash!" as the wag said when a drunken man fell through a pane of glass.

THE orator who carried away his audience is affectionately and humanely requested to bring it back.

WHO has ever been pushed by a shoulder of mutton? We know of many who have been pushed for one.

A YOUNG gentleman of our acquaintance says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too "No-ing by half."

THERE is a man in Indiana so thin, that when the sheriff is after him, he crawls into his rifle and abandons his adversary through the touch-hole.

WICKED.—A man up in New Hampshire says, "the most wickedest thing he ever did in his life was when he put snow in his maple sap, and boiled it brown and sold it for sugar."

"LAWKS!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "what monstrous these master builders must be! I am told some on 'em have as many as a hundred hands."

"Bop, did you ever see Miss S. P.?" "No." "How do you know she is handsome, then?" "Because the women are running her down so," said he. O, the scamp!

THAT young man to whom the world "owes a living" has been turned out of doors—his landlord being willing to take the indebtedness of the world on her shoulders.

A COUNTRY paper speaking frolicuously of the arrest of a fellow for selling a bogus watch-guard, says, "The chain of guilt is complete; it having been ascertained that it was a gilt chain."

"HUNKY, you ought to be ashamed to throw away bread like that. You may want it some day." "Well, mother, would I stand any better chance of getting it then, if I should eat it up now?"

AN editor out West offers his entire establishment, subscribers, accounts, &c., for a clean shirt and a good meal of victuals. He has been trying the experiment of endearing to please everybody.

SOU KROUT.—Dutchmen cannot live without sour kROUT. A New Brunswick asked a German farmer if he had any for sale. "No," said he; "but I only made two barrels dis year for sickness."

BLANC MANGER.—"If I catch that white out of yours dropping his hair around my shop again I'll beat him into jelly." "He is afflicted with blanc manger already," remarked the owner of the animal.

DARK.—"Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman, the other day, to a negro waiter at a hotel, "how in the world did you get so black?" "Why, look where massa, de reason am de dis—de day dis chile was born dar was an eclipse."

WHO'S AHEAD.—Things are pretty evenly divided, after all. The poor man has no money, while the rich man has no appetite. The former lives in dread of the almshouse, and the latter of dyspepsia and white pine pudding. Who's ahead?

ON-CORNE.—Somebody threw the debris of an apple on the stage of one of our theatres not long ago, and an actor came near tumbling down from stepping on it. "That fellow," said Popkins, who happened to be present, "has got an o-corn for the first time in his life!"

CHANGE.—"Can you give me two halves for a dollar?" inquired a loafer at a retail store. "Certainly, sir," said the accommodating clerk, placing the two halves on the counter. "Tomorrow I'll hand you a dollar," said the loafer, as he pocketed the halves.

LITTLE THINGS.—The most surprising things in the world, says one of our exchanges, are "little dogs, little debts, and little men." "Attend a concert," it proceeds, "and you will find the only person who wishes to bring his bouquets into early notice will be a dapper little fellow, who has stood on a shingle to jump over a corn-cob!"

HOW WAS IT?—At a supper, the other day, in Albany, there were present—one father, three daughters, one son, one mother, one brother, three grand-daughters, three sisters-in-law, one brother-in-law, three aunts, four cousins, one wife, one nephew, one grandson, three nieces, one husband, and three sisters. And yet, strange to say, there were only four persons present.

DEMORALIZED.—A New York paper tells a good story of a stout, athletic Zouave, who, running away from the battle at Fredericksburg, was checked by a lieutenant with a drawn sword. Said the latter, "Stop, sir! Go back to your regiment, you infernal coward; you are not wounded." "For Heaven's sake! let me pass," implored the fugitive; "I know I'm not wounded, but I'm fearfully demoralized."

IF HE CAN.—Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can. Every man and woman ought to get married—if they can. Every man should do his work to suit his customers—if he can. Every man should please his wife—if he can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue—if she can. Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth—if he can. Every man should mind his own business—if he can.

AN ANTI-SKIRMED PASTOR.—At a church of "color" the other evening, the minister, noticing a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seats during service, called out, in a loud voice:—"Get down off dem seats, both white man and color; I care no more for de one dan I do for de oder." Imagine the pious minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly commence singing, in short notes:

"Gitt down dem seats,  
Both white man and color;  
I care no more de one dan  
Dee I do for de oder."

**AN EIGHT-LEGGED SHEEP EXPLAINED.**—An eight-legged sheep was on exhibition at the State Fair at Hartford, Conn. A gentleman entered the tent and saw the sheep—a great curiosity indeed—four of his legs rested on the ground, and the other four stuck straight from his back. So it would appear that the sheep, on getting tired on one set, might turn over and travel on with the others. On examination, the gentleman discovered some stitches on one side of the animal, and at once "saw the freak of nature." The lower part of another sheep's hide, legs and all, had been sewed on this "wonderful creature."

**SUPERSTITION OF DEBT.**—The other day, a man not very learned in the law was committed to jail, as he said, "on suspicion of debt." He did not like the "construction" very well, and gave his opinion on imprisonment for debt in the following clear and logical style:—"There's neighbor Hardacreable and I; we were boys together. We used to go the same 'school-ma'am, when we wasn't bigger than a mug of cyder. By some twistification of luck, he's got rich and I poor. He keeps a store where he buys and sells for profit—(I always got along, to be sure, by hard service, as Tom Tough said, till a while ago). Says I, one day, 'Neighbor Hardacreable, I want a few dollars' worth of your comfortable, and, if luck turns right, I'll pay you one of these days.' He says, 'Let me have 'em. The long and short of it is—I can't not pay him when he wanted it; and now I'm here. Now if I ought to be put in jail for getting trusted, he ought to be put in jail for trusting me!'"

**COLLECTING A BAD DEBT.**—Colonel J.——, now at the head of a regiment in Virginia is as shrewd and cunning a lawyer as can be easily found. If he evinces the same aptitude for strategy in the military line that he did in the legal, he should soon be made a major-general. It once happened that a person not very well off in worldly goods was his debtor, and the only prospect he saw of collecting it was by attaching one of a couple of fine hogs that he owned; but the law protected them from being levied upon, and he looked on in despair. But the colonel was equal to the emergency. Procuring a small and almost worthless hog, he sent him up, and proceeded over to his debtor's. Entering into friendly conversation, the appearance and condition of his hogs were commented upon, when the colonel bemoaned his success in raising them, and informed him that he had a likely hog at home that he was perfectly welcome to, if he would go over after it. He thankfully accepted the gift; but the next morning was astonished at receiving a visit from a constable, who proceeded to attach one of his finest hogs, as the law only allowed him two.

#### AN INSTANCE OF HONESTY.

If any one doubts that the highest honor and integrity resides in the bosom of a Dutch baker, the following adventure of Mr. Klopffussness, of Brooklyn, will be a very useful study. A neighboring family recently sent to Mr. K's bakehouse a rabbit, smelling a trifle, but he cooked for the Sunday dinner; but while this meat sat on a low shelf, awaiting its turn in the oven, Mrs. Klopffussness's tom-cat (whose inherent knavishness of disposition no virtuous examples could counteract), slipped in and devoured the rabbit entirely. To remedy such a loss, or to punish such a criminal, would have seemed difficult to most people, but Mr. Klopffussness accomplished both objects at once, and in the most complete and admirable manner. Though the cat was a great favorite in the family, and of much use as a rat-trap, his Roman-master put him to death, and he was properly prepared him, and substituted him for the rabbit in such a satisfactory manner that the people to whom the dinner belonged ate it with

great relish, not suspecting that any change had been made in the ingredients. Here was an unparalleled triumph of equity—the robber being made to take the place of the stolen article, and full reparation being made to the purry robbed, without any of those vexatious delays which usually attend the administration of justice.

#### GIVING HIS NOTE.

An Oregon paper says:—"In 1856, our county having just been divided from Jackson, and ere we had yet time to erect a jail, a worthless fellow, one Jack L., who in an inebriated state had committed some petty theft, was arrested upon a charge of petty larceny, and tried before Justice P., of this village.

"Having neither money nor friends, his counsel was appointed by the court, who, after vainly endeavoring to convince his honor of the innocence of his client, at length alluded to the well known fact that he had not the wherewithal to pay a fine, and the county had no place of confinement should his honor see fit to commit him, and argued logically, from these premises, that the best and only course the court could pursue would be to acquit him.

"His honor, however, could not so far violate his conscience as to pronounce not guilty; he therefore fined him \$25, and costs \$25 more. Here, however, arose a great difficulty—what to do with the prisoner. The county had no jail, and seemed to the adjoining county to be attended with much expense; besides, his honor much doubted his authority to do so.

"In this sad dilemma the prisoner came to the rescue, and coolly proposed to give his note for the amount.

"His honor stared, reflected, and marvelled much that so simple a solution of the problem had not sooner occurred, accepted of the proposition, and the following was the result:

"Territory of Oregon, and County of Josephine. On e day after date I promise to pay to the afore-mentioned county and territory the sum of fifty dollars, for value received, with interest at ten per cent.; this being the amount of a fine levied upon me this day for petty larceny."

"Witness my hand and seal,

"JOHN L.——"

"Kerbyville, Oregon, Jan. 7, 1856."

"The rogue was discharged, but, true to his vile instincts, ran away without discharging his note."

#### A COOL CONVERSATION.

George Walker and Aaron Coalman had been indulging quite freely in the convivialities of the season, and returning homeward together (for they are near neighbors), they found themselves overcome about ten o'clock, while still at some distance from their place of residence. Both sunk down in the snow, about ten yards distance from each other, and after some floundering about and ineffectual efforts to rise, they resigned themselves to fate, and concluded that they must spend the remainder of the night where they were. "Georgy," said Aaron, "where are you, my boy?—I think I hear your nose hissing in the snow. When your steam pipe begins to make that kind of noise—must look out—but up presently." "Well, I feel right down comfortable," said Georgy; "the bed is pretty soft, and the sheets are clean and white, and the room is common. Wife!—Polly! come here and take off my boots!" "That's a good one," muttered Aaron. "The old chap is drunk, I believe. Where do you 'spose you are, Georgy?" "Is that you, Aaron? What you 'spose I have this time?—I've been to bed these two hours. Is this a time for visiting?—go home and learn to take care of yourself; keep good sober hours like I do. Go

now;—your old woman will wonder what's gone with you. Maybe she'll think you're on a spree. You'll get the name of being a dissipated character." "I say Georgy—answer me this one question:—Where do you think you are?" "Just hear that poor old drunken fool—how he talks! Where am I, eh? As my wife, I think she is—wondering to see a respectable man like you making a beast of himself!" "That's your wife, —eh Georgy?—I beg your pardon, I'm sure; she looked so much like a pump in the gas-light, I shouldn't have dreamed it was Mrs. Walker. I guess from her looks that she's a cold water lady, Georgy; and if you were ever married to her, you've been divorced long ago." "Go home—go home," said Georgy; "a wife, light the poor fellow down stairs;—he's tipsy and doesn't know what he's about. Good night Aaron; I'll talk to you to-morrow, when you get sober." This closed the conversation. Both gentlemen were raked out of the snow and "slud" just in time to save their lives, but not soon enough, perhaps, to prevent them from being a little nubbled by Jack Frost.

**PUFF.**—An advertising tallow-chandler modestly says that, "without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented."

**ADVANTAGE OF SMOKING.**—Commodore Wilkes, the American hero of the Mason and Slidell capture, says a savage of the Feejee Islands told him that a ship, the hull of which was still lying on the beach, had come ashore in a storm, and that the crew had fallen into the hands of these cannibals. "What did you do with them?" asked Commodore Wilkes. "Killed 'em all," answered Feejee. "What did you do with them after you had killed them?" put in Wilkes. "I 'em—'em—'em," returned the savage. "Did you eat them all?" asked the half-wick commodore. "Yes, we eat all but one," replied Feejee. "And why did you spare that one?" inquired Wilkes. "Because he taste too much like tobacco; couldn't eat him no how," said the savage. I have given this passage of the "truthfulness of man," for what it may be worth; but I am told that the Arabs and Belouins never suffer from the myriads of fleas and insects which swarm in their tents, owing entirely to their smoking tobacco.

**THE INDEX FOR VOL. II. of the "SCRAP BOOK"** is now ready, price 3d. It contains, besides the regular index, a list of nearly 1,500 names of persons who have been advertised for. Embossed cloth covers for binding Vol. II., price 1s. 6d.; or the Vol. complete, 4s.

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## DESCRIPTIVE AND STATISTICAL.

CALIFORNIA has exported nearly \$1,000,000 of gold each week during the year just passed.

**EXTENSIVE LANDS.**—California contains twice as many square miles as the six New England States, and has a longer sea coast than all the Northern Atlantic States.

**CHURCHES.**—There are in the United States 36,000 houses of public worship, capable of accommodating 13,849,806 persons (only half the actual population), and valued at \$86,416,639. The Methodists have the largest number of churches of any of the other denominations.

**COAL.**—Professor Winchell, State geologist of Michigan, reports that the whole central area of that State, embracing 187 townships, or 6,700 square miles, is underlain by coal seams, ranging in thickness from three to five feet. Mines have been opened in several places.

**VOLUNTEERS.**—Pennsylvania has furnished to the general Government more than 200,000 men since the breaking out of the rebellion, besides some 50,000 who were in the service or actually ready for it as volunteer militia under the call of the 11th of September last, making in the aggregate more than 250,000 men.

The Central Park in New York City has an area of 776 acres, and will probably be enlarged to upwards of 800 acres. With the exception of the Phoenix, Dublin, which contains 1,750 acres, and the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, with an area of 2,300 acres, the Central Park of New York is the largest in Christendom.

## USEFUL.

**COVERING MILK.**—A writer states that warm milk covered close will spoil in a short time, even when put in a cool place. The milk thus treated does not exactly sour, but it spoils, the animal heat of the milk tending to make it putrid. He states that on one occasion in winter he lost a can of milk containing fifty quarts, that had been covered up with a close-fitting lid for several hours.

**MAKING GLUE.**—This adhesive compound is composed of 4 parts (by weight) of India-rubber cut in shreds and dissolved in 34 parts of coal oil, to which is added 52 parts of shellac in powder. The whole is heated in order to obtain a homogeneous mixture, after which it is poured out, so as to form cakes when cold. When required for use, it is heated in an iron vessel and applied hot (with a brush) to the surfaces of wood which are required to be united, and these are then screwed up until the glue is cold and dry. Articles cemented with this compound resist the action of water in a very superior manner to those united with common glue; and this cement is also very good for coating the patterns employed in iron foundries.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR APPLE-SAUCE.**—A lady writer communicates the following bit of information to an exchange, obtaining where she "took tea last." "A dish of what I took to be preserves was passed to me, which upon tasting I was surprised to learn contained no fruit. The ease with which it was prepared, and the trifling cost of its materials, not my tasting apparatus, deceived me as it is not usually wont to do. It is emphatically a tip-top substitute for applesauce, apple-butter, tomato preserves, &c. It is prepared as follows:—Moderately beat a pint of treacle, from five to twenty minutes, according to its consistency, then add three eggs thoroughly beaten, hastily stirring them in; continue to boil a few minutes longer, and season with nutmeg or lemon.

THE INDEX for Vol. I. of the "SCRAP BOOK" contains a list of 2,400 names of persons who have been advertised for. Price 2d.

## TABLET OF MEMORY.

## IMPROVEMENTS, DISCOVERIES, ETC.

Books, the first supposed to be written in Job's time; 30,000 burnt by order of Leo, 761; a very large estate given for one on Cosmography, by King Alfred; were sold from 10l. to 30l. apiece, about 1400; the first printed one was the vulgar edition of the Bible, 1467; the second was Cicero de Officiis, 1468; Cornelius Nepos, published at Moscow, was the first classical book printed in Russia, April 29, 1762.

Roots were invented, 907 A.C.

Botany, the study of, revived, 1535.

Bonneties first legally granted in England for raising naval stores in America, 1703. For exporting corn, 1689.

Bows and arrows introduced here, 1068.

Brazil diamond mines discovered, 1730.

Bread first made with yeast by the English, about 1650.

Bread-fruit plants first introduced into the West Indies by Captain Blith, Jan. 1793.

Breast-plates for armor first invented, 367 B.C.

Breeches first introduced into England, 1654.

Breviaries first introduced, 1080.

Brigby first used in England, 1554.

Bricks first used in England by the Romans.

Brigade, first used by Charles I., 1625.

Bridge, the first of stone in England, was at Bos, near Straford, 1087.

Broad seal of England first used, 1050.

Burkles were invented about 1680.

Building with stone brought into England by Henry, a monk, 670; with brick, first introduced by the Romans into the provinces; first in England about 886; introduced here by the Earl of Arundel, 1600, at which time the houses in London were chiefly built of wood. The increase of buildings in London produced, and within three miles of the city gates, by Queen Elizabeth, and that only one family should dwell in one house, 1580. The buildings from High Holborn, north and south, and Great Queen-street, built nearly on the spot where stood the Elms or the ancient Tynnes, in Edward III., were erected between 1277 and 1681.

Bull-baiting, first at Stamford, Lincolnshire, 1209; at Tutbury, Staffordshire, 1374.

Bull-fights in Spain first used, 1560.

Bull-running, at Tutbury, Staffordshire, instituted, 1574.

Bullet, the first one used instead of iron ones, 1514.

of iron first mentioned in the Fædra, 1550.

Bullion of gold and silver, first method of assaying, 1354.

Burgesses were first constituted in Scotland, 1395.

Burying-place, the first Christian one in Britain, 598.

Burials, first permitted in consecrated places, 750; in churchyards, 758.

Burning-glass and common mirrors, the discovery attributed to Teherhausen, a Lusatian sage, 1680.

Burnt, the woolen first began, 1060.

Buttice covered with cloth prohibited by law, 1721.

Cabinet Council first instituted, April 1670.

Calendar first regulated by Pope Gregory, 1579.

Caliber instrument invented at Nuremberg, 1540.

Calico first imported by the East India Company, 1631.

Calico-printing, and the Dutch loom-engine, first used 1678.

Calicoes were first made in Lonsdale, in 1778.

Candlestick invented, 1515.

Candlestick, tall, so great a luxury, that splinters of wood were used for light. No idea of wax candles, 1300.

Candles, of tallow, first began to be used, 1290.

(To be continued in our next.)

## AMERICAN

## FAMILY PHYSICIAN

## SKIN DISEASES.

(Continued.)

**MR. EARS.**—Symptoms (continued).—About the fourth day the skin is covered with a breaking out which produces heat and itching; and is red in spots, upon the face first, gradually spreading over the whole body. It goes off in the same way, from the face first and then from the body, and the hoarseness and other symptoms decrease with it. At last the outside skin peels off in scales.

**Treatment.**—In a mild form nothing is required but a light diet, slightly acid drinks, and flaxseed or slippery elm tea. Warm herb teas, and frequent sponges both with tepid water, serve to allay the fever. Care should be taken not to let the patient take cold. If the fever is very high, and prevents the rash coming out, a slight dose of salts, or a nauseating dose of ipecac, lobelia, or horehound, should be given, and followed by teaspoonful doses of compound tincture of Virginia snake-root, until the fever is allayed. If the patient, from any previous derangement, takes on a low typhoid type of fever, and the rash does not come out until the seventh day, and is then of a dark and livid color, tonics and stimulants must be given, and expectoration promoted by some suitable remedy. There always danger of the lungs being set on an inflamed state after measles, unless the greatest care is taken not to suffer the patient to take cold. Should there be much soreness or pain, and a severe cough, this must be treated as a separate disease, with the remedies prescribed for pneumonia.

**SCARLET FEVER** is an acute inflammation of the skin, both external and internal, and connected with an infectious fever.

**Symptoms.**—The fever shows itself between two and ten days after exposure. On the second day of the fever the eruption comes out in minute pimples, which are either clustered together, or spread over the surface in a general bright scarlet color. The disease begins with languor, pains in the head, back, and limbs, drowsiness, nausea, and chills, followed by heat and thirst. When the redness appears the pulse is quick, and the patient is restless, anxious, and often delirious. The eyes are red, the face swollen, and the tongue covered with the middle with white mucus, through which are seen elevated points of extreme redness. The tonsils are swollen and the throat is red. By the evening of the third or fourth day the redness has reached its height, and the skin becomes moist, when the scarlet-skin begins to come off in scales.

In this fever the face swells so as to distort the fingers, and disfigure the face. As it progresses the coating suddenly comes off the tongue, leaving it and the whole mouth raw and tender. The throat is very much swollen and inflamed, and ulcers form on the tonsils. The oesophagus tube which extends up to the ear, the glands under the ear swell, sometimes inflame and break; and the abscesses formed in the ear frequently occasion deafness more or less difficult to cure. The symptoms of this disease may be distinguished from that of measles by the absence of cough; by the finer rash; by its scarlet color; by the rash appearing on the limbs instead of the fourth day; and by the ulceration of the throat.

**Treatment.**—In ordinary cases the treatment required is very simple. The room where the patient lies should be kept cool and the bed-clothing light. The whole body should be sponged with cool water or often as it becomes hot and dry, and cooling drinks should be administered. A few drops of bullacids, night and morning, is all that is needed.

(To be continued in our next.)



# THE SCRAP BOOK

AND  
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

FUNNY HUMOR FAMILY MATTERS.

No. 72—Vol. III.

LONDON, MARCH 7, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



A TERRIBLE REVELATION.

## THE SECRET CYPHER; OR, MYSTERY OF A LIFETIME.

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

AUTHOR OF "THE TRIAD; OR, ARMED THE TRAITOR."

### CHAPTER VI.

BLOUNT AYMAR lived and did business in the town of Walton. He had been born there, and had passed all his life in the place. His family before him had occupied a distinguished position, and he himself filled one of the highest positions in the place.

His capacity of mind and energetic nature had reaped an abundant reward. Wealth without limit had flowed in upon him. His ships sailed to distant ports, and gained profits for his business in all parts of the world.

During his whole career in his native place he had maintained an unsullied reputation. His honor and integrity had become almost a proverb. He was known as one of those men "whose word is as good as their bond." He stood above suspicion in every respect.

His personal appearance and qualities were such as added to his influence and character. Tall and stately, with the strongly-marked Roman features which distinguished his son, eyes and experience had given him an air of dignity which was impressive in the highest degree. His eye had that calm and deep expression which tells of latent strength, and his whole manner showed a moral strength and self-control which belongs only to few men.

In this town Cyril was born, and here he had passed the greater part of his life. His mother had died early in his life, so that he had been thrown entirely upon the care of his father. The

consequence was that a communion had arisen between them, which made their relation almost fraternal. The dignity of the father relaxed into affectionate friendship with the son. They penetrated into one another's most secret thoughts. The extraordinary resemblance which they bore to one another in outward form extended also to their characters and modes of thought, creating a marvellous sympathy of mind and action between them.

Blount Aymar's office was in the lower part of the town. It was an extensive establishment, and always filled with clerks, runners, porters, and employees of every grade.

Blount Aymar was in his office writing, when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in!"

The door opened, and a man came in. It was Judah Murdock.

Blount rose from his chair, and advancing, greeted him in the most friendly manner.

"I am glad to see you," said he, in a tone of extreme cordiality. "Take a chair. You have not been in Walton for some time. Of course you have taken your things to my house."

"Thank you," said Judah, "for your kindness. I will not, however, be able to avail myself of it. I am not going to stop. I am going out of town."

"Well, you will be with me on your return."

"I fear not; I am in a great hurry. It is on some business for my father."

"How is he?" asked Blount, with much interest.

"Not very well."

"I am sorry to hear it. Is it sickness, or what?"

"Not sickness exactly; but a kind of dependency."

"He is rather subject to these fits, I hear."

"Very much so. He is now worse than usual."

"Is his mind at all affected?"

"No, except that he broods constantly over some one secret trouble."

"Too much so. Why?"

"He does, does he," said Blount, with strange emphasis.

"His faculties are not at all impaired. He attends to his affairs as well as ever, his reason is clear and strong, his judgment good, and his memory acute—perhaps too much so."

"Too much so. Why?"

"You see, his dependency seems to be connected with events in his early life. His thoughts are all turned here. His memory recalls a thousand little incidents which people commonly forget. He seldom thinks or talks about his travels; but about his youth he thinks incessantly."

"Does he talk about it?" asked Blount, calmly.

"No."

"How do you know, then, that he thinks about it?"

"By a thousand indescribable things. For instance, he keeps guns, and fishing-rods, and books, which he owned in his youth, in a chamber by themselves, and spends a great part of his time in looking over them."

"Poor fellow!" said Blount, in a tone of inexpressible tenderness.

"When your son Cyril came over to Danville, my father was so affected at seeing him, that he has suffered from nervous fits ever since. I cannot imagine the cause. By the way, how marvellously he resembles you. You must have looked exactly like him when you were young."

Blount gazed for a moment with intense curiosity at Judah, but a moment after he added:

"Yes, he does resemble me; but what has that to do with your father's nervous fits?"

"Nothing; only he talks in his sleep sometimes."

"Talks—in—his—sleep!"

Blount looked fixedly at Judah, his own untroubled face not betraying a single emotion, but his clear eyes apparently searching into his very soul.

"Talks—in—his—sleep!" he repeated, slowly; "and what has he ever said to throw light upon the subject that troubles him?"

"He has mentioned your name frequently."

"Ah!"

"With mournful emphasis!"

"Mournful emphasis!"

"Yes, and uninteresting words that sounded like remonstrance or entreaty."

"Strange, very strange. What conclusion did you come to from this?"

"Associating those things with his horror at the sight of Cyril, I could not but conclude that you and he were connected in some painful way in your early lives."

"Ah! does he ever talk about me to you or any one else?"

"Never."

"Never mentions my name?"

"Never."

"Only in his sleep?"

"That is all."

"Have you any idea of the nature of this connection between us?"

"I know that it was a painful one. It has affected all my father's life. It still crushes him. So deep and indelible sorrow to him resulted from it. You, however, do not seem to have been so unfortunate."

"Did you ever know before this that your father had ever lived in Walton?"

"I had surmised as much from casual remarks made by him."

"Do you know where he was born?"

"I do not."

"Have you any idea?"

"Not the slightest."

"What do you think was the nature of this connection between your father and me. Speak frankly. Tell what the casual words of your father in his sleep would make one suppose to be his trouble."

"From these casual remarks," said Judah, calmly, "one could not avoid the conclusion that this connection was associated with crime."

"Crime!" repeated Blount, in the same slow and imperturbable manner. He mused for a few moments in silence.

"In this matter, which of the two seemed most deeply implicated?"

"That I best not say."

"It is best not to, perhaps," said Blount, and again relapsed into silence.

Meanwhile Judah had never once taken his eyes off him. Yet his anxious and watchful gaze was completely baffled; for Blount's face never underwent the slightest change, nor could Judah tell whether he was moved or not.

"Were any other names mentioned?" said Blount, at last.

"Yes, one."

"What one was that?"

"Emily Ford."

A flush of agony passed like lightning over Blount's face, but instantly vanished. He rose from his chair, and walking to the window looked out upon the sea. For some time he stood in that attitude. The face of Judah expressed unbounded triumph. The whole story of his father's talking in his sleep had been in Blount's possession, and while he wondered at Blount's coolness, he yet exulted at producing in that strong and self-possessed soul some trace of emotion.

"Where are you going now?" asked Blount, abruptly, turning round again.

"To see a man named John Ford, father of this boy."

"You came over, then, on this business?"

"Yes, solely on this."

"Do you know where this John Ford lives?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Ever since my father lived in Danville, he has received small remittances of money amounting to this man. I have his address."

"So you are trying to find out more of the affair."

"I am resolved to discover all, to the uttermost."

After some further conversation, Judah left. Blount watched him as he walked up the street.

"What is to be the end of this?" he murmured. "Can the grave give up its secret? Does the blood of the slain still cry out for vengeance?"

#### CHAPTER VII.

It was night. The sky was overcast with rolling clouds, which clustered in irregular masses, now dark-

ing all the scene, and again opening to allow a passage for the moonbeams upon the earth. The hum of the town had died away; the roll of carriages and the noise of the multitude were heard no more, but all was hushed to stillness.

About two miles outside of Walton was an old house, in the midst of what had once been beautiful grounds. Old elms and oaks grew around it, in groves and in long avenues; there were long lines of shrubbery and clusters of ornamental trees and luxuriant orchards. The house was now uninhabited and lonely, the walks were grass-grown, the haunts of former pleasure were now deserted and desolate.

This was the birth-place of Aymar, and was called the old homestead. But since early manhood Blount had not lived here. He would not rent the place to others, but contented himself with keeping it in moderate order and in good repair.

Towards midnight two men might have been seen walking up the road that led towards Walton. When they reached the gateway to the old homestead they turned in, and walked up the avenue until they reached an open space in front of the house. Here the moon shone out and lighted up the scene, showing the quiet architecture, the moss-grown roof, and vine-covered walls of the uninhabited dwelling.

One of these men was Judah Murdock.

The other was an old man, with stern face and robust figure, which yet showed no marks of decay. He must have been at least seventy years of age, to judge by his venerable face and stoop, but he had not yet succumbed to the power of time.

"You have never been able, then, to discover the slightest trace of your daughter?" said Judah.

"No. Thirty years have passed, but nothing has been discovered," said the old man.

"Have you ever thought, Mr. Ford, that the time might come when this great mystery would come to light?"

"Have I ever?" cried the old man, in thrilling tones. "Young man, this has been the dream and hope of all my life. For this I have lived on, trusting that before my death Providence would avenge my sorrows. Never a day or an hour has passed in which I have not thought of this. For, look you—Emily was the joy of my life—the apple of my eye. I had no child but her. In our moment she vanished—and a dark mystery has hung about her fate ever since. Had I seen her lying dead before me I might have borne it. Time might have softened my sorrow. But as it is, I have lived a whole lifetime of suspense. Every year has made my grief stronger, and this day my feelings are as strong as they were thirty years ago."

"Have you ever discovered who sent you the money?"

"Never. It was sent in such a roundabout way that I have been baffled; yet I know that there must have been some connection between this man and my daughter's fate. I have never used this money, but have invested it as a fund to be used when the hour shall come."

"Listen to me now. We have brought pickaxe and spades. I am going to take you to a place where you will find all that you want to know."

The old man sprang forward and caught Judah's arm:

"Who are you? Where do you come from? Tell me. Have you the key to the mystery?"

"Oh, there is nothing mysterious about me, at any rate. My name is Murdock, and I am very familiar with this place."

"Murdock—Murdock!" said the old man; "I never heard the name. You are young, too; far too young to be in any way connected with this."

"Of course I am. Certain documents have fallen by chance into my possession which made me acquainted with the history of your daughter. I come to see if I can find out any more. These

papers indicate to me—to dig in a certain place. I come to dig there."

"God is just," said the old man, fiercely. "Had your daughter any lover?"  
"None that I knew of."  
"Did you ever suspect any one?"  
"No one in particular."  
"Do you know the family to whom this place belonged?"

"The Aymars. Well. There were two young men, brothers. One was Blount. The other one died in his youth."

"Enough. Follow me now, and let us work." With the precision of one who knows where he is going, Judah led the way to a spot at the foot of an old garden. A small stone curb projected above the turf. It seemed to have been once the mouth of a well.

"This is the place," said Judah.

"What shall I do?"

"We must both dig—"

At once they both threw off their coats and went to work. The soil had lain undisturbed for thirty years, and was as firm as though it had never been upturned. The work was difficult in the extreme. The old man used the pickaxe, and Judah the shovel. The former worked steadily and perseveringly; but the latter, being altogether unaccustomed to such heavy work, soon showed signs of fatigue. He panted heavily; his overstrained muscles ached with exertion. Yet so strong was the desire for vengeance, and the hatred for Cyril that raged within him, that the determined spirit sustained the weaker body.

The moon retired behind a heavy mass of thick black clouds, so that the whole scene was enfolded in darkness and gloom. Stillness reigned around, and no sound was heard except the stroke of the pick-axe or the scrape of the shovel, as the two men laboured earnestly at their work.

"Do you remember anything about this well?" asked Judah.

"Yes," said the other.

"How deep is it?"

"Twenty feet," cried Judah. "This night will not be sufficient for us two."

"We will do what we can, at any rate," said the old man, "and leave the rest to Providence." Without a word the two men resumed their work.

For another hour they labored in silence and without pause, until at length the pick-axe of the old man descended heavily against a stone.

"Ah! There is something," said Judah.

In a few moments they had cleared away the earth, and found that they had reached a flat slab, which was some six feet below the surface. It stretched completely across, so as to shut up the way.

Undertaken, however, by this obstacle, they contrived to dislodge it from its place; and as it was not very heavy, they raised it to the surface without any extraordinary difficulty. They now found that there was a second opening, not more than half the diameter of the upper part which they had been excavating, and that it was to appearance completely empty.

"Our hardest work appears to be over," said Judah.

"Perhaps so; but there may be more rubbish down below."

"One of us must go down."

"Well," said the old man, "I left the rope up there by my coat. Did you bring the lantern?"

"Yes, I will get it," said Judah; and accordingly he leaped out of the pit, and in a few moments returned with rope and lantern.

"We must arrange some plan of lowering."

"Nothing is easier. Pass the rope around the trunk of that tree that grows beside the wall, and one of us can then lower the other with ease. I will go down, if you like."

"Very well."

Judah bound the rope around his waist, took

the lantern in his hand, and boldly prepared to descend. The well was scarcely three feet wide; the sides were of rough stones. He could descend himself with ease, by simply clinging to the sides. The air was dense and suffocating, but it was not deep enough for any great danger from the gases. Fortunately, it was also completely dry.

As he neared the bottom he looked down.

His heart throbbed violently.

There was a heap of something beneath.

In a moment he had held the lantern close to it, and had seen it all.

The old man looked down from above with all his soul centered in that gaze.

Turning over the heap, the appalling reality was before the searcher.

A female skeleton lay mouldering there.

A crumpled bonnet still clung partly to the head, and dress which was so decayed that it yielded to the touch like a noiseweb.

Judah shuddered.

"Throw down my cloak!" he cried.

The old man did so.

Judah then spread his cloak and gathered the skeleton upon it. He then collected every fragment, and then, and bound it up in the mantle, to which he fastened the rope.

"Pull away!" he cried.

The old man raised the burden to the mouth of the well. In terrible excitement, Judah climbed up the sides. Arrived at the top, they tore open the bundle. The moon now shone out with marvellous brilliancy, and lighted up the whole scene.

Suddenly something glittered. The old man snatched at it. He uttered a strange, unearthly cry.

"Emily! Emily!"

"Here is something better," cried Judah, snatching up an oilskin hat. He looked at it closely. It had decayed but a little. He returned it inside out. A name was written in a bold hand on the lining.

"There! There! Look there! Oh, avenger of your child!—What name is that?" screamed Judah, in terrible excitement.

"Blount Aymar!" cried the old man, in an awful voice.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

LEILA RAWDON was alone in her father's parlor when a knock came at the door. While she was wondering who it was, Judah Murdock entered the room. He was as pale as ever, and the usual sneer that belonged to his face had become more intensified.

"Why, Judah," said Leila, "where have you been during the last week or ten days?" And she shook her head with him in a very friendly manner.

"I have been over to Walton on business. Are you all well?"

"Thank you, we are very well. I am very sorry that your poor father is still so feeble."

"He has been worse ever since Cyril's death. By the way, where is Cyril?"

"I believe he is out fishing," said Leila, with a slight blush.

"I am glad that he is away just now," said Judah. "For I wish to have a little private conversation with you, Leila. We are old friends, you know, and do not accuse me of presumption. I pray, I wish to come to an understanding with you, Leila, about a matter that intimately concerns the future happiness of both of us."

While he was speaking he had drawn a chair near to her seat, and he accompanied his last words with a glance of peculiar meaning.

Leila looked very much embarrassed, but only for a moment.

"You are quite right, Judah," said she, at length, "in saying that we are old friends. We have known one another all our lives. I esteem you highly, and therefore cannot accuse you of any presumption in talking familiarly with me,

though I cannot see what it is that identifies your future with mine."

"That is rather odd, Leila—however, I will speak plainly and clearly in this interview. I love you, Leila, with deep and sincere affection."

"Judah," said Leila, with a tone of dignity, "I am grieved to the heart to hear you say that. Believe me, I never suspected such a thing. If anything in my conduct has induced you to cherish hopes that can never be realized, I shall never forgive myself. But I have not done so."

"True, too true, Leila. You certainly have never been guilty of crime, much less encouragement," said Judah, bitterly.

"Oh, then, Judah, if we are to be friends, dismiss this subject for ever."

"If I could dismiss you from my thoughts and from my heart, it would be better for me, but I cannot."

"Judah, must I tell you that circumstances make hope impossible for you—"

"You love another, I suppose you mean," said Judah, coldly.

A crimson blush overspread Leila's face.

"I know that too well," said she. "I have known it all along; but it has also fallen to my lot to know something more which shall seal between you and him an eternal barrier—"

"What do you mean?" cried Leila. "You are trying to frighten me, or perhaps you think that you can prejudice me against him."

"If I were to tell you, you would see that I utter no vain threats, or speak no vague fancies. My journey during the past week has been on this errand. I love you, Leila," he cried, passionately, "and I am determined to win you."

"I must leave you," said Leila indignantly.

"I consider any further allusions to this subject an insult."

"No, no; you will not leave just yet. Stay," said he, rising between her and the door. "This is a matter of life and death. I hold a secret that affects all the future life of Cyril. He himself does not know it. It is in your power to save him."

"What is it?" said Leila, resuming her seat, and feeling a strange foreboding of coming misfortune.

"It is this," said Judah, in cold, stern tones.

"Thirty years ago there was a lovely girl in Walton named Emily Ford. My father loved her. Cyril's father loved her also."

"One day she was missed. She never returned to her home. Search was made for her everywhere. In vain. She never was found. Not a trace of her remained."

"Her father, who idolized her, lived in one long life of lingering agony. He would have died of a broken heart had he not been sustained by the hope of one day discovering her mysterious fate."

"My father left the place a broken-hearted, broken-spirited man. You see him now. He is crushed by sorrow. He could suspect, but he could not prove who it was that had destroyed his early love."

"Thirty years have passed away. A few weeks ago, by a train of strange accidents, I was put in possession of a secret paper. From that I found out a clue of her fate."

"Listen, Leila, attentively, and mark every word that I now say. I went over to Walton and found the father of this girl. With him I went to an old well that was on the homestead of Cyril's father. We dug the well, and at length came to the bottom. Human remains were found there which were recognised as those of this murdered girl. Her skull bore marks of violence. Trinkets about her served to identify her. And with her there was a hat which served to give a trace of her destroyer. On that hat there was a name written. What name do you think that was?"

Leila rose from her chair trembling from head



to foot. In a scarcely audible voice, she gasped out:

"What name?"

"Blount Aymar!"

With a low moan Leila sank into a chair, and buried her face in her hands. It was but for a moment, however.

"It's false!" she cried; "false, false. I will never believe it!"

"There is the proof from the grave itself."

"It can all be explained."

"But I have other witnesses," said Judah. "I have documents, letters from this girl to him, one of which was written on the very night on which she disappeared. Remember, too, that the place where she was found was the old home-stead of the Aymar family."

"It can all be explained," said Leila, faintly; but deadly fear was at her heart.

"Ah, Leila, you know in your heart it cannot. But listen to me further. The strong proofs of this all rest with me. Nothing can be done without my action. If I speak the word, Blount Aymar will mount the scaffold, and die by the hand of an outraged law the awful death of a felon—and Cyril—Cyril, who loves his father as himself—what will become of him? Can he survive his dishonor and his agony?"

"Spare him! Spare him!" cried Leila.

"It is for you to speak," said Judah. "It is all in your hands. You alone hold it. I throw his destiny over to you, and say to you—Decide."

Leila clasped her hands, and looked up in agony.

"For remember this, Leila—if he is once brought into a court of law, the proof that I hold is so terrible that nothing can save him."

"They will not believe you," cried Leila, passionately. "His character is beyond your reach."

"It is not I who assail him. It is his own crime."

"It is false! I will not believe it."

"Courts of law only look to facts."

"These facts are too obscure. They can all be explained, and they will be!"

"As there is a God in heaven, they will not be!" said Judah, solemnly. "When Blount Aymar enters the jail as a prisoner, he will never leave it except for the scaffold."

"Jail! Scaffold! Who would dare to arrest him?"

"Again I say that it is his own crime. Doubtless it was done in a moment, and has been atoned for by a lifetime of repentance. His character since then has been without a stain. But that cannot save him from the consequences of this one terrible act. The law will not look at his subsequent virtue. It will only regard that one act, and it will enforce the penalty of his crime."

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE effect of this interview upon Leila was harassing and painful beyond description. In vain she tried to fortify her belief in Blount's innocence by recalling his stern integrity and his spotless reputation. The worst part of Judah's story was that it dealt with a period of Blount's life when passion was strong, and judgment and self-restraint weak. What might have happened then no one can tell. Too well she felt that the awful story might be true.

Should she tell it all to Cyril?

She felt that she would not dare to. She had not the fortitude to reveal her lover by being the first messenger of the terrible news. It would all burst upon him soon enough from other quarters.

And now, although her soul recoiled from Judah's proposition, yet she could not keep it out of her thoughts. She felt that all this depended upon her. If she acceded to his request, the unsmiling name of Blount Aymar would be preserved from a fatal stain, and he himself saved

from a fate too horrible to think of. Cyril, too, would be rescued from a life of horror and despair. Could she do it?

She could not. Let the consequences be what they might, she felt that on this there could be no reasoning or deliberation. She was bound to Cyril by the love of a lifetime, and this love she could not renounce.

Could he benefit him to turn away from him? In that case he might indeed be saved from dishonor, but he would be doomed to a broken-hearted existence.

Such thoughts as these continually tormented her. Every hour that passed away seemed terrible to her, since it only brought nearer and nearer the decisive moment when all would be known. Night brought neither rest nor sleep. Day brought neither respite nor relief. The shadow of approaching grief overlying her and darkened all her way.

Cyril could not avoid noticing her gloom and grief. He was naturally disturbed. He tried to get at the truth, but she assured him that it was nothing. She told him that she was subject to nervous fits, and that her present melancholy resulted only from this.

These interviews were now sad and sorrowful. Their pleasant moments were sad and silent. Leila was changed by the force of the ever-present horror.

"I cannot imagine, dearest Leila, what it is that has produced such a change in you. If I did not know you so well, I would believe that you repented your engagement with me." "Will you not believe me?" said she, mournfully. "It is nothing but this nervous attack of mine. I am subject to sudden trembling, and I am so weak that I feel like bursting into tears at the slightest thing."

"It must be so, darling, since you say so; but for then it will help seeing that there is something on your mind. It is different from a physical disease—it is trouble of the mind." "Of course—the mind is as much affected as the body. I cannot help it."

"How sudden it all was. That day when I was out fishing it took place. I returned and you changed. You have been so ever since."

"Do I seem less willing to be with you?" said Leila, in reproachful tones.

"No; but you are miserable when I am with you."

"And far, far more so when you are away, Cyril," said Leila, again weeping.

"There must be some secret sorrow at the bottom of this," thought Cyril, in deep perplexity. "It is true as she says—she is glad to be with me; but what mysterious sorrow thus torments her without causing?" The judge noticed the change in his daughter, but when she told him that it was "her nerves," he thought no more about it. Cyril spoke to him about it, but he assured him that it was trifling, and would soon pass away.

"I am the most wretched mortal alive," said Cyril to himself, in bitter tones. "Here I am with the darling of my heart, and when she sees me she bursts into tears! What can I do? She certainly was never this way before. No one ever was. I never heard of such a thing."

"Leila, my darling," said he, a few days after the beginning of this trouble. "We have told one another all our love, and have opened our hearts to each other. Let us not separate again. My father will soon expect me back in Walton. Will you not come with me? We must not part again. Will you not consent to be married before I go?" "Cyril!" said Leila, in surprise; "how sudden! It's too soon!"

"Why too soon? Would it be any advantage to us to wait six months or twelve? Why is not one week as good preparation as fifty? Everything is ready; there is no reason why we should wait. Perhaps a change of air would make you better; and if you do go to Walton, you will have to go as my wife, Leila."

"It is so soon. I was not thinking of such a thing."

"Then think of it now," said he, tenderly.

Leila was silent.

Cyril talked long and earnestly, answering all her objections, and using a thousand arguments to persuade her. When he left her that evening, he told her that he would expect her to give him answer on the morrow.

Leila had thought of marriage as far off. She expected to wait a year at least. This proposal came, as she said, suddenly. She scarcely knew what to think.

But after Cyril went, the proposal seemed more judicious. Now, too, all the forces of present circumstances united to persuade her.

"If this terrible secret comes out—if the worst happens," she thought, "if Blount Aymar is convicted—would it not be better to be married?"

"If we were not, what would be our fate? Cyril would be separated from me through the long and terrible suspense of the trial; and if his father was a convicted criminal, he could not survive his dishonor. If he did—farewell to our happy hopes and our tender loves. He would tear himself away from me for ever, and burn his name, his sorrows, and his life in the most distant parts of the world. I would never see him again, or hear of him!"

"But if we are married now, even if the worst should take place, at least it cannot sever us. He could not forsake me then. If he fled, I should fly with him, and he would be able to comfort him. I would be near to stand between him and his grief, and I could make life at least endurable. It is my only hope."

"Oh, merciful Heaven! grant only this, that our union may take place before all is known; for then it will be impossible. There are only hope would rest upon the innocence of Blount Aymar."

When Cyril returned, on the following morning, he was not refused. Happy beyond expression, he prepared for the joyous time. Leila, too, saw now a ray of hope before her, and was not loath to make haste. Cyril told her incessantly, her father smiled and teased, the overhanging thunder-cloud threatened—no wonder that she yielded to such influences as these.

One week was the allotted time of preparation. At the end of that period the wedding was to take place in her father's hall.

Shortly after his interview with Leila, Judah Murdock had again disappeared. He had returned to Walton, full of plans of vengeance. On the way over, he gloated in the thought of the revenge which he was about to take on Leila and her lover. She, Cyril, and Blount were to be all hurled down into one common ruin.

But his fierce passions did not blind his judgment. Slowly and cautiously he set about his work, so that nothing should be wanting.

#### CHAPTER X.

THE morning of the appointed day dawned at last, brightly, beautifully, and without a cloud. The house was gaily decorated for the occasion. A large number of guests were expected, and it was intended to make this the most brilliant wedding that had ever been in the mind—A terrible prospect of coming evil which she could not shake off. In vain she tried to appear gay; in vain

she endeavored to laugh and jest; her gaiety ended in sorrow, and her laugh was followed by ill-restrained tears.

"My poor little girl," said Cyril, affectionately and sorrowfully, "with I knew what would relieve you, I do not think I ever saw any one so utterly wretched as you appear to be. The nearer our marriage comes the more sad you seem to grow!"

"Cyril, I am so nervous, so weak, I cannot explain myself. Do not notice me or think of me; it will all pass off."

"I hope so."

"I assure you it will."

"Oh," thought Leila, "if I but dare to tell him this. But to-morrow will be time enough. Alas! I think of to-morrow! Who can tell what a day may bring forth?"

"I little thought," said Cyril, "that this blessed day would be so dark. I, too, feel wretchedly, no doubt; out of sympathy with you. There is no other earthly reason."

"No—there can be no other. At least, I hope so."

"You speak as though you knew of some cause for sorrow."

"You only imagine so."

"See, there is the packet from Walton," said Cyril.

"Yes, said Leila, in a faint voice, leaning heavily upon her arm.

"There will be letters for me from my father, I expect," said Cyril, cheerily. "I told him that I was going to bring you home with me. But—what is the matter?" he added, in a terrified voice. "You are as pale as death."

"It's nothing—noting," said Leila, sinking into a seat. "A sudden faintness."

The sight of the packet, the fear of the coming blow, had been too much for her. Cyril led her into the house in deep anxiety.

An hour passed away which seemed like an age to Leila. Every sound she heard made her start. At last she heard the postman's knock. The hour had come. This moment would decide everything. She tried to nerve herself for the worst. The thought that Cyril now might need her sympathy and support seemed to restore to her some degree of calmness.

Many of the invited guests had already assembled from the neighboring country, and these wandered about the grounds, or sat laughing and chatting in the rooms.

The Judge entered the room with a number of newspapers in his hand.

"Cyril," said he.

"Sir."

"Here is a letter for you. It came just now by the packet from Walton."

Cyril took the letter from the Judge, and glanced at the address.

"It's from my father," said he.

Leila sat looking at him with unutterable anxiety. In mute suspense she awaited the result.

The Cyril tore it open and read. At the first word a change passed over his face. He frowned, then turned alternately pale and red. He read it through a second time, and then uttered a single exclamation:

"My God!"

Leila seized the letter from the floor, and devoured its contents. Life and hope sank within her as she read. When she had ended she sank to the floor.

Cyril and the Judge rushed to her assistance. But the intense excitement and the deep anxiety of the past few days had been too much for her. This last overwhelming blow completed her prostration. She sank beneath it. They bore her away to her room.

Hours passed away before she recovered from the swoon. Meanwhile the Judge and Cyril had examined all the papers, and had discussed the letter of Blount Aymer.

It was as follows:

"Dear Cyril,—I write this letter to request your immediate return home.

"I am in great misfortune. I have been arrested on a charge of murder, and am now writing from a cell in Walton Jail.

"A body was exhumed from an old well in the basement, and certain things were found with it which led to my arrest.

"Come to me, Cyril. Leave everything, and hurry home by the return steamer.

"I trust in Divine Providence, yet his ways are dark, and it is impossible to tell how this will end.

"Your affectionate father,

"BLOUNT AYMER."

The letter was written in the usual bold, printed hand of his father. Not the slightest mark of tremulousness could be detected, and the signature was formed as usual.

Cyril seemed paralyzed. He read the letter over a hundred times, and imagined that it was a hideous dream. His father arrested! His father in jail, and writing such a letter as that! It is beyond my comprehension," said the Judge, who fully shared in Cyril's amazement and horror. "There must have been some very strong reasons to lead to the arrest of a man like Blount Aymer."

Cyril did not say a word, but they both eagerly seized the papers, to see if any further light could be thrown upon this dark affair.

One paper had the following:

"PAINFUL MYSTERY.—On Saturday last, an inquest was held over some human remains, which were exhumed on the previous night from a dried-up well in the property of Blount Aymer, Esq., familiarly known as the 'old homestead.' The remains were those of a woman, as proved by portions of the dress and ornaments which were found with it. But it also was a skeleton remained."

"It will be remembered that seventy years ago, a young girl named Emily Ford disappeared suddenly, and in spite of every effort, no trace of her was ever discovered. The painful effect which this occurrence produced in this community is well known to many of our older citizens."

"Mr. John Ford, the father of this young girl, and Mr. Judah Mardock of Louisville, were the parties who exhumed the remains, and they were sworn to be witnesses on this occasion. Mr. Judah Mardock stated on oath that he had been led by various circumstances to suppose that this young girl had been foully dealt with, and had been buried in the sford's place, upon which he had communicated his suspicions to Mr. John Ford, and they two had agreed to see if their suspicions were correct. The well appeared to have been closed up by design, and not filled up by chance, as has been supposed. At the bottom lay the remains of a human body, which were now before them."

"Mr. John Ford testified that he had been informed as above by Mr. Judah Mardock, and that, after the remains had been brought out of their place, he recognized them as his daughter's by several things: first, the remnant of the dress, which was precisely the same in material and pattern as he had seen her wear when she last left him; secondly, by a necklace which he had given her as a Christmas present; and thirdly, by a lock of hair enclosing a miniature portrait of herself, which had presented her the year previous to her disappearance. These were brought forward and solemnly sworn to."

"But the most important part of the whole was the distressing circumstance which so heavily impressed upon the honored and bed-ridden citizen, as he lay in his grave with the body was found a partially decayed oak-leaf hat, on the lining of which was written the name of 'Blount Aymer.'"

"The verdict of manslaughter was brought in against Blount Aymer."

"The subject is the most painful one that has occurred in our midst since the disappearance of the unfortunate girl. It is evident that she died by a violent end, for her skull was fractured, as though by a heavy blow. More will probably be elicited at the trial. We forbear to express any opinion, but are certain that the charge against Mr. Aymer may be falsified, and that he may be triumphantly acquitted. His whole life and character make such a crime impossible."

"On the same day, Mr. Aymer was arrested and conveyed to prison, where he now is."

"Nothing can exceed the universal sympathy which is felt for the prisoner. A belief in his

innocence, and a confidence hope that he will be cleared of the charge, runs in the minds of all."

(To be continued in our next.)

## LIBERTY, A ROMANCE;

OR,

## THE FREE NEGRO IN THE NORTH.

(From Vanity Fair.)

I.

I AM an intelligent contraband. I am far from free. I am a Lincoln but sad so. The *Traveller* has printed it in big type.

My master was a tobacco-planter in Hog-hole Swamp, Arkansas. He was a descendant of the Arkansas traveller. When the Union army arrived, he became a traveller also. There is no law for the return of fugitive masters. I was left alone.

I went into the Union lines, and on New Year's day a general read me Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation and told me I was a free man. Then he gave me some bacon that smelt bad, and sent me to dig digging trenches. I don't like to dig trenches. I said a soldier, and he looked at me. I told him so. He said, "Go to the d—l." I told him I was free, and wouldn't. Then he kicked me. The kick was of that character that makes sitting down uncomfortable.

I thought that my liberty was not properly respected, so I took to the swamp. A sentinel said to me as I passed. What had I to do with the contrabands? Am I not a free man?

II.

In the tangled swamp I sat upon a highly picturesque stump, and thought of Phyllis. . . .

"O joy!" I cried in a sort of rapturous reverie. "Liberty is mine. I will fly to Phyllis, my darling love of the slumbersome soil and raven wood, and bender far away with me to isles where the mango apple grows."

So I rose up and went to the plantation where Phyllis lived. She met me with a childish delight. I told her we were free.

At that moment her master appeared. I accosted him in a friendly manner, and informed him of my project concerning the sales above-mentioned.

"There's where you'll get your mango apple-cake upset," he replied coarsely; "this yer is Union territory. The Freedmen can't take no effect here. Now, you jest come a foalin' round my niggers again, an' you'll git thrander."

Sir," I responded, with dignity, "I am a free man, like yourself. That Proclamation makes me your equal."

He called two large and muscular slaves—thay, physical creatures, without nobility of soul. They pumped water on me, and drove me forth, weeping, alone.

III.

Northward! Over dreary plains of frosty herbage; through forest wastes among wild spots of laurel and rhododendron that bruised my shins.

I trust I bear no shame for that. May not a free man's shins be his tenderest part? Does a long heel and a long neck mean a feeble brain? I have not studied ethnology for nothing.

I was very cold. My race are not fitted for low temperatures. My clothing was scanty and thin. I felt that I was free—yet, somehow, food memory would persist in reverting to the warm savannahs of the old plantation. The North is cold, dark, forbidding.

Yet I told myself I had but little food. Nobody would employ me, and nobody wished to give me alms. Nor did I care to obtain work. Why should I? Was I not free? I worked when a slave; where the merit of liberty, if I must work now?

I knew that the North was full of great philanthropists souls. Greeley, Mrs. Stowe, Garrison, Gerritsen, *Forerby*—to name, at least, were my friends.

I arrived at length in Washington—a great city of intellect and power. I felt that I was one of the Sovereign Freedmen, and I was supported . . . that city. I stood before the Capitol, and murmured:

"I am free!"

A very old, homely man, with black whiskers and honest eyes, came down the steps. I caught his hand. He looked at me as if surprised, and spoke:

"Well; what is it?"  
 "I am a free man. I come from Hog-bols Swamp, Arkansas. I am hungry and cold."  
 "O, go away!" replied the man. "Don't bother me. I'm sick of the very sight of you niggers!"

"Sir," I said, "you insult your equal. I am your peer. The Proclamation."  
 "Confound the Proclamation! I almost wish I had never issued it!"

I turned away, weeping.

## IV.

A knot of Congressional magnates stood near, shewing tobacco. I approached them to ask for a shaw, and heard one addressed as Mr. Lovejoy.

"You are my friend, at least!" I cried, with real emotion; "I was a slave. I am now at liberty!"

The gentleman drew down his under eyelid with his little finger.  
 "Do you see anything green there?" he asked.  
 "Mock me no more!" I exclaimed; "am I not a man and a brother?"

"Why don't you go to work, you lazy fellow?" asked another Congressman, who had a smell of ebblor's was about him; "I used to work down at Vaidik."

"Sir," I answered scornfully, "I am free."  
 They laughed vulgarly, and I went away with a heavy heart.

## V.

Still farther northward. Colder, more inhospitable. Vague doubts and half-regrets crept into my brain. Is this liberty? Ah! poor negro, take courage!

"Still, I was free—and free to confess that I had never suffered so much before."  
 Some one showed me Mrs. Negrophile's house. A splendid carriage stood before the door. I rang. A servant came.

"I wish to see Mrs. Negrophile. Tell her a newly freed slave wishes to see her."  
 The lady returned very soon.

"Your card, please."  
 "I have no card. I am cold and hungry."  
 The lady went and came again.

"She doesn't see that kind," he said. I shuddered, and went to the office of the Tribune. I found two young men there, with their feet on the desks.

"Hello!" said one, "here's a friend of Old Greeley! Theepak up, brother! yah! yah!"  
 "Young man," I said, "I am a friend of all men."

"He keeps the place next door," said the other. "I come to you in the name of humanity."  
 "Look here," said the first, "I don't want any blunderbusses round here. Clear out, before I put you out."

"Is Mr. Greeley in?"  
 "Not for you. Leave this!"  
 He raised a paper-weight, threateningly. I departed.

A Herald compositor gave me expense that night, and I had something to eat for the first time in two days.

## VI.

Northward still. I found Gerritt Smith, at length—a large, white-haired man, with a restless, vacant eye.

"My friend," said he, "stigmologic and sidereal influences are antagonistic in their magnetism. The arbitrary enunciation of a dogmatical allocation is not productive of habiliatory conditions."

"I am cold and hungry," I said.  
 "Certainly. Isothermal relations cannot be ignored with impunity. Whistle-pipes and thunder! How's your mother? John Brown's body hangs a dangling in the grave! Take 'em away! Take 'em off!"

His eyes grew very wild, and he panted the air vigorously. I was afraid, and went away, sorrowing.

"O Liberty, Liberty!" I cried, "combien des crimes sont commis sous ton nom!"  
 A gang of laborers were at work upon a railroad near by.

"What wages to you get?"  
 "Seventy-five cents a day, in railroad scrip."

"What do you do with it?"  
 "It powers at the shore."

"What store?"  
 "Railroad shore. Divv' a place else."

"What does it cost you to live?"  
 "All we git, jist; burnin' enough for a dithunk,

Saturday nights. I always makes a buste of myself then."

I reflected. These were free men. They worked harder than I did when a slave, and for a bare living—worse food, worse clothes, and more beatings on Saturday nights—for I had never been allowed to kill myself with bad whiskey.

"And if you are sick, or get old?"  
 "Oh, then we go to the divv'!"

I thought of my father, who had food and raiment for five years of his dotage, without a stroke of work.

"But your families are not separated from you?"

"No such good luck. I haven't seen the old 'oman for two year, but she keeps divvin' me for 'omeay all the time!"

I satisfied. I begged a few coppers, and set my face sternly Southward.

## O Liberty!

## A STRANGE STORY.

BY DAVID T. FULLER.

My Uncle Graham had never been a very contented man. The least ache or illness was enough to make him fret and scold in a way quite shameful; still, he was unusually kind to me, and I loved him. He had been a father to me for a long while, indeed, ever since my own father's death, which occurred when I was quite a child. He was a bachelor, and disliked children generally, girls especially; but considering it his duty to take his own brother's child when there was no one else to do that kindness, he had smothered and tried to do his best as an unchristianly kind, and with cheerfulness taken me.

As I grew to woman's estate I teased him into remodeling the old house into something decent; and the housekeeper consulting about that time to change her name and station, I had taken upon myself the sole responsibility of the house.

As I before said, Uncle Graham was a great fret. If he had a cough he was sure he was going to die with consumption immediately. If a twinge of rheumatism attacked him, he knew he would soon begin to mortify and die as early death (he was fifty-three). If he lost a few hundred dollars in some speculation, we retired to the poor house in the course of a week, although it was well known that he was worth upwards of a hundred thousand, and had every comfort in the world. But I sometimes thought he was happiest when miserable.

The worst misstep that ever befell him occurred when he was about nineteen. One night I retired to my bed as usual, but had not lain long when I heard the most agonising groans proceeding from Uncle Graham's room. I hastily donned my dressing-gown and ran to him. He, poor man, was in great agony. After having prepared himself for bed he had gone into the sitting-room for a drink of water. He had neglected to put on his slippers, and had run a needle into his foot. I sent for a surgeon immediately; he came and extracted a part of the needle, but the point he could not find.

The doctor led directions for poulticing the "wounded foot," which I did faithfully; but all the time Uncle Graham kept growing worse; he fretted a great deal, told me he should soon die, but made his will, leaving me sole heiress, so that I should never want for anything, said that I had been a good girl, that he was sorry to leave me, and, &c., all of which made me feel very wretched.

One day, after the surgeon had examined the wound, he called me out of the room, and with a solemn countenance informed me that uncle's limb must be amputated.

"It is the only thing that will save him, miss," he said; "mortification has set in, and unless the limb is speedily removed, just below the knee, there will be no hope for his recovery."

And so it became my duty to take it into Uncle Graham. He did not take on about it as I had supposed he would; indeed, I think he had expected as much of himself, so I sent word of his readiness to the doctor.

The next morning he came, bringing two other M.D.'s with him. I stood by the door old man, and held his hand until he was unconscious from the kindly effect of that good friend, chloroform, and then left him to their tender mercies.

They called me down when it was over. Poor uncle looked very pale, but smiled kindly as I kissed him, good man! I had no idea before of the courage of a poor fellow.

I had the limb wrapped in a sheet and laid in the sitting-room, until John should have a grave dug for it in the lower part of the garden. Uncle Graham had been quite still for some minutes. I thought he was going to sleep. Presently he said:

"Fanny, dear, my foot itches badly."

I pulled up the clothes and scratched it.

"Not that one, love!"

Is he crazy? I thought.

"You haven't any other, uncle," I said. "The doctor has amputated it, you know."

"Yes; I know, Fanny, but it itches; please scratch it right on the top."

I went into the next room, unrolled it, and scratched it gently just where he said it itched.

"Oh, what a relief," he murmured; and presently, "That will do, dear."

So I returned to the dismembered limb in its shroud, and sat down near the bed.

When John came in to get it, he took hold of it rather roughly. Uncle groaned with pain.

"John," I whispered, "you must handle it carefully, and do not squeeze it into the box—let it be easy."

I was getting nervous. Two weeks passed, and uncle Graham improved rapidly, so rapidly that we expected he would soon be able to ride out, but we were disappointed, for one day he was taken with what seemed to be the most excruciating pain, but when questioned he declared something was biting his foot—his poor, buried foot.

The surgeon said it was a fit of nervousness, and he became so frantic that we were obliged to keep him under the influence of morphia most of the time.

He grew more and more, and on my own responsibility sent one day for a celebrated mesmeriser, who lived a few streets from us.

"Can you do anything for my poor uncle?" was my first question when he entered the house.

He examined the case deliberately before he gave me any answer, then he said:

"Yes, miss, I can make him a new limb—that is, with your assistance!"

I made him repeat the assurance two or three times before I could believe my senses. I asked him:

"What assistance of mine he could need?"

He promptly replied:

"One ounce of your blood per day."

I hesitated a moment—only a moment—then told him to do it.

He went home, and returned in about half an hour, bringing with him two of the most curious leeches I ever saw. He had the plant—the only one he said this side of Egypt. The leaves were about the size of burdock leaves, though more round in shape, and each vein was of a blood-red color. These he bound on the stump of Uncle Graham's limb; then, opening a vein in my arm, drew from it a day-old ounce of blood, which he forced down the old man's throat, while it was yet warm, then went away promising to call the next morning.

The next day, when Dr. Holborn—that was the mesmeriser's name—took off the leaves, I saw my astonishment to see most perfectly formed limbs grow from just a day-old ounce of growing directly out of the place where uncle's limb had been amputated. The doctor again drew an ounce of blood from me, which uncle drank, and wrapped the member in fresh leaves. This he did every day for a month; each day the new leaves were put on, and each day I drank an ounce of my blood; and each day I

noticed a new-formed limb kept pushing the foot farther and farther out, foot and limb gradually increasing in size, until at the end of a month Uncle Graham had an entire new limb. It was a month longer, though, before he could stand on it. It had grown so rapidly that there was little strength in it until that time; but now it is stronger, if anything, than the other. It made a new man of him. He never frosts now, but is just one of the dearest old men in the world.

The blood extracted from me left me quite recovered for a long time, but I have now entirely recovered my scalp indeed.

Uncle gave the quick doctor—as some folks called him—ten thousand dollars for the new limb he had grown.

The doctor died last summer, and the strange plant died at the same time.

Can any one give a scientific explanation of this singular phenomenon.

## A VIRGINIA HERO.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Among the earliest settlers of Augusta county, in the State of Virginia, was a family from Ireland, of Huguenot descent, by the name of Lewis; and a more Spartan-like family of heroes, take them altogether, the world never produced.

Charles, the youngest son of John Lewis, and the subject of our present sketch, was born on the soil of Virginia, and came upon the stage of action at a period when the hostility of the Indians had become most aggressive. From that time for several years, he was almost constantly on duty, and his whole life was a series of daring exploits and hair-breadth escapes. The deeds of this hero will live in the memories of the pioneers of the Alleghanies and their descendants, and are often rehearsed around their winter fires. The adventure we are about to record is less known than many others equally exciting, and is now for the first time published to the world.

One day, during that fearful period when the incursions of the savages were of most frequent occurrence, and men, women, and children were constantly falling victims to their secret and remorseless cruelties, Charles Lewis, with the self-reliance of a stalwart and experienced warrior, struck boldly off into the forest, in the double capacity of hunter and scout. It was a beautiful day, the air soft and balmy, and the woods bright with green leaves and gay flowers; as he glided wily along under the green arches of overhanging trees, and heard the drowsy gurgle of a mountain brooklet blending with the musical notes of the feathered choir which flitted to and fro above and around him, it needed all his former experience of the danger which might be lurking within the scope of his vision, to keep his mind from the dreamy, poetical wandering which the whole lovely scene so tended so incite.

But our hero did not forget himself. Gliding stealthily forward, scanning every tree, bush, and covert, he gradually ascended the mountain that rose before him, till at last he stood upon the ridge of a rocky gorge, and there, compressed by its narrow channel, a mountain stream foaming and roaring fifty feet below him. There was something congenial to his nature in the wildness and grandeur of the surrounding scene, and for a minute or two he paused here in a contemplative mood, leaning on his rifle, and casting his eyes rest upon the foamings below.

Rocky peaks stretched up around him, with bushes fringing their dark, jagged sides, and here and there a tall pine standing sentinel and overshadowing them; while far below the eye fell upon an unobscured forest, that stretched away into the blue distance. The gorge where Lewis stood was about twenty feet in width, and the sides were perpendicular; but on the opposite bluff of the stream, about one-third of the way down to the water, there was a narrow shelf,

running zig-zag with the different strata, and being mostly concealed by bushes which shot out from here and there a crevice and overhanging the boiling torrent, and by green and flowery vines that had spread themselves more or less over the wide face of the mural surface. At the point exactly below him, upon which his eye fell as it went down to the water, there was an angular projection of the rock, with a deep fissure just behind it, barely wide enough to admit the body of a man, but extending back some distance and gradually enlarging into its scarp indeed.

Little did our hero think, as his eye chanced upon this spot, how much within that very hour—may, within that very minute—his life would depend upon this peculiar formation of nature. For so it is; walking blindly as we do through this vale of life, we know not what we see our safes or our dangers, till they are revealed to us for our benefit or our injury, our salvation or our destruction.

While Lewis thus stood, with his gaze bent below him, he was suddenly startled by the whoops of savages; and glancing quickly around, he saw them bounding down the hill behind him, and spreading out to the right and left, so as to cut off his escape in either direction. A moment was sufficient to acquaint one of his experience with the startling fact that, if he would avoid either captivity or death, there was no alternative but the fearful leap before him; and as he had once been a prisoner among the Indians, and escaped almost by a miracle, he was not a second in making his choice: the leap could only be death, and he feared that less than again falling into the clutches of his barbarous enemies.

There was not a moment to be lost; they were almost upon him; he could not even venture back three paces to gain headway for the spring; and so crouching down a little, he bounded from the rock on which he stood, with the full effort of his will and nerve. But with a slip of one of his feet, he fell slightly short of the opposite verge, and came down upon the shelf we have mentioned, where, catching hold of the vines as he struck, he saved himself from a backward plunge into the seething torrent below.

But even here he was not safe a moment, and he had sufficient presence of mind to know it and act accordingly. Seizing himself round the angular projection of the rock, at the peril of being precipitated into the roaring rapids, he fired just time to glide into the fissure leading to the cavern, when three or four shots were heard by a yelling Indians above, two of the balls flattening against the rock by his side, and one grazing the skin of his shoulder.

"Is my turn now," muttered Lewis, as he faced about, brought his rifle to his shoulder, and took a quick aim at the most prominent figure of the disappointed and yelling savages.

Then came a flash, a crack, and, bounding outward from the rock, the savage fell headlong into the roaring waters, which whirled his body out of sight in an instant.

The wild yells of surprise and rage which followed the death-stroke of the bold warrior would have sent a cold chill of terror to the heart of any one less courageous and experienced than Lewis; but he, with a quiet gleam of satisfaction lighting up his bronzed features, replied with a loud, taunting laugh, that rendered his enemies more than half-furious.

They looked, however, to draw back and keep themselves out of sight; and muttering to themselves, "Catch a wasel asleep!" our hero drew back also, and hastily reloaded his rifle.

"Well," thought the intrepid hunter, as he glanced curiously around the rocky walls, "I have now a few minutes' rest. I have now a few minutes' rest, to be here now; but one cannot tell, from one minute to another, what will

happen in the wilderness. Is there any way of getting out of here, if the Indians ever give me a chance? If not, I shall make a pretty thing of it, indeed—dying here of starvation! No; sooner than that I will plunge into the stream and take my chance. There is no other way of getting out, the painted Indians will find the way of getting in. But let them come if they dare: only one body can pass through that opening at a time; and if I fail to settle their affairs with such a chance, I ought to lose my scalp indeed."

Having reloaded his rifle, and adjusted his long knife ready to his grasp, Lewis ventured as far out toward the light as he thought prudent, and there took up his watch, hoping to get a sight of another of his foes, that he might send him after the first.

For half an hour he watched in vain, and was beginning to think they had all retreated, when he fancied he saw a "very slight motion." It might be the movement of a small stone upon a larger. He was not deceived, however, and carefully poising his rifle, he waited till he could just catch a glimpse of two black besliak eyes raising slowly above the rock to peer down at his place of refuge, and then his finger pressed the trigger, and a ball peered into the painted forehead, just above those gleaming orbs, and crashed through the brain of the savage, who "died and made no sign."

Loud yells from others, though, quickly re-sounded, and half a dozen dusky, almost dark figures suddenly appeared along the edge of the chasm, and poured a volley of balls at the spot from which a wraith of blue smoke was rolling outward.

But Charles Lewis, understanding all the peculiarities of his Indian foe, sprang back the instant he fired, and thus allowed the balls of his enemies to harmlessly flatten against the rock, within a foot of his head. Then, with another taunting laugh, he quietly proceeded to reload his piece, and once more set himself on the watch.

Hour after hour went tediously by, and still Lewis saw nothing more of his foes. Had they gone and left him? It was not probable; but rather that they were on the watch, waiting with cool patience to shoot him whenever he should attempt to escape. He felt himself completely caught in a trap, and he thought anxiously that the Indians would keep a guard over him until he should venture forth alive, or starve to death where he was. This was not a very pleasant reflection; but our hero had been through so many perils already, and had in his time lost many hair-breadth escapes, that he did not attach the weight to it which others might. Something, he fancied, would yet happen for his rescue.

But the day proved a long and tedious one; and when the shadows had filled the valleys, and the descending sun was gliding the highest peaks, he began to experience a keen sense of hunger and thirst. Tired, too, of watching in one position, and anxious to see what chance there might be of his getting to the world above during the coming darkness, he ventured rather boldly through the fissure, got upon the shelf outside, and took a quick survey of the rocks above and below him.

He was there only a few seconds, but in that time a lurking savage fired from the opposite height, and staggering back, Lewis fell into the fissure, believing himself mortally wounded, and hearing the triumphant yells of his foes at the result. On examination, however, he discovered, to his great joy, that the ball had struck an iron tobacco-box in a side pocket, and glanced off, leaving him only slightly bruised.

Knowing that the savages now believed him killed or badly wounded, he instantly resolved not to undecide them, thinking they would either depart, or remain and seek to get his scalp.

"If they do come," he muttered, "they will find me worth several dead men yet."

The result proved that he had correctly surmised, for about two hours after sunset, he heard a slight noise at the mouth of the fissure, and soon saw it darkened by a human figure. He suppressed his breathing, and allowed the figure to advance a few steps, and then struck it to the heart with his long knife. The savage fell without a groan; and, whipping off his scalp, and securing his weapons, he dragged the body back, and prepared himself for the next.

Creeping stealthily to the shelf, he found a rope, made of twisted deer-skin, dangling from above. By this the savage had descended, and by this, doubtless, another would follow.

Fixing himself where he could easily look upward, he remained for an hour on the watch, and then beheld, in the dim light, another human body carefully descending.

Waiting with secret exultation till the second savage was near his level, Lewis suddenly reached up and cut the cord above his head, and with a wild yell the Indian went swiftly down into the foaming rapids.

From this time, for several hours Lewis heard nothing more of his enemies, and resolved at last to dare all, and conquer or die, he reached up, seized hold of the still dangling rope, and, with great exertions, drew himself to the level above.

Not a soul was there.

Whether the two he had slain were the only ones left behind to get his scalp, or whether others had been with them, and had died in dismay at their fate, Lewis never knew; not in fact, cared to know. It was enough for him that he had triumphed and taken a new lease of life, and striking off through the forest, he put many a long mile between him and his late prison-house before the rising of another sun.

## THE POLAR BEAR.

DURING a recent interview with an old acquaintance, who has spent several years of his life on board a northern whaler, he related several exciting incidents of his perilous career, and, among the rest, the subjoined terrible encounter with a polar bear.

"One day," said the narrator, quoting his language from where the interest of the present relation really begins, "as several of us stood looking at a very beautiful iceberg, which was slowly drifting away to leeward, I fancied I saw something more upon it, and remarked the same to my companions.

"I don't see anything," was the response of several in succession.

"A white bear!" observed the mate, who had overheard my first remark, and now stood quietly looking at the object through a telescope.

"This announcement produced quite a sensation on board, and elicited several witnesses at the expense of the formidable animal, which was thus navigating the ocean in no novel a manner, solitary and alone.

"For the last two or three days we had not had any special excitement, and several of us were eager for some landward adventure. We asked leave to go in quest of the bear, and our captain, one of the kindest-hearted men in the world, assented, but with several words of caution, which, I fear, were too much disregarded. Our vessel was run down to what was considered a safe distance, and here, to our great joy, armed with guns, pistols, axes, spears, harpoons, boat-hooks, &c., pulled away merrily for the scene of action.

"We all of us knew something of the nature and power of the bear; we were going to attack that the white bear of the polar regions is the largest, most ferocious, and formidable of all his species—for, besides what we had seen of the animal, we had heard thrilling yarns of



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actual encounters, and hair-breadth escapes, and bloody catastrophes; but for all this we pulled forward with the light-hearted recklessness of sailors, and more especially whalers, who carry their lives so much in their hands, and get so used to dangers, and not to feel concerned in perfect security.

"For myself, as we neared the mighty floating fabric of the polar regions—built without hands by one of the immutable laws of the Great Architect of Nature—stretching its glittering towers, and domes, and minarets, and spires, far up into the clear sunlight, which was flashed back, as from mirrors and prisms, with a brightness and gorgeousness that made it seem a fairy palace of silver and gold and precious gems,—I confess I for a time forgot the object of our expedition, and yielded my senses to a sort of rapt contemplation of the beauty, grandeur, and glory of the structure before me.

"There she blows!" was the jocular remark of the boatswain, recalling me to myself.

"We had been approaching at an angle which had hid the bear from our view; but at the moment of the exclamation, we had just turned a point from which Brinn again became visible. He was sitting in a sort of niche, about fifteen feet above the water, and looking very contented and unconcerned, till he got a sight of us in such close proximity, when he seemed to suddenly change his placidity into a condition of temper more befitting the ferocious brute he really was, growling hoarsely, showing his teeth, and thus giving us fair warning that we might expect trouble should we venture to assail him on his own domain.

"He was indeed a most formidable-looking antagonist—measuring at least twelve feet in length, with a corresponding height, breadth, and bulk—and I remember wondering what chance a man would have for his life if once fairly within the stroke of his tremendous paw. I know that the lion of Asia and Africa is acknowledged to be the king of beasts and lord of the wilderness; but I am inclined to believe he does not compare in either strength or ferocity with this dangerous monster of the polar seas.

"As our boat was brought round in front of the brute, at a distance of some two hundred yards, I ventured to advise the laying on our oars, and holding a sort of council-of-war, before proceeding to an attack which clearly promised to

be a most dangerous one indeed; but my suggestion was unheeded—the boatswain confidently asserting there would be little or no danger in advancing close and pouring in a volley, as the bear would be too badly wounded from so many balls to do us any harm, even if not killed outright.

"So we rowed up to within perhaps seventy-five yards—the bear grinning and growling at us all the while—and then the boat was brought round, broadside to, and every man took up his gun and got ready to fire at the word. 'Bora,' as a general thing, are not good marksmen, and I readily calculated that not more than half our balls would hit the bear, even at that short distance, and thought it more than doubtful if either one of the balls, or all combined, would give him a mortal wound. But I was not the commander, and had only to obey orders; and so, taking the best aim I could, I fired with the rest, and had the instant mortification and alarm of seeing the savage animal leap from his perch into the water, and make directly to ward us, swimming with a swiftness and vigor that showed he was more sagacious than hurt.

"All was now confusion and dismay, even the boldest and coolest getting fearfully excited. We knew how to manage whales, but we had not served an apprenticeship at attacking polar bears, and every man now thought of the worst story he had ever heard of the almost fabulous power and ferocity of the beast. If he should reach us, what might he not do?

"Give way, lads! give way! for the love of God, give way!" shouted the boatswain.

"It needed no incentive but his own personal danger to make every man do his best; but a single minute's labor convinced us that we could not escape in this manner—for though we were sending the little boat over the light waves at its greatest speed, we could see that bear was gaining on us at every stroke.

"It was now arranged that a party should leap at the bear, and all the rest be ready with our axes, knives, pistols, and so forth, to assail the monster, as soon as he should come within reach. Our guns, already discharged were useless, nobody seeming to think it worth while to reload them. It was my lot to be stationed at the stern, armed only with an axe, and so I stood and watched the gradual approach of the bear, coming up nearer and nearer, shaking his head,

showing his teeth, and growling savagely between each lap of the cross-waves, I thought it not improbable that I should be the first to feel his vengeance, and my friends, in their far-off home, be left to mourn the untimely death of the wanderer. But with all this I felt no disposition to shrink from the danger, and stood prepared to do my duty, and die, if I must, like a man and not a coward. Pale I was unquestionably, but I knew I was calm externally, and I grasped my weapon with a firmness and determination that I flatter myself did me no little credit. You think perhaps I am making a mountain of a mole-hill; but just wait till you are placed in the same situation before a ferocious polar bear, and then decide which takes the most courage—to stand firmly and quietly there, or force a battery of cannon.

"On came the bear, blowing, snorting, and growling, his eyes in his anger looking like balls of fire; and as he came up within a few feet, I swung my axe for a blow at his skull. But at this moment some of the men behind me commenced firing their pistols at his head, which seemed to disconcert him a little and check his progress. The men at the oars, encouraged by this, now pulled with a will, and began to increase the distance between ourselves and the animal, which now seemed undecided whether to continue the pursuit or boat a retreat.

"There is no doubt, if we had kept steadily on, that we might have escaped—as the bear, without being further molested, would probably have returned to the iceberg; but the very instant he showed hesitation, we all became fixed in a resolve to conquer at all hazards; besides, two other boats were now putting off from the ship, and we were not disposed to see another party triumph in our place. We had a harpener with us, who was anxious to try his skill, and we now gave him a chance. With the precision of a master of his art, he hurried his weapon through the air, and buried it in the back of the fore-shoulders of the beast. With a perfect howl of pain and rage, the bear half leaped from the water, and then plunged forward for his revenge, fairly lashing the waters into foam.

"We saw there was no chance of escaping by flight now, and therefore did not attempt it, but every man seized upon some weapon and prepared himself to fight it out to the death. As the furious beast came up near enough for my blow, I struck with all my might, aiming for his skull, just as he was in the act of seizing the gunnall with his teeth; but at that moment the boat rocked, my foot slipped, my mark was missed, and I was pitched head-foremost into the water, almost into his very clutches. Fortunately for me he was so intent upon attacking the men collectively, as not to perceive there was any one already in his power; and retaining my presence of mind, and biding my time, I immediately dived, passed under the boat, and scrambled in again near the bow.

"The fight meantime had become quite desperate on both sides. The men, being huddled together in a small space, were having as much as they could possibly do, with all their weapons, to keep the ferocious beast from crushing or upsetting the boat, or lacerating them with his teeth and claws; and the bear, on his part, being determined upon his revenge at all hazards, was making constant efforts to throw himself into the boat, right in the teeth of blows from axes and boatswain's trunks and thrusts from knives and spears. By one bold, rapid movement, he did succeed in getting one foot over the gunnall, when, before he could make good use of this advantage, one of the men, by a well-directed blow with his axe, chopped it clean off. Even this seemed rather to enrage him than daunt the brute, and he continued his assaults with more fury than ever.

"At length, when, covered with blood and wounds, his efforts began to slacken, as if growing too weak to maintain the unequal contest,



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and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves that at last the victory was ours—just at this moment, by what impulse or power I never could conceive, the dying monster, with a hoarse, awful roar, that rings in my ears yet, suddenly leaped half out of the water, and came down with his fore-quarters upon the stern of the boat, crushing it as if it were a mere cockle-shell, knocking down two of the men, seizing one poor fellow in his teeth, and pitching the rest of us into the sea, and some of us into his very clutches.

"Merciful God! what shouts and screams, and what a scene of wild confusion, as each man sought to save himself, regardless of every other! and oh! what a wild, despairing, appalling shriek came from the poor fellow whose very bones were now being crushed in the jaws of the monster! No human power could save him, and no one changed his course to offer human aid. No one knew whose turn it might be next, and every man struck off for the approaching boats, to save himself.

"But the bear did not follow us. As if satisfied with his revenge, he remained almost stationary, growling over and crunching his victim, till the two boats, picking up the rest of us on the way, drew up near him and poured in a volley, which almost riddled him and ended the contest.

"Then we collected the mangled remains of our poor comrades for decent burial, and towed the slaughtered monster to the vessel, where man secretly vowing he would never be caught in another foolhardy attack upon the animal lord of the polar regions."

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## THE BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER. A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

(From the *New York Ledger*.)  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUSADE OF THE FOREST."

### CHAPTER XXV. EQUIMUTUAL.

HALF AN HOUR after the conversation with an account of which the last chapter closed, a group of three or four men were standing before the log-house which Van Schoick had made his headquarters.

"It's myself that says it!" the bold, emphatic voice of Murphy was heard to exclaim; "they're as true men as e'er a one of me knows; and, general, to the crown of that, I've sighted M'Donald through the woods this many a year. Oh! the devil fly away wid all hars, says I. And the owld man is accused on the oath of the biggest blackguard that wears a scalp. Ooh! now, general, and why didn't he show his own accusin' face here?"

"That's all well, Murphy, I know," replied the officer; "but it seems to me a proper case for the committee at Albany to decide upon, and not for us."

"A party time it would be for that same," replied Murphy, "and his house and his children, an' his wife, widin reach of the Indian! Ooh! murder, thin! 'tis quicker work yez ought to make in times like these. 'Tis, maybe, too late to send him back this minute."

"But how," said the general, good-naturedly discussing the matter, "how are we to get over this story of the Canadian bread being found in his house?"

"Oell on the first red-skin that iver craved the St. Lawrence," was the prompt reply.

About that time two or three Indians—chiefs, as it appeared—came sauntering that way, with their dignified reserve of manner, and apparent indifference to all that was going on.

"Little Abraham!" said the general, addressing one of them in a slightly raised tone of voice.

The Indian paused in his walk, and then came nearer.

"Can my Mohawk brother," continued the general, "can my Mohawk brother say when he sees the bread of his friends and brothers beyond the great Neagah Lake?"

The chief gravely placed his hand on his breast as a token, perhaps, of his good faith, as he replied:

"Little Abraham have no two tongue like snake—what he say, he say true. Let my brother speak."

"Your brethren of the new castle," answered the general, "have become our enemies, Abraham, but you and the other chiefs of the lower new castle have spoken to us words of peace. I believe you—I trust you. Will my brother then tell me where this bread was made?"

As he said this, he handed to the chief a small, brown, triangular object, about half an inch in thickness, and perhaps three inches from point to point. The savage examined it attentively for several minutes, then handing it to one of his campsmen, he replied:

"Abraham not know him—may be deer-meat, seem so."

The others, also, looked at it curiously, though silently, but then he took it back to the general, without comment or remark.

"Well?" said the latter, "is it corn bread from Canada?"

"Ugh!" exclaimed Little Abraham, with a look almost of derision at the ignorance which the question implied, "No bread, no make in Neagah, Cateagah; no make him at all."

Murphy gave a glance at the general, as much as to say, "I told you so."

"My brothers of the lower castle are wise, and true," said the general, laying his hand on his breast, and bowing. "The chiefs, with a grave and courteous inclination, then passed on."

After a moment's musing, the general continued, addressing Murphy:

"But one of these men seems to be young and able-bodied. Why is he not in service? If he is well affected, the country can hardly spare such materials as he seems made of."

"'Twas the drafting left him out," was the response; "but if in his service you talk about, there's a mighty day for that commodity he does on his own account. When out of work, I'm told, he's rampagin' through the country wild a rifle and an axe, in a way to frighten the laythens."

"Call up the old man himself," now interposed the officer.

"Mr. McDonald," he continued, when the latter had come near, "will you frankly give me the explanation of the accusation they have made against you? The country is too full of secret enemies, such as Betsey and Waldmeyer, to justify us in overlooking such charges; but at the same time, we have too few good men to spare any who may be wrongly suspected."

"I'm quite free," answered McDonald, "to tell you the plain truth, and I was done it in the beginning, but there been a fitting occasion. Fairer and foremost, then, the bread, as you say, is no bread at all, but simply Indian venison, smoked and preserved for long travel and time 'n' need. We've o'en kept a considerable store from the sea, for the year winter away here in the wilderness. Was yore honor please taste the article, ye wad find it no made o' any meat."

In fact the general, with some diffidence, bit off a small portion of the little cake, which was almost as hard as a piece of sole leather; and after chewing it a moment, handed it back to McDonald, with a laugh.

"You must pardon me," McDonald, for your foolish suspicions. You seem to be but a new comer into the country, and therefore, I suppose, have been liable to some suspicion. We cannot ask you to join us; but we can ask you to be neutral."

"I've freely promised that much, at least," answered the old man.

The confidence now broke up, the old Scotchman receiving permission to go when he desired as the charge against him seemed to have fallen to the ground.

Not long after the conversation just described, several squadrons of men, with clumsy tumbrils of baggage and manutens of war, might have been seen slowly winding up the mountain, and slowly disappearing in the tall forests that stretched away in that direction.

But we cannot pursue these further, except as we take our stand again upon one of the promontories a mile or so south-west of the encampment,—a promontory which, on one side, overlooks the foaming torrents of the river, and on the other the wide extended flat country—mixed of island, meadows, and forests—which stretched away towards Van Schaick's camp on Haver's Island.

From this promontory, then, looking to the northward, could be seen, at intervals, as the sun fell on them, the masses of the provincial troops that struggled up and over the rolling country to the west; and whenever they passed over a clearing, or clambered an eminence, they looked, far away, almost like ants, busy on the soil, for the hill, it should be said.

"Johnny!" said McDonald, for he and Wheaton now stood precisely upon this knoll, "I'm o'en thinking it wad be weel for us, and for the soul wife and haim at hame, that we be there as soon as may be, and afore the troops pass by that way. Your Arnold is a rough partisan, at best, and from a I gather, he's at the command just now."

"Never fear for that," answered Wheaton, who also stood gazing at the distant spectacle of the American troops working their way through the wild woodland. "Never fear. These men are rough, I know; but they'll not insult or hurt women or children; nor would they allow their general himself to do it, when they are by. I know my countrymen well. But it's all the same—we should be there before night. Can you bear the fatigue of walking? for we can't stop now to drag the boat up the rapids. Sooner must we come down for it, and take it up at his leisure. We can go up this bank of the stream to London's ferry, or to the rifts this side of Dansebeck's, where we can cross, by wading. My mind is very uneasy on account of that scamp, Barlett."

At the two men, not at all fresh after their night's watching, and morning's anxiety, turned to a faint trace of a foot-path, that ran along the course of the river, westward, and soon disappeared among the thick cedar boughs that overhung the way.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### WESTWARD HO!

ALL this was on the 13th of August, 1777. Let us glance a little at the general position of public affairs on that day. Everything looked gloomy and threatening for the cause of the Colonies. The Revolution had been forced on by Herkimer repelled, if not defeated, at Oriskany; Fort Stanwix invested; Burgoyne lay in immense force south of Lake Champlain, and, like a worm into a heart of oak, was working his way with appalling certainty into the settlements in the neighborhood of Albany. The aid of Benedict Arnold, not yet taken place, that day to this time, nothing had occurred during the campaign to cheer the hearts of the patriots, or to give them the least hope of making a successful resistance.

The sun of this first day was perhaps still about as bright as it has been, when it began to be heavy clouds, which lay piled up, dark and threatening in the west. The low roll of the thunder could now and then be heard far away on the hills of the Helderberg; while for several hours past the warning voice of the great falls of the Cohoes had been heard, giving its timely notice of the approach of a tempest.

We follow not the march of the troops, but

hasten forward to accompany for a few moments the two men, who had also started at the same time as they, but had gone by a somewhat different route, and had outstripped them by several miles. They had not yet crossed to the southern bank of the river, finding that they could make a somewhat shorter cut across the pine plains, and hoping to be able to ford the stream at some point near McDonald's house. When the storm was about to come upon them, they were still several miles from their place of destination, and at a spot where, it will be remembered, Wheaton was first introduced to the reader. They were nearly exhausted with the fatigue of their journey and the heat of the day. They were sitting upon a fallen tree, near the top of a ridge, from which they had a full view of the valley of the river for several miles, and whence they could observe the approach of the rain-storm, as it should sweep down the western hills.

"I'm thinking so," said Wheaton, "that we had better stop in my cabin, which is, now close at hand, and wait till the gust passes. 'Twill most likely be over in time for us to get down to the water and cross before dark."

"Aye, my lad," said the old man in a saddened tone, as he gazed at the gathering line of the hidden river, and at a bluff which, three miles away, shut out the view of the spot where his own humble home was situated. "Aye, my boy, we'll be to do as well that way as any. Please God that nothing be happened to them we left behind yonder hill-top, but one evil day sin."

"I think we'll find it no safe, you know Squaw is there, and I don't believe the Smiths at this time would dare join Barlett or anybody else in an act of open violence."

After some further discourse, they rose up to proceed to the place of shelter Wheaton had mentioned for their rain, but the thick mist, had already obscured the distant view to the westward, and the louder and more frequent reports of the thunder warned them that they had no time to lose.

The eyes of the old man seemed bent, by a sort of fascination, still in the direction of his own house, as they gazed at the distant bluff.

"Does it not seem to you, lad," he remarked, as they walked along, "that there be smoke rising from behind that hill? It cannot be the poor Ower's but still smouldering. What would then be burning again?"

Wheaton, who had looked in the direction indicated; and, in point of fact, did discover a light faint line of smoke rising above the wooded hill-top. He kept his eyes fixed in some alarm upon it for several minutes; and, in fact, until the rapidly-approaching storm had dropped its white veil between him and the object he was contemplating.

"Strange," he muttered to himself, uneasily, as he turned with McDonald again to proceed to his little woodland shelter. A few steps from where they were, could now be seen, near a clear spring that issued from the side of the ridge, a small inn, or rather shed, constructed of timbers, and roofed over with broad strips of hemlock bark, lashed on and held fast by poles, which themselves were withered to the timbers below. The whole structure was scarcely seven feet in height, by about the same in length and breadth; built, in fact, of a temporary material which Wheaton had built for himself, and in which, at night, he protected himself from the dew, and from the intrusion of the wolves. It was so low and so old and so embowered among the large trees, that one would scarcely observe it at all, even in passing close to it, unless he were on the lookout for it.

The spot where it stood still commanded an extensive prospect; and before entering, the two men could watch, if they did not feel disposed to admire, the approach of the thunder-storm. It seemed to be wide spread, and to extend over a large space of country, the long gully to the north and south, and seemed to be on nearly half the visible horizon. The mass of clouds



directly west was no dew, and so effectively intercepted the sunlight, that the evening seemed already come.

"We can be thankful, at any rate," said Wheaton, thoughtfully, as they stood before the little place of retreat, watching the rain-clouds as they drove towards them, "we can be thankful that they've got a good place of shelter behind the hills, and there's no danger of the wind doing them any harm."

"May be so," replied the old man; "but my heart misgives me about yon strange bonfire, that lifts its smoky wreath in the face of Heaven's storm."

Wheaton looked at the old man, and saw that, with an appearance of awe, his eyes were still bent westward as if to pierce the mystery of the obscuring rain; and half guessed that some remnant of old-world superstition had been awakened in his mind by what he had seen. He made no remark, however, for yon heavy drops began to patter around them, and he proceeded to undo the fastenings of the hut, to effect an entrance.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE CHARRED RUIN.

It was early daylight. The sky was clear, though but few stars could be seen, for already the brightness in the east had begun to "pale" them. A light mist, here and there, hung over the gurgling waters of the river, like the airy phantasms that are regaled to mortal graveyards at "All-Hallow-tide." Morning birds scarcely yet awakened the groves with their songs; though the whippoorwill, that mournful herald of day, at intervals blew his whistling note from the pine thickets along the shores.

Two men stood upon the southern shore, one holding a light shallop of a boat by a rope, and the other contemptively gazing down the stream and to the eastward, where the crimson of the growing dawn was rising in the sky, and was reflected in the water.

"No fear," said the former, as he tied the rope around a huge stone to serve as an anchor; "the lazy knaves won't want it, except for some evil, for a day at least, and we had the greatest need on't just now."

"It seems 'a still boy—a' quiet," answered his companion, thoughtfully; "but wha' kens that 'a day may bring forth," as the Scripture hath it?"

"Well," said the first speaker, "whom the reader will," by this time, recognise to be Wheaton, as well, to my mind, now, it would be just as well, whether it was right or wrong, about what with Jenny. We're not nigh enough yet to see anything, and needn't bother our heads till we are. The storm last night has done us one good service, and that is to give us high water for a safe shore across the stream, though if it hadn't been for Solon's boat we might have found it troublesome. As it is, may be, they'll find it so."

The place where the two men stood was at the foot of the shivering rocks, just where it was practicable to make the ascent of the cliff. All around them, down there under the evergreens, was yet dark as night, and a stranger would have groped about in vain for a place to climb. Not so with these men, however, for Wheaton scarcely hesitated ere he placed his foot on a projecting ledge and began to ascend the rocks as steadily as a fly creeping up a side wall. His companion, though much older and less active than himself, was no wise novice in this effort, for he secured him a broad and level footing.

"You say that you don't know anything about this quarrel between King George and us, and that all you want is to be let alone," said Wheaton, pausing on a small level spot, about half way up, and addressing his companion, who was close behind him; "but I'm thinking if this kind of work goes on, you'll have to fight for the privilege of being let alone."

"It may well be as ye argue," answered M'Donald, "for it will seem I must be harassed by the one side or the other. However, lad, the muckle thing for us noo to ascertain is how it fares w' them we left abuse us."

After pausing for a moment to take breath, they again resumed the ascent, and in a few seconds afterwards they stood on the top of the ledge. Here the daylight was quite clear, and except for the intervening woods, they could readily have seen the site of the house. The eastern horizon, now all aglow like molten gold, sent its reddish light silent across the face of the country, overboasting the sunken valleys, and kindling the hill-tops like bonfires. Without stopping, however, to contemplate a scene which would well have repaid the trouble, the two men now hurried forward, for more serious interests awaited them.

We have omitted to say that they were both furnished with guns, without which, in those days, nobody thought of travelling. They had taken them along, both in their departure and return. In any considerable journey firearms were quite as necessary to subsistence as to safety.

It would be difficult to say which of the two was actuated, in the present instance, by the strongest feelings. M'Donald was moved by the yearnings of a husband and a father, and by anxiety for his little household properties—the dearest to him from his exile and loneliness in a strange country; while with Wheaton the impulse was due to the selfish affections of early manhood, which had taken so strong a hold on his rugged nature as to have swayed his whole course of life, and to have withdrawn him from the turmoil of camp and border life to the peaceful pursuits of the mere settler.

It was not long before, almost side by side, they had reached the edge of the small clearing, which surrounded the house. Both at once paused.

"There be mist in the atmosphere e'en yet," said the old Scotchman, rubbing his eyes, "for I canna' precisely mak out the cabin from where we stand."

Wheaton did not at first reply, but soon, while pointing to a dark, irregular object some distance ahead, turned his face to the old man, with a look so full of emotion that his features almost writhed. His companion caught the expression; and following with his eyes the direction in which his attention was called, he also discovered the black mass in the midst of the field. His eye became fixed as if in horror, while his cheek blanched. He stood as if rooted to the spot, but he uttered no word. "Aye, the storm wrast! I did," he said at length in a hoarse whisper; "what said I then? It must have been a warning sign of the ruin of something near and precious to him who sees it." The old man seemed to lose strength and courage, and sat down upon a stone, covering his face with his hands.

Wheaton was unprepared for this burst of feeling, and hesitated for some seconds what to say or do. "It cannot be," he then said, hesitatingly; "it cannot be as bad as ye fear. 'Tis true, the house is burnt; but they've doubtless been carried off."

Burnt, scalped, or led captive by a gang of marauders, where? the conclusion ye gather fra' it?" replied the old man, bitterly.

"The hope," said Wheaton, stoutly, "the hope of finding them again, or—" and his voice deepened as he added—"or getting vengeance for 'em!"

"That boy, right," now said M'Donald, rising up, while his countenance became hard with a growing resolution; "How can ye go to ken there was still red Highland blood in ye reins? Was to ye!" he asked, shaking his fist in the direction of the house of the Smiths on the opposite side of the river; "was to ye! an' any one else that's a' to be companions, who by this time

By this time it was broad daylight—only a

little sobered by the lack of sunrise—so that they could distinguish the dark clump of shadowy logs which now formed all that remained of the house. The side timbers lay around, almost as sound as before the burning; but the roof, doors, windows, and all the little parts were consumed. It would seem as if the rain had arrested the progress of the conflagration.

Silently the two men now went down to the ruin. Everything was still; the destruction, so far as it affected the owner, was complete. All the little outbuildings were destroyed as well as the house, though of the contents of the latter, how much had been burned, or how much carried away, there was, of course, no means of conjecturing.

Perhaps the worst feature of the American Revolution was the character of a partisan or civil war, with all its concomitant domestic calamities, which, through the employment of Indian allies by the British Government, it soon assumed. Everywhere through the country the march of hostile army, accompanied as it was by swarms of dusky scouts, was marked by fields destroyed, houses burned, and families murdered or led away into captivity. The fatal hand fell upon all that came within its reach, whether passing or neutral; and the penetrating and unrelenting invasion of small plundering-parties through all the scattered settlements was perhaps far more injurious to the colonists than great defeats in pitched battles would have been.

The Johnsons of Johnson Hall, with their numerous relatives and dependents, and Brant, with the powerful tribes that he held in leash, well understood this mode of carrying on the war, and practised it from the beginning to the end. So harrowing and destructive were these enterprises through the Valley of the Mohawk and the contiguous settlements that many years before the final cessation of hostilities, it was estimated that of the entire population, one-third had been murdered or slain in battle; another third had gone over to the enemy; while among the plundered and mourning remnant there were yet three hundred widows and two thousand orphaned children.

It is no picture of romance we draw; it is only one of the ten thousand horrors of history.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### HOW THE WOODMAN DID NOT "FAKE THAT."

"WHAT could have become of Saquet?" asked Wheaton, as he and M'Donald sat dependently on a log in front of the burnt house, after a fruitless search for some clue to guide them in their immediate course.

"Did ye no say he sometimes took to hiding in the thicket behind the hill?"

"Right!" exclaimed Wheaton, jumping up with alacrity. "'Tis droll I hadn't thought of that before."

He now ran, with renewed hope, down to the head of the waterfall, crossed the stream, and reached the spot where the vine had hung. A partition—the upper one—hung there still; but the rest had dropped into the torrent, and was swung and whipped about in it, far below. Still Wheaton was even a little encouraged by what he saw. It might indicate that some one had reached the place of refuge, even though their escape from it had been then off. He hastily ran to the little clump of bushes already alluded to, as standing a row or so back, and on the creek's side. Dividing the foliage, and stooping over, he called as loudly as he could down the outline:

"Jenny! Ho! there, Jenny! are you there?" No answer was at first given; and he repeated his call.

This time, there was a quick response, not in the mellow and smothered tones of a woman, but in the wild burst of an Indian's whoop. Wheaton started, but immediately collecting himself, he called to his companions, who by this time had approached:

"The Oneida is here, sure enough; but whether there is any one else that we want, it's hard to find out; for through this narrow and crooked hole, we can't hear well enough to talk. I must get down to him or get him up in some way."

He paused a moment and looked about him. "It's lucky," he then said, as if he had already hit upon a plan; "it's lucky that my axe is here; for I suppose your's is gone with all the other things. I find it more useful, as a general rule, to carry an axe than a rifle."

"I see na' a' axe may be ye wad ha' hidden it?" said McDonald.

"You're right, then; hid it I have, and always do, seeing what a catch it would be for the first finder. But we've no time now for such talk, and I must to work."

So saying, he proceeded to a pile of wood that lay near the house, and which had remained untouched, and drew from beneath it the tool so much vaunted.

"You see," continued Whetson, when he returned, "as they're taken away one pair of stairs we must make another; and without this axe, we couldn't do it."

"May be, for 'at, ye might get to speak of the average snout the fa' ither," suggested the old man.

"No human voice can go down agin the noise of them waters," said Whetson; "but I'll try."

So saying, hastened to the edge of the precipice and shouted with all his might; but his voice, just over the roaring cataract, seemed only to mingle with the foam, and to echo back from a few feet only around the speaker. In gazing down, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing, by the side of the falling sheet of water, the head and shoulders of his Indian friend, who leaped out in recognition, and attempted to speak to him by signs.

All this, however, was of no use; and so far as their wish to learn the fate of McDonald's family was concerned, he might as well have been out of sight.

"I told you so," said Whetson, as much addressing himself as his companion; "that white pine must come down, or ye shan't get at the news in a week."

He now went to the large tree from which the upper tumbrel of the severed vine still hung. The tree was large, being nearly two feet through at the butt, and extending upward nearly twenty yards, without a limb. Its green and thick top rose above all the surrounding forest, like the crown of a monarch of the woods, as it was. It ascended almost perpendicularly from the earth, but its inclination, if any, was away from the gorge—this inclination being probably due to the prevailing push of the westerly winds.

The strong-armed woodman looked at it for a moment with the eye of a connoisseur; then approaching, with a wide swing of the axe he sent its ponderous blade down, drawing the bark into the solid wood, burying the bright metal more than half at the first stroke.

McDonald started to his feet.

"Ye surely wad na' fell the landmark?" he exclaimed.

"No other way for't," coolly answered Whetson, without immediately withdrawing the axe; ye see, no other tree near has a vine on't, and we must have this to get down the gulch by."

"But I see na' how it will do't, as it bears awa' fra' the hum, and will fa' thereby."

"Nerve ye not to be so afraid of the woodman, now shaking the axe low," "but stand by and see where it will fall. I intend to lay its head a little to the southward of that big stave across the creek. D'ye see it, there?"

Stepping around the tree several times, like an engineer reconnoitring a work he means to storm, he at length got to the place which suited his fancy, and from which he could make his first incisions on the side towards the stream. Then began the labor; and the skill which long

practice had given him was now manifest. By cutting deeply in on that side—so deeply as to sever the huge trunk much more than half in two—he at length made it incline gradually towards the brook. Slowly, as his blows fell within the wound he was making through the solid heart of the timber, did its trembling top swing westwardly; so that when, with a few final blows on the other side, given with force, he had parted the last stays which held it upright, it reeled for a moment, when it stood, like a soldier shot in the ranks, and then, with a creak at its base, and a swoop at its top, it began to move over and downwards.

The crash was tremendous! Several smaller trees that impeded its descent were stripped of their limbs, bent over, and crashed. The head of the great pine itself, as Whetson had anticipated, lay nearly a rod beyond the other side of the cism; and the main trunk extended across like a bridge, only a few feet below the head of the waterfall.

"Now, said Whetson, unconsciously mounting upon the fallen giant, and walking out upon it far enough to pick up the end of the severed vine; now we'll see if we can't soon find a way to get down behind the fall."

"Take care, laddie!" said McDonald, a little excited, as he saw the hardy woodman far out on the tree, and hanging over a gulf in which a fall would be certain death; "take care; ye're far o'er venturement! The vine may well reel with the weight of one like ye."

"Nonsense! for that, sir, said the man; "the weight of an ox couldn't break this here rope, as you shall see."

So saying he sat down on the timber, took a firm hold of the tumbrel with both hands, and swung off, as if he was precipitating himself into the abyss of spray and rocks below. The old man started, held his breath, and for a moment, in his intense interest, his pulse almost ceased to beat. For some space the woodman seemed to drop almost perpendicularly, but soon fetched up in a kind of semi-circular swing, as the vine tumbrel swung, and began to bring his weight upon its grip of the tree. Then there was a grating of the bark, the snapping of a twig or so, and Whetson could be seen down among the spray, holding on bravely to his support.

(To be continued in our next.)

The cargo of the ship *Grosvend*—the gift of America to the English operatives—was 12,780 barrels of flour, 400 boxes of butter, 100 barrels pork, 600 bushels corn, 600 barrels and boxes bread.

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## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, MARCH 7, 1863.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

BROKEN you set out to pay your respects at the house of an acquaintance, be sure you are wanted there. People, somehow or other, have a way of being confoundedly disagreeable when ever a visitor calls—not having been pressed to do so. Therefore, submit to the "pressure system" before you begin to feel anxious about paying the respects aforesaid.

### HEART FLOWERS.

Every little prattler bears a heart, wherein are countless cylinders filled with buds, that will grow in home-sold, home-light, and home-dear. It requires something more than intermittent care to tinge each opening petal with the richest hue. The home-sold should be deep with truth and obedience; the home-light warm and odorous with love; the home-dear the exhalation of a pure woman's excellence. Thus trained and fostered, the heart-flowers will daily develop multitudinous beauties, symbolical of heaven.

### LOVE.

An insignificant word is Love; and yet of how many poems, books, stories, tragedies, and episodes in life has it formed the subject? The painter at his easel raises his palette to transfer the semblance of the beauty that sits before him, looks into glittering eyes, and his heart is on fire with Love; the poet, stealthily writes, in the ardor of the conflagration which consumes his heart, sonnets to his lady's eyebrow; the warrior, that his lady-love's smile upon him when again he sallies forth in the ranks of her battle, incites not to face a more terrible but not more dangerous one in its work of destruction; the statesman battles in the senate hall that he may carry the triumph of the victor to his outmost's feet; and the grave, proud historian, when in the calm of his study he relates the theme of themes, how his pen becomes inspired and how roundly glowing are his sentences. Love is represented in the mythology of the ancients as a mischievous boy; but he certainly was the most powerful of the gods—not even Jupiter could withstand him! Love is a little word, but it expresses the controlling central passion of life; and it is, perhaps, well, after all, that its orthography is insignificant. Were it of many syllables, few incidents could be brought to pronounce it!

### HEALTH—ITS IMPORTANCE.

To enjoy personally the most important of all blessings—health—before which the wealth of a Croesus sinks into insignificance—we must follow the precept of Paul, "Be temperate in all things." What are houses and lands to him who writes in untold agony on a bed of sickness? What to him who is continually experiencing bodily sufferings due to the ravages of the lost soul is wealth? For a day's relief from pain gladly would he sign away his fortune; and to be assured, when the agony is most acute, that the blessed boon could be secured by a life of abject servitude to another, how would he bid the gods to deliver him from such an easy condition! Why should men be sick? Did they obey the higher promptings of their nature—not their gratifications—did they but use their reason—did they but spend one hour in every twenty-four in obtaining a knowledge of the laws of health, how few would suffer and die in consequence of the price of life? Saved by accident—none. The office of the physician then would be to teach, as of the first importance to all, hygienic laws, not to obstruct the mind in

its graspings after knowledge, confusing it by the use of technical phrases compounded of mongrel words from dead languages. St. Paul is right. Follow his advice—"Be temperate in all things"—and you will seldom have occasion to touch pill or powder.

#### SITTING FOR A PICTURE.

There is no surer way of making grand mistakes in this world than to attempt to decide character from the pictures of individuals seen in daguerotypes, *cartes de visite*, ambrotypes, &c. Were we to accept those fashionable "counterfeit presentments" as standards of individual character, justice would compel us to pronounce one-half of mankind slumping or smirking imbeciles, and the other half rigid and strong ascetics who "—would not, owe their mouths by way of smile."

Though Nature swore the just were laughable. It seems to be the most solemn conviction of persons who sit before the camera for their pictures, that it is the stern duty to deform their faces with the most unnatural and unlovely expression that can be assumed, and either to assume a ghastly smile, betokening a vague consciousness of something miserably silly, or to force a look intended to be so particularly dignified that it suggests the idea of a whole system perturbed by some unpleasant smell! This unfortunate misconception of the properties of portraiture is probably due to the tyrannical officiousness of the tribe of "operators" in the picture-establishments, whose custom it is, to first pose the siter in an attitude entirely devoid of ease, and then delude him, or her, into sickly contractions of countenance, which they designate "looking pleasant." The result generally is, a picture of a very stiff figure leaning drunkenly against a stove-like pillar, or sitting bolt-upright in a ridiculously large chair, with a countenance expressive either of unmitigated snirk, or mysterious unhappiness. This is well pronounced to be a "very fine picture," and the poor victim craves it sadly home to disfigure some gaudy album of similar monstrosities.

#### POWER OF THE VOICE OVER CHILDREN.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, or by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded—we refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied with words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language, in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. Let any one endeavor to read the image of a fond mother long since at rest in heaven. Her sweet smile, and ever clear countenance, are brought vividly to recollection; so also is her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance. What power has the infant to resist? It is not an array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one in letters, syllables, and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear, that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess the most influence. Think ye that this influence is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner and boisterous in speech? We know of no instrument so sure to convert these qualities as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to children. Perhaps a tone is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him

the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. We find, of our disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.

#### THE ANGLO-SAXON.

Whenever a race has made physical conquest of nations or races, without repulsive violence, it has engrained upon them its ideas and language. Conquests by violence have been productive of different results, from the fact that a conquered people, last of all things, adopt the language of hated task-masters. It was the violence of most of the Greek and Roman conquests, that prevented those powers from permanently extending their language and habits upon the conquered empires. And here lay the great element of their disruption and fall. The earth can never readily be compassed by one race, unless the language and genius of that race make deeper conquest than flows from customary diplomacy or the sword. Look now at the conquests of earth conquered by Spain in former times to her empire, and over which her language even now is spoken. By what process did she triumph in the extension of her ideas and language, so much more permanently than other nations that have for a period passed territorial conquest first? Either by making her conquests less repulsive to the conquered, or by annihilating the conquered, and filling their places with her own race. In this manner, by a most subtle policy, she made empire of more than half the hemisphere, and held it for centuries. Even when her physical power has been overthrown, in South and Central America, and in Mexico, she still holds sway in her ideas and language, and these will keep her in remembrance when the old physical boundaries of her empire are forgotten.

But the Anglo-Saxon conquest is destined to outstrip Greek, Roman, and Spanish, and to have a permanence as much superior to theirs, as are the principles and means by which it conquers. In less than three centuries, the Anglo-Saxon has emerged from the British Isles, and spread himself over the fairest portions of the globe. In Europe, in America, and even in Africa, he is predominant in present or prospective power and civilization. Wherever he has gone, or wherever he goes, nations and races yield to, or rather coalesce with him. He brings, or carries, a freedom, enterprise, and sociality, so superior to what he finds, that he is hailed and accepted, not as a task-master, even in his most violent moods, but as a regenerator. He touches no spot of earth that is not improved by his presence, and it is this fact that wins races to his ideas, his government, and his language. Unity of language is essential to the greatness and permanence of empire.

The spread and triumph of the Anglo-Saxon tongue—implying a triumph in everything relative—is a source for proud reflection to Britain and America. Whether it be accomplished by the liberal means of the enlightenment of the world, or by a conquest and source of pride to our race. We can see, without the glass of prophecy, the Anglo-Saxon a law-giver to the entire Western hemisphere, in less than a century to come. And he will be so chiefly by force of his nobler principles of government, his freer institutions, his franker and kinder social ideas, his superior intelligence, and the tokens he ever carries with him that he is happier and more prosperous than any of the races around him. He will conquer by his position, and through the sovereign elements of his nature.

Nothing d-ds the mouth so much as a quid of tobacco—except impure words.

Law is like a scolding wife—very bad when it follows us.

We sigh for the Past and long for the Future; the Past is a child, the Future is an angel.

#### YANKEE NOTIONS.

POTTERY THAT WON'T WASH—Domestic jars. THE BUTTEREST OF AMERICAN DRINKS—The militia drink.

A YANKEE has invented a medicine to remove a scab from a horse's side.

MAY it be said that a natty equipped soldier is "dressed to kill?"

"NATHEBON, your bell has gored my hog!" "Made a *buff-log* of the porker, eh?"

WHAT a pity that one cannot always get change for "golden opinions."

ONE kind of mortar is designed to fill up chinks; another to make them.

MANY a man keeps on drinking till he hasn't a cent either to his back or his stomach.

BLOWING the bellows of an organ may be properly called a play-tennis parrot. (Author absconded.)

WE see "David's fall style" advertised. The first David's fall style on record is the style of fall he gave Goliath.

A QUESTION FOR CLASSICAL SCHOLARS—Were the sacred fowls of the ancient Romans ever used for *lay* purposes?

BAYAN wishes to know whether the hunter after a cat is necessarily a *purr-daser* of the animal?

WEEK not Joseph's brothers the first founders? It is well known that they cast him in a pit.

A DRY-GOODS trader, giving up the business, becomes temporarily a blacksmith, because he goes to *counter-sinister*.

DR. BLUNDERBONE considered it not at all improper for men to be sick at supper, as it is only *good-if-it-lets*.

How melancholy the moon must feel when it has enjoyed the fullness of prosperity, and gets reduced to the last quarter.

It is said that no man can add a nib to his stature; but it is quite certain that a *short seaman* may become a *long-shore-man*.

It rained so in Boston the other day, that all the fishes in the harbor crowded under the bridges to get out of the wet.

Let a youth who stands at the bar with a glass of liquor in his hand consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

WANTED TO KNOW—If a good view is to be had from the top of the morning? If the man who did not know what to do ever got a job?

CON.—Why is a lady palling on her corsets like a man who drinks to drown his grief? Because in so facing herself she is *gutting* grief.

HARD UP.—A western editor is so hard put to it for paper that he has been obliged to sell his lake shirt in order to supply his paper manufacturer with rags.

BAD.—There is a young man in Toledo who has a stoop in his shoulders, on account of bending over so much to kiss the girls, who are rather short in his neighborhood.

WHICH?—A debating club in Worcester lately discussed the important question—"Whether a rooster's knowledge of day-break is the result of observation or instinct?"

CROCKERY.—Our Green Horn desires to know why crockery is so called, and will ask all other stockholders? And adds, very innocently, "Because it won't do for them to *crack* up their goods!"

HARRY.—A person meeting an old man with silver hair, and a very black, bushy beard, asked him "how it happened that his beard was not so

grey as the hair on his head?" "Because," said the old gentleman, "it's twenty years younger."

**QUESTION FOR CALCULATORS.**—If it takes twelve soldiers to carry a rifle-pit at the point of the bayonet, how large a hole in the ground could Dr. Windship, the strong man, lift with one hand?

**SHARP CHILD.**—Intelligent but crafty child: "Grandmother, do you want some candy?" Unsuspecting and affectionate old lady: "Yes, dear." Child: "Then go to the store and buy me some, and I will give you a part."

**STRONG RECRUITS.**—Adam Thunder has been drafted in Pennsylvania, and Theodore Lightning in Kentucky. Thunder and Lightning ought to finish the rebels, if grape and canister don't anticipate them.

#### UNITED AND UNITE.

United and unite are the same—so says you. I, not in wedlock, I won, has the unity too. In the drama of marriage, each wandering son. To a new love went to fly, to desert you and I, Each seeking to alter the spell of the scene.

**A THUNDERBOLT.**—"Nigger, I want to see ye one ob dem thunderdumms." "Well, Sam, percuss!" "Why am a nigger, after eating tall fish, like a celebrated poet?" "Do do;" less be-kase, be-kase—"Well, 'kase what?" "Why, 'kase he's Dryden!"

**FLURRIED.**—"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Argus of Freedom* intoxicated?" "Not at all, sir; I merely said that he had seen him so flurried in his mind, that he would undertake to cut copy with the snuffers, that's all."

**SHIRT OR SKIRT.**—"I am going to be called a printer's devil and a conjuror, I am," he claimed our distributor, the other day in a terrible pucker. "Well, what shall we call you, hey?" "Why, call me a typographical spirit of evil, if you please, that's all."

**HAND EGGS.**—"The *Worcester Patriot* editor makes merry over the mistake of a Shanghai hen of his that had been 'setting' for five weeks upon—few roared after and a prize of brick!" "Her anxiety," quoth he, "was less than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brick-yard—that hen is not safe."

**LADIES, LISTEN.**—Naemi, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married. Courage, ladies!

"There never was a goose so grey,  
But some, as you and I,  
An honest gander came that way,  
And took her for his mate."

**A TOAST.**—A sentiment at a celebration was: "Marriage—ordained for the happiness of man; through whose portals the bachelor will not, cannot, or dare not enter." Which was responded to as follows by a bachelor:—"The ladies—our stars before marriage, our stripes after."

**A FACT.**—A beautiful young lady in New York recently broke her leg. An unmarried surgeon attended her, and another accident worse than the first occurred. The patient was a physician full in love with each other. Papa refused his consent, but crafty Esculapius made out such a bill of visits, that he was finally glad to cancel it by a wedding.

**UNFORGETTING.**—In a country town in Massachusetts lived a man known as Uncle Zeke Cushing. He had a neighbor, Tower, whose he hated most religiously, for the reason that Tower had killed his favorite ram. Tower died, but not so with Cushing's wrath. At the funeral he looked upon the corpse, and turned away, gritting his teeth, saying,—"Ald my ram, will ye?"

**ROMANTIC.**—In the morning, we found out that Sam feller had bin committing a sin on Gran Ma's poetry and several other hens. When I gazed around upon the rack of matter

and the crash of chickens, I war led to exclama in the language of the Poit, when he sez—"I feel most like a feller who treads alone sans bankit but deserted, whose likes are dead, whose gals are fled, and all, 'twing him and an ole rooster and a few default hens departed. Yes, that not that nobil old foul like Melantony on a rok lading at Patients, as mister Shake spear sez in his Pistol to the Kuchus. That war Gran ma's favorite Rooster, and I could but lament in my very grief to see him a suttin up there without eny of his noomeria wares to kumfort his drooping spirit. What war they now?" and Ekko ansered whar?

**ZE NAME OF ZE STREET.**—A Frenchman, a stranger in Boston, stopped a lad in the street a few days since, and politely asked: "Mon fren, what's ze name of ze street?" "Well, you called it 'ze street' applied the boy. "For dennez! I have not ze name—what you call him?" "Yes, Watts, we call it, Watts-street, I told yer." "Zis street?" "Watts-street, old feller; and don't yer go ter make game of me." "Sacred men! I ask you one, two, three several times, and you tell me ze name of ze street street—eh?" "Watts-street, I told yer. Yer drunk, ain't you?" "Mon little fren, vere you li-f-eh?" "In Yandam-street." "Eh hie! You li-f in von damm street, and you is von damm fool—by deann!" And they parted with a mutual dislike.

#### TO MAKE PEA-SOUP.

Air.—"Do you ever think of me, love?"

Do you like the soup of pea, ma'am?  
Do you like the soup of pea?  
I'll tell you how to make it  
If you listen, ma'am,  
Steep your peas in dew, old water,  
Feed them in a pan;  
Then through a hair-sieve pass them—  
You must lout them till you can.  
Then tell me, did you ever  
Such a new foundation see?  
If you only do it clever—  
For the famous soup call'd pea.

To some broth that's strong and nice, ma'am,  
The peas you'll please to add—  
And a little wall-toiled rice, ma'am,  
Mix with it, and be heed;  
Take yolk of egg, and beat it;  
Feed them in my warming-weed,  
With the soup must heat it,  
Not boil it, or 'twill curd.  
Then taste, and say if ever  
A better soup you'd see?  
And if you answer "Never,"  
Eet it, and think of me.

#### A HARD WIND.

The Western States have been visited with numerous hurricanes of late years, sometimes demolishing entire villages, leveling forests, and doing immense damage generally. The town of M in Iowa, was once visited with one of these equals, and among other antics performed on that occasion this was told me. The reader can attach any degree of credence to it he deems proper.

Old Peter H—lived in a one-story wooden house, not very extensive dimensions, and when it was subjected to the force of the wind its powers of resistance were insufficient to withstand so great a pressure, and it yielded the point without a struggle—however, it was not upset, nor torn to pieces, but merely moved a few rods. In the course of the journey the store was upset and the fire sunk out, and the danger of conflagration was imminent. Old Peter was too much excited to notice the removal of his house; and seeing the necessity of immediately applying water to the burning embers on the floor, he seized a bucket and darted out behind the house, when he was met by the wind, and he found all the trace of his well obliterated. After looking in blank astonishment a moment, he called to his wife:

"Sarah, I'll be blamed if the wind has not blown the well clear out of the lot! There is not so much as a stone left!"

#### SMALL AUDIENCE.

An Oregon exchange says:—"We have never been highly celebrated for our great piety in Oregon indeed, giving but poor py, we can expect but a 'poor prech'; besides, we are denied those great incentives to civilization and morality—women, to lead the way."

"Our last—I had almost said our last preacher—was Brother Hawkins, and of him it was generally supposed that he had mistaken the name, and that another was 'called to the ministry' when he answered. Consequently he always had great difficulty in obtaining an audience; and end from a congregation of some ten or a dozen upon his first Sabbath, it had gradually dwindled in the course of a month to nothing. Finally, upon his last Sabbath, an audience assembling, Brother H. proceeded to the various whisky shops and billiard saloons, where the miners love to congregate, and informed them that he was about to preach the Gospel out upon an adjoining porch, and would be much pleased with their attendance. Only one accepted this generous invitation, Wyal, a careless, rollicksome fellow, who attended only because no one else did. After singing a psalm or two, and finding none other came, Brother H. turned to his *solitary audience*, and remarked that, as no one seemed desirous to hear him, he believed he would not preach."

"Preach away, old covey!" was the consolatory reply; "preach away! I'll hear you clean through!"

"But," remarked Brother H., with some spirit, "it's very hard to have to preach to nobody!"

"His audience rising indignantly to his feet, cried out: 'If you call me nobody, sir, I'll leave!'"

"Whereupon Brother H. apologized, and to conciliate his audience, preached him a sermon of nearly an hour in length, which was occasionally broken in upon by some half-inbriated outsider."

#### A YANKEE PILOT.

The captain of one of the Mississippi river steamers, one morning, while his boat was lying at her moorings at New Orleans, waiting for the early pilot—when it appears, was a rather uncertain sort of a fellow—saw a tall, gaunt Yankee make his appearance before the captain's office, and sing out:

"Hello, cap'n! you don't want a pilot nor nothin' about this 'ere craft, do ye?"

"How do you know I don't?" responded the captain.

"Oh, you need not understand; I axed you 's'poin' you did?"

"Then, supposing I do, what of it?"

"Well," said the Yankee, "I reckon I know suthin' about that ere sort o' business, provided you want a pilot; and I'll risk a shab on it."

The captain gave him a scrutinizing glance, and with an expression of countenance which seemed to say, "I should pity the snags!" asked:

"Are you acquainted with the river, and do you know where the snags are?"

"Well, cap'n," responded the Yankee, rather hesitatingly, "I'm pretty well acquainted with the river; but—the snags—I don't know exactly so much about."

"Don't know about the snags!" exclaimed the captain, contemptuously; "don't know about the snags!" You'd make a pretty pilot!"

At this the Yankee's countenance assumed anything but an angelic expression, and with a darkened brow and a fiercely-flashing eye, he drew himself up to his full height, and indignantly roared back in a voice of thunder, "What do I want to know where the snags are for, old sea-hog? I know where they ain't; and there's where I do my sailing!"

It is sufficient to know that the Yankee was promptly engaged, and that the captain takes pleasure in saying that he proved himself one of the best pilots on the river.

## SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

By Professor Julius Caesar Hannibal.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:** It an oberwhelmin' proof dat a great thirst for nolgah bag bin wakened in your minds, to see you all turn out dese cold nites to hear your suspected lecturer luscinate de grade of fundamental principles ob sianior, and ef de colickshun was only large nuff to buy a haff a ton insted ob haff a peck ob cole at a time, your tastes and noses woud be much more comfortable. I shall on dis 'tichler 'casion lektor on de history, costum, and occupation ob—De Goat.

De goat, my ingenious harers, muss be one ob de most beautiful animals in eristendom, or else de bawk claudies woud not try so hard to make demself look so much like him. It seems to me dat as soon as a young man's beard shows itself sufficient to indicate de approach ob whiskers, his ambition is to look like de Billy Goat, an den as soon as a positive goatee an raised ha puts on he cre-wet wid de ends sticking out each side ob he head, which make him look like a he goat wid a yoke on to keep he head out ob de mischief, and den he may be called a buck goat.

Dar an two kinds ob goats: de Billy goat and de Nancy goat. De one am de female, and de oder de male. You will see a grate many ob de former round de streets, when you ob korre kam 'zannum de animals in a perfect state ob laborer. De themale goat gibe de same as de cow only not so much ob it, nor is it as good as de mudder cow's, kase you karot make butter nor cheese wid it. De female den't gib anything but butts.

De goat am found all ober town, 'specially round hev stables among de horses. They am berry fond ob boxes and like to sleep wid dem when dey don't kick. He am a berry corrugous antile, and will sile wid odder goats till he die. I do not belibe dey tink demself as good lookin as de dandies tink dey am, kase if you take a looking-glass whar he can see heseff, he will at once, widout de least emotion, raise heseff upon he hind legs and make sile at ob he own likeness and butt de glass into a toward pieces. Sometimes dey butt odder tings beside goats. Ef dey don't happen to like de 'pearance ob a sheep or a man dey will go at em like a house a fire. Ob Hraider Sampson was butt off de bridge one day by one ob dese fellows. He had been a fishin and was stoopin ober pickin up he fish when a big he Billy Goat, not likin de way Sampson rounded up, rushed at him and buttin him on de trousers and ober-board he went. Billy looked at him in de water for a minit, and den run and shipped round in de greatest glee to see de mischief he had done. He am full ob pluck, but we neber see him jine any ob de soger companies. He am a berry wicked feller, and it can easy seen what am ment by comparisons de white trash to de goat. It am kase dey got de long hair; and it am as easy seen who am de lams ob de flock and de shep ob de fide. It am de cultered peepil, kase dey got de wool, and dare whar we got de wite peepil plun.

In answer to de immunity dat waitet on me and wished to see what woud be de most excusable to me fur a present, I hab de honor to say that I want a new pair ob second hand troussers; titty bad, and my hoots wants haff solin berry bad—de snow has played de dehbil wid dem boots—dese, wid a hundred Cox Bay clauds, woud be tankfully ob de present, pursuin I git an obercoat and a hat wid dese.

John de Baptist Crooked Neysey will pass de nasser this time.

Turn poet says, "full many a flower is born to blash unseen"—and so is many a maiden, so far as our observation extends.

ANOTHER danger, the body sometimes runs back to the soul, and the child runs to the father, and advances again with its hand in his,

## TABLET OF MEMORY.

## IMPROVEMENTS, DISCOVERIES, ETC.

**Canon.**—See *Guns*. Canonization first used by papal authority, 903. Caps first worn, 1449.

Cards invented in France, first used for Charles the Sixth's amusement, 1380; they were forbidden the use of in Castle in 1387.

Carp first brought to England, 1525. Carriages introduced into Vienna, 1615; into England, 1680.

Carring in marble invented, 772 A.C. Catalogues of English printed books were first published in 1595; in Ireland, 1632.

Cauliflowers first planted in England, 1603. Celery first introduced to the English table by Count Tallard, during his captivity in England, after the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709.

Celestial sphere, first seen in Greece, brought from Egypt, 368 A.C.

Chain-stitch invented by Admiral de Wit, 1698. Chairs, second, first used in London; a fourteen years' patent for selling them granted to Dandcombe, 1634.

Charity-schools first begun in England, March 25, 1583; 160 schools within London, Westminster, and the bills of mortality, established by laws 1658 and 1707, inclusive.

Charters were first granted to different cities in England, 1179.

Cheltenham mineral spring discovered, 1740. Chemistry and distillery introduced into Europe by the Spanish Moors, who learned it of the African Arabs, and these of the Egyptians, 1150.

Cherry-tree first brought from Pontus by Lucullus to Rome, 70; apricots from Epirus, paches from Persia, the finest plums from Damascus and Armenia, pears and figs from Greece and Egypt, citron from Males, pomegranates from Carthage, about 114 A.C.

Cherry-trees first planted in Britain, 100 A.C.; brought from Flanders and planted in Kent, with such success, that an orchard of 32 acres produced in one year 1,000,000, 1540.

Chies, the game of, invented, 608 A.C. Chies, at Clutham, for the relief of women, instituted, 1588.

Chiaro-obscuro, the art of printing, with three plates, to imitate drawings, first used, 1500. Chimes on bells invented at Alost in 1487.

Chimneys first introduced into buildings in England, 1490; there was only one in the middle of the building till 1300.

China made in England at Chelsea, in 1752; at Bow, in 1758; and in several parts of England in 1760; by Mr. Wedgwood, 1762; at Dresden, in Saxony, in 1766.

China porcelain first spoken of in history, 1591. Chivalry began in Europe, 912.

Chocolate introduced into Europe from Mexico in 1520.

Cinnamon trade first began by the Dutch, 1506; but had been known in the time of Augustus Cæsar, and long before.

Cinquante-ports vested in barons for the security of the coast, 1078; first received their privileges, 1216.

Circuits, Judges of the, first appointed, 1176. Circumnavigators (English) were, Drake, undertaken, 1577; Cavendish, 1586; Cowley, 1593; Denham, 1689; Cooke, 1749; Cipperton and Sholcock, 1719; Anson, 1740; Byron, 1764; Wallis, 1766; Carteret, 1766; Cook, 1768, 1772, 1776; continued by King, 1780; and since by Portlock, &c., in 1788.

First entered the Pacific Ocean was Magellan, a Spaniard, 1520. Other Spanish circumnavigators were Groot, 1597; Arad, 1337; Mendana, 1667; Quiros, 1625.

The Dutch circumnavigators were De Maire, 1615; Tasma, 1642; Roggevin, 1721. M. Bougainville, the Frenchman, 1770, and several others since.

## AMERICAN FAMILY PHYSICIAN

## SKIN DISEASES.

(Continued.)

**SCABIEZ FEVER.**—Treatment.—(continued).—If there is much fever and soreness of throat, give tincture of hellebore\* often enough to keep down the fever.

It would also be useful to commence treatment with an emetic; and to soak the feet and hands in hot water containing a little mustard or cayenne pepper; continuing this bath for twenty minutes, twice a day, for two or three days. The cold stage being past, give the fever, having set in, warm water may be used without the mustard or pepper. If the head is affected put drafts upon the feet; and if the bowels be costive, give a mild physic. Solid food should not be allowed; but when the fever sets in, cooling drinks, such as lemonade, tamarind-water, rose-water, flaxseed tea, thin gruel, or cold water may be given in reasonable quantities. To stimulate the skin, muriatic acid, forty five drops in a tumbler filled with water and sweetened, and given in doses of a teaspoonful, is a good remedy.

Where the disease is very violent, and the patient inclines to sink immediately; where typhoid symptoms appear, and there is great prostration; the eruption strikes in the skin changes to a mahogany color, the tongue is a deep red, or has on it a dark brown fur, and the ulcers in the throat become fatal, the treatment must be different from the above. In this case it must be tonic. Quinai\* must be given freely; and wine whar, mixed with toast-water, will be useful. Tincture of cayenne, in sweetened water, may be given in small doses. Gargles are also necessary. A good oint is made of pulverized cayenne, one dram; salis, one dram; boiling water, one gill. Mix, and let them stand fifteen minutes. Then add one gill of vinegar. Let it stand an hour, and strain. Put a teaspoonful in the child's mouth once in an hour.

A warm bath, taken once or twice daily, as soon as the skin begins to peel off, to prevent drooping. If droopy sets in, the bath once in three days is sufficient; and sweating should be promoted by giving the tincture of Virginia snake-root, and similar articles. A generous diet should be allowed, at the same time, to bring up the child's strength.

**ERUPTIVAS** is an inflammation of the skin, affecting only a portion of the body's surface, and is accompanied by fever, which is thought to be contagious. The local inflammation spreads; it is deep, and attended by swelling, burning, and tingling heat. When it is redness which disappears when the skin is pressed by the finger, and returns on remitting the pressure.

**Symptoms.**—Chilliness and shivering, followed by heat; depression of spirits; weariness, pains in the back and limbs and in the head; quick, hard pulse, thirst, loss of appetite, tongue coated with white, bitter taste in the mouth, nausea, vomiting, pain in the stomach, and costiveness. These symptoms appear several days before the local inflammation; they increase with the redness of the skin, and disappear upon its decline. The nervous system is very much affected, and a low delirious condition is produced. When the inflammation subsides, the bowels relax, and the scurf-skin peels off. Sometimes matter forms under the skin, and occasionally mortification takes place. The face is generally the seat of the disease; and it commonly begins on one side of the nose, and spreads to that side of the face, closing up the eye, and disfiguring the features shockingly.

(To be continued in our next.)

\* Tincture of American hellebore, one dram; tincture of black cohosh, two ounces. Mix. Take one teaspoonful three times a day. A child one scruple. Alcohol, four ounces. Quinai, one ounce. Muriatic acid, five drops. Madder, wine, one quart. Mix. Two wine-glasses a day.

(To be continued in our next.)



# THE SCRAP BOOK

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ONE PENNY.



THE PRISONER AND HIS SON.

## THE SECRET OYPHER; OR, MYSTERY OF A LIFETIME.

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.  
AUTHOR OF "THE TRAIL;" OR, ARNOLD VAN TRAITOR."

### CHAPTER XI.

SLOWLY and painfully Leila awoke again to life and sense! But what an awakening. The blow had fallen—the dreaded hour had come—and now she was feeling its effects.

Cyril hastily prepared to return, and after making his few preparations, he spent the few hours that remained in her company.

The awful news had been communicated to the guests, who had taken their departure shocked and wondering. The gaily and the laughter had ceased; the festal decorations

looked like mockery amid the present sadness. What a change had been produced in so brief a time!

A few moments of deep silence followed Cyril's first entrance into Leila's company.

"It is a bitter disappointment, Leila. To think that this should come at such a time! I must leave you, my love and my bride. If it had only happened a little later, then you might have come with me. We should have been united, and there would not have been added to the grief of this misfortune the more bitter grief of parting."

"And when will we meet again?" said Leila, mournfully.

She had grown calmer now. She was even less disturbed and less miserable than she had been ever since that fatal interview with Judah. The worst horrors of certainty were more endurable than constant suspense.

"Do not be so disheartened, Leila. It is sudden and it is terrible, but it will all pass away."

"I hope so."

"You talk as though you actually thought there was danger!" cried Cyril, passionately.

"Is there no danger?"

"How can there be? Do you suppose that my father is otherwise than innocent? It would be impossible, under any amount of proof, to convict a man like him of such a crime."

"Ah, Cyril, you are his son. Others may not judge so kindly."

"They will judge justly, and that will be enough for me. My father may suffer for a time from this disgrace, but his name cannot be dishonored, nor can his character be blasted. A lifetime of integrity and noble actions cannot



be annihilated by mysterious appearances in connection with guilt and death.

"I will hear from you soon, at any rate."

"You shall hear immediately. I can see for myself. Perhaps by the time I get there all this storm will have blown over."

"But he will be here to go through a regular trial in the court, will he not?"

"I suppose so."

"These witnesses will be very bitter against him."

"Why so? There is John Ford, a man whom my father has always befriended. He is anxious to avenge his daughter, of course, but he will never believe that my father is guilty of her death. He will, no doubt, give his testimony as favorably as possible. He ought to know best of all that my father could not have been guilty, and that, in fact, he never associated with this girl."

"Does he know that, though?"

"Of course—he must know it."

"I hope so, dear Cyril, but do not be too sanguine. I trust in Providence that your father will finally escape from his troubles, but I fear that escape will be difficult."

"You are too despondent, Leila. Look, now, at the other witness—Judah Murdock—a warm personal friend. He never had but one little difference. He has become strangely mixed up in this affair, I confess, but he is too good a fellow, after all, to stand by in us in this time of trouble."

"And do you think this of him," said Leila, mournfully.

"Of course; why not?"

"Do you think he is your friend?"

"Most certainly."

"Do you not know that our engagement has made a great change in him?"

"Certainly not, beyond a passing jealousy. But what does that amount to?"

"Everything, in one so subtle and so vindictive as he."

"Subtle! vindictive! Leila, explain yourself," said Cyril, in astonishment and alarm.

"It has all come to light now. There is no further need to deceive you. You cannot have forgotten the misery in which I have passed the last few days."

A new light began to dawn on Cyril.

"Well," he asked, breathlessly.

"You remember the day you went fishing?"

"Yes."

"Well, on that day Judah Murdock called on me."

"And what then?"

"He offered his hand in marriage."

"The second!?" cried Cyril, starting to his feet. "Did he not know that you were mine?"

"Yes."

"What did he mean, then, by such base-ness?"

"He had reasons which he thought were strong enough."

"Is it possible that he can be such a traitor?"

"What were those reasons?"

"All that has since occurred."

"How did he know it?"

"He had found some secret papers, and had gone and exhumed the body. He had amassed terrible proofs against your father, which, in his opinion, were enough to ruin him for ever. I knew how cautious he was, and how deeply he could scheme, and I saw in one glance all the danger that was before you. He then offered to conceal all this, and never to divulge it to a living soul, and to destroy every proof, if I would accept him."

"Oh, heavens! what a viper have we had among us!"

"When he saw how steadfast I was, he showed me the consequences of my constancy to you. Your father would meet with a fate of unutterable horror, and you, overwhelmed with dis- honor, would be driven to some far distant land. Then he showed me that it was

in my power to rescue you from all this agony and shame. May God forgive him for all the misery which he has brought upon me since that time. I have had neither peace nor rest; the fearful anticipation of all this has haunted me incessantly. I could not confide in any human being, but had to bear them all myself."

"Oh, Leila, why did you not tell me all?"

"I was afraid. I could not."

"But it was worse to keep silence."

"I saw no possible way for you to escape. The accusation would come whether you knew it or not."

"But I could have flown to my father. I could have prepared him for this. At any rate, I could have been with him to support him when this blow descended."

"And what would I have done?" murmured Leila, expressing in her beautiful eyes all her affection. "Could I speak the word that was to send you from me?"

"I could have hunted up this wretch," cried Cyril, "and forced from him a confession of his villainy. I could have wrung from him his secret, and made him tell what it was that led him on, and by what he hoped to support his children."

"But what good would that have done?" asked Leila. "His proofs, he says, are strong, and he relies implicitly upon them. Besides, you see, the girl's father is now joined with him in this horrible accusation."

"And have you had to bear all this alone, without sympathy or support, my poor girl, for so long a time? How could I have been so blind? I have chided you, and been angry with you. Instead of comforting, I have only added to the load of your griefs."

"Oh, Cyril, my heart's grief was the thought that I was all impending over you, and that you were unconscious of it."

"Oh!" cried Cyril, as he strode about the room in an agony of rage and passion. "If I can only find this miserable Judah Murdock—I can only get within reach of him, I would be willing to die the next moment. I will see his face, I will see him, and cannot avoid me. As true as there is a God in heaven, I will give him a lesson that he will remember till the latest day of his life."

"Cyril, Cyril," cried Leila, "do not talk so. Oh, restrain yourself. You will only get into further trouble. If you yield to your feelings in this way, how can you be of any assistance to your father?"

"Well, well," said Cyril, after a brief struggle with his feelings, "I am wrong, at least, in being so violent before you. Forgive me, dearest Leila. But perhaps there is no need of being so frightened as I have been. There is no real danger. Of course, my father will be triumphantly acquitted, and we will meet again in a very brief space of time."

Cyril began to speak in a cheerful tone, and Leila herself began to feel less despondency.

#### CHAPTER XII.

As last the parting words were spoken, and Cyril took himself away. Going down the road with rapid steps, he soon reached the wharf, and jumped on board the packet.

Now that there was no longer any restraint upon him, he gave way to all the gloomy feelings that oppressed him. All that Leila had told him of Judah Murdock's jealousy, his malice, his vindictiveness, and his subtlety, recurred to his mind with double violence. He could no longer control the deep rage that filled his breast.

Looking back, at the vessel gilded out of the harbor, he saw the Judge's villa, embowered amidst trees and shrubbery; that place where he had passed so many happy hours; those pleasure-grounds where he had enjoyed so many delightful strolls; and the verandah, from which he and Leila had so often looked out upon the glorious scenery around.

"Farewell!" he murmured, "seems of dear

delights, of love, and bliss. There lies my past—where is my future? Shall the dark cloud pass away and leave me free to return, or shall it roll on and deepen into a storm, which shall shatter all my life to pieces!"

"Oh, if this had but come a little later, but one hour later, Leila would have been mine, and even calmly could not sever us. But now we must part, and who can say if ever we shall meet again!"

The vessel passed out to sea and soon encountered the long ocean billows. The wind blew furiously, and the waves rose into a storm. The sailors, who were engaged one and the other of nature accord to give him some relief from the darker terrors of impending sorrows. He did not dare to think of his father, but it was difficult to keep his thoughts away. Still they would return to this subject, and his fancy would bring his father before him—captivity, in sorrow and disgrace, with terrible proofs of guilt threatening him, and the strong arm of the law raised threateningly over his head.

"Whatever happens, one thing at least is mine," he cried; "and that is, vengeance on Judah Murdock!"

The men on board the schooner knew his grief and respected it. The passage was a rapid one, and at midnight he stepped ashore on the wharf at Walton.

All was dark and silent. The moon was just rising, and throwing a pale lustre over the scene. No lights gleamed from the windows, for every one had retired to rest. With a sinking heart he directed his steps to his own home.

The large house stood dark and gloomy before him, as though the inanimate mass were affected by the common misfortune.

"Wonder," he thought, "if any one is in." With a heavy step he rang the bell. The tones sounded deeply and clearly, but there was no response. Again and again he rang, but for a long time in vain. At last, to his relief, he heard footsteps along the hall.

"Who is there?" asked a voice.

"I am—Cyril."

Instantly the door was opened, and Cyril saw the old housekeeper. She looked at him with inexpressible mournfulness, and said:

"Alas! Mr. Cyril, it's a bitter day for us all."

"My father is—is—" he could say no more.

"They have taken him away," said she; "and he is not at home."

Cyril bowed his head, and entered slowly and sadly. He asked no more questions, but wandered mournfully about, scarcely knowing what to do. He could not see his father that night, for they would not open the prison gates at such an hour. He would have to wait till morning, and pass the intervening time as best he could.

Sleep was out of the question, nor did he even think of it. He tried to read, but that was impossible, for still the image of his imprisoned father would come between him and the page to torment him. He turned to his desk, after vainly trying to persuade him to rest, and retired, and left him to himself.

He wandered about through all the rooms, and constantly pulled out his watch, and cursed the slow progress of time.

At last he could endure it no longer. He left the house and went to the streets. Mechanically his footsteps turned toward the prison. Almost before he knew it, he stood before it, and gazed upon its gloomy form with its heavy, grated windows, and massive doors.

Shuddering, in spite of himself, he turned away. He saw the road and round the corner, scarcely knowing what he did, and at length he went out toward the country. In a short time he had reached the old homestead. Up the avenue he turned and walked slowly onward, directing his steps toward the wall, which had borne so great a part in his destiny.

But what was he doing? He kept on, though more silently. The voices came from somewhere

who were near the old well. The trees that surrounded it concealed them from view. He drew nearer, slowly and cautiously, hoping that he might have something which would have some reference to his father.

"You will not fail, then," said a voice, whose familiar tones made his heart throb with wild vehemence.

"Fall you? Though it were the last moment in my life, I would summon up enough strength to give my testimony!"

"You have no latent kindness for this man, Mr. Ford; have you?"

"I used to love Blount Aymar, but now desire for vengeance has quenched all these feelings. His kindness to me sprung from a desire to stone for this crime."

"Can you not remember ever seeing them together?"

"Never."

"Did she ever mention his name?"

"Never."

"If I had no love for you, you know of?"

"None whatever."

"No matter. I have the papers that will show everything."

"I never found any papers of hers. She must have destroyed them."

"Most probably. But we can manage now without them. You will live to take vengeance over the greatest mercenary that lives—the cruel and remorseless destroyer of your child—Blount Aymar."

"Villain!" cried a voice of thunder.

A crash sounded among the bushes, an iron grasp caught him by the throat, and the next moment he fell heavily to the ground.

"Murder!" cried Judah Murdock, staggering to his feet.

He drew a pistol from his breast, and held it at his assailant. But the next moment it was hurled from his grasp into the well.

By this time Judah Murdock had recognised him. He started back.

"Cyril!"

"Aye, villain—I am Cyril. I come in good time to have my revenge on you. Disse coward and assassin! How have you dared to invent your diabolical lies about my father?"

And seizing him by his mighty grasp, he dragged him toward the well.

"Help! help!" shrieked Judah.

All this had been the work of a few minutes. Old Ford stood stupefied with astonishment. He was rushed to help Judah.

"Let him go," he cried, seizing Cyril.

But the next moment Cyril hurled him headlong to the ground.

"Beware how you stand between me and him."

"Ay, but I will stand," cried the old man, in thrilling tones. "Let him go. Your father's sin is bad enough, but it will not help him, if his son imitates his example. That well has blood enough to answer for."

His tones chilled Cyril's blood.

"Old man, beware! My father's wrongs cry out for vengeance, and I am desperate."

"And I, too, am desperate!" exclaimed the old man. "Look at me. For thirty years I have waited for this day. God has sent me at last the destroyer of my child."

"Who destroyed your child?"

"Blount Aymar."

"It's false!" cried Cyril.

"It's true—as there is a God in heaven."

"Vex me no more, I warn you," cried Cyril. And at the same moment he raised Judah Murdock in the air, as though he were a child, and held him over the pit.

"Make your last prayer," he cried, "for the next moment you die!"

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Judah.

"Stop!" cried Ford, in such a tone that Cyril turned.

"Your father has yet a chance," said he.

"Who can tell that he will be convicted. But

if you involve yourself in murder, his acquittal would be nothing to him. Think of him, and restrain your madness."

Those words seemed to calm the frenzy of Cyril. He put Judah Murdock down, but still held him fast.

"Look at me," cried Ford. "Thirty years ago I had a happy home. A lovely daughter gladdened it. She was murdered—foully, horribly murdered. Thirty years passed on, and not I find her remains. If I now cry for vengeance on the murderer, who will blame me?"

"My father is innocent."

"If he is he will be acquitted, then. Do not add to your misfortunes. Let that man go."

"Go, then," said Cyril, scornfully. "Go—but mark this—if my father comes to sorrow—if he is condemned—then from that moment you are a doomed man; and I will hunt you through the world till I destroy you."

Released from Cyril's tremendous grasp, Judah Murdock darted into the woods and fled.

### CHAPTER XIII.

WHILE Cyril was waiting in ardent impatience for the hour in which he could see his father, he learned something about the incidents of his arrest.

At first no one believed it, but when it was at length known that the officers of justice were preparing to arrest him, then the excitement of the people knew no bounds.

Hosts of friends came forward from all directions with assistance and sympathy. They urged Blount to avail himself of the short interval of freedom which was yet allotted him to escape, but this he refused to do. He contented himself with maintaining his innocence, and assured his friends that there was no danger.

Others endeavored to have the prosecution of such a nature that the prisoner could come out on bail. But this was impossible, owing to the grave nature of the charge.

Others, confident in his perfect innocence, encouraged him, and told him to meet the present crisis with fortitude, since he was supported not only by his own conscience, but by the sympathy of the whole community.

At last he was taken to prison. He passed through the grim portals which shut him in for the allotted cell, and entered a prisoner into his outer cell.

He looked around with a mournful gaze upon his narrow chamber. In prison, and under a heavy accusation, he might well feel downcast and miserable. The narrow grated window looked out upon the prison yard, and the view was obstructed by a high stone wall which enclosed the jail.

"How comes this?" he murmured. "Earth cannot cover her bones. She comes forth once more to the world, and her blood calls for vengeance. And this old man is possessed with the very demon of revenge—he calls for justice upon the destroyer of his child. Mysterious are the ways of Providence and passing out!"

But the next day he was released. What chance had possessed this young Murdock? How did he make the first discovery? He, too, seems excited by a spirit as eager and as insatiable as that of old Ford himself.

"What will be the result to me? These men possess a collection of proofs that press hard against me. And what can I do? Nothing. I am dumb."

Thoughts like these filled his mind; yet to outward appearance he was as untroubled and as untroubled as in his happiest days.

The kindest attention was shown to him as he was allowed the use of pen and paper, and for the first few days he occupied himself with writing down business directions and explanations for the use of Cyril, to whom he also wrote the letter which he received at Danville.

He also wrote to his business agents and correspondents in different parts of the world, as usual, and both received and answered letters from abroad.

His friends came in crowds to see him and comfort him. They brought him all the current news, and talked encouragingly to him of his prospects.

His calm and untroubled face excited their astonishment. His coolness and tranquillity were wonderful. Not a tremor could be detected in his voice, nor any token of nervousness in his manner. He conversed upon the subject of his arrest with perfect freedom and the utmost apparent unconcern, and discussed the nature of the different proofs against him with the *sang froid* of a spectator rather than the earnest interest of a chief actor.

The news spread through the town, and the report of Blount's cool and determined air increased the general belief in his innocence. It was the constant theme of discussion. His friends were confident, and assured one another of his final triumph. They laughed at the possibility of guilt on his part, and fully believed that every mysterious circumstance could be fully and perfectly explained. Thus popular feeling was universally in his favor, and in his boundless sympathy many went even so far as to talk about breaking open the jail, so as to deliver him from this unjust imprisonment.

Meanwhile, however, other elements had also been at work endeavoring to create a reaction.

Judah Murdock was there and could not be idle. He had entered into connection with the editor of a paper, which had some considerable influence, and used his position to change the current of popular sympathy. Here, from day to day, little paragraphs and items appeared which tended to bring forth the history of poor Emily Ford into a greater degree of prominence.

Under the appearance of a desire to acquaint the public with all the facts of the case, he searched out the old files of newspapers published at the time of the awful tragedy, and again sent the story forth to the world. The first news of the event as it burst upon the ears of the citizens, the rewards which were offered, the earnest endeavor of all to discover some traces, the diligent search of the police in every direction—all these were published again. The editorial remarks upon the sympathy which had sprung up and the dark mystery of the whole transaction, the excitement which dropped from day to day and would not be quelled—all these, as they were told over again, were not without their effect, since it gradually transferred the feelings of the people from Blount to the poor young girl.

In the same paper there also appeared an account of the reaction which had raised. His daughter had been the joy and delight of his existence, and when he lost her all the charm of life was ended. From that time he had lived on, a heart-broken man, sustained only by the hope of future retribution. Thus the old man, with all his long train of sorrows, was presented to the public as the victim of the pity of the public, and the appeal on his behalf was not ineffectual.

There were other circumstances also which were not forgotten.

Shortly after the disappearance of the girl the old housemaid, a neglected creature, had remained uninhabited ever since. It was given out at the time that this was owing to the death of Blount's only brother, who had died abroad; yet now it seemed probable that there was a deeper cause than this for the determined repugnance which Blount had always felt towards the home of his childhood. It was now known that there had been ever allowed any one else to inhabit the place. His visits there were only made at rare intervals, and then from purposes of necessity.

It was also insidiously shown that Blount

Aymar had felt such deep pity for the misfortunes of John Ford, that ever since that time he had taken particular pains to befriend him. The old man was naturally possessed of a rugged spirit of manly independence, so that direct gifts would have been rejected. Blount knew this, and managed to give him favors in such a way that he could feel no objection toward receiving them.

All these things were told in the most indiscreet manner, not exhibiting any trace of ill-feeling against Blount, but producing them as proofs of his innocence and charitable disposition. But the effect was terrible toward Blount's cause. The people interpreted all this as the writer intended; their feelings slowly but surely underwent a change, confidence gave place to doubt, and even Blount's strongest friends felt dismay at all this array of terrible facts. The writer, expressed the strongest sympathy for Blount, and enumerated all his excellent qualities; but it was seen that a good character, and a life of integrity, might still be consistent with early crime, and it was felt that his cause must indeed be weak if he had nothing else than this to rely upon.

Blount saw all the papers, and understood it all. He perceived how the faith of his friends was shaken, and how their fear and doubt increased. In the course of a few days his sympathizing visitors had ceased their attentions to him. He was left alone to his own meditations. Bitter indeed must they have been to a man in his situation. Despoiled, forsaken, bound in close confinement, with a terrific doom impending, he might have yielded to despair had his nature been less resolute. But so strong was his spirit, that he still preserved his marvellous fortitude unchanged, and exhibited the same calmness that he had shown at first.

This very calmness and fortitude was noticed in the paper. The editor pointed it out, not as a proof of innocence, but as a sign of wonderful self-control. And so even this was interpreted by the public as the same self-mastery that had kept so long and so well the awful secret of his youth.

On the very morning when Cyril was going to see his father, the paper reappeared and it gave an account of his assault upon Judah Murdock.

The editor alluded to his arrival home under such mournful circumstances, and spoke of his marvellous resemblance to his father both in person and in nature. Then he described his frenzy as he attacked Murdock and sought to destroy him, and the difficulty with which he was prevented. A few remarks followed to the effect that no prosecution would be made against him, as Judah Murdock felt more sorrow than anger.

This paragraph completed the revolution of feeling. It was easy to see how the father could have committed this crime, since the son had so nearly perpetrated the same.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

At last Cyril was admitted into his father's cell. He turned pale as he entered and saw his father. Blount received him with extreme joy.

"You are not much changed, father."

"No. Why should I be?"

"I should think that anxiety would affect you."

"I have no anxiety."

"No. You need have none. You are innocent. But still these fellows have collected a horrible mass of evidence against you."

"Yes. They have done all that they could—none of them, at least."

"Judah Murdock?"

"Yes."

"What set him first on the track of this? Do you know?"

"I believe he found some papers. I can't imagine why he shows such venom."

"Oh, that is easily explained. He is a perfect demon, for malice and for sabbatry. He hates me because I was preferred to him by Leila."

"Ah, that is it; I never knew that till now. That accounts for it all. He wishes to ruin us by one blow."

"He seems to have infused his own spirit into John Ford. The old man hates you now as much as he once loved you."

"I supposed so. His daughter's disappearance has never been forgotten by him. It has been the one thought of his mind for years. Now all the concentrated wrath of those years centres upon me."

"Haro you thought yet of your defence."

"No. I know of no plea to bring up. I must wait the chapter of accidents."

"You have only your own good name to rely upon."

"That is all. That seems to be growing weaker, however, thanks to this Murdock, who has been diligently writing me down ever since he came here."

"Writing you down?"

"Yes," said Blount, in answer to Cyril's wondering question; and he then told him all that Judah had been doing in the paper.

"That accounts for the paragraph this morning," cried Cyril, pacing the chamber in great distress. "Oh, fool that I am, and yet how could I help it."

"Paragraph? what paragraph?"

Cyril explained.

Blount looked very serious.

"It was natural for you to do so," said he; "and yet, under present circumstances, it was most unfortunate. The popular feeling is already falling rapidly away from me, and this will be the finishing blow. Henceforth no one will doubt my guilt."

"Curse on him!" cried Cyril, in an agony of grief. "I have ruined you."

"This is unfortunate," said Blount; "but it is foolish for you to talk in that way. You did what you could not help doing. I am sorry that you came across his path; but since you met him, it had to be done."

"Let him beware how he acts now."

"He does not appear to care much for your threats," said Blount, coolly.

"The next time we meet there will be more than a threat," said Cyril, savagely.

"I will wait till the trial is over, at any rate, Cyril. Then you can do as you like."

"I must wait, I suppose. And I will wait. You shall see how well I will restrain myself. If I see him in the same room, I will say nothing. He shall have no further chance of using my actions to hurt your cause. But I will treasure up every word of his, every act and look, and then, when the time comes, I will have full revenge."

"Much will depend upon the issue of this trial."

"I will be revenged, whatever it be."

"You will indeed," said Blount, with deep meaning.

"Let him beware, that is all. But, father, it is wise to leave everything till the last?" said Cyril, in deep anxiety.

"What can I do?"

"Can you not prove an *alibi*?"

"No."

"Do you remember that particular evening?"

"Yes," said Blount, while a dark shadow passed over his face, which did not escape Cyril's eye.

"You know where you were, do you not?"

"Yes."

"Where was it?"

"I cannot tell."

"Cannot tell!" and Cyril turned pale. A terrible thought came to him, but he drove it away.

"You will, at least, tell me?"

"I cannot, Cyril."

"You never kept a secret from me in your life."

"None but this."

"This, then, is a secret?"

"It is."

"Does it concern yourself only, or others?"

"I cannot tell, Cyril. Do not be angry with me if I say so."

"Angry! No, father. I will trust in you through everything. Nothing can shake me. I know you too well."

Blount grasped the hand of his son in silence, and a tear started to his eye. Cyril was deeply moved, for never before had that strong nature been so softened.

"The last, with your name in it, is the worst feature of all," said he, after a pause.

"By far the worst," said Blount.

"Was that his yours?"

"It was mine, Cyril," said Blount, in slow and measured tones.

"And can you not explain this away?"

"I cannot."

"Do you know how it got there?"

"I do."

"And can you not tell?"

"No."

"It is hard for you, dear father. This cause that binds you to silence will undo you."

"I fear so, Cyril."

"And must you keep silence?"

"I must."

"Even to me! Even to me!" cried Cyril, mournfully. "What terrible fate has crossed your path in your youth? What cause can make you devote yourself thus? Nothing can be gained by it, and all may be lost."

"You are right, my dear boy; all may be lost."

"Is there any possible way by which you can be made to explain this?"

"No possible one."

"None?"

"I should say no probable one. There is a possibility."

"Does it depend on you, or can I do anything?"

"It depends on neither of us."

"Is it on any living man?"

"Yes, a living man."

"Can you tell me who he is?"

"No."

"And must you stand, dear father, and allow yourself to be thus sacrificed?"

"I must."

"Cannot this man be reached? Is it not possible to produce him?"

"It cannot be done."

"Oh, if I knew where he was. Could I but imagine who he was!"

"But you cannot, Cyril. I am in the hands of Providence. He will guide things right."

"But, innocent as you are, you may be condemned."

"It is possible that I may."

"And can you not speak a word to save your life?"

"No, Cyril. I must allow things to take their course."

"There is, then, no hope."

"None, unless these should not be considered sufficient proof."

"Alas, then, for you and me, for these proofs are terribly against you."

"I put my trust in God," said Blount, calmly.

"Did you ever see Emily Ford?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever speak to her?"

"Yes."

"Did you love her?"

"No."

"Was there any love between you?"

"There was."

"On her part?"

"On her part."

"And you did not love her?"

"No."

"Was she beautiful?"

"Marvellously beautiful."

"Good and pure?"

"Perfectly so."

"Poor girl! Do you know if any one did love her?"

"Be careful. I must soon refuse to reply, Cyril."

"At least answer me this."

"I do not know it, them."

"Who was he?"

"I cannot tell."

"Ah, here is the centre of the mystery. Who was he? He—this cause of all! He, for whom you are going to die! Who is he?"

Blount turned as pale as death.

"You see, Cyril, you will only baffie yourself, for there are some things that I cannot tell."

"Did you know that he loved her?"

"I did."

"And did she?"

"She did."

"But she did not love him?"

"She did not."

"Did he love her?"

"Madly."

"Did you know him?"

"I cannot tell."

"Did they ever meet?"

"I cannot tell."

"Oh, if I could but imagine who this man is! For it must be the name of a whom you mean as being your only possible means of safety. Can you not hint who he is?"

"I cannot."

"Where were you that night?"

"I cannot tell."

"You can say whether you were in Walton or not."

"Not even that."

"Did you know of this?"

"Do not ask me."

"Was it on this account that you befriended the girl's father?"

"I must not say."

"Tell me this. Who covered up the well?"

"I will not. And now, Cyril, ask me no more questions. It tries me deeply. I do not like to refuse you an answer; but yet I must."

"It is hard indeed when one word would clear you, that you cannot speak it."

"And yet it cannot be spoken by me."

"My God! And I must stand and see you meet a felon's doom!"

"I fear so, Cyril."

"If you cannot save yourself, save me," said Cyril, for he hoped that an appeal to his fatherly love might shake his resolution.

"Cyril," cried Blount, trembling from head to foot, "if anything could draw an answer from me that would. If I am condemned, I look not at myself—I look at you—dishonored and broken-hearted. Yet even in spite of this I must not speak. Cleave I implore you, to torture me. Let me suffer my own fearful sorrows. Do not add to them."

"Father," cried Cyril, "it was all for your own sake. I will not utter another word. Forgive me if I have added to your sorrows. But how can I stand here and see you calmly going down to ruin, and not utter a word to save you. If you could but give a hint, or utter a word so that I might know what to do, how gladly would I do it. Cannot a hint be given, even if it be of the most distant and indirect kind. Cannot some allusion be made, no matter how remote, so that I might find out how to release you from this fearful calamity. For unless something more be done than you have yet done, I see plainly that there is scarce a hope of your escape from being condemned for an awful crime."

"Nothing can be done, Cyril. No hint can be given. I have even gone further than I ought in telling you so much; further than that I cannot go. I can only tell you to think well over what I have already said, and then if it is

possible for you to discover more, I may be saved."

"Alas! how is that possible?"

"I fear it is not."

"Well, father, I will say no more. I can only support myself by the conviction that you are innocent. I can only deplore the and necessity which forces you to keep the truth secret from me."

"And that," said Blount, "must be kept secret, even though I die for it; and were I dying, even then my lips must remain closed, nor dare I reveal a word!"

#### CHAPTER XV.

THE time fixed for the trial drew near, but every day only added fresh tortures to Cyril. Convinced of his father's innocence, he was compelled to see the minds of all the citizens turned against him before the frightful accumulation of all kinds of evidence. Every word of his conversation with his father was fixed upon his mind, and he was incessantly occupied in the attempt to penetrate this mystery. But the light was too obscure, and he found it impossible. Then he searched all over his father's papers in the hope of finding some clue to this labyrinth. He found everything there except what he sought. But not a letter, nor a token, nor a sign of Emily Ford. There was not a thing to show him where his father had been on that fearful night. Had he been less convinced of his father's innocence, he would have faltered; as it was, his faith remained unshaken.

He passed nearly all the time in his father's cell. There, in mournful conversation, they endeavored to while away the time. Blount still continued as calm and as self-possessed as ever. He alluded to the change in public opinion as a very natural one under the extraordinary circumstances, and only lamented that it was impossible to set the minds of the people at rest. He could also understand the bitter animosity of Judah Murdoch, yet he very seldom made any allusion to him whatever.

Every morning the papers were brought to the prisoner, and he saw the growth of the sentiment against him, more rapid every day. In one paper a number of articles were published against capital punishment, and it was evident that this was the last struggle of Blount's friends to save him. They had now no hopes of his acquittal; they only sought to rescue him from the extreme penalty of the law. But the law could not be changed, and though it sometimes happened that a convicted criminal was pardoned, and his sentence commuted, yet Blount well knew that his case was too aggravated to admit of any hope of pardon.

Meanwhile Leila was waiting in an agony of suspense to hear from Cyril. Every day dragged its slow length along in sorrow, anxiety, and sometimes in despair. A thousand fears distracted her. At first the trial to believe that Blount was in no danger, but gradually her fears got the better of her, and a terrible foreboding of the worst covered her soul with the dark shadow. She had seen in the papers the first discoveries, and knew what profits there were against Blount, and though she tried to account for these in every possible way, yet she found it impossible to avoid a fear that Blount was actually guilty.

She could find no rest or respite from the crushing load of anxiety. All her hope was now centred upon Cyril's letter. Yet this could not account for delays in every possible way, yet she found it impossible to avoid a fear that Blount was actually guilty.

At last it came.

How anxiously she watched the vessel approach the wharf. Unable to wait, she hurried down to the post-office. There she found the letter.

She hurried back, trembling in her deep suspense. Arriving at home, she hurried to her room, and tore open the letter.

It was as follows:

"MY DARLING LOVE—I hoped that I would be able to write words of comfort and affection, but the prospects are darker than my worst fears."

"All the town believes my father to be guilty. Judah Murdoch is here, distilling his poisonous lies every morning through a newspaper with which he has connected himself. My poor father has no chance."

"I have seen him, but all is darker than ever. He is calm and unexcited, but he knows the danger that is over him. He can explain nothing. And here is the worst of all: He is bound to silence by some secret influence that I cannot discover. He can say nothing, explain nothing, even to me. Upon the subject of the girl he is sternly silent. He refuses to explain anything about his hat that they found with the body. He will not say where he was when the deed was done."

"He is silent, and he refuses to state the cause of his silence. He gives no hint, and says that he will die and go no sign."

"Oh, Leila, the torments that I endure are more than I can bear."

"Every day strengthens the general belief in his guilt. I fear he has no chance of escape whatever."

"What will become of me? Must I bear such a sorrow as this? Must I bid farewell for ever to my sweet love?"

"My father is innocent. This, at least, I know. This is my only support. Were it possible for him to be otherwise, I should go mad."

"Farewell, now, Leila. I will write again. I will cling to hope till hope departs for ever."

"Your affectionate  
"CYRIL."

(To be continued in our next.)

### THE BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER. A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

(From the New York Ledger.)  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUSADE OF THE FOREST."

#### CHAPTER XXX.

##### THE RESCUE.

UNFORTUNATELY, Wheaton, being no sailor, had miscalculated two things; firstly, the distance he wished to descend, and secondly, how far out a vertical drop on the suspending tentril would carry him. Owing to these mischances, he now found himself, not only four or five feet lower than the platform on which the Ourida, with breathless interest and outstretched arm, awaited him, but quite clear from either side of the chasm, and unable to get a foot-hold anywhere.

All this the looker-on saw with much alarm; but as for Wheaton himself, with a thick and almost blinding spray dashing over him, it was some seconds before he could so far command the use of his senses as to understand his true position. The child of the war, also, for a moment seemed to bemoan him and almost take away his strength. Fortunately, he was not a man to succumb to mere water, so that without wasting his strength in useless endeavors to swing himself within reach of the rocks down there, he immediately clambered back up the vine, with nearly as much agility as a squirrel.

"What a calf!" ejacured he, exclaiming, as, puffing and blowing, he threw his leg again over the log, and paused to wipe away the water that dripped down his face; "it was unaccountably silly, I'll confess; but who'd a thought of the confounding unwieldy vine! However, I must try to gain some other way."

This other way, however, was not so easy. The vine twisted several times round the tree, and finally became mingled in an inextricable manner with the upper branches; and it was obvious that as he should unwind it more, it would carry him further and further from the side of the chasm in which it was practicable to reach the Indian. What to do? As for hauling the vine further toward the right bank of the stream, that was clearly impossible. The woodman, though accus-

tempted to invent expedients for almost every difficulty, found himself now baffled, and by degrees, as he saw his embarrassment more clearly, he ceased talking and began to whistle, as if that might stimulate his ingenuity, and get him out of the difficulty. If the vice was once out entirely loose it would be difficult to fasten the upper end of it securely again; and McDonald was not strong enough to hold it when the weight of a heavy man should be attached to it. It was as tough as a rope—tougher; but on the contrary, and unlike a rope, it could not be twisted, spliced, and tied at will.

It seemed likely that all this work of felling the tree would go for nothing.

While Wheaton, foolishly enough, sat upon the log, quite at his wit's ends for an expedient to accomplish his purpose, he suddenly felt some heavy object strike against his thigh. He looked round, but saw nothing, and supposed it might have been a twig or piece of rotten wood detached from some of the overhanging trees. In a moment after, however, he was struck on the side of the head, with so much force that he hardly escaped being pitched from his seat. This time he took the thing more seriously, and looked around with great anxiety. He saw nothing, and was at hand. On the bank quietly stood McDonald, at one moment watching him eagerly, and at another apparently fallen into a fit of musing. It must be borne in mind that all this while they were in the midst of the heavy roar of the cascade, so that no ordinary voice or noise could be heard.

It was evident to Wheaton, not only that the two blows he had received had not come from his companion, but that his companion had not even observed them. He grew a little uneasy, and scanned every object within sight with eager suspicion. In the midst of his scrutiny, however, he happened to look downward to the spot where the Indian stood, behind the sheet of water. He now saw him, with a kind of coil in his hand, which was drawn back apparently in the act of throwing. The mystery was explained in a moment afterwards, for the roll of cord, or whatever it was, struck him, hurled him, borne on by some heavy object at its end; and at once Wheaton found hanging over the log near to him a kind of rope made of the shreds of cloth, at the extremity of which swung a piece of stone of half a pound's weight. This was which had struck him.

"So, ho!" he exclaimed, "that's you, is it? Well, I always said Sockett had more wit than most white men; and so, I suppose, if the truth was known, that was what his name was meant to signify."

This kind of soliloquy being ended (for he could not make out even McDonald's face without shouting), he caught hold of the extempore rope the Indian had thrown him, and carrying it along the log to the easterly side of the chasm, was preparing to make it fast, with a view to climbing down, when, feeling a slight jerk upon it, he looked below, and saw that the Oneida, on the other hand, was about trying to ascend by means of it. He endeavored, by gestures, to make the latter understand that he should wind it around his body, for greater security, but the Indian either did not or would not comprehend the necessity for this precaution; and after he had given two or three pulls, and the Oneida, on the bank, holding on to it with both hands, Wheaton also prepared to aid him as much as possible, and to that end sat down astride the timber, and secured his feet as well as he could against some projecting rocks, to maintain his balance more firmly.

Then began the tug. He expected, not only to have the Indian climb, hand over hand, like a scorpion, but to haul up himself, to make the ascent more speedy. A little to his surprise, however, he saw that Sockett, after making two or three lifts with his arms, ceased endeavoring to climb, but contented himself with holding on, and now and then, where he could get a

foothold on some projecting ledge, giving himself an upward push in that way. It was no very difficult task for a man as robust as Wheaton to haul up his companion; and the operation at first went on well enough. About half way up there was a considerable projection of the rocks, and to that point Sockett had been able, ever since, or so it seemed, to steady himself by putting his feet against the ledge. From there upwards, however, until near the top, there was a deep recessure of the rocks, so that it was a clean perpendicular pull. As soon as the feet of the Indian were again quite clear of this half-way projection, Wheaton discovered that the rope, which was not really twisted, had been, in two parts, and was tied in a knot, a few feet above where the Indian elung to it. He had at first paid no particular attention to this fact, but soon saw that this knot had been inaccurately tied, and that, by measure as he pulled, it seemed to give, and threatened to come apart. There was no time to be lost. He redoubled his exertion, though without any scorable or sudden jerk which might have hastened the catastrophe he feared, and he shouted at the same time, and without trussing his heart:

"McDonald, this rope won't last till I get him up. Get a pole or branch a few feet long, and come here, so that Sockett can have something to catch hold on if it gives way."

The old man started, saw the danger for the first time; then wrenching off a small branch of a sapling close at hand, he hastened with it to where Wheaton sat.

"Hold it down as low towards him as you can!" exclaimed the latter, as, with his face purple from exertion, and his arms outstretched and pulling in, he leaned far over the log to get a free play for his muscles. Not a second was to be lost. Slightly the strain, and the insecure catch, and the exertion, and their end soon became buried in the mass of the knot itself. Now and then it would appear to be motionless. Wheaton's eyes were fixed upon the frightful object, as if they, in reality, saw the head of Medusa. He fairly gazed at it. The Oneida himself by this time also seemed to be comprehending the peril, and with the stoicism of his race looked down upon the foaming water, and then again carefully surveyed the ligature which still sustained him above. He dared make no effort to climb beyond the danger, for fear of hastening it. He so quickly altered and understood the object of the branch which McDonald was now stretching towards him, and he seemed to calculate whether or not the tie would hold long enough to enable him to attain it. He was already within a few feet; there was a race of life and death between him and the relaxing knot. It was a fearful struggle; but Wheaton then succeeded in pulling with the arms of Sampson and Briarrose combined.

"Courage, Sockett!" he shouted; "one second longer——"

But just then the doubtful support parted with a sudden crack, so that Wheaton, turning pale, and with a fearful, nearly fatal fall over the log on the other side, from the recoil. He sat, almost sick with alarm; he dared not look down; he expected to hear a shout of despair, or the smothered crash of a falling body on the rocks beneath. The first thing he did hear, however, and that was the first sound he had heard, was a startled fancy it seemed after several moments was the voice of McDonald, saying in a dry, calm tone:

"Twas well done, Johnny lad, after a': but name to soon; haud tight, Sockett, till I gie ye my ither hand."

The Indian was bewildered; but on casting his eye downwards, he felt as if an Atlas were lifted from his heart; for there clung the Indian to the bush extended to him, while McDonald had already so far pulled him up as to get hold of one of his hands.

There was now no more to be said, and for the two to haul him entirely up, and to place him

on the bank out of danger, was but the work of a moment. It is needless to say that the whole thing had passed in a few seconds. It seemed to Wheaton almost unreal; and it was not until he saw the Oneida, when they placed him on the grass, turn pale and lay over on his side, that he had a complete recollection that it had been an alarming event. The Indian, with a quivering lip, as he raised his hand to his forehead:

"Sockett sick—little; you not mind; he get up again in a minute—right off."

His two companions were greatly astonished to find the hardly won forest thus apparently giving way to a woman's faintness, and the danger was past. They examined him attentively, however, and soon saw that his leggings and moccasins were covered, and in some places almost stiff, with clotted blood. It became evident to them that there was some other cause for his feebleness—some cause which would also explain his inability to assist much in getting up out of the chasm.

"I'm thinking there be sair work to hear o'," said McDonald, in a low voice, and pointing to the marks on the Indian's clothes.

He looked around, but found that Wheaton had hastened off to the brook, from which he returned carrying a little water in the hollow of his hands, which he sprinkled in the Oneida's face.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### SIGNALS.

The morning sun was about two hours high. It shone from a sky clear and cloudless, and its golden rays, tingling the tree-tops, and glowing through the openings, made the heavy drops of moisture which still clung to the plants sparkle like diamonds. A rough track through the forest, by the water pools, at every few paces, showed trace of the storm of the preceding night. The way itself was sometimes in the shadow of the trees, and sometimes exposed to the yellow heat of the sun, which, fast as it rose, dried up the mud, and set the insects and birds to their industries and their songs. Here and there, among the shadows, silence, however, still lingered, and then taught, save the distant note of the woodpecker, and the scrambling of the squirrels over the bark, could be heard. Soon, however, along the woodland way, other sounds came to be audible. First an indistinct hum; then, at intervals, the tap of a drum far away; then a steeper roll; then faintly heard, the shrill sound of a life. Then again all became still. But soon the sounds became repeated. The tap of the drum fell on the ear as a football beats the earth, and seemed to mark the time of some measured tread.

Anon, far along the vista of the opening among the trees, a red and striped object might have met the eye; then, flitting on the air, one might have seen that it was a standard borne at the head of a column of marching men. Stridly they came onward. A careless looker-on would have regarded only them. One accustomed to the American wilds in those days would perhaps have noted other objects. On the sides of the way, and through the thick forest trees, silent objects were gliding, far in advance of the advancing column. A sharp eye only could have seen them; they glided by like spirits of the air; they made no noise; their glances, like telescopes, scanned the way for miles ahead; their feet seemed shed with cotton; their limbs seemed wings; their bodies the leaves of the forest.

These were the scouts of the American army. Behind them, first of all, came the corps of Col. Morgan, with its loud fanfare upon the road, as if to invite attention; but far beyond them, and sheltering their front and their sides like an invincible coat of mail, extended the belt of scouts. These were men who would not have allowed themselves to be surrounded as was the army of

Gen. Bradlock in the old French war; or who would have walked into a hopeless ambuscade, as a few weeks before, the Tyson county militia, under Gen. Hestimer, had done. From these green-coated, moccasin-footed, clean-limbed, rifle-handed men, nothing was to be expected but hard knocks and mortal wounds. It has been said that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"; in those days it was the price of mere safety.

The very scene we have described was witnessed by other eyes than those of the advanced guard of the American rifle corps. In the top of a thick cedar-tree, a few rods to the south of the road, and on a little rising ground, there was the form of a man stealthily crouched. He looked with intense interest at the movement, he saw the shadowy scouts fit through the woods, and heard the heavy tread of the main column, as with dull drum-beat they made their steady way past; he heard also the rumble of the ammunition wagons, as they jolted over the roots and stones; while the drowsy drivers, awakened at an early hour, went on yawning, yawning, and whipping, in the worst possible ill-humor.

At times as he reckoned up the force of the men, and found the line stretching out more and more, while the whole seemed, so far, but a mere advance guard, his look became restless, and he cast back towards the westward now and then an uneasy glance. On an eminence in that direction, a quarter of a mile from where he was, the chimney and top of a log-house were visible. This house he regarded intently for a few minutes until he saw a small bunch of hemlock lifted by some invisible hand, just over the crest of the roof. Then, hesitating a moment, and again scrutinizing the soldiers, who were heavily and now somewhat noisily filing by, he took from his pocket two handkerchiefs, one red and one white, and held up the red one through an opening in the branches of the tree, so that possibly it might have been seen by any one at the house who was on the look out for it.

While he was engaged in this apparently innocent occupation, he had thus far supposed that none of those he was watching knew of his whereabouts. Many had passed within a rod of his hiding-place, and not a single curious look seemed to have been turned that way. He had, then, felt quite secure, and his astonishment was great when, while watching the effect of his signal on the people of the house, he heard a slight cough come from some near him. Curious, he eyed downwards, he saw at a few steps distance, and in the very course he had been looking, a man's face turned directly towards him, and watching his proceedings with a broad grin.

"Arrah, thim," said the man, "I'm thinking ye'd better come down out of that, or—but I tell, I'll help ye a bit."

So saying, the man brought his gun to his shoulder, and turned the eight plump at the spy in the tree. The latter became pale with fright, and for a second was too much startled to say anything.

"So ye're now hangin' out the white flag. But what the divil did ye mean by holdin' the red one this minute? Come down ye born pirate, I say."

This time the man in the tree did not hesitate; but, after fumbling a moment in the branches, he sprung from one of the lower limbs, and dropped awkwardly to the ground. At sight of him fully, the other burst into a hearty laugh, dropping his gun, and leaning on it for support, while he indulged in his merriment.

"And ye," he said at length, interrupting himself, "ye'd have turned chipmunk as well as I here, Solon Smith?"

But it is time the latter had recovered a good part of his self-possession, and found his tongue to answer:

"Well," said he, attempting to smile, "I suppose a man might even do that when he's afraid of being forced to list again his will."

"Oh! it's listin', is it, ye're afraid of? By the powers, thim, ye'd make a purty a-lider as ye stand there. I must inform the colonel what a coward we're fit to be on. He'll be!"

"What the devil are you laughing at there, Murphy?" now broke in a strong, deep voice; and the figure to whom it belonged stepped into view.

"It's that beauty there," answered Murphy, pointing to Solon; "and, colonel, he was so afraid of his own proportions, he would have sold his fancy, that he hid in that tree. But now I'm after remembering that he hung out something from above there. Hadn't we better know the meaning of that same?"

"Wait a minute," replied the man he had addressed as colonel, and who turned to a number of soldiers who had stopped, like himself, out of curiosity. "More on boys," he added, "ye know we're a long road before us." The men obeyed, and he again turned to Murphy and Smith. He was a tall, powerful man, dressed in the green and buff uniform of the rifle corps, so often alluded to; but with an epaulette on his shoulder and low bearskin cap on his head. He had a quick, bold eye, features rough and weather-beaten, but not unkindly; and altogether the frame and bearing of a man of great physical courage and power of endurance. His hands, and arms especially, were large and heavy, as though he had been at some time a laboring man. As he scrutinized the form of Solon his countenance assumed a look of contempt, and he said, turning to Murphy, "I don't see why you make all this fuss about such a creature, Tim."

"Now, colonel, dear," replied the man, familiarly and boldly, "don't be after bringin' off these ideas before ye're well loaded them. The creature, as ye call him, maybe has more venom in his ugly tongue than a rattler himself. What for was ye showin' the red hankercher in the first minute?" he asked, suddenly turning to Solon.

The latter had by this time recovered pretty nearly his usual coolness, and answered with a leer, for being unable to give a good explanation he thought to pass the thing off as a joke.

"I suppose now, Paddy, a man might wipe his face without offence, and in particular in a weather's warm. You ain't as bad as a bull, I hope, to take offence at anything red?"

"Ah! then, it's me that's an Irish bull ye'd be wanting to make me," replied Murphy, laughing; then suddenly changing tone, he continued, "But come some way, or may be I'll wipe your beautiful mug with somethin' ye would not like as well. March! for I talked too long with the likes of ye."

Solon found himself compelled to obey, for there was something in the turn of the man, notwithstanding his occasional humor, which indicated that impression that he was not to be trifled with. His eye, moreover, was as watchful as that of a cat, and whatever he said or did, there was never any smile or humor in it which prevented it from noting everything that took place around him. By this time the particular man who, to which the colonel alluded, had passed by, and the latter, moving into the road himself, resumed the route, walking beside a led horse, in charge of a young negro. As the horse was no occasion to go any faster than foot soldiers could, he occasionally thus relieved the fatigue of his burden, feeling, in fact, quite as able to make the journey on foot as any of his rangers.

Murphy, instead of following the road, took a shorter out towards the house, compelling Solon to hobble on before him, in order to keep his movements in sight.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

##### REGULAR.

"It's lucky for ye," said Murphy to his companion, as they approached the house; "It's mighty lucky for ye that I didn't tell the

colonel ye wor one of them I found in company of that villian, Job Bartlett. And I'm thinking, darlint, that your flag down there may be a token for me to try the same token, he'd better profit by it. But that I knowed the boys were a mile beyant the house already, and that he couldn't get by them without the late touch in life of cold lead in his body, I'd have ransacked the barrack myself. But here we are forewarned, ye say. What the divil is all that noise about now?"

This question was elicited by the sound of loud talking within the building, accompanied by a scrambling noise, as of a struggle, the up, setting of furniture, &c. The uproar, however, was almost immediately followed by a crash at the door, and some men were seen engaged in a violent struggle.

"By the powers! a very pretty scrimmage," said Murphy, coolly surveying the group that came surging into the doorway. "And now, as I take a better look, fair, and I see it's the other Smith in the door, and not the same colonel, they're all the Smiths, except one of them that isn't, and except the could blind man that is. Arrah! By the powers!" he now continued, starting; "and the other Smith, that is 'at one at all—seems to be my friend Jack Whetton. How it is, ye villan, fair play!"

He said this running towards the door to intercept; but his help turned out to be unnecessary, for just then Whetton, for he was one of the combatants, sure enough, shook himself loose from the grasp of the old man, sprang through the door, still clinging to the younger one, whom with a wing he dragged outside, and striking his feet from under him, sent him sprawling against a pile of wood.

Whetton's blood was up, and in his excitement he did not immediately observe the presence of others; but turning, he again approached the door, saying:

"Now, you old reprobate, I'll show you that John Whetton never turned his back on a single man yet. And, d'ye hear? You'll either give up the girl, or I'll tumble this house about your Tory ears, as easy as I tear this door from its hinges."

So saying he did, in fact, twist the plank door from its iron fastenings as if it had been made of shingles and wire.

"Who's them you've brought with ye to disturb honest folk?" now growled the old man, as he paused in an attitude of listening, his quicker ears having detected the presence of strangers.

"I don't care who you have," replied Whetton, still swelling with passion, and mistaking the purport of the remark. "What say it is, that the girl I will have, and you and Job Bartlett and all the other thieves that stole her and burnt her father's homestead, shall come away!"

Meanwhile Eldest Smith had picked himself up and again approached as if to renew the affray.

"Hould hard, honey," said Murphy, now suddenly laying his hand on his shoulder, "hould hard, or ye'll all get into trouble. May be ye don't know poor old Solon Smith's reputation with mock politicians removing his cap, 'but my name is Tim—Timothy Murphy, Esquire, and at your service, Murther Jack Whetton.' The latter now turned and grasped the hand of his friend, saying:

"Tim, you're the man of all others I want just now. While we were gone down to the Point, these cursed villians joined with Bartlett when he got back, and have robbed and burnt McDonald's house. What has become of Jenny and her mother I don't know, but Sockwit says they were taken over here, from all appearances. And Bartlett shot poor old Sockwit in the thigh, besides."

"Oh! be the powers," said Murphy, "ye've mentioned quite sufficient. I'm your man; just be pleased to say what ye'll have done."

"They pretend she isn't here," answered Whetton, "and they won't let me search; and

when I got in the house, the young devil shut and fastened the door, and then set the old blind man to lay hold of me. The sneak dar'd touch me alone. In such clus quarters the ride wa'n't of any use."

"No," said Eldad, with a malignant sneer: "notlin' but your legs could do you any good then."

Wheaton gave him a look of contempt, without replying.

Murphy, however, took up the word, saying to Eldad:

"S'akin' of legs, darlint, I'm mighty afraid your own purty ones won't do yes any good yerself. They're good travellers, may be, but this time, they'll be under the disagreeable necessity of goin' wid Mr. Murphy."

So saying he put his fingers to his lips, and a sharp, shrill whistle came forth, loud enough to be heard a mile off. The Smiths began to grow uneasy, in awaiting what it should mean.

All this time, along the road, which was some distance from the house, and which could not be seen from the door, the squalls of soldiers had continued to pass. At intervals of a few minutes the tap of the drum, marking time, had continued to be heard; and now and then the rumble of some military wagon, as it lumbered along over the rough way.

A few minutes after the call given by Murphy, two or three men, dressed and armed like himself, appeared, rapidly approaching the house.

Eldad gave a significant and somewhat rueful look towards his brother, who, all this while, had been a silent, but deeply-interested, spectator of the scene.

"Them's Boston soldiers, I take it?" now interrogatively remarked Solon, looking at Murphy.

"Faith and ye may say that," answered Murphy, "or anything else ye like, it's all the same to me."

"Because, you see," continued Solon, argumentatively, "if they be, I'm glad on't, for ever sin M'Donald's house across the river was burnt, we've been mortal 'feared ourselves, seein' that Job Bartlett and some other Tories and Indians have been hangin' round."

Wheaton gave him a broad stare of astonishment at hearing this remark, and the stolid Eldad looked utterly confounded.

"Fact," said Solon, nodding with a benignant smile at Wheaton. "I might have warned the old man agin them the other night, but he was so peck'y hard, and they were so wide awake, that I got no chance."

Murphy regarded the whole group with a broad grin—not of wonder or surprise—but as if he wished to see how far cool and plausible impudence would go, on the one hand, and how far Wheaton would show signs of credulity, on the other.

The latter, however, without stopping to parley with Solon, or discuss general matters, again walked towards the door of the house, preparing to re-enter. But he was there confronted by the burly form of the old blind man, which occupied nearly the whole opening. While he paused in doubt whether to force his way in or to ask for a passage, Solon hastened forward, and whispered a few words in his father's ear. The latter yielded with a sort of grumble, and Wheaton found the way now clear for him to enter.

By this time the two soldiers who had been attracted by the signal of Murphy had arrived.

"What is it, Tim?" asked one of them, out of breath, as he came up.

"Two illigant patriots that stands in nade of perdition," said Murphy, with a wink, and giving a jerk of his head towards the Smiths. "but ye'll jist watch them for the present, until we sh'd wist inemias may have cript inside the b' use."

"Fact is," again broke in Solon, "seein' that ye're all here, and there's no danger, I may as well tell ye that Bartlett himself is inside. He's



LUMBERMEN.

strong-handed, with his wild Indian; and possible folks like us didn't dare offend him, so we let him stay here a little while; in particular, as we could shelter M'Donald's wife and darter at the same time."

Most of these remarks were unheeded by the others; but when he came to speak of M'Donald's family, they paid more attention to him.

"So!" said Wheaton, with a kind of sigh of relief. "So! you confess they are here, at last. I thought it would come to that."

"But, mind," answered Solon, "we've had no hand in bringin' 'em here, nor in that work over the river, but thought it no harm to make 'em as comfortable as we could when once they were here. This was but neighborly, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Wheaton, drily, "but in the meantime, we may as well see them, and let them speak for themselves."

They now entered the house. The door of a back room was closed, as it had been when Wheaton was in the first time. Then they had not permitted him to open it.

Do you know, said Solon, with an insinuating whisper, for he had also entered the house, "do you know, John Wheaton, that Eli saved your life by not letting you go in that room?"

"How so?" said Wheaton.

Solon leaned over and said in his ear: "Bartlett's there, and has threatened to blow out the brains of whoever comes in agin his will."

"What a good-hearted critter you are!" replied Wheaton, with a sneer, as, taking hold of the latch, he threw the door wide open.

Everything there was quiet. Wheaton looked about him eagerly for the form of Jenny, whom he expected to see. She was not, however, visible. In a large chair, and partially supported by a pillow, was her mother, in a quiet doze. Solon and the others also looked a little dumbfounded, for they had also expected to find the girl there.

"What trick is this?" said Wheaton, sternly, to Solon.

The face of the latter appeared as blank of that of any one present, until, looking at one of the windows, he found that some outside fasten-

ings with which it had been secured since the M'Donalds had been there, were removed. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, and then said, hastily:

"He's off with her himself, by all that's bloody!"

"Who's off with her?" asked Wheaton, in alarm.

"Bartlett!" was the rejoinder.

Wheaton made a movement as if to clutch him by the throat, but arrested himself before doing so, saying:

"You infernal, lying toad! It's lucky for you you're a cripple already, or I'd make you one before another minute is over!"

Meanwhile Murphy had sprung to the window—examined it, saw marks of steps on the ground outside; ran back again to the door, and disappeared.

All this had occurred so quickly, and so deeply absorbed were those present in the greater interest of the girl's disappearance, that they scarcely heeded the voice of Mrs. M'Donald, who, in a feeble tone, called upon Wheaton as she awoke. Now, however, he went to her, and found not only that she was much better than when he had last seen her, but that she had the full use of her faculties.

What she could tell him, however, about the recent occurrence was not much. She only knew well of her being brought over with her daughter the preceding day, and stated that she had been since kindly treated; that Jenny had been with her a little while before, and was so when she had fallen asleep.

Wheaton now left the room; and leaving the house and the Smiths momentarily in charge of the two riflemen, who belonged to Murphy's corps, he proceeded to find the latter, in order to set on foot some immediate search for the absent girl and her captors.

(To be continued in our next.)

HUMAN deeds and human lives are never understood until they are finished. You can see more tell in advance how manhood will turn out, than how a child will grow up.



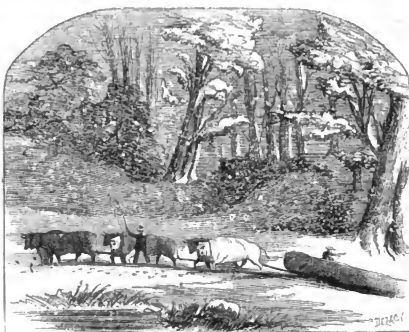
## LIFE AMONG THE LOGGERS

IN THE  
FORESTS OF MAINE.

MAINE was the Paradise of lumbermen when the stately pine-tree, the conceded "monarch of the forest," held sway throughout her broad domain. Then her dark crests of evergreen crowned each vast forest-ward, wove Persian tapestry over every graceful interval, and climbed the distant mountains in shadows like those of passing clouds. Where the calm broad lakes glistened in the sheen of the sunbeams, or the turbulent rivers tumbled in white foam through rocky channels, there her temples were grandest, and giant columns of a century's growth vied in symmetry and height that caused the speculative eye of the timber-hunter to dilate with joy. It seemed as though Nature had purposely planted her best gifts convenient to his hand, or led up these arterial channels into the wilderness, to facilitate the transportation of the wealth his toil had accumulated. Bangor, the great lumber port, was then in the heart of the forest—not as now, a thick-laid city of fair proportions, fettered by municipal and conventional codes, as all cities must needs be, but simply a Cyclopean consumer of lignin, devouring fire by the acre, and ever receiving into her insatiate maw, and crumpling with iron teeth, the huge limbs and trunks that lay at her very jaws, and which she had only to shovel in with "chop-sticks," à la *Chinois*. So also a wealth of pines then environed the great depôts that enterprises had located thus early on the Kennebec, the Saco, Machias, Sebastic, and Schoodic rivers. But since the first mighty crash in the stillness of the forest proclaimed the presence of the invader, the realms of the pine have been ravaged by fire and axe until that noble tree has at last been driven far back into the strongholds of the wilderness. Here are still reigns in her princely majesty, though her final doom seems as inevitable as the fate that pursues the aborigines of the globe.

Far more arduous now than then is the toil of the lumberman, yet the flight of the eagle or the bound of the deer is not more free than the life he leads. He is no ascetic, as is insinuated by selfishness and bilious from misanthropy, looking out from his hermitage with a cynical eye upon the beautiful imagery of Nature, and despising a life that has become irksome from habitual idleness. On the contrary, your lumberman is generally a true worshipper in the temple of the forest, and acquires a feeling of attachment for the wilderness solitudes something akin to that which we may imagine was possessed by that copper-face type of mankind, the Indian. The uncounted beauties of the ever-varying landscape, the gloomy arches and tangled undergrowth, the familiar presence of the denizens of the forest, the autumnal hues and winter snows, delightful in themselves, are rendered more appreciable by the rugged character of his daily toil. Even the rigorous vicissitudes of the logging camp have an inexplicable charm which the pampered dwellers in cities can never rightly comprehend. The ringing echo of the axe, or the merry "wo-ho" of the teamsters, is exhilarating music, while the crash of the falling pine, or the tumult of the logs borne on the spring freshet, thrill every nerve. Wherever the massive turrets and canals of evergreen are conspicuous above the surrounding forest, there the intrepid logger has left his mark, away up to the northward, where the Aroostook, the Allagash, and the Wallowtoot mingle their tumbling waters with those of the noble St. John; on the broad picturesque lakes of Moosehead, Chautauque, and Chesuncook; high up the cloud-wreathed sides of the Sugar Loaf or Mount Katahdin; to the head-waters of the lovely Androscoggin, or the island-gemmed Penobscot; or,

Where the crystal Amnigic  
Stretches broad and clear,  
And Milbrook's pine-black ridges  
Hide the browsing deer."



- HAULING LOGS.

When October frosts have changed to sober brown the bright-hued leaves of beech and maple, and the moss sounds crisp under the footfall, when naught disturbs the stillness of the woods save the squirrel's dropping shell, the tap of the woodpecker, or the harsh voice of the blue jay; the timber-hunter starts upon that tour of exploration, which is indispensable to the complete success of the winter campaign. Out from the abodes of men, between the last now clearing of the pioneer settler, deep into the recesses of the forest, where fect of white men are unwont to tread; now shooting up the channel of some still river with measured stroke of paddle, then stemming an impetuous tide, or leaping foaming rapids with dexterous use of setting poles; next trudging over some toilsome portage or "carry," bending under the weight of the camp furniture, he seeks with practiced eye the dark veins and clumps of evergreen that seem the forests, traversing the woody labyrinth in all directions, and not unfrequently startling the wild beasts from their secluded haunts. This is the holiday, of his lifetime. No business or domestic cares, no petty jealousies, no constraints, no social formulas, no unhappy episodes, intrude upon his seclusion; but the little gushing stream beside his rude camp, or the streamlet murmuring before his door, whispers continually of peace—such strange anomaly in this world of troubles. Yet it can be found here if the conscience is clear. And this is freedom, pure and unadulterated—such as even the slave can always attain to and possess.

Here, *little-by-little*, over sleeping tea and longitudinal strips of pork frizzling, old Bannoo the Canuck, Long John Boardman, and Jonks the "Blue-nose"—they three hob-nobbing—real old reminiscences or discuss the duties of the morrow. Appetite adds relish that would make the unclean flesh acceptable even to a Jew, and tea or coffee never furnish grounds for complaint. Supper, order, pipe devotions and burnt-offerings of tobacco that are never neglected, succeed in due course. Long John sits up the slumbering ashes of the camp fire, and while deliberately replenishing his pipe, breaks the monotonous silence.

"If I haven't missed my blaze, it was hereabouts that I was prospecting three years ago.

Dan Smith was along, and a smarter chap 'at logging never swung axe."

"Dan Smoot!" interrupts Bannoo. "You say Smoot? He was certainly un beau swamper. Pauvre garçon—mais he no log encore, parquois he est mort?"

"Dead?"

"Qui? he was no been long dis one, two year. Maybe he drown down river."

"Did you ever hear about it, Jenks? It's news to me."

"Oh, pshaw! the Frenchman be dogged. Dan got his bob-sled and 'tackle and fell' along-side of a woman, and went and married a she Norwegian down on Sinnemaheon, in Pennsylvania. That's two years ago come January. His was the 'rival road' 'at winter."

"Vo! I been ver glad he be no mort. Mais, l'ne ens pas she zat he die in noder year, by-and-by. Ze load may be too heavy for him."

"Bannoo, you are a true woman-hater. You'd better keep clear of the sex though, or they may be the death of you. 'Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.' Well, as I was saying, Dan and I just over here down as handsome a clump of pine as you ever set eye on. It's right handy to the river, and easy for swamping. If we can get a permit, it will pay better than this here. Shall we go over in the morning?"

"Agreed."

Like the "look-out" from the mast-head of a whaler, the lumberman scans the vast sea of forest—now ascending high elevations that overlook the country, or, when the land is low, climbing the tallest pines for observation. This duty completed, he returns and reports upon his success. The locality having been determined once, the timber tract is either purchased or a rate of stumpage agreed upon, which is generally from \$2.50 to \$3 per thousand feet for all timber cut. After these necessary preliminaries, arrangements are at once made for locating and building the winter camps. Supplies of provisions have to be taken up river for the winter consumption; suitable buildings erected for the men and animals; the stream must be cleared of obstructions for the "drive" in the spring; the "main" must be cut, with its principal branch roads extending to the largest clumps and veins of pine embraced in the permit. All these are but the preparatory duties of this "log-



I tried to laugh him out of the notion, attributing his troubled dreams to his harassed state of mind, and his regret at leaving her. He shook his head, and answered mournfully:

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

"True," I responded, "they do; but in this, or indeed any other, one knows not whether this step or that would hurry or retard the design." It seemed my duty to insist that I did not point out the way of escape from the danger, it warns us of can be of precious little service, and only tends to unsettle the mind, which otherwise would be composed and tranquil to meet it."

He sighed, as if not satisfied at my reasoning, and bade me good night. I bade Mrs. Warner farewell then, for I had no desire to break in upon their parting the next morning, and intended abating myself before she arose.

Warner was the last on board; and when he came, his heavy eyelids and pale face showed that the parting struggle had been a severe one. For many days he exhibited a direct contrast to the bright, cheerful fellow, whose open, frank bearing had rejoiced me so much that he was to be my *compagnon du voyage*. He was dull, melancholy, and even gloomy. At last I won him out of his grief, knowing that sorrow had cured who shared with another. It was the confounded old dream that still clung to him like the poisoned shirt of Nessus, and which had been repeated, he averred, every night since he came on shipboard.

"O God, Frank!" he would moan, "if my wife should suffer in consequence of my going away; if anything should befall her that I could have averted by staying I shall kill myself, I know I shall! I could not live. Why, our very natures are so closely entwined together, that every fibre of our souls beat in unison, and neither of us is complete until the other's heart and soul in presence of the other. You smile, Frank, but your time is to come. Years hence you will tell me that you understand the mysterious tie that binds two souls into one. Now, you can only smile at what you deem extravagant sentimentalism; but believe me, it is not that. It is too real."

I apologized, and made all apology for not fully understanding the marital relation, and expressing a hope that some one as fair and beautiful, and witty as sensible, as Mrs. Warner might some day induce me into the mystery. "But come, my friend," I added, "you are surely not to allow a mere dream—an 'unsubstantial vision'—to darken your life through your whole voyage. Cheer up, man! Take what good the gods send you; and remember that your wife would be unhappy enough, if she knew that you were borrowing trouble on her account needlessly."

This conversation seemed to restore him to a better frame of mind; he did not mope as much, and he sometimes joined in the few amusements which passengers can indulge in on shipboard. When we arrived at length at Australia, and as good luck would have it, both Warner and myself were soon established in business and together. We were more than ordinarily fortunate, and soon riches poured in upon us. Warner lost the frightful sense of coming evil in the excitement of making money, and for some time he wrote letters from Maria served to banish all faith in premonitions for the time.

When we had been there seven or eight months, Warner wished to make a larger remittance to his wife than he had yet done. Every letter he had sent had been charged with a solemn tulle; but now he was anxious to send a sum which should secure her against inconvenience in money matters for a year or two. While he was worrying about this, a man entered our store, with whom Warner was acquainted. He was a person of smooth exterior, highly-polished manners, and few words, but he had been called frequently, and though I forbore giving my opinion, as he was Warner's friend, I

was certainly far from pleased with him. He proclaimed his intention of returning shortly to New England. Warner started. "Good!" he exclaimed. "You are the very man, then, who can do me a favor;" and he proceeded to explain how.

I watched Liston narrowly, thinking to myself that his was not a face in whose company I would wish to trust my money. He affected to decline taking charge of it. "No, no, Warner," he said. "If anything should happen to me with such an amount upon my person, and it should be lost or stolen, I could not afford to replace it, and it would place me in a miserable situation. I have the highest respect for Mrs. Warner," he continued, laughing, "and I don't want to peril her good opinion of me, which I should certainly forfeit if I ought should happen to prevent me from fulfilling my charge."

His excuses were very transparent to me, but not to Warner; he insisted on sending by him the full amount he had intended; and as Liston was going immediately, Warner placed in his hand the large sum in gold, and this without any written acceptance or acknowledgment.

"You are mad!" I said to him when Liston was gone. "You will rue this day when you trusted gold to that man."

Warner turned a look of genuine surprise upon me. "Do you know what you do, when you take an honest man's character away from him in that way?"

I felt condemned, for mine was only an inward conviction, and I had nothing to support it but a sort of instinct, which has ever enabled me to detect a fraud. I apologized to Warner for my speech, and resolved to think no more of Mr. Edward Liston until we should learn from Mrs. Warner that she had received her remittance.

We had long, long to wait. Letters had arrived punctually for months to Warner; but an ominous silence ensued that awakened Warner's distrust for the life and health of his family. What lost interest in business, he was constantly fretting. I began to be seriously alarmed for him; he ate nothing, slept little, and was worn almost to a shadow. At last, as no response came from home to his distressed inquiries, he fell sick with a fever, brought on wholly by agitation of mind.

Every moment I could spare from the double amount of business now devolving on me, I was in his room, devising everything I could think of for his comfort; while at the same time, bachelor like, I inwardly execrated woman as the cause of more suffering than she could ever cure. It was dreadful to hear Warner's delirious cries; he would call Maria for hours together, and then, uttering the most touching and pathetic lamentations that she was dead, he would fall asleep exhausted as a child, and sleep heavily, still moaning for something lost for ever.

While he was in this state, a letter came to him bearing date in the United States. It was the arrival of Liston in the States. As he was incapable of knowing anything, I took it upon me to open it. It was from Liston; he wrote thus:

"My dear Friend,—I cannot endure to pain you by news which, I know, must bring so great suffering to you. What I am endeavoring to do is to find your family at ease. What was my grief and surprise, to find that Mrs. Warner was no longer living! She died the very day of the steamer's arrival. I am anxious to have you carry out what I conceive would be your wishes for the child. I have her in my own care, and have ventured to retain the money you confided to me for the purpose of selecting her. I have no words to comfort you under this affliction, except to promise to take care of your child. Should you decide to stay in Australia, I will send you, as you will, I will engage to send you, whenever you desire it; or, if you think best to relocate her here, I will see that she has everything for her happiness."

"Yours,

"EDWARD LISTON."

Merciful Heaven! how should I convey now like this to that man? It seemed to me that nothing would tempt me thus to agonize a soul already on the brink of destruction. In my grief, I went to the clergyman, who had manifested an interest in my afflicted friend, and begged him to spare me that sad, sad task.

He did it kindly and tenderly. His effort was purely comforting. For hours he lay in a fit, from which I hoped at last that he would never recover; for I felt that death would be preferable to hopeless idleness, which was all I had a right to expect. Poor Warner, how sad was the ending of his hope! How truly had his fatal premonition wrought out its accomplishment!

He awoke from that dreadful state to one of agony indescribable, realizing all the grief that may be supposed he would endure with an organization so excessively sensitive as his own. I had no comfort to give him, save to speak to him of the infant whose loving heart would one day be to him in the place of hers who had departed.

"What shall I write to Liston?" I asked, more to divert his mind from his greatest trouble, than from any hope of a reasonable answer.

"Tell him to keep her. I could not see her now; it would kill me. Send him more gold—bribe on heaps, if he will but keep her away from me."

I resolved not to obey him in either command; he was not himself yet. Liston had carried away just enough to keep the child handsomely for ten years. Warner's illness would cost him a small fortune in Australia, where physicians' services and medicines were enormously high. So I merely wrote a few lines to the man, whose smooth letter had not increased my faith in him, stating that Mr. Warner had been seized with a fever, and was incapable at present of deciding respecting his child. In all probability he would have her come to him when his health was completely restored, which I hoped would be speedily. I wrote, too, that I intended advising Warner to visit the child, as soon as possible, and that Warner nodded slowly. A settled melancholy pervaded his mind, and for several months he shunned all society but mine.

Our landlady had two beautiful and interesting daughters, one of whom was a widow, whose young husband had died of the mines. Incessantly he became attached to her, fancying that she resembled Maria. I was glad to see that a growing affection was forming between the two situated. I felt that Warner only needed the companionship of a wife to restore his mind to its balance; and I truly rejoiced when, the end of eight months, he was married to Mrs. Fitz-Henry.

For the next three months they were continually talking of going to fetch Warner's child. They were on the eve of departure, and my friend had just completed his arrangements, and his wife had consented to take a farewell of her mother, leaving him to follow and return with her. Warner and I had a few more words to utter respecting business, which detained us until dark; but the fire-light was strong and a solitary lamp burned on the table.

A slight breeze was heard in the hall, and the servant showed in a messenger. He advanced timidly towards Warner. I looked at him, wondering that he did not speak to her; he was gasping for breath, and the large drops of perspiration were beading his brow. I thought he was going mad again, and went to his chair, begging him to be composed; he was answered by pointing his right hand to the woman, who sat there looking as ghastly as himself.

"What does it all mean, Warner?" I cried almost vexed by his childlike fears. "Madam, who are you, that can thus impress Mr. Warner? His nerves are so weak from rest in your arms, and he would be cruel in you to tempt any momentary power upon him."

Before I had ended, he had spoken the single word, *Maria!* Good heavens, I thought, can the grave give up the dead? I looked at the pale, ghastly woman, and could not identify her with the pretty, sweet-looking Mrs. Warner, whom I had so often seen. She looked like a woman who had suddenly fallen under some crushing, blighting influence. As I gazed, the black locks came back to me. She did resemble her. Still she was inhuman. The sad story began, however, and we will tell it as briefly as possible. First, it is to be worked out in the past, and then with the eye of the future. I offered to leave the room, but they both entreated me to stay. Liston—the double-eyed villain that he was—tempted by Warner's gold and the beauty of his wife, invented a tale of her husband's death. He said that he had worked for her husband, never spoken, of course, of meeting her husband, or of the trust he had placed in him. On the contrary, he had represented him as dying very poor; her poverty and her love for her obdurate husband, he said, had led her to the proposal, and she had accepted it, and he had been obliged to obtain more money, ostensibly for the child. What was Maria's agony, when informed that her husband's death was a false tale! Leaving the villain who had deceived her to learn her departure as he might, she went out and begged for her child. She was so poor, and so weak, and so anguished when, after inquiring for her husband's residence, she learned that he had married! Despair was in her heart, yet she had enough of woman's spirit within her to wish to teach him some treachery to her. Warner lighted the wretched lame girl, and she went to the house, which he had carried about him ever since his illness. She read it, and then, with a face full of woe, she went to him, put her arms about his neck, exclaiming, "My poor Will, how you have suffered! She seemed to think only of him, putting her own deep sorrow out of the question.

The worst was not over, however; for soon, all unconscious of the scene that was to follow, Mrs. Fitz-Henry, as I must now call her, returned, and came into the room. She was thunder-struck at the faces that were so plainly written all over with perplexity and trouble. She eyed the haggard woman that stood close to her husband, as she still thought him; and then, as if some glimmering of the truth was struggling slowly through her brain, she went and sat down by Warner, motioned Maria to a chair opposite, and demanded of him an explanation.

For a moment his agony got the better of him; he bowed his head and wept like a child. Then, gravely and kindly, he told her from the beginning to the end of this sad story. Mrs. Fitz-Henry heard him through silently, and then, with a magnanimity that none but a good and pure woman would have practised, she went up to the forlorn stranger, and put her hand into Warner's.

"He is your husband, and the father of your child. I married him innocently, loving him well and truly. Take him! I will return to my mother's house, and trouble you no more. Only," she said, turning to Warner, "only bear witness for me, that I did not err willingly, nor did you, I assure."

Warner sat like one stupefied. It was not until she rose to go, that he seemed to come to his senses. "Dear Jane," he said at last, "you have suffered so much through me, that I know not how to compensate you. It is all through that villain Liston that we are thus afflicted."

"Listen!" said Mrs. Fitz-Henry. "Is it Listen who has wrought this woe? Why, he already has a wife and children here, and has within a year forsaken them all, and left them to charity."

Maria was too feeble and exhausted to bear more. She fainted, and her generous rival had her carried to a chamber, where everything that

could soothe or restore her was done under her supervision. When she revived, she gently took leave of her, and returned home, to think over the strange scene.

Maria soon recovered; her child is to be restored to her, Liston having deserted it and carried off the stolen money. The police in various towns are on his track, and he will not long escape the reward due to his crimes. Warner still believes in "presentiments."

REFUSED AND ACCEPTED.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"No sir!"

That was what she said—all the dictionaries in the world couldn't have made it plainer. As all erents, I could not complain that she lacked explicitness in informing me that she would not marry me. It was a little mortifying, certainly. I felt the scarlet flush mounting from the soles of my feet to the extremest tips of my ears, as if my veins were filled with boiling water instead of carbon and what's-its-name.

There she sat, working worsteds, one tiny, diamond-circled finger holding on to some intricate spot in the pattern, her curls touching the inexpressible canvas, and her white, fleecy dress—a dress that had been made for a girl—flowing like King Lear's billows around her. A diamond little like Snowy, with a coat like Rose silk, lay coiled up among the white draperies, and from a miniature Chinese pagoda of gilded wire on the table the green-winged canary was pouring out a stream of words, a stream of words that I had never heard before. I had never heard of a bird that sang like that, and so I listened, and so I listened, until I had heard the words of a dozen on my knee, although I hate the very sound of a bark—how many lumps of sugar I had coaxed that senseless canary with! And all in vain!

I rose up, trying desperately to appear unconcerned. I was afraid of what I said of no use. I said: "Elias Chewick saw through me as if I had been a pair of spectacles. She knew that I would be here, she had sold myself for a postage stamp just at that moment, and considered it a bargain. I got out of the room somehow—not in the most graceful manner possible—and went home to masturbate on my diamond."

"If Eliza Cheswick had not been an heiress!" That was the cry of my bruised heart during all the weary days and weeks that followed. Somehow I could not divest myself of the idea that Eliza had confounded me with the herd of fortune-hunters that had always surrounded her. There was no help for it now, however. Ah! no help for it!

"Charles's growing thin—I hope he isn't going into a decline," said my mother, dubiously shaking her blue cap-ribbons. "I wish he'd consent to a tablespoonful of cod-liver oil, morning and night."

"Hang cod-liver oil!" said my father, adjusting his gold eye-glasses magnificently. "Charley only needs a little change. What do you say to a run through Europe, my boy—hey?"

"Indeed, sir, I don't need any relaxation. I had rather remain quietly at home."

My father looked at me keenly. He was a man who never changed his mind, and the upshot of the matter was, that to Europe I went. An only son is always more or less spoiled—and I belonged to the class of more spoiled.

Old-liver oil! foreign travel! What good would they effect as long as I couldn't take a table-spoonful of Eliza Chesswick twice a day, nor carry her across the Atlantic with me?

Once within the enchanted precincts of the Old World, I learned to love its storied haunts, and ten years went away almost before I knew it.

"Cheswick! Cheswick! People had forgotten the very name in the fashionable circles whose star Eliza had once been when I returned to my native land.

"Cheswick! Seems to me I do recollect some such name," said Uncle Brouson, who knew everybody and went everywhere. "A fat old man, with a daughter who had property and flirted a good deal, hey? Heard the man was dead—'s'pose the daughter's married and gone. Impossible to keep the run of folks!"

"Married and gone!" I should have liked to knock off Uncle Brouson's rusty old wig; but, after all, the old man wasn't to blame.

The Bowery by gas-light—shall I ever forget the ebb and flow of that shabby, hungry-looking crowd—the weird blare of the shop windows, streaming through the rain and mist—the clash of wheels—the shouting of omnibus drivers? It was a new phase of life to me—I rather amused me, even while it made me sad.

I had paused a moment at a brilliantly lighted corner, where three golden balls hung over my head and a greedy pair of eyes glared through the bow-window. There was a "dead-lock" among cart-wheels and screaming drivers, and I mechanically turned to look at the display in the pawnbroker's window.

Good Heaven! Surely I could not be mistaken! I rubbed the rain-drops off my eyelashes and looked again. No—I was not mistaken.

There, among battered violins, dimly plated casters, paste diamonds, and all the incongruous medley that collects in such places, hung a green-plumed canary, straining his small throat in a pagoda of tarnished gilt wire! Elize Cheswick's pet bird! I should have known it among all the feathered denizens of the Canary Islands! but how on earth came it there?

I hastily stepped into the store and confronted the owner of the greedy eyes—a swarthy, cunning-faced old man, who looked like a bundle of galvanised sole-leather.

"That cage? I've had it here this six months. Redeemed—no, of course not. Fourteen shillin's I lent on that cage—'taint that sort of person redeems things. Never supposed it would be redeemed. I'm always losin' by my good-nature. How oan I tell who left it here? Folks seem to suppose I've got nothin' to do but remember names!"

I slipped a gold piece across the dingy counter, with trembling hands.

"Perhaps you might ascertain, by reference to your books, if—

"Certainly, sir—certainly," said the man, clutching at the coin, while his whole visage relaxed into smiles. "Anything to oblige a gentleman. Let me see—let me see! O, here it is. March 17, 1862. Eliza Chos—Chos—"

I caught the dog-eared volume and eagerly read the name, followed by an address entirely new to me. It was enough. I had discovered the missing link, and before the astounded owner of the three golden balls had recovered his presence of mind, I was once more pressing through the rain, the mist, the darkness. The mere idea of Eliza Clueswick in want—perhaps in suffering—drove me wild.

"Does Miss Cheswick live here—Miss Eliza Cheswick?"

At any other time, my fastidious senses would have revolted from the reeking atmosphere of that dismal tenement house, with its solitary hall lamp flaring in the currents of wind that rushed in at the open door—now I scarcely heeded the noise and equalor.

"Artificial flower maker—up stairs—top floor—back!" growled the voice of some one behind a partially-opened door, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was being pretty thoroughly scanned by the unseen eyes belonging to the voice!

Up the narrow, creaking stairs I passed, sometimes lighted by a faint glimmer from some door sometimes groping my way in Cimmerian darkness, until I had reached the "top floor, buck," indicated by my Mentor below. My heart seemed almost to stand still, as I tapped at the door, beneath which I had distinguished a faint yellow line of light.

"Come in!" responded a low voice, and I obeyed.

It was a narrow room, whose sloping roof would scarcely permit a person to stand upright in any part of it—with a rusty, fireless grate, and a table where one tallow candle faintly illumined bays of half-finished artificial flowers, upon which bent a weary, slight figure. As my step sounded on the threshold, she looked up.

Ah, how changed—how faded! yet how beautiful still! The same golden masses of hair, braided now, instead of hanging in curls; the same blue, blue eyes that had haunted me for ten long years!

"Eliza! Eliza Cheswick!"

She struck back with a low cry, covering her face with her hands! Had I sought her so long to be discouraged now!

I cannot tell how it happened, nor what we said; but the first distinct recollection I have, beyond that daisy, uncertain moment of recognition, is of Eliza sobbing with her forehead upon my arm. My life's precious jewel! I had found her at last—my constant love had met its reward.

"Oh, Charles! the only friend who found me out in adversity—the only one whose love outlasts time and grief, and said, 'So I am! I had fancied that that—'"

"That I was a fortune-hunter? No troubles I am, dear; and I have found my fortune in your love!"

"Pshaw! what's the use of going into details? Don't the reader know just what happened afterward? If he don't, I shall be very happy to see him any evening in our bright little drawing-room, where the green canopy sings just as sweetly as if he had never hung under the 'three golden balls,' and my beautiful wife nourishes the delusion that her husband is a sort of hero!

A hero, indeed! as though any man would not have passed through ten years of ordeal to win such a precious treasure!"

"Isn't it true, Eliza mine?"

And Eliza kissed her face in her baby's neck and says:

"Noneime!"

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, MARCH 14, 1863.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

It costs a deal of money to be rich, and it is a question if so little is worth so much. After all, it is wealth worth the cost, first in acquiring it, next in supporting it, and lastly, in bawling up under it when you have lost it!

#### THE SKILFUL MAN.

The man who combines industry with skill is the world's saviour. His patience will in time lift mountains or fill up valleys. His patience that reared the pyramids, and it was that, combined with skill, built railways, excavated canals, constructed steamships, made the lightning speak, and laid thousands of miles of slender cable in the deep bed of a stormy ocean, uniting the hemispheres. His patience is genius—skill is knowledge. He industrious and you will master both, making them your willing servants.

#### THE OVER-TAKEN DRAIN.

It is astonishing—orrathor it would be astonishing, if any inconsistency in human nature could produce surprise—to see the recklessness with which persons otherwise prudent and intelligent trade with themselves. Men who would not raise the pressure in a steam engine boiler to within twenty pounds on the inch of the danger-point will nevertheless risk apoplexy, insanity, para-

lysis, by putting a pressure upon their own brains and systems which nothing mortal should be expected to bear. Lascivious and lecherous men often commit the egregious folly, and thus look to their ruin, of procuring them by some miraculous power which does not exist in science. To be healthy, and to keep healthy, it is necessary to be temperate in all things—in mental and physical toil as well as in the pleasures and indulgences of life. Whoever is so weak, though he may be a tyro in human anatomy and the elements of medicine, is not his own physician, and will seldom need any other.

#### THE FIRESEED.

The fireseed is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven with the web of childhood, grips form and color to the texture of life. There are few who, can receive the honors of college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the universities may fade from recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, enmeshed upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present is a forgotten waste. Such is the fireseed—the great institution furnished by Providence to educate men.

#### WANT OF COURAGE.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men who have distinguished themselves by their timidity, but have prevented them making the first effort—and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, in order to do anything in this world, that is worth doing, and thus achieving the great end of life, we must think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. There is such little time for over-scrupulousness at present, the opportunity so early slips away, the very period of his life at which man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to crack up the necessity, in such instances, of little violence done to feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation. Whatever your hands find to do with all your might.

#### ANGLING FOR HEARTS.

Not to say it profanely, there be among the super-excellent sea-fishers of men. No "brown hackles," made to skip over a mountain stream in May-time is half so fatal to the trout as are the sideling glances shot from under the dark lashes of Beauty to many a susceptible gudgeon with whiskered gills. We have known a young lady to have a dozen such in a single morning and have them all "in a string." A sweet smile behind a fan is an attractive bait, and we have seen much execution done with such a lure by a pretty girl who had the knack of it. The poet who insists that "Beauty draws us by a single word," goes a trifle too far, but she certainly often draws us by a braid or a ringlet, and, at the risk of our ears, we venture to add, sometimes with an artificial one. Little mouse-like feet and their belongings, if expertly handled, are tempting bait, at all times and in all places, and make especial havoc among the male fish. Unrepenting domestic anglers, who fish for steady-going souls with a needle and thread, or knitting-wool, or even a broom or a duster, also

secure a good many substantial prizes, and it is said that a great catch was once made by a lady up to her elbows in suds, a fact which proves that it is not unwise to throw out a fish to a whale now and then.

But we are on dangerous ground. A rod may be in pickle for us even now. Let us, therefore, make our peace by congratulating all sisters of the angle who have been happy in their "casts," and procuring, if unsuccessful with the assurance that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught out of it.

#### "DIED."

How the heart throbs, as the reader, perusing a list of the names of those who have departed this life, suddenly discovers the cognomen of an old and valued friend! Those two or three underlined lines in the dismal catalogue set memory feverishly at work. "He is gone!" says the nation—"he to whom I pledged my truth in my school days. The last time I saw him—but he did not know me as the Mary of his youth—he was surrounded by a happy family." "He is gone," mentally exclaims the merchant, "and yet I, rolling in wealth, have never thought it worth my while to renew the acquaintance of my boyhood. He was a good fellow. Peace be to his ashes!"

And so the departed goes to his narrow home. Those who were bound to him by the strongest of domestic ties don black garments, and shed a profusion of tears. In a year all is forgotten. Nothing but the headstone at his grave remembers his existence. His children call another father—his wife calls another husband. Not one aspect of life is changed for any length of time by any death.

#### "ALL'S RIGHT WHEN DADDY'S SOBER!"

Such was the motto borne aloft by aboy in a temperance procession, and there is more in it than would appear at the first blush. We have often thought that the little fellow who inscribed this banner spoke from experience, so childishly blunt is the declaration, and yet so entirely natural and so very expressive—"All's right when daddy's sober!" To an unreflective mind it would seem a flippant and careless remark, but it was in reality full of pith, and point, and deep feeling. It told a story of sleepless nights and unnumbered terrors of omens, and imprecations, and unkindnesses of neglect, and cruelty, and the anxiety of a little bruised and bleeding heart, changed into love, and kindness, and affection. It told of brutality and other recklessness changed to gentleness and self-respect. It told of a household turned from mourning into joy. There was more of eloquence in that little sentence, taken in connection with the circumstances which called it out, than can be found in many a long-winded temperance oration; and we do not believe there was a drinking man, whose finer feelings were not entirely blunted, who looked at it and then went home with the sign of liquor upon him. "All's right when daddy's sober!" The most brilliant of temperance orators could not, with the study of a lifetime, give expression to a sentence better calculated to touch the heart of a true man.

#### YANKEE NOTIONS.

THE FOMT OF WAR — The "irrepressible nigger."

THE SPIRITS OF THE NORTHERN CHIEF—Shin-plasters.

ONE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON'S TRIUMPHAL CARS—His Cochin-China.

"SMOKE your pipe," as the coal said to the stove.

Snow on the ground may be termed a "white lie."

SEW who can compose a cross baby is greater than she who composes books.

WHY is a blanch like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

TWO kinds of eggs are used in making "Tom and Jerry," namely, hen's eggs and nutmegs.

IS there any perceptible improvement in a caterpillar when he turns over a new leaf?

IS every old book we find, if not the shadow, the type of the age in which it was printed.

MOT by a MISS COOK.—Better fight with red troops than have your "goose cooked."

"EX BARBETTE."—When may guns be well called "dogs of war"? When they're "trained."

ALTITUDE is everything. When a man makes a spread eagle of himself on the top, everybody laughs at his Xposition.

MEN are generally an octave below women in voice, and a good many octaves in everything else.

AN Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

A WOMAN is not fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it; and this is as true of a tongue as of a baby.

A YANKEE says he don't see anything to require such a *recon-siderable* rise in the price of paper.

WHY is a fashionable lady like a rigid economist? Because she makes a great bustle about a little waist.

OGRETS all ornaments in church to be of *puer-fer*? And is checking a rooster in his claret blast really a *cross-bird*?

MRS. FARTINGTON says that a man fell down the other day in an applejack fit, and that his wife was extricated.

CAN a young man tell his light shine before man when he is constantly "blowing it out" in taverns and saloons?

A NEW article of gun is manufactured in New York that must be kept in hottles. It will set out of barrels in fifteen minutes.

MRS. FARTINGTON has seen an article in the papers headed, "Conspiracy to Murder Bill." She wants to know who "Bill" is.

A PENNIV STRAIN.—Some men we know of ought to have very clear consciences—if straining would do it.

PEAS AND BEANS.—It is very natural that coffee should now-a-days have a soothing, *peasable* effect, and it is very *bean-revolent* in the grocery man to sell it so cheap.

A TRAITOR GOOSE.—A Michigan soldier who was arrested for stealing a rebel's goose, said he found the bird hissing at the American flag, and he arrested it for treason.

WHY?—Why shouldn't a man be known by his gait? The country people always say that a good farmer may be known by his fences, just as a villain is by his offences.

SWEET REFLECTION by A PUG.—"Every minute as it goes by reminds me of a feller in the ring just afore his seconds goes and throws up the sponge. Knocked out of time, you see."

AGAINST THE GRAIN.—Fanny Fay says:—"Reading of our charity to the Lancashire operatives reminds us that it is really too good of us to be sending England our wheat and getting nothing but her chaff in return."

THE GOOD TIME.—At a concert in Wisconsin, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a good time coming," a woman ferreted got up and exclaimed, "Miss Fay, couldn't you fix the date?" that is what we want. Just give us the date, mister."

DEBT.—The letters that spell debt are the initials of the sentence, "Dun Every-Body Twice," and the letters that spell credit are the initials of the sentence, "Call Regularly Every Day—I'll Trust."

TOO VALUABLE.—The rebels, whenever they recognise one of their contrabands in the Union ranks, object to firing, on the ground that it is too much for them to pay a thousand dollars per shot.

THE "DRAFT."—The greatest extent to which we have known of the "war-fer" to have been carried, is that of a gentleman, who being requested to take a "draft" of ale, refused on the ground that he was over forty-five.

TAKED BARRIS.—The North have taxed marriage certificates ten cents (5d.). An exchange says that, as babies are a sort of marriage certificate, under the new law, it will be necessary to have a ten cent stamp affixed to them.

KATHER DRIFT.—A man in Wisconsin, while bathing in a river a few days ago, discovered, after an industrious "scrub" of his person for about ten minutes, a pair of drawers, which he had lost about two years before.

A BRUTE.—An editor asks, in talking of poetry and matrimony, "Who would indite sonnets to a woman whom he saw every morning in her nightcap, and every day at dinner swallowing meat and mustard?"

GRAVE SUBJECT.—Jimmy remarked to his grandmother that old Mrs. Cranshaw had the appearance of a person with one foot in the grave. "Well, really, upon my word," said the antique lady "I thought I noticed she walked a lecture lame, lately."

MAINE PLANTS.—"There is no excuse for soury on shipboard," said X, "with the facilities they have for getting fresh vegetables." "And where can they get them from?" asked the captain. "From the yards, of course!" replied the doctor.

ALABAMA-MODE.—In what mode do the fashionable Turks travel? said Miss Flora McFlimney to the Oriental traveller, as they were coming out of church. "Alabama-mode, Miss," said the traveller. "Delightful!" she replied. "The luxury of worship is to worship *à-la-mode*."

LYING COOL.—Lawyer W., while entering his cold bed on a very cold winter night, exclaimed, "Of all the ways of getting a living, the worst a man could follow would be going about those cold nights as this, and getting into bed for folks!"

A SLANDER.—It was not Snook's wife who "loved to make bread 'cause it cleaned her hands so beautifully," nor who wanted a dark-colored tea-set, that "wouldn't show the dirt." It was a base slander upon Mr. Snooks, and we are happy to record the fact.

POPULAE.—"Was Mr. Chiselm a very popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy body of a friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman; "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving; and several of them, including the sheriff's deputy, followed him some distance."

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.—In Boston, a photograph taker, "he said, produced the portraits of people long dead: Several persons left red by the death-bed donations of gold buried in a almost-forgotten relation. Have received their 'premonitions,' and fear the de-Who this card game have so unaccountably started. May perhaps play a worse trick—the bayonet alive?—And so glantly 'surprise parties,' come back themselves.

KNOWING SCHOLAR.—The following is said to have passed in a school down east:—"What is the most northern town in the United States?"—"The North Pole." "What is it inhabited by?"—"By the Poles, sir." "That's right. Now what's the meaning of the word stoop?" "I

don't know, sir." "What do I do when I bend over thus?" "You scratch your shine, sir." "What does your father do when he sits down at the table?" "He sips the brandy-bottle." "I don't mean that." "Well, then, what does your mother do when you sit down to the table?" "She says she will wring our necks if we spill any grease on the floor."

"THEN CAME THE ANIMULES, TWO BY TWO."—"Observe," said the geometrician, proceeding with his diagram, "I continue the line A through the angle B. The impingement is on the arc at C." "The ark at sea!" asked the Divinity-student, inno-cently. "The impingement? I never heard of any such beast!"

CERUITY PNEUMOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.—It is said that the Northern Post-office clerks found that counting the gum-backs handed in for redemption, greatly excited the "organ of adhesiveness"; so much so, in fact, that nothing but the powerful counter-influence of the "organ of conscientiousness," prevented them from sticking to their fingers.

A SEQUENCE.—"Tell that to the horse-marines," has long been a popular retort to "steep" propositions and announcements of the "sea-servant" variety, but it seems to us that in view of the exploits and persistent enthusiasm of Cyrus W. Field, the Atlantic Telegraph man, this retort would gain force by being henceforth amended into "Tell that to the Submarines!"

#### A TERRIBLE MEAN MAN.

We've known some very mean men in our time. There was Deacon Overmuch; now he was so mean he always carried a hen in his glibbox when he travelled, to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And then there was Hugo Himmelman, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage license. We must tell that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one, and good stories, like potatoes, are not so plenty now as they used to be when we were a boy. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Gulp, he goes down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get a license.

"Parson," says he, "what's the price of a license?"

"Six dollars," says he. "Six dollars!" says Hugo, "that's a dreadful sight of money. Couldn't you take no less?"

"No," says he, "that's what they cost me at the secretary's office, at Halifax."

"Well, how much do you ask for publishing in church, then?"

"Nothing," says the parson.

"Well," says Hugo, "that's so cheap I can't expect you to give no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?"

"Three Sundays!" says Hugo. "Well, that's a long time. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all; two for the covers and one for the inside leaf: and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away. I must wait."

So off he went, joggling towards home, and looking about as mean as a new sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went as hard as his horse would carry him.

"Parson," says he, "I have changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. I'll tie the knot to-night with my tongue that I can't undo with my teeth."

"Why, what in nature is the meaning of all this?" says the parson.

"Why," says Hugo, "I've been publishing it out in my head, and it's cheaper than othering banes, after all. I've been in it, it's a pot-digging time. If I was to be called in church, her father would have her work for nothing; and as hands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to-night,

she can begin to dig her own to-morrow, and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over, for there isn't a man in all Chesham that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen can. And besides, fresh wires work like smoke at first, but they get saucy and lazy after a while."

He married her and made her dig potatoes during the housewarming. And that was their mean.

## YOU BE DAM.

In the northern part of California is a stream called Yuba River. Across it some enterprising individual built a bridge, and on the banks somebody else built three or four houses. The inhabitants called the place Yuba Dam. Three years have been intensely excited, and the town increased rapidly. About noon one cool day a traveller and a sojourner in the land passed this flourishing locality, and seeing a long-legged specimen of humanity in a red shirt, smoking before one of the bars, thus addressed him:

"Hello"

"Hello!" replied the shirt, with vigor, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"What place is this?" demanded the traveller, whose name was Thompson.

The answer of the shirt was unexpected.

"Yuba Dam!"

There was about fifty yards between them, and the wind was blowing. Mr. Thompson thought he had been mistaken.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Yuba Dam," replied the stranger, cheerfully.

"What place is this?" roared Mr. Thompson.

"Yuba Dam," said the shirt, in a slightly elevated tone of voice.

"Looker here!" yelled the irate Thompson, "I asked you politely what place this was; why in heaven's don't you answer?"

The stranger became excited. He rose, and replied, with the voice of an 80-pounder—

"YOU-BE DAM! You hear that?"

In a minute, Thompson, burning with the wrath of the righteous, jumped off his horse, and advanced on the stranger with an expression not to be mistaken. The shirt arose and assumed a posture of offence and defence.

Arrived within a yard of him, Thompson said—

"I ask you for the last time. What place is this?"

Putting his hands to his mouth, his opponent roared—

"YOU-BE DAM!"

The next minute they were at it. First Thompson was down; then the shirt; and then it was a dog-fall—that is, both were down. They rolled about, kicking up a tremendous dust. They squirmed around so energetically that you'd hard thought they had a dozen legs instead of four. It looked like a prize fight between two pugilist centipedes. Finally they both rolled off the bank and into the river. The water cooled them. They went down together, but came up separate and put out for the shore. Both reached it about the same time, and Thompson scrambled up the bank, mounted his war-like steed, and made track, leaving his foe gouging the mud out of one of his eyes.

Having left tin business portion of the town, that is to say, the corner where the three bars were kept, he struck a house in the suburbs, before which a little girl of about four years of age was playing.

"What place is this, Sis?" he asked.

The little girl, frightened at the downed-rot figure which the stranger cut, streaked it for the house. Having reached the door she stopped, turned, and squealed out, "Oo-bee Dam!"

"Good Heavens!" said Thompson, digging his heels between his horse's ribs—"Good Heavens! let me get out of this horrid place, where not only the men but the very babes and sucklings swear at each other travellers."

## TABLET OF MEMORY.

## IMPROVEMENTS, DISCOVERIES, ETC.

Cities first incorporated, 1201.

Cities and boroughs first represented in Parliament, 1366.

Civil war revived in Italy, Germany, &c., 1187. Clock-makers, three, from Delft, first in England, 1568.

Clocks, called water-clocks, first used in Rome, 158 a.c.; clocks and dials first set up in churches, 913; clocks made to strike, by the Arabians, 801; by the Italians, 1300; a striking clock in Westminster, 1368; the first portable one made, 1530; none in England that went tolerably, till that dated 1540, now at Hampton-court Palace; clocks with pendulums, &c., invented by one Fromant, a Dutchman, about 1636; repeating clocks and watches invented by one Barlow, 1776. Till about 1631, neither clocks nor watches were general.

Cloth, coarse woollen, introduced into England, 1191; first made at Kendal, 1390; medleys first made, 1614.

Coaches first used in England, 1580; an act passed to prevent an riding in coaches as effeminate, in 1601; began to be common in London, 1605; hackney coaches began in 1634, when Captain Bailey set up four in number; were prohibited in 1635; fifty hackney coachmen only were allowed in 1637; limited to 300 in 1652; to 300 in 1654; to 400 in 1657; to 700 in 1694, when they were first licensed; to 800 in 1710; to 1,000 in 1771; to 1,200 in 1799.

Coals discovered near Newcastle, 1234; first dug at Newcastle by a charter granted the town by Henry III., first used, 1280; dyers, brewers, &c., in the reign of Edward I., began to use sea-coal for fire in 1350; but in consequence of an application from the nobility, &c., he published a proclamation against it as a public nuisance, 1398. Imported from Newcastle in London in any quantity, 1350; in general use in London, 1400.

Cock-fighting instituted by the Romans, after a victory over the Persians, 476 a.c.

Coffee-house, the first in England, was kept by Jacob, a Jew, at the sign of the Angel in Oxford, in 1650; Mr. Edwards, an English merchant, brought home with him a Greek servant, who kept the first house for making and selling coffee in London, 1652. The Rainbow Coffee-house, near Temple-bar, was, 1657, represented as a nuisance to the neighborhood.

Coffee first brought to England by Mr. Nathaniel Courtenay, a Cretan, who made it his common beverage, at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1611; coffee was first brought to Marseilles, 1644.

Coffee-trees were conveyed from Mocha to Holland, in 1616; and carried to the West Indies in the year 1720; first cultivated at Surinam in 1664; in Barbadoes, 1718; its culture extended in the plantations, 1732.

Coin, the sergeant's, was originally an iron skull-cap, worn by knights under their helmets. Blackstone says it was introduced before 1259, to hide the tinsure of such renegade clerks as chose to remain as advocates in the secular courts, notwithstanding their prohibition by canon.

Coin, silver, first coined by Phidion, King of Argos, 869 a.c.; silver money coined at Rome, 269 b.c.; before then brass money was only used, a sign of no correspondence with the mint; silver gold and silver coins were long before coin first used in Britain, 25 a.c.; in Scotland, of gold and silver, 230 a.d.; coin was first made round in England in 1101; silver halfpence and farthings were coined in the reign of John, and hence the latest current coin; gold first coined in England, 1057; groats first coined in Bohemia, 1301.

## AMERICAN FAMILY PHYSICIAN

## SKIN DISEASES.

(Continued.)

**ERYTHEMA.**—*(Symptoms continued).*—In from three to five days small blisters are discernible on the inflamed parts, which increase in size until they break and discharge the water. The disease runs about nine days, when the blisters dry, and the skin peels off.

**Treatment.**—The fever must be subdued by gentle laxatives, and by using the diet of rice, trum. Rest and a milk diet should be observed. The local inflammation is treated most successfully with nitrate of silver, which is applied to the inflamed part, and a little beyond it, after first washing it with soap and water to remove any oily substance. The parts are to be touched with a stick of nitrate of silver, or to be washed with a solution of nitrate of silver and nitric acid. One ounce of copperas, in one pint of soft water, is a good lotion.

In mild cases, steam sited on, or warm fomentations, or even wet cloths, are beneficial. This disease comes upon a system much reduced, and therefore tonics are needed. A milk diet, something to open the bowels, and from four to six ounces of port wine daily, together with sage gruel, is an excellent treatment. Also cooling washes for the skin.

**NETTLE-RASH** begins with fever, which continues two or three days, when pustules of various shape, round, oval, and oblong, appear in the midst of red, slightly raised patches, attended by great itching and tingling, as if the common nettle had been applied to the skin. The pustules go off during the day, and come again at night. The eruption is often a sign of other diseases, or of mental anxiety; or is sometimes the effect of diet. Children have it occasionally while teething. In a lighter form of the disease, the eruption appears and disappears at short intervals, according to the heat of the weather, the season, &c.

**Treatment.**—This varies according to the cause of the disease. If the stomach has been offended, especially with putrid fish, an emetic of ipecac, or tartar emetic, will be required, followed by a brisk physic. A few doses of quinine may follow the physic. A cooling lotion should be used, such as the vinegar and rose is good; and the diet should be simple and unstimulating.

**ROSE-RASH, or Pseudo Measles**, appears with the same general symptoms as measles, and continues for about five days; or sometimes comes and goes for several weeks. The rash appears in small irregular patches, paler than those of measles, and of a more roseate color.

**Treatment** should be a light diet, acid drinks, and gentle laxatives; or if the disease assumes a darker red, and the patches are more elevated, a tonic is needed, and a milk diet may be given.

**INFLAMMATION.** Blister is not used, red, smooth fulness of the skin, coming on the extremities and loins, in irregular patches, bordered on one side by a hard, elevated red border. This species of disease attacks old people, and indicates some internal disorder which is dangerous. Another form of the disease is when it appears on the arms, neck, and breast, in large, bright-red, irregular patches, slightly raised. The redness at its height is very vivid, and continues for a fortnight, when it becomes purplish in the centre.

**Treatment.**—Light diet, gentle purgatives (rhubarb), opiate to procure sleep and relief from the tingling, applied to the surface only, such as laudanum, oleum drac; solution of sugar of lead, twelve drops; water, four ounces. Sour drinks, with bitter tonics, complete the treatment. Sponging with water and rubbing may be beneficial.

(To be continued in our next.)

(To be continued in our next.)





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ONE PENNY.



CYRIL AND HIS BETROTHED.

## THE SECRET CYPHER; OR, MYSTERY OF A LIFETIME.

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.  
AUTHOR OF "THE TRIAD; OR, ARKOLD THE TRAITOR."

### CHAPTER XVI.

SHORTLY afterwards a visitor requested to see Miss Rawdon.

It was Judith Murdoch. Her careworn look and heart-broken expression might have softened any other than he. But softness was not a part of his nature, and in this case, certainly, he could not have relented in favor of a hated rival.

"You are surprised to see me, Miss Rawdon."

"I am, indeed."

"My business with you can easily be guessed. I came over in the packet. I suppose you also received letters."

"I did."

"Then you know all?"

"Yes," said Leila, faintly.

"You must see how great the danger is. Nothing can avert it without my permission. You see now that I did not exaggerate. Your blind confidence in the innocence of Blount Aymar has indeed been fatal to him."

"I confide in his innocence yet."

"Then you will see him perish?"

"I cannot believe it."

"You will soon know it. No one now has a doubt of his guilt. Circumstances are all against him. The actions of his subsequent life, so far from exonerating him, only go to prove his guilt."

"I believe that there is a God in heaven, and he will not let the innocent suffer."

"That is a very bad principle," said Judith, with a sneer. "For even if Blount were innocent, he could have but faint hopes of the interposition of Providence. In my brief experience I have found that in this world the innocent suffer as well as the guilty. And in this case, even if he is as innocent as a child, nothing can save him."

"You at least have done all that you could to destroy him."

"I will not deny it. Apart from any little personal motives, you must be aware that it is the duty of every true man to protect and to avenge the innocent. If I believe Blount Aymar to be the author of a horrid crime, it is but right that I should seek to have him punished."

Leila was silent.

"I wish you to have a clear and distinct idea of the danger he is in."

"I know too much already."

"It is more important for you to know this than any other living person."

"If you come again to try and tempt me, I tell you at once that your efforts are utterly useless. I am unchanged. I have given my heart to one, and I cannot be frightened or persuaded into giving my hand to another."

"Will you not even listen to me then?" said Judah, his face exhibiting a perfect tempest of civil passion.

"Speak on. Time passes drearily with me, and any conversation is better than my own thoughts."

"The only hope that the friends of Blount Aymer now have is the faint one that perhaps he may be saved from death. They will try to have his sentence commuted. As to the certainty of his being condemned, no one doubts it for a moment."

Leila shuddered.

"You can save him."

She turned paler than ever.

"In either case, you cannot be united to Cyril. Look at this matter calmly and fairly. Your union with him now is a matter of utter impossibility. Whether you save his father or not, you cannot be joined to him. You must give him up."

"Never."

"You may carry him in your thoughts, and make your life miserable by doing so; but remembrance will not avail to bring him to you. Overwhelmed with dishonor, he will fly from his native land, and you will never hear of him again."

"Then I can carry his memory for ever, and we can meet in a better world."

"There's not much comfort in that prospect, I imagine," sneered Judah.

"There may not be to such as you; but to me it brings hope and support."

"Since you cannot possibly hope to be united to Cyril," continued Judah, in a cool manner, "it is evident that the only thing remaining for you to do, is to see what course may be the best for him. There are two modes of action before you. One is to continue as you are, and let him perish; the other, to come forward and save him from ruin."

"My mind is fixed. There is only one course," said Leila, mournfully.

"Think of his father."

"I think of my plighted faith."

"His own life depends upon this."

"His own life would be worthless to him were I to betray him."

"Thus is a childish fancy. Time will roll on, your image will vanish from his memory, and at last he will bless you for rescuing him from ruin."

"Never, never. He would justly curse me till his dying day."

"You are too romantic. Such a fancy may do for poetry, but for real life it is ridiculous."

"No more so than any other pure and sacred sentiment. All virtue may be alike ridiculous to you."

"Virtue! Is there any virtue in saving a friend from death?"

"Is there any virtue in saving him through dishonor?"

"Dishonor! Nonsense!"

"Is it nothing else than the foulest dishonor?"

"Some day you will bitterly lament your glib fastidiousness."

"At least I will never lament my fidelity."

"If Cyril were here, with these things presented to him, he would desire you to comply with my proposal. Blame might prevent him from saying it in words; but in his inmost soul he would cry, 'Save me! Save me, Leila!'"

"If Cyril were here," said Leila, with a burst

of enthusiasm, "you well know that he would hurl you out of the window, for daring to come here with such a proposal."

"Not he. He would have too much sense. Do you think he likes the prospect of being disgraced for life?"

"God will give him strength if it comes to that."

"You may perhaps have a secret thought that even at the worst Cyril and you may not be parted. You are undoubtedly willing to overlook his disgrace, and if he came to ask you, you could without doubt unite your fate with his."

"Most certainly," said Leila. "On him there is no stain."

"But did it never strike you that he would feel differently? Do you think he would return to you as his father did a felon's death? He is too sensitive and proud, and the execution of his father would also be the destruction of your hopes."

"I know that too well," murmured Leila.

"And yet you refuse."

"And yet I refuse."

"Is there no possible hope? Must Blount Aymer die?"

"There is no hope from me."

"Alas, then," exclaimed Judah, rising, "my plan is overthrown. I began all this, not to destroy Blount Aymer, but to win you. I love you, and all my life I will remember you, cruel as you are. You will refuse me, and by that refusal you not only doom Blount Aymer to death, but you bid me go and become his destroyer. Henceforth, you will have to mourn over the evil consequences of your obstinacy; and know, all your life, that by your madness, you have doomed Blount to death, Cyril to grief, and me to the destruction of my friend."

"Base hypocrite!" cried Leila, all carried away by a burst of indignant feeling, "am I a fool to be talked to in such a way. Do you not know that you yourself originated all this scheme, and have plotted the destruction of the noblest man that lives? But you will like to reap tears of blood over your crime. Remove will haunt you while you live—the image of your ruined friends will never leave you. Go.—But stay one moment; I have only mentioned my faith to Cyril as the cause of my rejection of you. But now I tell you this, that even if I had no engagement with him, even if I were free in my affections, and had never seen him, I would reject you with scorn and contempt. I look upon you as the basest of men; your malice and wickedness belong to fiends, and not to human beings. Rather than unite myself to one like you, I would die a hundred deaths of agony. Depart, you bring a curse with you wherever you go. From this time, I refuse to see you."

She turned, and left the room.

Judah stood transfixed. Leila's wrath had made her indescribably lovely. Never before had he seen her so angry. Her scorn and contempt over-whelmed him. He was mute.

At this moment the Judge entered.

Murdoch hastened to the door.

"One moment," said the Judge, haughtily.

"Your recent course against Blount Aymer has been such as to excite the wrath of his friends. Infamous man, are there no bounds to your silliness and offensiveness? You come with your propositions to my noble-hearted child. You come to torment her; and to let her know that she is the cause of all this. Am I nothing? Is my passion anything? Dearest fool! If my daughter could be base enough to listen to you, I would destroy her rather than suffer you to gain her."

"The brood of vipers is not extinct," cried the Judge, with deep meaning in his gaze. "You have begun all this on an uncertainty. You have not sound the alarm. In the first place, do you know what it is to attempt to bury away your testimony, or your knowledge of crime, after the criminal is imprisoned? You

cannot know it! But beware! The avenger is on your path!"

"Let him come," cried Judah, interrupting the Judge. "I don't care what may be done to me. Blount Aymer at least shall die."

"He shall not die!" cried the Judge.

"He shall die!" roared Judah, with an oath.

"You coincide in the strength of your testimony and the proofs that you can bring forward. But there are other things that you have never taken into account."

"What things?" said Judah, startled by the Judge's manner, which assumed a calm confidence and almost exultation.

"Do you think I will tell you?"

"You have nothing to bring forward."

"If I told you what I know you would tremble," said the Judge, sternly.

Judah laughed.

"I give you warning now. This much I will tell you: If you go on in this trial, you will bring down upon yourself a terrible destruction. There are certain reasons why I would not wish to see you ruined, not for your own sake, but for the sake of others, and I give you this warning now. If you refuse me, you will quit the country now, and never return."

"Do you think that vague threats like these can benefit Blount Aymer's case?"

"I have little hope that you will change your course. I do my duty in warning you. Yet beware. I have not lived a year for nothing. I have not been intimate with the family of the Aymer all my life for nothing. Have I no testimony to give?"

"Nonest alii," cried Judah. "You have nothing to say. The case is too clear. The murder was done. Your evidence can only injure Blount Aymer. I cannot acquit, yes. I wish you a good morning," and with mock politeness Judah bowed and departed.

## CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER LEAVING Leila, Judah, Murdoch walked down to his father's house. It was desolate and quiet. As he entered, the servants stared in surprise, but he took no notice of them. He walked at once to the library.

His father was there seated in his arm-chair. He looked more feeble than ever before. The weary pressure of his face had deepened; his whole manner was more languid and dejected.

His son walked up to him, and came close to him before the old man noticed him. When he saw him he gave a start and a cry.

"No use making such a fuss," growled Judah.

"You ought to know me well enough by this time, I should think."

"Judah!"

"Yes, Judah."

The old man rose to his feet with an energy that was wonderful.

"Judah!" he almost shrieked, "you have opened the secret!"

"Well," rejoined the other, "and what then?"

"You took some papers?"

"Yes."

"Villain!" Robber! Thief!" shrieked the old man, in a kind of frenzy. "Midnight assassin!"

"If you abuse me in that style, I'll go," said Judah, coolly.

"Restore to me those papers."

"What in the world are you making such a disturbance for? The papers were worthless trash."

"Trash! Would that they were!" growled the old man.

"What else can they be?"

"More than it concerns you to know."

"Then drop the subject. If you tell me what they are, I will give them back."

"Villain! do you dare to talk in that way to me? I can give you once for all, give them back."

"And what if I decline?"

"Decline?" said the old man, with a hoarse

leugh. "You had better try it. You speak as though you are altogether independent of me. Perhaps you have sufficient property for your moderate wishes. Perhaps you would take it as a favor if I made over my own wealth in trust for a hospital."

"No fear of that," said Judah.

"No fear!" cried the old man. "You had better not go too far."

"It would be as well for you to be equally cautious."

"On for all, will you give up those papers?"

"No."

"Then I will disinheri you."

Judah looked black. Never before had he seen his father so determined and so fierce. He felt that he had gone too far.

"You needn't be so confoundedly fierce," said he after a pause. "You will not listen to reason."

"What have you got to say?"

"Why, this: I once opened the *secretaire*, and happened to see these papers—"

"And pray how did you open it?"

"With false keys," said Judah, boldly.

"Strange, too," murmured the old man. "And pray how did you happen to see these papers?"

"Well, I would not have noticed them except for a secret slide—"

"A secret slide? You discovered it, did you? You were very acute, my son," said the old man, bitterly.

"I was naturally struck by the care with which they were kept, and so I was curious to know what they meant."

"The worse for you," said the old man.

"I had not time to read more than the letters. I took the copy of the *cypher* and studied it over afterward."

"And could not understand it, of course."

"You are wrong," said Judah, slowly. "I did understand it."

The old man rushed up to his son in a kind of frenzy. He caught him by the neck. His eyes seemed starting from his head. For a moment he could not speak. At last he slowly ejaculated:

"Do you mean to say that you found it out?"

"I did."

"And do you know what it means?"

"I do."

Old Murdock sank back in his chair. There he lay for a moment lifeless and motionless. At last he started up, and in terrible voice he called upon his son:

"Where are those papers now?"

"I did not think you would get so excited," said Judah, "or I would not have told you."

"Tell me all—quick!"

"Afterwards I went to the *secretaire* and obtained the originals."

"Have you got the originals now?"

"No."

"Where are they?"

"In Walton."

"Walton!" screamed the old man. "Who has them?"

"The magistrates."

"The magistrates?" he repeated, now almost voiceless through intense emotion. "How did they get them?"

"I gave them up."

"And is all this rumor true—this terrific rumor that for days past has gone from mouth to mouth, that Blount Aymar is on trial for murder?"

"It is true."

"And is it true," he screamed, with greater vehemence, "that the old man Ford is one of the witnesses against him?"

"Yes."

"Oh, God," groaned old Murdock, in an intensity of emotion that amazed Judah. "It is all true—too true. These rumors floated to my ears. In vain have I shut them out. In vain have I fled from them. All has been communi-

cated to me. I know it. I am told it by my own son. I have imprisoned myself in my house, and have forbidden any one to speak to me; I have ordered my servants to keep away from me those infernal newspapers, but all is in vain. I see it everywhere—the terrible, the withering news. It comes to me in papers called around my parcels, it floats to me from the gossip of the servants' hall. And you, accursed wretch!" he cried, turning to his son, "you are the cause of all this."

Judah witnessed his father's emotion in a kind of bewilderment. He could not understand it. But he reflected that his father was exceedingly nervous, and at present very weak, so that the slightest thing excited him. For years he had been subject to the heart disease, and now this affection distressed him more than usual. To this Judah attributed his father's excitement.

"Tell me, miserable wretch!" he sternly asked, "tell me, were you forced on to this, or did you do it of your own accord?"

"Of my own accord."

"Did you begin it?"

"Yes, I only."

"You! Just Heaven! And how did you become connected with Ford?"

"I sought him out."

"And are you still taking an active part?"

"I am."

"What are the prospects of this trial now?"

"There is not a doubt but that Blount Aymar will be condemned and executed for murder."

Old Murdock caught his son's arm and reeled. Judah supported him, or he would have fallen headlong to the floor. He dragged him to his chair and laid him in it. The old man put his hand to his head and looked at his son with a ghastly expression.

After some time he regained strength. Then he spoke in low and feeble tones.

"Wretched boy," he said, "you do not know what you are doing. I warned you long ago. But you would not heed my words."

"Blount Aymar must not die. If you continue this I will disinheri you. I will curse you on my deathbed. I will cut you off so completely that you will be left for the remainder of your days to hopeless poverty."

"He is a good and a noble man. He shall not die. There is only one thing for you to do to avenge my curse."

"What is that?" said Judah, gloomily.

"Fly, and leave this country for ever. Blount must not die. He shall not die."

"He appears to be very interesting to you," said Judah.

"You know nothing at all. Do as I bid you. Return—no. Fly, leave the country, and do not show your face here till I send for you."

All the malignant passions that reigned in Judah's heart glowed upon his face as he rose from his seat.

"Never! never! never!" he cried. "That man dies, whatever be the consequences."

He left the room.

Old Murdock gazed fixedly at the door as it closed after his son. Then he sank down exhausted. He was faced in a terrified state, his white lips moving slowly as he muttered:

"Lost! lost! lost!"

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER Judah Murdock had departed the Judge sent his daughter. She had found herself upon a sofa, and was weeping in an agony of sorrow.

"Leila."

"Father," said she, mournfully, looking up.

"My poor child, your grief will kill you."

"I cannot help it," exclaimed Leila, with a burst of tears.

"My dearest daughter, I think I can venture to say that there are no grounds for this excessive fear."

"What! Oh, dear father, is it possible that there is any hope?"

"Do not be too sanguine, Leila. Be calm. The proofs against Blount are strong."

Leila's countenance fell.

"But still his case is not desperate. I have given all my attention to this matter, in full conviction of his innocence, and I begin to hope that all is not yet lost."

"You would not encourage me, I know, without reason," said Leila, hopefully.

"You know, Leila, all my life has been passed amid cases like these, and from such an experience it is not difficult to get a faculty of penetrating to the very core of a mystery. Circumstances have favored me. Perhaps, also, nature has given me a clear understanding."

"Oh, father, if you speak this way I cannot fear."

"I do not tell you to be confident, Leila. I merely say, hope."

These few words of the Judge had wrought a great effect on Leila. It was not a language, so much as the tone in which he spoke, that impressed her. He appeared calm, self-reliant, and confident. It was not difficult to get a faculty of penetrating to the very core of a mystery. Circumstances have favored me. Perhaps, also, nature has given me a clear understanding.

"Blount Aymar is as innocent as a child of this crime."

"I know it all along."

"But he is in danger."

"Alas!"

"The monomania of John Ford makes him a dangerous witness to be produced in this case. He will recollect everything. He has fixed upon Blount, with some reason, I confess, as the destroyer of his son. He is indeed so strong that he now has will tend toward confirming him in that belief. I doubt not but that he has recalled a thousand things which will have the effect of fixing this crime on poor Blount. Then, again, there is Judah Murdock, inspired with his father's aim, and every thought of the man is unrelenting. Every effort that can be made he will exert towards ruining Blount. I have watched his insidious course thus far, and I have seen him succeed in transferring the entire sympathy of the Walton people from Blount to Ford. He is indeed a dangerous enemy."

"And what can be done?" said Leila, anxiously.

"I must not tell you my plans yet, my dear child. After all, they may not succeed."

"Oh, I know well that if you attempt to help Blount Aymar, he will be saved," cried Leila proudly.

"Do not be too sanguine, darling child," said the Judge, affectionately. "I will be able to do something, I trust. And in order to do this, it will be necessary for me to go to Walton."

"To Walton. Oh, my dear father, how you rejoice my heart. To Walton? then all will be well."

"I must see Blount Aymar first; then I must see his counsel. I hope that I will enable them to see this affair in a new light. Judah Murdock's persecution and John Ford's mania must not be lost sight of, and who can say that I am not all a plot from beginning to end? The hat, the bonnet, everything, in fact may have been deposited there by Judah Murdock himself, for the special purpose of afterwards exhuming them. Thus it can be shown that Murdock had sufficient reason to contrive this scheme, and sufficient malice to carry it out. His subsequent course will show this. He may have found some articles which could be buried in a convenient place, and then, with this old man's help, he dug them up again. The half-crazy old man would at once believe that they belonged to his daughter, so that this would not be sufficient."

"But, father," said Leila, sadly, "Judah Murdock has other things—papers and letters, for example."

"It may be shown that these were forged; Murdoch must prove them to be authentic, and that I imagine will be difficult."

"But suppose all this is done, and everything proved against Blount Aymar?"

"Ah, in that case," said the Judge, with a glance of the deepest meaning, "we must try another mode."

"Have you another in view?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"It will not do to tell it, Leila."

"Then I will wait patiently. But which plan is the most promising one?"

"Both promise well. But if the first plan fails, the last will be more successful."

"Do you think, then, that Blount is safe?"

"I would not like to say so—absolutely."

"There is still danger?"

"Of course."

"Oh, how anxiously I shall wait to hear from Walton!"

"No, my child, you will not."

"Why?"

"Because you will be in Walton."

"What!" exclaimed Leila, in unutterable joy and wonder.

"You are so pale and miserable, my poor child, that I have not the heart to leave you behind. A change of air will do you a world of good. A voyage on the water will bring back all your vanished bloom. I'm going to take you with me."

Long before the Judge had ceased speaking, Leila was sobbing with delight in his arms.

"But come, make haste," he cried. "You have not much time now to waste. Hurry and pack up your trunk, so that we need not miss the vessel."

Leila bounded off with something of her olden life and spirit.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

The Judge always stopped at the house of Blount Aymar when he visited Walton, and now, immediately upon his arrival, he drove there. It was very early, and Cyril was at home. The servants carried in their baggage, but Cyril did not make his appearance. He had seen the coach drive up, so that he was not miss the vessel."

Leila bounded off with something of her olden life and spirit.

At last one of the servants came and told him that Judge Rawdon was below.

"Judge Rawdon," he repeated. In an instant he was down stairs. The Judge was in the hall. His cheerful face encouraged Cyril greatly.

"Oh, Judge Rawdon," cried Cyril, with irrepressible anxiety, "can anything be done?"

"I hope so," said the Judge, with the same peculiar tone which he had used on a former occasion.

Cyril noticed it, and was infinitely relieved.

"The Judge would not come unless he was able to do something," he thought. "And what may not be hoped from his intervention. Hope! I will hope everything; and since the time that decides my fate is so near, I will pass the remainder of it in hoping."

"Cyril," said the Judge, "step in here a moment," and he entered the parlor.

"There, by the door, her face suffused with blushes, her eyes lighted up with joy, stood his own Leila. With a cry of delight he folded her in his arms."

"I had to bring her over for a change of air," said the Judge, playfully. "I expect that Walton will do her much good. But I must go and see your father. You need not visit him till I return."

So saying he departed.

His whole manner inspired hope. The servants all noticed it, and communicated to each other the joyful tidings that Judge Rawdon had come to Walton to save master.

"Oh, Leila," said Cyril, "he speaks and looks as though there is hope!"

"He says there is, but tells me also not to be sanguine."

"What does he rely on?"

Leila told him what her father had related to her.

"Well, he seems to depend on this, and he knows better than we do. I hope—and I will be patient. My darling! I can bear anything now that you are here."

Meanwhile, the Judge went to visit his friend. Blount received him with eager joy. He could not conceal the pleasure that he felt.

"You have not been carried away, then, by public opinion?" said he.

"No—I know you too well, and have known you too long."

"Things look badly."

"They do, indeed."

"Have you thought over these circumstances?"

"I have thought of nothing else ever since your arrest," said the Judge.

"I do not blame people for thinking so guiltily," said Blount. "Appearances are so frightfully against me. Have you decided on any plan?"

"I have," said the Judge. "My idea is to prove that this is a conspiracy on the part of Judith."

"Ah!"

The maladroitness has been so apparent, that this will not be impossible to prove. The last, and the remains, and all the papers might be proved false, and got up skilfully for the occasion."

"It will be difficult to do this."

"No. They must prove that these are authentic. The difficulty is theirs. The witnesses consist of a chief conspirator and his ally—a half-crazy old man."

"There may be a hope in this," said Blount.

"It will be a sad acquittal, however."

"Can you hope for a better one?"

"No."

"You might escape if you could disclose the whole."

"But I cannot."

"I respect your reasons, but I must say you can do nothing else," said Blount. "But your plan scarcely can succeed."

"Why not?"

"Because Judah Murdoch has papers that carry in themselves the proof of their authenticity."

"How do you know?"

"I conjecture so."

"Were such papers in existence?"

"Such papers were, and I am afraid that they have come into his possession."

"You think, then, that he will be able to prove their authenticity?"

"I believe that he will."

The Judge sat lost in thought.

"Blount," said he, familiarly, "we have been acquainted—indeed, we have been intimate friends from childhood."

"We have, Cyril; and I named my boy after you."

"I know your character well—better, perhaps, than you do yourself. I have been familiar with nearly all the events of your life. I have also been in constant connection with criminal cases. The disappearance of Emily Ford thrilled me at the time, and it has been a favorite occupation of mine ever since to study over this problem."

Blount looked at the Judge with undiminished curiosity, wondering where all this conversation tended.

"I believe," continued the Judge, "that I have about as much acquaintance as a stranger of men. You and I have associated for thirty years. We have talked of Emily Ford. In spite of your self-restraint you could not conceal from me the fact that you knew all about her mysterious fate!"

Blount turned pale, and clasped his hand tightly about the chair.

"Moreover," said the Judge, "from casual remarks of yours, I have discovered certain things. You did not love her, but another did."

"My God!" exclaimed Blount, "hark you know this?"

Blount said not a word.

"I am too familiar with guilt of every degree and description not to detect its presence. I know well how to distinguish between the secret of a quiet conscience and the secret of a haunted mind. Yours, Blount, was the secret of a quiet conscience. On you there rested no load of crime. I know that. You might have known of the fate of Emily Ford, but you had no hand in it."

"True as sunlight," said Blount, in deep agitation.

"It would need one who was familiar with all your life to penetrate this, and that one was I. Yet it was only a few days since that I came to the knowledge of it all."

"I heard of the fearful charge and the terrible array of proof that sustained it. You were wrong about it. No explanation was given to your friends. No sign came from you. You let public opinion turn against you and you prepared to die. You could tell the name of the murderer. Why did you not?"

"I began that murderer and you there must have been close relations. Moreover, that man still lived—also why keep the secret and endanger your life and the hopes of your son? Rather than speak you would receive unutterable infamy. All these I thought of. One thing explained another. Other mysteries came and melted into this. I suddenly saw in this the key to them all. Do I speak in riddles, Blount?"

"You are intelligible to me," said Blount, whose face was as pale as death.

"I know all," said the Judge.

"God bless you; God bless you!" cried Blount, and grasping the hand of the Judge, he burst into tears.

"Heaven has revealed it. It was no act of yours. The blood of the innocent cries out for vengeance. Let justice be done to the guilty."

"Amn!" exclaimed Blount, fervently.

"You are not willing, then, still to offer yourself up for another?"

"No; for he has proved himself to be utterly unworthy of the sacrifice."

"Yes, let him suffer," cried the Judge. "It was his to atone for the past by heroism equal to yours. His crime could have been forgotten in the lustre of a noble death. But his coward nature quailed. He sits calmly by and allows you to suffer in his stead. Worthless as he is, let him now receive his doom, and descend into a dishonored grave with the execrations of mankind."

"Oh, my friend!" cried Blount. You have saved me. This sudden revulsion of feeling is too much. Hope comes, and despair is turned to joy."

"Add that calm and self-possessed nature, which stood unmoved amid calumny and affliction, now gave way to the sudden rush of happiness."

The strong man bowed his face in his hands and wept aloud. With an exulting heart, the Judge retired, unwilling to intrude upon such a scene.

#### CHAPTER XX.

THE day at last came, the dread time of trial. The city was full of wild excitement. The prominence of the accused, his long life of uprightness and integrity, his generous and noble nature, the dark mystery of the murdered girl, the life-long sorrow of the father, all these contributed to intensify the common feeling.

From the moment that the court-house was opened it was filled to overflowing. The

spectators crowded every part, and then low murmurs arose on high in an indistinguishable tumult.

At length the prisoner appeared. Calm, cool, collected, he looked around upon the vast assemblage with an air of perfect ease, nor did the slightest trace of any kind of emotion show itself upon his face. By and by the remarks which were elicited by his undaunted bearing. Some attributed it to his innocence, but by far the greater part of the spectators saw in this only additional proofs of his brazen and unblushing effrontery.

There, in close proximity to his father, was Cyril. Care worn and anxious, he watched proceedings feeling that all his life depended upon the issue. Lydia was left behind, for the thrilling scenes of this trial were not the kind which she could witness without too painful emotions. There, too, was the Judge; quiet, self-contained, watchful of everything, and only looking away from the scene before him to see the hearing of his friend.

At length the trial opened with the customary preliminaries.

The first witness was John Ford, the father of the young girl.

At his appearance a murmur went around the court. His venerable face marked with deep traces of care and sorrow, his grey hairs, and his melancholy voice, all excited the utmost sympathy for his cause.

He told about his daughter.

Her beauty and her gentle character. When he came to recount the story of her disappearance, emotion overcame him. He leaned forward, and sobbed aloud. A shudder went through the assembly, and Blount Aymar hid his face.

He went on to tell of his fruitless search, continued through long years, and finally told about his connection with Judah Murdoch. That person had come to him secretly, and offered to show him where his daughter had been buried. They went. The place had evidently been undisturbed for years. In the remains which were found he recognised his daughter.

The remains were brought in court, and a thrill of horror passed through the assembly. The skull was exposed to view, bearing the impress of a tremendous blow, which had undoubtedly caused death. Portions of the clothes were there.

The old man was cross-examined, and told more.

That dress he well remembered, and the trinkets also. There was no possibility of doubt about it. He produced an old newspaper in which there was a minute description of her dress, and it corresponded perfectly with the remains before the court.

Upon being asked whether his daughter had any lovers, he said that he did not know. But in an old book of hers he had seen the name of "Blount Aymar," written by her, as was evident from the handwriting. There was nothing else to show any acquaintance even with any young man. If she had any lover, their meetings must have been in secret. Secrecy would only have been necessary where her lover was of greatly superior station in society.

The old man's testimony was not shaken in a single particular. The hat was exposed to a severe test from different witnesses, who testified that the writing was that of Blount Aymar.

Judah Murdoch was the next witness. He was calm and collected, and proceeded to give his testimony.

Some time ago chance threw some papers in his hand. He did not know who owned them. He found them in an old closet of his father's house.

One was a secret epistle.

Out of mere curiosity and a desire to exercise his skill, he proceeded to decipher the writing. This, after considerable trouble, he was able to

do. It was intricate and difficult, but he was successful at last.

The purport of this was so strange, so serious, that he was thoroughly aroused. He swore that he had no personal motive whatever, but only a desire to see justice done. He had heard of the case of Emily Ford, and thought that Providence had thrown this in his way, so that the mystery might be revealed.

He at once collected the other papers which he had been lying with this, and to his surprise found that they were letters bearing upon this case. From this he saw that there was only one course for him to do, and that was to bring the whole matter before the courts of law.

But first he wished to test the accuracy of these papers. He thought the best way to do this would be to make a secret examination of the well alluded to. If this case should be divulged before examination of the will, the parties implicated might anticipate the difficulties.

With this intent he visited John Ford. The old man's sorrows enlisted all his sympathies, and made him feel that he was not only an instrument of justice, but a champion of the poor and the oppressed. This would fully account for all the zeal which he displayed.

The result was before the court. How horrified he had been he need not state. Until the actual discovery he had hoped that it would all be on one side. Had nothing been discovered, the whole matter would have dropped, and no injury would have been done. But as it was, he had been compelled to make this known, even though the prisoner was one of his own best friends.

The cypher was then produced, and the key to it explained. The meaning was read to the court.

"In memoirs Emily Ford. I loved her—I betrayed her. I murdered her. Her wretched body lies at the bottom of an old well on the homestead. All nature seems to proclaim my guilt, and cry out, Aymar Aymar. Life is one long agony, and the whole matter would have dropped, and no injury would have been done. But as it was, he had been compelled to make this known, even though the prisoner was one of his own best friends."

The effect of this upon Blount was frightful. Every trace of color left his face. He seemed transfixed with horror and surprise. The Judge also was astonished, not only at the cypher, but at its effect on Blount. The spectators looked upon the prisoner, and felt convinced that he was guilty. As for Cyril, all hope deserted him.

The letters were then read. They were full of all the usual protestations of affection. It was evident that the poor girl had been betrayed. "A young lady," she spoke of becoming Mrs. Aymar. The person to whom she wrote she always called by some affectionate word, and not by any Christian name. Still every soul in that assemblage felt that it was Blount.

The horror of his consciousness had now passed away, and was succeeded by a profound sadness. He wept bitterly, drinking in every word. His rapt attention was almost painful. Cyril in an agony of dread, was afraid to look at his father. The crowd around expressed their feelings at times in brief ejaculations which smote upon his heart like sword thrusts. Judah Murdoch was calm and impassive, like an avenging fate, and the Judge never took his eyes off Blount's face.

It was a terrible scene—the despairing letters, the mortal remains, the agitation of the prisoner, and the deep excitement of the spell-bound crowd.

Questions were put to Judah Murdoch, which he answered clearly and unhesitatingly. His whole manner was that of a man who had a mournful duty to perform, and was prepared to carry it through.

He could not account for the presence of those papers in his house. His father knew nothing at all about them, and had never seen them until he had shown them. His father was born in another country, and had come to this country about fifteen years previously. These papers

must have been left in the house by a previous occupant.

All this evidence was terrible. John Ford swore to his daughter's handwriting. It was impossible to resist the impression that the prisoner was guilty.

At this point, however the counsel for the prisoner arose.

He stated that there was one very important person whom he wished to bring forward as a witness. He requested a postponement of the case until this witness should come.

"Who is he?"

"John Murdoch, of Danville," said the counsel.

Blount started as though he had been shot. Judah Murdoch stared around him with a horrified expression. Cyril looked up, with strange thoughts and suspicions bursting in upon his mind.

"John Murdoch!"

All the past and present seemed to become illuminated before him. The mighty secret trembled on the brink of its development.

The Court was adjourned.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER. A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

(From the New York Ledger.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUSADE OF THE FOREST."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### A FAIR START.

FOR men of the temper and habits of Murphy and Wharton, it was not a difficult task to get trace of those they wished to find. In fact, the departure of the latter had apparently been so hurried that they did not seem to have possessed the time, or to have had a care, to hide their immediate trail. This led the two explorers, towards the river. Down the bank, therefore, in that direction, Wharton bounded at his utmost speed. The path he pursued led near the excavation in which the Smiths were accustomed to prosecute their night search for gold. There he found McDonald sitting on a rock, with his head fallen a little to one side, as if in a drowse or a fit of musing, while his gun stood between his legs.

Wharton spoke to him as he came up, but receiving no reply, he looked at him more attentively, and started back at the sight which met his view. The old man's face was swollen and almost purple; he seemed to have lost consciousness, if not life; his hands were tied to his thighs, while a scarf, fastened around his neck, held a piece of wood in his mouth, operating as a complete gag. Wharton's first impression was the arrival of Wharton might have been too late to save his life; as it was, the gag and ligatures were instantly torn away, and after a little while the old man showed signs of recovery. All this took place, too, while the women were standing with impatience to be on the track of Bartlett, who, from one moment to another, might get, if he had not already got, beyond his immediate reach.

He now, therefore, awaited with the utmost anxiety until McDonald should recover the use of speech, in order, if possible, to get some clue from him to guide him in the pursuit.

But while he was doing so, Murphy came leisurely up the bank, and said, as he approached: "They're just fornicus us this minute. Yes can see them yerself a climbin' the rocks."

Bad luck to the best that fortune's hand ever sent! Wharton looked across the river, and sure enough, there they were. A handkerchief was fluttering in the air, as if it was waved for a signal, near the top of the opposite cliff.

The perception started to the young man's

forehead, as he thus saw what he cherished most in the world in the power of ruthless enemies, without the hope of his being able to give any immediate succor. He hardly comprehended the coolness of his companion.

"There's a devil of a Kanak Indian in his company, I see," continued Murphy, as both stood watching the group on the south side of the stream.

"You might here know that the other night, if you had taken the word of an honest man instead of listening to a knave," answered Wheaton, somewhat bitterly.

Murphy turned quickly to him, and saw his lips tremble, as he lifted his cap from his head, and laid it on the ground, as if to cool his forehead, while his eye still remained immovably fixed on the retreating forms across the stream.

"The bitter sufferin' that's in him this minute," muttered Murphy, as if to himself, while he regarded his companion with sympathetic interest.

In the meantime, the old man had recovered himself, and stood up, pale and a little bewildered, behind the two others.

"Ye see," he at length said, in a low tone, more of sorrow than of reproach, "twas your sin will, young man. Ye wad na' believe God's truth; and noo I'm a lone, lone suld man!"

"McDonald set down again, tremulous; but his eyes were dry, though his cheek was pale and his voice was husky.

There was a pause, but not of long duration. The grief of Wheaton, though strong and likely to be deeply seated, gave way in its immediate manifestations before that of a bereaved father.

"Be comforted," he said, turning to him, and speaking in a grave, deep voice, which almost assumed a tone of authority, so that it was like a law to the purpose in it. "Be comforted; what men can do to restore her shall at once be done. Tim Murphy," he continued, turning to the latter, and taking him with a strong grip by the arm; "you have the name of being a good workman and an honest man, and I might as well say a true one in being to undo the evil, and to bring her back; and would you do it though a thousand devil of Iroquois stood in your way?"

The Irishman's eyes twinkled at this appeal, though he coolly stifled his tobacco from one cheek to the other, before he replied.

"Ye may always be sure of my wain thing, and that is, if there's a red-skin to be followed, or a purty girl to be got, Mr. Timothy Murphy is your man."

He said this half-jocely and half-seriously, in the way that was so peculiar to him, that even those who knew him well were often in doubt whether he was serious or trifling. Occasionally, however, as now, a kind of cloud would seem to fit across his face, making the expression so abrupt and tragical, as if budding thoughts or remorseless purposes were busy within him. The kind of life he had led on his frontier—between the peaceful stillness and apparent security of the settler's lonely cabin, and sometimes in the din of savage war, perhaps over the smoldering ruins of that same hamlet, and amid the shrieks of its perishing inmates, had impressed its fearful transitions upon his mind, which changed from gaiety to gloom, and from passion to humor, as readily as an April day passes from clearness to cloud, and from shower to sunshine.

"You are an odd critter, Tim," said Wheaton, after a pause, in which he had been watching the countenance of his companion, as if to believe you're true. "If you'll get leave from the colonel we'll start at once. We can do better alone than with any bungler along."

"Faith, and you're right there," said the other.

"Give me in these woods a clean, raw-footed comrade, a clear rifle, and a clean pair of heels, and I'll defy the devil himself, but I believe you're true. If you'll get leave from the colonel we'll start at once. We can do better alone than with any bungler along."

"But what shall we do with the old mother while we are gone? And the old man himseems quite unfit to take care of himself. Would to God the Onondie was on his legs again!"

"Do you wait here a minute," replied Murphy. "I'll see Morgan in the click of a gun-lock; or, as he would say, in the keying of a hoochie, and be back with you."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### THE HOTEL AT LITTLE FALLS.

Two days after the events related in the last chapter—happening to be Sunday—three persons could have been seen travelling on foot along a narrow path, well filled with the stumps of fallen trees, and with all the rocks and other inequalities encumbering it. On one side, at a little distance, ran a shallow river, and on the other side, at an equal distance, rose a rocky hill. In fact, the whole region was one of the roughest, for even on the opposite side of the river there was almost a mountain of huge stones and scraggy hillside. The three travellers were, however, more worthy of attention than the scenery through which they passed. At a superficial glance one would take them for militiamen, or perhaps volunteers or recruits, hastening to some point of rendezvous. One circumstance alone would militate against this theory, and that was the fact that there was an Indian among them.

The three moved along as if in careless order; but, somehow or other, the same man continued in advance, and the same one brought up the rear. The first was a man of thirty-five or forty, well browed by exposure, with an eye somewhat uneasy and wandering, and a general look not altogether prepossessing. He was dressed as a countryman, save only that he had a coat which might once have belonged to a sergeant, or even to a captain of small military odds.

The last of the three men was the Indian in question—of no particular age, but dressed as a white man in all essential particulars, although the fact he wore had no rim at the sides and no crown at the top.

The middle or third person seemed to be quite a youth, with fair complexion and soft brown hair. His countenance wore a look partly of resignation and partly of watchful determination. He might well be a lad who, for the first time, was leaving the paternal roof to engage in the arduous and arduous. The air of distress discernible on him might be regret at leaving cherished friends, or boyish apprehension of the danger and hardships of a soldier's life. To a close observer would also be revealed the fact that his hair, brown and soft, was long and ringleted, as if he had very recently been in the rich luxuriance of it. He seemed, in the quietude of his life, to have an eye on all that his companions did; and although often spoken to by the first of them, rarely declined to give him any reply, or to maintain any converse whatever.

The road which these three travellers were pursuing soon became hemmed in between the rocky hillside and the river—which itself was closely confined between two opposite precipices. It was also so crooked and winding, that it was not discernible for more than eight or ten rods ahead at any place. The white man and the Indian went on in a sort of very easy caution, pausing, listening, and peering about them, as if they apprehended an enemy, and feared an ambuscade. The youth meanwhile seemed quite indifferent; and, in the midst of their greatest precautions and apprehensions, only cast glances now and then at the small, and of cool indifference or of watchful expectation around him.

At last, after passing a projecting ledge, which narrowed the roadway to a space of some ten or twelve feet between the dark rocks and the rushing water, there opened before them a somewhat more extended area. The hills on the right receded for nearly a quarter of a mile away from the river, although the intervening space was filled with huge boulders and blasted trees; and

this opening or withdrawal of the hills continued for a mile or so before it again closed down upon the stream.

Our travellers soon saw ahead of them in the midst of the kind of amphitheatre in which they were entering, and so placed as to command the pass, a cluster of three or four log huts, from the more consistent of which a line of smoke was rising, indicating the presence of human beings, and the probable advantage of food and shelter. Nobody, however, was to be seen about these rude habitations, and the strangers, after reconnoitring for a second or so, moved on towards them, without apparent apprehension, but with continued watchfulness.

As they came nearer to the buildings, they could discover about the larger ones some evidences of its being a kind of inn, or house of entertainment. In that rude region and age, such a thing was hardly necessary, as every house held its doors always open for the shelter and refreshment of travellers. But at this particular point, where the rapids of the river rendered it impracticable for boats, there was a sort of carrying place, and by consequence, a place of resort for all sorts of uncouth characters—too numerous for any private hospitality, and too noisy for any quiet family. On the corner of the main building, then, as the three strangers approached, they could see nailed a piece of board some three or four feet in length, on which was scrawled with charcoal, and in large, ungainly letters, the words:

"NANCY VOORHIS TAYLOR."

As it happened, they soon found that they needed not the evidence of overnight to satisfy them that the landlord of this establishment was in a *landlady*; for a bold, loud female voice greeted their ears, when they were still some rods away.

"I'll 'tired' you, ye lazy dog! You suppose I'm a g'ine to keep your sneekin' bones about my house for nothing? Do ye go along down and get some fish for dinner. Caught some this mornin'?" Well, and what if you did? Didn't them soldiers eat 'em all 'e'en a month ago? I'm afeared ye couldn't find no residence says I, and glad enough to see the color of their money and the turn of their backs."

Thus spoke the voice of the unseen person, and by the time the sentence had been brought to an end, the foremost of the strangers had reached the door, and was in the act of taking a dash in, rather handsomely, cut in two parts horizontally, the upper part, in warm weather, being usually left open, and the lower part closed. Both were of thick, oaken planks, well studded with nails, and strong enough to resist a pretty severe attack of bullets, as well as of axes. The door, however, on the occasion, the upper half of the door, as usual, was open; and the first notice the inmates had of the presence of the newcomers was a sight of the head and shoulders of the leader above the lower half of the door.

"Highty, highty! more sodering yet!" exclaimed the virago (for virago she seemed and was) as she turned from the fire, over which she seemed cooking something, and brandished a huge iron pot towards the door. She was a woman near forty years of age; stout, coarse, red-faced, and from her hair and clothes of her dress were rolled up to the shoulders, exhibiting a pair of arms which, for redness and for muscle, might not have disgraced a butcher. She seemed in no way disconcerted by the sudden arrival of the strangers, but approaching the door with firm steps, and trundling a stool after her, she asked, "ye in there?"

"And so ye are, Broom Van Dyke! be off after them pigs, I say."



The latter part of her remark was addressed to a short, stout-looking man, whose only garments were a pair of twe trousers and a red woollen shirt. He had until now been loitering on a bench inside the house. Now, however, he rose, jawed, rubbed his eyes, and, without noticing the new-comers, dawdled out of the building, making his way slowly towards the water.

Meanwhile, the eye of the landlady (for such we must call her for lack of a better word) had not been idle any more than her tongue. She had soon scanned the persons of all three, turning quickly from the first and last, but observing more attentively the middle personage.

"You're not all tongue-tied, I hope, are ye?" she asked with some impatience, after a second or so, for as yet none of them had spoken.

"We can talk, good woman, as well as any one; but just now we're tired and hungry, and want only a little quiet rest and food," answered the foremost of the strangers.

"Don't go on worrying me, if you please," angrily replied she; "I'm none of your sort to be come over that way. I can tell you; and more by that token, you needn't have taken all that pains to change your ugly face. Job Bartlett, for I'd know'd you is a painter's skin."

Job Bartlett, for he, in truth, it was, colored to the eyes with vexation and alarm at having his disguise so easily penetrated; but he thought him that the present was no time or occasion in which to show ill humor.

"Well, Nancy, well," said he, trying to speak jocosely, "I see nobody can hope to hide anything from you; to be a hearty good-day to you, for old time's sake."

"There now, there now," she answered, still ayeing him attentively, and now and then glancing at his companions, "you needn't palaver, but come in at once, till I know what it's all about."

Bartlett now entered the door, where, pausing, he said to the young man who was about to follow:

"Tom, you and the Indian may as well stop under that elm out there. There's a bench all ready for you. I've something to say to our hostess, and you must begin to learn your soldier's trade, you know."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## A TOUCH OF BROM VAN DYKE.

Thus laid thus addressed, paused, but seemed to pay little heed to what was said to him; for, as Bartlett finished speaking, he stepped forward hastily, saying:

"Good woman, if you please—"  
"What the deuce do you?" angrily interrupted Bartlett, "must you put in your tongue where it's not wanted, and 'good woman' our hostess as well?"

While saying this he had caught the boy by the arm, and wheeling him round pushed him from the door, the Indian at the same time also catching hold of the poor young fellow, and half forcing him away.

"Ah! is Nancy Voorhis, who had not lost a movement or word in this scene. 'Ah!' and she drove one hand up into a wide side-pocket, from which it came up plentifully supplied with snuff, with which she proceeded to garnish both of her nostrils successively.

"You're no idea what trouble I have with that cursed young recruit," said Bartlett, after a slight pause.

"But the Indian," replied Nancy, with a shy look, "he's an old Indian soldier, of course."

"Come now, Nancy, none of your guessing," began Bartlett.

"An awful time we must be comin' to," she continued, "sin' not only the men, but the young sucklings, and even—"

"Fudge! Nancy, don't act like a fool, but see here," suddenly interrupted Bartlett, "whiles he said to her in his right hand a Spanish soldier

dollar. "Do you happen to know any free-mason's sign?"

"He! he! giggled the woman, as she seized the coin, and with a wink, replied, "as far as keepin' a secret is concerned, I reckon."

"And now," said Bartlett, returning the wink with one of equal significance, "how long is it since the soldiers passed up?"

"The last lot on 'em just after daylight," she answered; "that is unless I speak of two hundred kind of chips that went by without stoppin', except to set eyes on every thing in the neighborhood."

"Who were they, and what were they after?" asked he.

"That's regular, certainly," answered Nancy; "and one of 'em I never seed before, but the other—lord love you—aint he a man for our times?"

"But who is he after all?" persisted Bartlett; "any one I know?"

"He's a kind of scout come into the country with them Virginians," answered the woman, "and they call him Tim Murphy."

"Tim Murphy!" exclaimed Bartlett, with a violent start; how, in the name of the fiends, has he got here? I thought I had thrown them out down at Fort Hunter, and in Scholastic Valley."

"So so, it's you he's after," said the shrewd Nancy; "well, now you're as good as a lost man. I think I can see your scalp."

"Fudge! don't talk nonsense," said he; "but tell me what kind of chap it was with him."

"Something of the same sort, only taller, and may be a trifle younger—but you wouldn't be any better off to fall into his clutches, to my notion, if ever there was meanin' to human looks."

Bartlett was completely taken aback by this news. The man he supposed looked behind him on a false scent, were in fact a head of him, and was the match of an hour or two. What to do he could not decide. He could never feel safe within such vicinity of danger. He could not take a step in the forest without imagining himself within the cover and range of a rifle. To be lost seemed madness, and to turn back was looking for capture. Besides, he was in the power of the landlady, and if she proved false, no prudence could save him. She was shrewd, resolute, and prompt. She would be a valuable ally or a dangerous foe. Moreover, no time was to be lost. Troops and stragglers, footmen and soldiers, might be expected to pass by him in the day. Hitherto he had trusted much to the stratagem of following in the wake of a large military force, where his trail would be lost, and where, as the troops were hostile to himself, it could not be supposed that he would be found. This game could be no longer played. Evidently the hunt was on the scout.

"Name," he said, at length, "you and I have had many a merry crack together."

"What now?" she asked, cautiously, guessing at once that his style of address was a prelude to some farce to be acted.

"I'm in a strait," he said, "and want some advice as well as help."

Before replying, she took the dollar he had given her from her pocket, and looking at it a moment, said, as if in a kind of soliloquy:

"Poor thing, it looks like some! Joseph had ten. May be that young recruit I let 'em 'most as long as long as white-livered as the young creature outside, with long curls—"

"Fudge! fudge! Nancy, why are you fooling that way? You know I can't control so much money—that is, silver—as ten dollars, or you should have seen in the pocket."

"That's young recruit now," said Nancy maliciously disregarding his remark, "may be that recruit might have some. Dare say mother wouldn't let the poor thing go without some love-tokens. Ho! he! what a shame to send it off before its voice was changed, so it was! It could be made like a girl, I bet he!"

"During this banter, and the giggle with which

Nancy chose to accompany it, Bartlett remained in a state of impatience and rage which he struggled in vain to repress or to hide. His dark looks, and his eyes, betrayed the state of his feelings, even so much so, that the virago, as she finished her laugh, suddenly changed tone, and, approaching him with a menacing air, said:

"What do you mean now? Highty, tighty! none of your frowns at me, man. I can tell ye! Look to yourself you skulking thief!"

"Fahaw!" exclaimed Bartlett, who by this time had managed again to become master of himself, "how you take it! Why, woman, don't you see I'm in trouble, and want to know what to do? As for a few pennies—why, you can have a boat-load, as soon as this cursed rebellion is over."

"Well, and I'm sure," said Nancy, getting over her sudden rage, "I'm sure I'm reasonable to accept the pelt, or anything else that comes in your way. But now, about this business; as sure as you're a living man, you've got to make back tracks."

"So I thought," said Bartlett, somewhat dejectedly, as he relapsed into thought. The conversation was then resumed between them, and the subject discussed for some time. At last the sound of voices outside the building interrupted the speakers. Both listened.

"Oh! isn't they boys some one say, 'do not go away from me. You are the first person I have had a chance to appeal to!'"

"Vat ter tyval mens ter lat!" was the reply heard in a different key. "Takt he schick mit ter gun alrety? Ah! you po am! Go to ta missus!"

At this stage of the case both Bartlett and the landlady had come out, and found the young fellow who had accompanied Bartlett with one head on the arm of poor Brom Van Dyke, in the act of addressing to him some urgent request. The sudden presence of Bartlett put an end to the scene. The boy shrunk back, and the Dutchman, shaking himself loose, said, as he deposited a basket of fish upon the ground:

"Ta poor lat pers not fit to be ware. He pces almost as tender as a fraulien, and makes te same fuss, me'n Gott!"

"Brom, you jackass, do you go and out some word!" exclaimed the landlady to her embarrassed retainer.

"What is the matter?" said Bartlett, addressing the youth with an assumed seriousness, but with a real threat in his eye; "what are you making all this rumpus about? If you are really afraid of going any further, why, I'll vantage take you back to get rid of the scandal of enlightening a coward."

The youth listened to the first part of this with indifference, but at mention of turning back, looked at Bartlett with a long and searching stare, though without any immediate observation.

"The youngster seems no way minded for such work as that at Rikrney," observed the landlady; "and I doubt if he's used to the woods any way, seeing the looks of his hands, and them little feet."

"Oh, madam!" exclaimed the person spoken of turning suddenly to her, "cast me from the power of that man! As you are a woman, and hope to be saved, let him not take me away again! I am not a man, as you might see from my features, and he has forcibly taken me away from my parents!"

During this appeal Bartlett endeavored to interfere, but, at his countenance changed several times with the varying emotions he experienced. But reflecting that there were now none present save the Indian and the woman who had in fact become his accomplices, he did not greatly care for the disclosure, which he felt satisfied was no new to the landlady.

"I don't care," he said, with a sneer, as the other listened. "Such an excuse as that

"could get you well drubbed for cowardice when once in camp."

"I say, corporal," remarked Nancy, turning to Bartlett with a malicious grin, "you oughter train them young chaps better. I can see with half an eye that the young feller is only a womanish student from Van Epp's school down in Sneakedy; but you'd better be takin' him back, for some of the upish officers may soon be this way, and then it's all over with him."

Jenny McDonald, for she the reader must have been aware for some time that this young person was, seeing by the glances of intelligence which took place between Bartlett and the landlady that there was no use in making any appeal to her, now became silent again, and felt her hopes dying within her; save only such as were based upon the probable exertions of Wheaton in her behalf. In this view, their return down the river, if such course was really contemplated, afforded the last chance of his falling in with her, or, at all events, of his getting some trace of her. But she had seen enough of Bartlett and his savage companion during her captivity to doubt his pursuing the course he had indicated, and to cease her much apprehension lest his cunning might still enable him to evade all pursuit and to overcome all opposition to his plans.

Other matters, however, for a brief space, will require our attention.

(To be continued in our next.)

## LIFE AMONG THE LOGGERS

### IN THE FORESTS OF MAINE.

MEANWHILE the dogs have brought a large she-bear to bay, and Tige's deep voice is heard high above the rest. There they are, and, my friend, Bruin is having his own sport with the hounds! What an uncouth, clumsy fellow! But heaps well, and knocks the dogs about in the most scientific style. Ha! Tige has him by the throat now, and the rest of the pack are pulling the hair out of him by the roots. This, my friend, is interesting, and would be laughable but that the lives of the dogs are actually in danger. What a pandemonium of growls, cries, and yells! what hitting and tumbling, and what a display of ivory! Now Bruin receives a blow from the brute's paw that burles him, scattering a red away! but he is up in an instant, and returns savagely to the fray. Lion gets a side hit that sends him off limping and disabled, and Tige fares even worse; for the bear is on his hind feet now, and hugging with an embrace by no means tender. But the men are at hand, and come to the rescue most opportunely for the brave hound, who is about receiving his coup de grace.

The battle now assumes a novel aspect. The bear, perceiving new and more formidable foes, releases his victim and springs to meet them. A bullet from Bruin's rifle rebounds his legs, and charging upon the hunter, with a growl, he rises on his haunches and strikes an attitude. The Frenchman meets him with ready hatchet, but Bruin hits out beautifully "with his left," and the tool flies off into the brush; yet a dexterous use of the long blade, now quickly drawn from his belt, places the bear quite *hors de combat*, and the dogs are satisfying their revenge by tearing his haunches with their fangs.

"That was well done, Banuac, my boy. You and the dogs have all the glory to yourselves; but that was an ugly clip you got on the shoulder from his fore-paw."

"Faux pas, m'sieu. Zat no faux pas, pe gar! Zat was un beau coup—un *beaucoup* beau coup. Enfant do garce, mais, I tink she be wbat you call a rince—ze queen of ze She-bars!"

"Or perhaps a Hug-or-not," suggests Tom. "Oh, oui. 'Tres bien, V'el, c'est la mine."

"No, the pel is your, the bar is cure."

"Tres bien—ze bar is cure."



THE RAFT.

The jovial little Frenchman had suffered severely, but, under the care of old Captain Hinch, was put in a fair way for recovery. One of the dogs was so badly hurt that he had to be killed, and one other was quite disabled for a time. Now facing homeward, the spoils of the hunt are conveyed in triumph to the camp, where the bunters are met by little Peter, who displays a long string of fine fish just taken from the river.

In the palate ever insensible to its native privations, especially when excited by a long-kept fast or sympathetic yearnings of the bowels! How grateful to the hungry bunters was the aromatic savor of roasting meat and broiling fish as it ascended to the nostrils! And when all was ready none needed a second invitation to eat. Long and diligently did they ply their knives, until the most voracious declared himself satisfied, and leisurely returned his blade to its sheath. The luxury of the smoke that followed and the post-prandial siesta are beyond the conception of him who has had no similar experiences. The many little difficulties required to perfect the arrangements of the camp, calling for other active exertions on the part of the men during the afternoon, prepared them for further gastronomic exercise when the deepening gloom of the forest admonished them of the approach of evening. Then the embers of the camp-fire were quickened into a cheerful blaze, and pleasant hours were spent in simple pastime, until the long tired nature yielded to the embrace of the drowsy god, and the waning fire flickered and flashed upon a row of dark forms stretched out upon the hemlock-boughs, and their deep regular breathing lapsed into a chorus of snores. Familiar scenes of homes might have been recalled in dreams, or the events of the day lived over in fancy, or sleep might have dealt indulgently with them the livelong night, had not the howl of wolves, that had been attracted to the very door of the camp by the smell of the meat, suddenly startled them from their midnight slumbers, and roused every man to his feet. Then came a sleazing of deadly weapons and snatching of fire-brands, a simultaneous rush for the door, a chorus of yells, a volley of shots from the guns, a brandishing of torches, and a lusty scampering of retreating prey into the shadows of the woods. The rest of the night, however, passed without further distur-

ance, and in the morning a dark clot of blood upon the dry leaves showed that one at least of the thieves had suffered. But half the most was gone from the peg where it had hung. Thus, between pleasure and profit, pass the true halcyon days of the lumberman's life, until the freezing nights and occasional light falls of snow denote the time when the arrival of the teams and extra hands from the settlements may be expected. And with what eager anticipation are they awaited! for already has this arduous life become somewhat monotonous; new faces are welcome, and especially tidings from home!

We may imagine the men grouped together, toasting their feet around the fire which they have built outside their cabin; for the atmosphere of a house is oppressive and detestable to those who live long in the open air. The sun is just pointing upon the lance-like tips of the tall hemlocks across the river, and Nature has assumed that quiet which she always does at the sunset hour. Hardly a sound is heard, only the low murmur of the river flowing by, and the smoke curls lazily into the clear frosty air. Now old Hinch pauses in his conversation, and turns his head with attentive ear. All listen breathlessly, for they know the practised sense of the veteran is never deceived. There are sounds scarcely audible, yet the distant clank of the ox-chains and the creak of the sleds cannot be mistaken. Presently they become more distinct, and the voice of the teamster is heard guiding the oxen. There is no longer any doubt.

"Hurrah, boys—the teams are coming!"

Instantly all spring to their feet, and hardly have the echoes of their three lusty cheers died away before they are answered roundly from the depths of the forest, and again repeated from the camp. Now all is bustle and excitement.

"Here you, John and little Peter, stir your pegs, and put some of that venison on to broil; and, see if there be any beans baked; and, Tom, jerk the innards outen them pike; for you must make the boys have tramped to-day, and a good supper won't come amiss. And mind you, don't forget the tea."

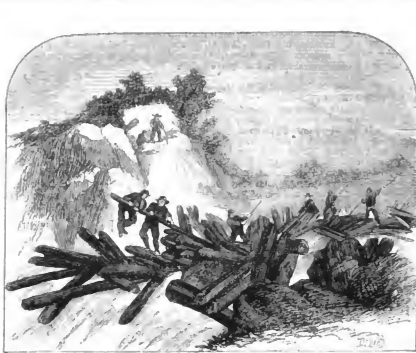
"All right, cap'n. It shall be done in a jiffy."

And now while the colestibies are steaming and sputtering, the bug and various train dogs

wearily out of the deepening shadows. There are sleds well laden with provisions for the camp and provender for the cattle, with such tools and implements as are necessary for carrying on the business, each drawn by four or six oxen. Beside them, or struggling through the woods, singly, or by twos and threes, trudge the stalwart lumbermen. As they merge from the wood-land abouts of recognition are exchanged, and then come welcome greetings. The pioneers gather eagerly around the new-comers; there are endless questionings, and many a mysterious package or paper is drawn from its hiding-place in the bosom of a red shirt, or from some priny nook upon a sled, and quickly relayed by the happy recipient, to be examined and devoured privately, *ad libitum*. Letters and newspapers are distributed and perused with avidity. The Frenchman receives with delight an instalment of buckwheat bread and garlick from some friend appreciative of his tastes. Long John has a present of a fine revolver, which is more acceptable to him than gold and silver; and the little tokens of friendship or affection that come to others are numerous and various. But who so esteems his gifts as poor Tom Harris? He has a little packet from his own Annette, containing a comforter, a pair of heavy mittens, and several thick woollen socks, knit by her own hands; and, most highly prized of all, a letter, in which she begs him to accept these little gifts, hoping that he may find them useful during the long cold winter. And "dear Tom," she continues, in that affectionate strain peculiar to all young loving wives, "you can't imagine how lonely I am since you are gone. The old house seems quite as dreary as when I was single, and, indeed, for my part, I can hardly see the use of being married at all. Only to the but one short month of real happiness, and then you are taken away! But, Tom, I know it's all for the best, and it's no use a-crying—though I often do that, I can tell. Be sure you get the 'crack lod' this winter, and let me have it to my satisfaction! I got the smartest chopper in the woods" (What an incentive to a logger's ambition!) Then with that solicitude that every true wife feels for the absent one, she concludes, "And now, Tom, for heaven's sake, do be careful, and do not venture too much. There are dangers enough in the wilderness that you can't foresee, without running your head into those you can. So good-by, until the next chance to send you another letter. In the spring we shall be happy again, shall we?"

Tom draws his sleeve across his eye, and solaces himself with an extra piece of Virginia twist. Soon after his services are temporarily forgotten in the excitements of the camp.

An early bed prepares the tired foresters for the arduous duties of the morrow—the initiative of the winter campaign. That it may be the more methodically and effectively conducted, a division of labor is made, the foresters are considered from twenty to thirty men, in charge of the "boss," of whom two are experienced choppers, two barkers and sled-tenders, eight swamper, to clear the roads through the forest for the sleds, two landing sawyers, to saw the trunks into logs, of suitable length and make the sleds, &c., &c. Lastly, but perhaps the most important personage of all, is the cook. Ah, the awful responsibility of the cook! To titillate the palate, to humor the stomach, to propitiate the appetite and diverse tastes, to be ready promptly at stated hours for meals, or, in the absence of the master, at times not stated; these require the ingenuity of a Yankee, the skill of a Boyer, and the patience of Job. Formerly, in the days of simple manners and simple diet, the cooking was done by rotation, each man holding the fat office for a week, and the food then consisted principally to bread, pork and beans; and on occasional fresh steak from the forest. The table furniture, too, was primitive, and the cutlery for the most part that of a well-used and somewhat obsolescent genius, but truly *ad hoc* was invested before forks. Now



THE JAM.

the *chef de cuisine* must be superlative in his craft, and the *table d'hôte* supplied with fresh beef, and all descriptions of game, vegetables, French rolls, and preserved dainties, though even these have by no means superseded the old standard of pork and beans (*sauc merite*). Wouldst know how to cook beans in true backwoods style? Place them in a pot, and the pot in a hole in the ground. Cover it well with live coals, and the whole with a layer of earth, and leave it for twenty-four hours. Then will the vetches here acquired a perfection of flavor not to be equalled by any other process. In like manner the loggers bake their bread.

Lumbermen are often employed "by the route," to continue at the business through all its successive stages. To others, who are hired to perform a particular part of the labor, different wages are paid, according to the character of their work and their personal ability. French *kakissas* are common among the crews, though their labor commands smaller wages than are paid to others.

And now, with the men and teams on the ground, and a favorable depth of snow, the work begins in real earnest. The trees to be cut are selected with a practiced eye, and many huge and symmetrical trunks are disregarded, which to the uninitiated appear to be perfect in all respects, but exhibit to the lumberman the mark of the invidious "kombus," which is infallible. Sleds are then laid to receive the falling giant, and the swamper busily cut their way to the selected points. And now the reverberating strokes of the axes ring incessantly through the high arches; crash after crash thunders forth the keel of the doomed ones; and the wild shouting of the teamsters, the clank of the log-chains, and the unearthly shrieks of the hob-sleds as they groan beneath their ponderous burdens, combine to thrill the senses with an excitement as pleasurable as it is novel. A Chinese executioner, who severs the necks of his victims with that precious "cheep, cheep" of the cleaver, which so plainly speaks the value of human life in that Celestial Elysium, could not perform his labor (or pastime) more nicely or expeditiously than the lumberman amputates the limbs and branches from the long trunks. The barker dexterously

strips off the bark, and the sled-tender is ready with team, tackle, and fall, to raise the huge bodies of the fallen upon his sled, and transport them to the landing-places at the river, where they are cut into suitable lengths for driving to the boats in the spring. These are the times that are trying to the oxen, and often the utmost exertions of four yokes are required to move the massive burdens. But by dint of volleys of encouragement and abuse, and a proper application of the mechanical forces and the whip, perseverance at length triumphs over gravity, and the huge load moves slowly and reluctantly forward to its destination. This is the regular routine work through the long winter, yet diversified daily with that variety which is the spice of life and the nutmeg of existence. Sunday alone brings a cessation of labor; for the lumberman is always respectful of that clause of the Divine command which forbids all work on that sacred day. To "fell, clear, and haul" continually for four or five long months one might suppose would be monotonously irksome; but there is a pleasure in the ceaseless tramp from the swamp to the landing, and the landing to the swamp, in the companionship of the patient oxen, and the comfort of the never-absent pipe; a music in the jingling chains, the creaking sleds, and the echo of one's own song and whistle; a variety in the little vexations and difficulties of the way; and exciting episodes occasioned by sudden accidents, the unobscured presence of waters dodging among the brush along the route, or the chance encounters with bears or other noble game that unexpectedly cross the path. But especially exciting is the work of the chopper, and by no means altogether free from danger. When the towering top of the giant pine trembles and oscillates with the flinching strokes of the axe; when it makes the fearful plunge, crushing and shivering everything within its range; when the wrenched branches of other trees, rendered brittle by frost, fly in every direction like the rocky fragments from an exploding blast; when huge limbs, broken from the falling trees, hang suspended in the branches above, poised and awaying, and ready to drop at the first sharp gust of wind; or when the butt of the falling trunk dies back like a recoiling gun, then there is imminent

danger to life, and often the most experienced loggers fail to make good their retreat. Neither is the occupation of the trapper free from accident. A sliding log, knocking him from his feet, or driving down a deep declivity upon the team, may cut his existence short in a moment's time.

We need not visit in imagination the three hundred lumber camps of Maine to seek diversity. They are all the same, and of this the sturdy workmen are the same, and their occupation differs in no wise; all at times may be found among the crews a cinnamon-colored Micmac or Penobscot Indian, who has been forced from barbarism into earning his daily salt, selling the axe as their forefathers did the tomahawk, and making the chisel as they did brains—or perchance, some stray son of Erin, or a "chiel from the Land o' Cakes." Whether storming the shelving terraces of the mountains, and hurling the forest monarchs from their dizzy heights, swamping in the lowlands, or cutting the stately pines from the borders of placid lakes into which they have looked and watched their growth for centuries, the labor is only diversified by the change of locality. Yet there are many seasons of mirth and festivity during the winter, many a pleasing adventure, and many an exciting chase. Now following the moose on snow-shoes over the sparkling snow-crust, or examining snares set ingeniously across the paths he frequents, setting traps for bears, or smoking them out from their brumal quarters—these are the sports par excellence of the winter time.

In the long evenings, after the toils of the day are over, and the grumbles of empty stomachs have been propitiated by ample feasts and generous libations of tea and coffee, huge logs are rolled upon the camp-fire, and the already fervent flames, seizing the dry moss and tinder-like bark, shoot up into slender shafts of blue, casting fantastic shadows upon the blackened walls, lighting up the bearded faces of the longing lumbermen, and diffusing a genial warmth throughout the long apartment. Black-stemmed pipes are drawn, and private errands, and dense clouds of smoke from the pipes, curling in sluggish wreaths among the rafters, and genuine content rests blandly on every brow. What reck it, then, whether the storm rages without, or the driving sleet pelts mercilessly upon the roof, or the piercing bit-silk shriek and moan through the forest? Let old Edith drive high, and sing far above the tumult of the elements rise a full chorus from a score of throats, and those old longing songs which the lumbermen love so well are sung with stress, and oft repeated. Pals of laughter shake the building, while just after they come round. And now, by special request, Long John clears his throat and sings a simple ditty—a plaintive song of love and home—and while the tones come clear and full, no sound disturbs the melody save the snapping of the burning wood and the muffled hissing of the hickory sap. Then, as the paving hour has not already made the eyelids heavy, stories of personal experience and hair-breadth escapes pass from mouth to mouth, feelingly recited and attentively heard, and uninterrupted except by the fitful gusts whisking around the corners of the cabin, or the howl of the starveling wolves outside. At length, after a long and marvellous recital, the old man says:

"Come, Tom," says Harry, "let out a hole in your belt, and roll out some of your doings this last ten years; for this child feels tire some like, and needs a whooper to keep his eyes open."

"Fshaw! what's Jone-grass to a horse that's fed on oats all his days? My yams couldn't shine alongside of yours, now. Goashed yourself, and tell us about that scrape you and Hiram Goud had with the she catamount."

"Oh, that's of no account. But here's Captain Hinch. He's knocked around from his day."

"After you in warblers for me."

"No no. Don't back out, esp," cry a dozen voices together. "Let us have one."

This appealed to, the old veteran taps his pipe upon the heel of his boot to clear it of ash, and having hemmed twice for effect, begins:

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE ENGLISH INHERITANCE.

BY EMILY BRADDOCK.

The fire was burning low in a large, but low and dingy apartment, furnished half shabbily, half genteelly, in which sat four persons. The first gentleman—indisputably gentle, showing spite of the tarnished dressing gown, according so illy with a pair of bright, glossy slippers; and the ragged edges of the fine linen at his bosom. He had, moreover, when he rose and paced the floor, an unmistakably military step, which, once attained, is rarely laid by even to the least. Near his chair, which he often left for the only exercise now afforded him, sat a lady, apparently some years younger than himself, and dressed in a purple satin that must once have been very rich, but which showed only here and there within its broad plait remnants of its former gala-day splendor.

Further from the dull fire, although it was a wintry afternoon, were two young girls, both very beautiful—sisters, undeniably—resembling each other very strongly, and apparently submitting to the necessity of shabby clothing, like their father; for both were clad in coarse and cheap, though exquisitely fitting, dresses of calico. The bright, shining hair in both was carried straight over the ears, ending in a knot behind. The dresses were scrupulously high in the throat, and were close at the wrists; and one sister, looking at the other, seemed more nervous and dazed. Between them lay upon a chair robe of the same coarse material as their own, yet of a different hue—being of a purple, much darker than the faded satin of the mother, and evidently intended for her, although she shrank from it, as if when her daughters attempted to assume a wreath or a veil.

She was a pale, delicate-looking woman, with a decided, high-bred air, and a dauntless word and manner. Every time she addressed her children, it was with the punctilious courtesies of one who has moved in the most dignified circles of society; they were like a stream in their easy, playful ways, and their quick, gay talk with each other, altered, it might be, into more measured stateliness when addressing the two elders. Yet, in each and all, there was an inexpressible sweetness in every word, that seemed to breathe a pure, loving affection for each member of a family over which had evidently passed some cloud that had flung down poverty at least from its sable folds, if not other evils.

The purple dress was completed, and the mother reluctantly retired into an inner room to put it on. When she came forth, the girls were wild in their praises. Truly, it had taken some twelve years from her apparent age as when dressed in the shabby finery of the antiquated satin; and even their father stopped short in his walk to compliment her.

"But when we receive our English inheritance," said Edith, with sparkling eyes, "ah, then mamma shall dress as becomes her fine form and handsome face! She shall be clothed in velvet, Hester, while we will wear only pure white—the simplest and sweetest dress for young maidens, is it not, father?"

"I thought so when your mother was young, dear," answered he, "and doubtless I shall think so when you wear it. But, if you wait for the English inheritance, I am afraid you will not wear white until the bonny brown hair is white also."

Captain Ross was an Englishman by birth, although America was his adopted country. He

had held a commission in the army, and twice he had been so near promotion, that only one life lay between him and a high title; but the title never came, and when his last campaign was over, he was invalided, and suffered to retire, thus shutting out the hope of brighter days.

Like all of his stamp, every resource had been drawn upon for the present. New wealth was to dawn upon him as the future hours developed themselves. The fair, delicate sister, who was the tenderly-reared daughter—could he refuse a single luxury to them? No; the highest board, the most expensive attire, the travelling and concerts, operas and parties, made up the rest; and when Ross retired on half pay, he was overburdened with the duty of supporting his wife. To do him justice, he had not intended it; but they must be paid, and he borrowed money to pay them, which had to be refunded little by little out of his scanty means.

Unable to pay board as he had usually done, and unwilling to enter an inferior lodging-house, he decided to take a few rooms, and, to save the expense of a house-servant, to have the meals for the family sent from a neighboring hotel. This was bad enough, as Ross was continually meeting friends who did not know his circumstances, and were expecting to be invited home to dinner. He removed to another house, where, as nominal boarders, they escaped this annoyance, although in truth they only dined with their landlady, and made breakfast and tea with their own hands.

As if to save them from falling into utter dependency, occasioned by low society, poor living, and insufficiency of clothing, a report came to their ears that the family of Ross was entitled to great inheritance in England. It was computed by millions; and Ross and a family of Rillendons were said to be the sole remaining heirs. He removed to the dignity, Mrs. Ross had worn the tarnished remains of a once rich wardrobe, and sported purple satin as if she were "born in the purple." Very unwillingly did she exchange its faded glory—to which the dear girls were so sensitive, and which they dared not openly attack—for the neat, dainty print, in which Edith and only she led a simple life, save in her high-backed arm-chair, the relic of former splendor.

This English inheritance had been the theme of much serious talk between Captain Ross and his wife, and of still more merry laughter between the two girls. They were like a stream, and their mother regretted their poverty; it was passed over by Edith and Hester as a mere trifling for the lack of comforts which their parents needed. With health, natural spirits, and kindly hearts, they took the bright side of everything; and in their possessing two such charming comforters, Ross and his wife ought not to have called themselves poor.

A knock at the door, a whispered consultation between the girls and some one in the hall, arrested the attention of the father. Edith came back with a quantity of cloth in her hand—a large bolt of purple.

"What is that, Edith?" he asked.

"Only some shirts, father, that Hester and I are going to make for Mrs. Harris, in the next house. Her sons are going to sea, and she must have them soon."

"Not for me, I hope, my dear? You will not work for pay?"

The girls cast a glance around the apartment. "Surely, there is need enough, dear father!" said Hester, almost impatiently. "No one would take us for even decent seamstresses."

"Hush, Hester!" whispered Edith, and the girl's eyes were full at the moment. She went up to her father and kissed him.

"I did not mean to reproach you, dear father. Believe me, we like to work for you, if you will allow us. Don't be too proud to let us do so."

Captain Ross turned away, sighing, bitterly, "My girls seamstresses!"

Another knock. This time it was a boy with a note to Captain Rose. He read it, answered it, and the boy was gone.

"What is it, papa?" said both the girls at once. He handed it to Edith, and she read it aloud.

"Mr Horace Ellendeen desires an interview with Captain Rose, in which to converse with him on the subject of their mutual claim to the inheritance of the Ellendeen property in England. Mr. Ellendeen and his brother intend visiting London, and would like to know the wishes and expectations of Captain Rose in regard to his own claim."

It was written at a hotel in the next street. "And where did you appoint an interview, Papa, and when?"

"Here, to be sure, and this afternoon." Mrs. Rose, at this announcement, uttered a regret that she had not kept on her purple satin, but the girls whispered to each other a word or two of unfeigned thankfulness that she had not.

These followed sundry wise speculations upon the coming man and his errand, in which all took a part. Before they were ended, the two gentlemen entered. They were grave-looking men, apparently past thirty years of age, both what might be called good-looking, and, in conversation with Captain Rose, seemed highly intelligent and business-like. They were merchants—going to London on matters connected with their business, and the "inheritance" was only a secondary matter; yet they would, of course, take pains to inquire into its probable chances.

Captain Rose, his wife, and daughters, were equally pleased with their new acquaintances. The manly, frank ways of both won their confidence at once, and the promise to call at every opportunity before sailing was very pleasant to those who had enjoyed so little society for many months.

The gentlemen fully redeemed this promise, and seemed to regret the time of parting. After they had actually gone, the whole family wondered that they had bestowed so little anxiety about the appearance of the business men, and their presence. The expensive prints and the faded drawing-gown had ceased to occupy their thoughts at all; and Edith and Hester had sewed diligently upon the linen for which they were "to have pay."

It was summer now. The blinds were closed to conceal the worn carpet, and the friendly dimness hid many other deficiencies. The girls sat by the window looking out on the strip of yard which their landlady called a garden. The mother, now feeble from the close weather and poor food, lay on the sofa. Captain Rose was pacing the room as usual, looking at the piles of linen with a dissatisfied air. Yet he could but brighten up as he heard a soft whisper about "some wine for mamma as soon as this work was done." How could he be unhappy, when he had such dear girls!

It grew dusky while they sat there, and they left off work, and began to sing. It was a song they had sung at a large party, when they were little trembling children, afraid of the magnificence and magnificent people around them. They felt strong now, even in their poverty; and they talked in low tones of becoming pale singers, but dared not quite yet mention it to their father. Such a thought had often passed their minds. At least they thought they could sing in churches, if not at concerts, if papa were only willing—and why not he indulge this foolish pride? They were poor, and the world was not decreed by the enemies of this, he was constantly making to hide the fact. It was like delecting the room to hide the old carpet, they said.

"Plotting treason, little girls!" said their father, in a heartier voice than usual. "That will never do for a soldier's daughter! Now what new plan has come into your wise heads? Something mortifying to father's pride, I dare say."

They had no time to answer, for two persons entered the room; and even through the dusk they recognised the Ellendeen brothers. There were warm, kindly greetings, heartfelt on both sides, and then the object of their voyage was touched upon. There were doubts and uncertainty. There were papers that could not be found, and they feared it would end in nothing after all. So that pleasant dream, "the English inheritance," faded away like all the rest of poor Captain Rose's visions.

"Never mind, Eds," said Hester, as they went up to their attic room, "there is still the singing, which we can try."

The postman brought two letters the next day—they were for Edith and Hester. Both eagerly read them with blushing cheeks. They contained offers of marriage from Horace and Charles Ellendeen. These were letters that could not be answered in a minute. In each there was a note for papa, to be given him only if it was required—that is, if the proposal should be favorably received.

"Very methodical and business like!" laughed Edith. "I should think we were two sales of goods destined for the Ellendeen market."

Yet, though she laughed, she could not but be conscious that her heart was touched, and she frankly gave the note to her father; while Hester without a word followed suit.

The captain, who had brooded over the disappointment about the English property until he was even lower than usual in spirit, read the notes with a look of genuine surprise. He returned them with the remark, "Well, girls, at least they have shown that it is not wealth they seek in wives."

"No, indeed, papa, or they would have waited for 'the English inheritance.'"

The answer was not decided, but favorable. A little longer acquaintance, a more intimate knowledge, was certainly desirable. Captain Rose did not tell his daughters that he had in strict inquiries of a friend in the city who knew the Ellendeen well, and reported them all that could be desired. These inquiries, of course, referred to their position and character as men of business, but fortunately the answers included everything.

In a strict all was settled—Horace Ellendeen was engaged to Edith, and his brother to Hester.

"Where, in the world, is the bridal attire to come from?" asked Mrs. Rose, whose thoughts were averted upon clothing, as the wedding-day drew near.

"Where?" asked Edith. "Why, we are only to have plain white muslins—and we have those that were bought for our last school exhibition."

Seeking for these, the girls came upon a roll of papers yellow with age. They opened and read them; they were the very papers which Captain Rose told them were not to be published in the old trunk. Captain Rose's father had left them in an old trunk. So the brothers married rich girls after all!

AN unbound book might appropriately say to a calf or a sheep, I wish I were in your skin.

WHAT we call croakings are not always to be disregarded; there are frogs in the well of truth.

THE gate of perdition is a dangerous one to let children swing on.

PARENTS define what man wants—all he can get. What woman wants—all she can't get.

IF you are conscious of certain infirmities of character, select companions in whose society you would be ashamed to give way to them.

MANY believe that the man of our day is inferior to the first man—as if Nature put skill by practice.

A woman who can abate tears at will is as formidably armed as Briarens, whose arms numbered a hundred.

## BERTHA'S NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. SARAH LINDLEY WILSON.

### CHAPTER I.

"Oh! if he would only come! Won't you look once more, Bertha?" There was a faint touch of hope in the woman's voice.

The young girl laid the bedside and crossed the room to the deep bay window, pushing back with one hand the heavy damask curtain, and pressing her face close against the pane, looked out through the shrubbery down the long avenue; but there was no sound of carriage wheels, no one in sight; all she heard was the moaning of the October wind sighing plaintively through the pines.

With a sigh she returned to the bedside of her foster-mother.

"He is not coming, Bertha? Oh, dear! I shall die and not see him!"

"I think he will surely come yet, mother."

"If he would—if he only would!" But, Bertha, if I die, and he does not come, you will give him my message, won't you, concerning Ada Vane?"

The young girl did not answer, but sat motionless, with her face buried in her hands.

"You will tell him that she is false, and unworthy of his love; tell him that she would marry him only for his wealth. You will tell him this for me, won't you, Bertha?"

"I cannot! indeed, I cannot, mother!" The young girl's voice was full of pain.

"But he must know, and we will tell him if you not? You are his sister, and should act a sister's part."

"But he is not really my brother. You must remember that, mother. And to speak to him of so delicate a matter would seem bold and unkindly. I cannot call him my brother."

Bertha's voice trembled, but the twilight shadows hid from Mrs. Clough the flushed cheeks and brow, else she surely must have guessed the secret that Bertha would rather have died than betrayed—namely, that she loved Lionel Clough. "There is no more to be said," Mrs. Clough said; "for he must not marry her."

So the message was written—the message that was to tell Lionel Clough that the one whom Mrs. Clough truly believed he had chosen to be his wife and the one whom he loved was false and utterly unworthy.

A thought, this passed through Mrs. Clough's mind, for she said to Bertha, still in a faint, weary voice:

"Do you think he loves her very much? do you think it will be hard for him to give her up?"

"If he loves as I love, it would be," trembled on the girl's lips, but she only answered, "That it was impossible for her to tell; perhaps it would not be; he had been about so long."

"Yes; three years was a long, long time. Lionel! Lionel!" The words ended in a broken moan, and she soon sank off in a quiet slumber.

Bertha watched by her through the long night, till the grey dawn came—watched by her till the weary eyes opened, and the life went out of her ever for.

And still, Lionel had not come. Poor Bertha wept and weaned all through the long, weary day that followed. She mourned her foster-mother as though she had been her own; in fact, she had never known any other; for she was but three years old when Mrs. Clough took her to her heart and home, she being an orphan child at the early age of three.

Bertha was almost bowed down with sorrow and grief at Mrs. Clough's death; and there was one to whom she could look for comfort. But the worst had not come. Mrs. Clough was an English woman, with but one relative, a sister, Mrs. Clough.

She came down to attend the funeral, and found Bertha bending over the remains of Mrs. Clough, weeping as though her heart would

break. "You should not give way so, Bertha; it is childish."

Mrs. Grant was cold and stately—an icicle—a marble statue; nothing could move her—not even the dead face of her sister; she only bent down and pressed her thin lips to the cold brow in a stately, dignified way. She may have grieved all the same; perhaps a shade of sadness might have been detected on her face when she raised it again.

The funeral was over, and a dark, cheerless night set in. The wind whistled and moaned around Clough Hall, sending a thrill of fear through the heart of Bertha, and she sank back further in the arm-chair by the library fire, and nestled her pale face closer to the crimson cushions.

"So Lionel is in Europe yet?" Mrs. Grant said, trying down her book, a translation of Humboldt's "Cosmos," she had been reading.

"It must be," Bertha said, in a thin, faint voice; "but we have been looking for him every day for the past month."

"It is strange—strange he does not come." Mrs. Grant arose and drew her chair close up to the grate.

"I suppose you have made no arrangements yet for the future?"

Bertha started.

"I had no arrangement to make, Mrs. Grant; I do not know what you mean," she said, in a timid voice.

"Why, you do not expect Clough Hall will be your home now, do you, child? I mean after Lionel comes?"

Bertha sank back, pale and trembling; the truth dawned on her, and came like a thunder-bolt, almost crushing her. For fourteen years, that had been her home; in fact she never knew any other. But now her foster mother was dead; she was no longer a child, and Lionel was not her brother, so she must leave the dear place, and go—where?

She sobbed and moaned bitterly, even with the cold eyes of Mrs. Grant gazing on her. There was a dreadful pain in her head, and a terrible pain in her heart.

Mrs. Grant left in the grey dawn of the morning following—left before Bertha was up.

Nine, ten, and eleven o'clock passed, and still the breakfast service glittered on the table, and the creamy chocolate and delicate rolls remained untouched. Then Bertha's old nurse, Barbara, went up and found her flushed with fever. So after that, for more than three weeks, Dr. Barth came twice a day to Clough Hall. And all that time Bertha lay delirious, sometimes raving, and again calling, "Mother! mother!" in piteous tones, and entreating them not to send her away.

Old Barbara understood what it all meant, and whispered it in the ear of the kind old doctor. After that, when the tones came pleading and pathetic, he would draw his hands across his eyes and whisper,

"Poor child, if she goes away from here, I know where her home will be."

And that was what he and his good wife sat up so late the night before talking about.

"Poor, motherless thing!" and Mrs. Bertha wept with pity for the poor orphan lying so ill at Clough Hall, and thought of her Anne lying so white and still in the village churchyard. "She shall have Annie's room," she said softly to her husband. "It will seem as if God sent her to comfort our hearts for her loss."

So when Bertha came out of her delirium, and grew stronger, day by day, Doctor Blyth told her very gently, very tenderly, that her home should be with them—their household come and take their dear Annie's place. Mrs. Blyth was there, too, and bent her kind face over the pallid one of Bertha's, and kissed her very tenderly, as a mother would have done.

Bertha could only weep and thank them. Poor child! no place would seem as home to her but Clough Hall.

## CHAPTER II.

It was near the last of December, and Lionel had not come yet.

Bertha was recovering, but slowly. Doctor Blyth said she needed change of climate; that the New England winters were too rough for so delicate a flower as she. Clough Hall was a dreary, lonesome place to Bertha now, for she was too weak to go out. Doctor Blyth and his wife would ride over every day or two; but the long December evenings were passed alone, mostly in her own room, for she had a terror of going through the long, dark halls alone.

It was the night before New Year's. It came on cold, dark, and stormy. Bertha was asleep on the sofa by the library fire. She had read "Glad Day" till her head and eyes ached, then finally went to sleep while watching the flickering shadows on the wall.

And that night, in the storm and darkness, Lionel came home.

Old Barbara met him in the hall, and started at sight of his pale, anxious face.

The words trembled on his lips, "My mother," but one look in Barbara's face and he was understood all.

She led him to the room where his mother died; told him of her illness and death; of Be's sickness and the cure, and of Doctor Blyth's offer of a home; and all the time Lionel sat with his face buried in his hands, and with moans of anguish quivering on his lips; but when she told him that Bertha was going away, was going to leave Clough Hall for him, he started up.

"Where is she, Barbara? Take me to her! I must see her!"

The old nurse led him to the library door, and opened it softly.

"Hush! she is sleeping," and Lionel Clough went in and looked tenderly, reverently, at the thin, pallid face pressed against the satin cushions. How beautiful, how sweet, how gentle!

If took a low seat near her, and cradled the rich, crimson shawl closer around her, and took in his own one of the soft, white hands.

She awoke at last, and saw Lionel's face bending over her.

"Bertha, darling!" and his arms were around her neck and his lips pressed to hers.

"I am not dreaming?" she asked, as he gently released her; "it is you, Lionel, and he has looked for you so long."

"Yes, Bertha, but I did not get the letter that told of my mother's illness until about three weeks ago."

"I am too late; too late!" There was deep anguish in the tone.

And you have suffered so much, Bertha, poor child!" and he turned his pale, handsome face to her again.

The lips quivered in spite of herself, and a faint reply trembled there, too faint for Lionel to hear; but he drew her closer to him, and whispered words of comfort and sympathy.

A soft flush came to Bertha's cheek, and a sudden hope to her heart, but it was checked in an instant. It seemed almost sacrilege to think of such a thing now, and she glanced at her sable robes.

"I have seen Barbara," Lionel said, "and she has told me all; and so, Bertha, you are going to leave the home that has sheltered you for so many years? Is your heart in this, my child?"

She did not reply, but lifted her white, anguished face, that had been resting on her hands, and he needed no other answer.

"Then will you stay, Bertha? Do you think my love and protection can make this home as happy for you as the one you will find at Dr. Blyth's? I do not ask you to stay as my sister, Bertha, but as my wife?"

There was a low cry of joy from Bertha's lips that thrilled his heart with a strange happiness, and he took her tenderly in his arms, and told her how he had always loved her, and that he

knew of Ada Vane's heartlessness long ago; that she never had been, nor never could be anything to him; and then he urged her to become his wife at once, to give him the right to "cherish and protect" her.

But Bertha had objections to that. "It would be wrong," she said, "so soon after his mother's death."

"It would be no disrespect to her memory," he said, and gave many good reasons why it should not be deferred.

So when the New Year came in, bright and clear, the old grey-haired clergyman from Deerham came over, and there was a quiet wedding at Clough Hall. No one but Dr. Blyth and his wife, with their kind, happy faces, and the old servants, witnessed the ceremony. The doctor and his wife were a little disappointed, that, after all, Bertha's home would not be with them.

"But perhaps it is all for the best," Mrs. Blyth said to her husband, on their way home that night.

Any way, she was satisfied that to the inmates of Clough Hall it had indeed been a happy New Year.

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, MARCH 21, 1863.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

—o—

Or all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in the house. All comfort is gone when suspicion has entered—when there must be reserve in talk, and reservation in belief.

### MORAL INFLUENCE.

Says a writer of the day—*Amey* among the Alleghenies there is a spring, so small that a single ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away, till it falls into the great ocean. So with moral influence; it is a rill—a rivulet—a river—an ocean, boundless and fearless as eternity.

### FEMALE LIBELLERS.

Whoever has observed carefully will have noticed a tendency among young men of the day, in speaking of female characters, to decry it in general terms. To stigmatize these wholesale libellers virtue in the female character is a fable. This volatile and base judgment is unquestionably more a result of gross habit than conviction. If every young man, when he takes the name of woman, and thinks of her, feels the evil propensity to slander insinuated in his heart, would reflect that he has a mother, and perhaps sisters and wife, all of whom, near and dear, are women, he would pause before he breathed the basest of calumnies. If these apologies for men who thus slander the sex to whom they owe life and all its decencies, and to whom they are indebted in their habit of slander, they would merit every being's contempt.

### WATCH THE ENEMY.

There is in the bosom of every human being, whatever his surroundings may be, an instinctive sense of right and wrong. What may seem right to one may, of course, seem very wrong to



another. It is part of a cannibal's religion to eat human flesh, while to a civilized man such an act seems atrocious in the extreme. It is, however, the result of education, and even the cannibal, acting under the light given him, has a distinct sense of right and wrong. These two principles are ever at war with each other in the human breast, and our acts are good or evil in proportion as we listen to their teachings. The moment a young girl entertains an impure thought against the strong remembrance of purity she is lost—the moment a young man allows his sense of honor to sleep his destruction is certain. Fly heed to the prompting of the lower monster, young men! Watch the enemy and it shall be well with thee!

#### REJOICE WHILE IT IS YET DAY.

This earth was not intended by the good God to be a place of asceticism and gloom—a prison, wherein the affections are to be repressed. If he had intended it to be such, think you he would have made the lulls and valleys green; the flowers and the meadow would have been of colors; the bright-plumaged birds to sing joyously as they mount in the atmosphere; gild the clouds, and make the winding brooks babble pleasantly as they dance along the pebbly beds in the sunshines? No, indeed. He has cast our lives in pleasant paths, and bids us rejoice while it is yet day! What can be more acceptable to God or man than a cheerful countenance? It is the very quintessence of religion, and is the sure index of the purity, bright and idly, that dwells within. This globe of ours was not intended to be other than a pleasant abode for man, and he only is to blame if he cannot make existence as joyous as the babbling brook, as beautiful as the painted lily, as vocal as the voice of the plumaged bird, as grand as the forest, and to the soul as refreshing as the verdure of the valley to the observing eye.

#### THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

It is a method of avoiding the after-consequences flowing from intemperance of speech which might well be adopted by too many of the human family. Many a harsh, unkind, and unjust remark would have been left unsaid had the speaker listened but for a single instant to the voice of reason. The which have stood the test of long years have, in one moment, been shattered—the warmest friendships have been broken—families have been aspersed and sostered—hearts have been crushed, and hopes destroyed, ere, now, [by one thoughtless expression.

"Also, how slight a cause may move  
Disunion between hearts that love!"

A sudden outburst of passion—one glance of a flashing eye—one flush of an angered cheek—one little word—and, lo! the sunshine and happiness of a moment before is changed to gloomy anger and moodily discontent. When, at length, love is solved, and faith, and hope, and joy are swallowed up—

"Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When Heaven was all tranquillity."

Let our readers, when they find themselves growing angry, count five-and-twenty before speaking.

#### THE BEAT OF TIME.

How slowly in youth, how rapidly in age, beats the march of Time! In childhood, how lovingly we look upward to the summit of that hill of years whither we are to be endowed with the crown of manhood, and how long it seems between each beat of the heart—each oscillation of the pendulum! When, at length, we attain the mountain of life—how, with loud rejoicing and exulting look, standing upon its brow, we look eitherward, deeming the past a pleasant dream—the future, clothed with the golden tints of imagination, a succession of happy days! We see not at our feet the serpent hissing and

distilling the poison that is to take away from us our strength and wither our limbs; nor the devious path that leads we know not where, save that it ends in the valley far away where mista for ever dwell. Now, we turn our back upon the past—the pleasant ways of childhood are forgotten, and plunge without thought or care, into the beyond! Gradually, the beatings of the pulse increase, the pendulum oscillates with a vigor unknown before! Months, years flit past, like phantoms in the night! See, time has left traces on the brow—marks upon the beard covered once with raven hair! Sister threads are seen; we are not so supple as once we were, our limbs are stiffer, our eyes duller, our hand less steady; and now, with stooping form and shuffling gait, we approach, with hasty strides, that dark, mist-covered valley which, when we stood upon the brow of life, we saw afar off. How rapidly we near it; how dark it is becoming. The sun that shone upon us at the noontide of life gives forth but feeble light; and the heart, how it pulsates—the pendulum, can you discern it as it swings, with renewed energy, to and fro? How is this? But yesterday we were young, to-day we are old! Are the years in duration but are months on the other side of the bill of life—the days as minutes? Time beats with increased vigor—and halting, we enter the valley of death to be seen no more.

#### YANKEE NOTIONS.

Is not outervailing a species of *mean-sid-ness*?  
LIVE and let live is no motto for war-timers.  
A SHOEMAKER *was*, and a WAGONER *was*.  
DOCTOR'S MOTTO—"Patients and long suffering."

A GOOD PLACE TO GO FOR PAPER—The Cathedral of Rheims.

ALWAYS heaping coils of fire on his own head—Old Vespers.

STANCES as it may seem, it is not a good idea to bottle Blaw's ale in bass tins.

THE play of Shakespeare resembles broken wood, when they are divided by the *act* (*axe*).

A POWERFUL POKER—When is a defaulter a paradox? When he's a *soo est* man.

The wisest tradesman is the bricklayer, for he always labors on a sure foundation.

It may be truly said that a man is *dead drunk* when he sleeps on his *beer* (bier).

IRON-CLAD MEN—"An old file" is preferable to an "old screw."

EYE caused the fall of one man, but *Minie* has caused the fall of legions.

DISCORD.—The source chief in the world is made from the apples of discord.

DISGRACE says it is a curious fact that *red-tails* captains are the most liable to *werecks*.

WIT is a weathercock like ambition? Because it is as vane (*rais*) thing to a *spire* (*aspire*).

POSTAGE-STAMPS, during their brief reign as currency in America, were very appropriately styled *spendu-licks*.

CHESS AND DRAUGHTS.—War used to be called a game of chess; but players in America now apprehend it to be a game of draughts.

A NEW YORK editor speaks of a recent snow-storm which "roared so loud that you couldn't hear a dog bark."

WHAT profession requires the greatest exercise of an even temper? The physician—because to practice he must have *patience*.

WHY was our common mother like a certain *soo-a-l* modern institution? Because she was Adam's express company.

The opinion of a young lady should never be entitled to much weight, for it is a *mis(e)* judgment.

"GREAT cry and little wood," as Jeff. Davis remarked of the result of the President's Emancipation edict.

ALL'S FAIR.—Day fair, sell fair, and love the fair. By so doing, you will stand a fair chance of having a fair life and a fair funeral.

FOR EQUESTRIANS ONLY.—Why is a saddle like a Centaur? Because it's between a man and a horse.

DEFENDS UPON THE WILL.—There is a gate through which our man may come to fortune, another to grief. We allude to the Surrogate.

A WOMAN'S tongue, it is said, never runs down; but it is often ill-attended and volatile enough to run down almost everything else.

THE man who tried soft soap to smooth the harshness of his wife's tongue, says it took off a little of the roughness, but made it fly faster.

BY AN ARSENAL.—"We are the only real aristocrats of to-day. We don't care how much we rise, so that our descent is all right."

A SHAKY BROTHER.—"Let us steady ourselves," exclaims a religious contemporary. The remark is ominous in these boisterous times; but soda-water will do it.

WHY are the States in terrible confusion and everything so unsettled? Because for two years past they have been under Abe-Lincoln (a *blin*kin) Government.

A SHAMELESS REMARK.—We are acquainted with "a monster in human form" who says that the only time a woman doesn't exaggerate is when she's talking of her own age.

ONE OF THE SEX.—Susan Jane Johnson is under arrest in Detroit for stealing five dollars from one lover to pay the minister's charge for marrying her to another.

LOW dresses are coming down. The sign before the door of a mintus-maker's shop in *Bum* reads thus:—"N.B.—Dresses made lower than ever."

BATE.—"Sam, why am I lawyers like fishes?" "I don't muddle with the subject, Pomp." "Why, don't you see, nigger, because dry am so fond of debate."

LIBERTY.—Wrought marble and all statutory is subject to a tax under the new Federal law. Think of a tax being laid and collected on a marble statue of liberty.

LIVINO.—It has been thought that people are degenerating, because they don't live as long as in the days of Methuselah. But nobody can afford to live very long at the current price.

SHRIMP-TALK.—In Sangerico, N.Y., an enterprising tavern-keeper has just had a series of "shrimplaters"—nothing less than pint bottles filled with whiskey, and it is said they pass current among all his customers.

TOO TATE.—To know how bad you are, become poor; to know how bad other people are, become rich. Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. Do not mistake principles for potatoes.

SPOOTING.—An exchange advises boys to "learn to spout." Let them first learn to run in debt, and "spouting" will come as natural as mother's milk. For further particulars, inquire of "my nunc"—the ottusen with three balls over his door.

THE FIRST.—We were amused at the response of a little girl, who with her brother was undergoing the catechism. Willie was asked who was the first man? "Adam!" was the quick reply. "And, Minnie, who was the first woman?" inquired the mother. As promptly as Willie, Minnie answered, "Madam!"



**A STRONG PILL AND A SPOONFUL.**—Such is the remarkable degree of physical strength to which Dr. G. B. Winsbip, "the strong man," has brought himself by persistent training, that his patients are protesting loudly against his physique, as being too much for them.

**SQUALLING.**—A country editor, in speaking of a steamboat, said, "She had twelve burials in the ladies' cabin." "Oh, my life!" exclaimed Mrs. Bartington, being informed of this, "what a squalling ship must have been on that previous boat."

**"BITTER SWEET."**—Some "benefactor of the human race," who advertises a fine article of patent biters, warns intending purchasers against a "mushroom imitation" of it. If the gentleman in question refers to ketchup, let us accept the spurious article with thanks.

**THE TRADES.**—What branch of business is the most useful? The undertaker, it is of *as great* a character. What tradesman will live for ever? The shoemaker, for he is *ever-lasting*. The greatest artist is the mechanist; he is so *extremely* *re-niced*. The best nurtured man is the salesman, for he has never tired of *swailing*.

**KIND.**—Widow Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him, "Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick round so, and wear all the sheets out, if you are dying!"

**A GOOD WIFE.**—A young lady of extraordinary capacity addressed the following letter to her cousin:—"We all are well, and mother's got the Terrie, brother Tom has got the Hupin Knapp, and sister Ann has got a babe, and hope these few lines will find you the same. Rite soon.—Your affectionate Cousin."

**A GREAT THROAT.**—"I don't like Princes Alfred," said Mrs. Partington, "for not wishing to take the throne of Greece he'd slip off at once as you live." The old lady never allows a remark to fail if it is the want of making it; and in this, like Juliet, she speaks though she says nothing.

**A SPICED.**—There is talk of passing laws by which suicide by poison will become much more difficult of execution than formerly. Mr. Algernon Jones says nothing shall stop him from killing himself whenever he wants to. If he can do no other way he will eat his of sponge and drink water till he bursts.

**ELONGER.**—We like fine writing when it is properly applied; and we appreciate the following hint of eloquence in one of our exchanges:—"As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in her rear—as the winged lightning leaps from the heavens when the thunderbolt is loosed—so does a little negro run when a big dog is after him."

**BYNOMIAL.**—"A big thing that in the way of Egyptian art!" said Hopkins to the butcher, who was gradually piling up an immense heap of hogs' heads as he cut up the carcasses. The butcher "didn't see it, and signified as much." "Certainly," said Hopkins, preparing to escape the clearer in an emergency—"certainly, you are building a second pyramid of *CHOPS*."

**FRANKLIN.**—"Friend Franklin," said Myers Fisher, a celebrated lecturer in Philadelphia, one day, to our immortal philosopher and statesman, "I know almost everything, can you tell me how I can procure my small beer in the back-yard? My neighbors are often tapping it of nights." "Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it," replied the lecturer, "and the rogues but get a taste of that, and I warrant they'll never touch your small beer any more."

**DECKERS OF COMPARISON.**—A stray child is a waf; but a little thing made of barba's blood is a wifer. A blow in the face is sometimes called a clip; but a fast sailing boat is beyond

question a clipper. A subterranean receptacle of water is a well; but a well known character of a popular novelist is decidedly weller. The cotton in a candle is called a wick; but a certain kind of basket-work is wicker. A stoppage is often a check—a stop makes a checker—and funds make an exchange. The plaything of a child is a doll; the goal of a man is a dollar. A nauseous medicine is a pill; a column is a pillar. A certain kind of wine is port; and a man who carries burthens is a porter.

**BOILING THE DOOR.**—"Whr, Dinah! what's the matter? No dinner ready yet?" "Why, you see, massa, I had all do dinner on de table, will all de fixing, and de mending, and de tings; when trap come to de door. 'Who's dat?' says I. 'Only a poor beggarman as hungry as a polliat.' 'Go way from dar,' says I, 'we sin't de poor house.' Wild dat, he open'd de door, sat down to de table, and de way de grab an exchance. 'Piss and de wine!' went down his throat. 'Piss and de wine!' Golly, massa, I looked like de mouf of de Mississippi in a freahet. De niggers was all in de open field hoeing, so I 'cluded to keep quiet 'till he fill up, but, by jingo, massa, he was like de ocean, for he had no bottom. *First he bolt de turkey, den he bolt de beef, den he bolt de ham and eggs, den I began to yell, den he stored into de entry; and ya' he' banged if he didn't bolt de door!* Dat's de way de dinner went, massa."

#### STEWED STEAK.

Act 1.—*Had I a heart for Fishland Framed.*

Had I a pound of tender Steak,  
I'd use it for a stew;  
And if the dish you would partake,  
I'd tell you what to do.  
In a strep, steam and stew,  
Some lettuce should be flung;  
And with it stew your pound of meat—  
A tender piece, but young.  
And when you find the juice express'd  
its culinary art,

To dine or gray off were best,  
And let it stand apart;  
Then, lady, if you'd have a treat,  
Be sure you don't be wast;  
To put more butter to your meat,  
Nor let it stew too long.

And when the Steak is nicely done,  
To take it off were best,  
And gently let it fry alone,  
Without the sauce or red;  
Then add the gravy—with of wine  
A spoonful in it flung,  
And a dash of very fine—  
Let the chafin be young.

And when the whole has been combined,  
More steaming 'till require,  
Ten minutes 'till 'till—'till mind  
Not have too quick a fire;  
Then serve it up—'till form a treat!  
Nor stir it up—'till it be wrong!  
Guarded in all the world 'till ready,  
And afterwards in the young.

**A STOX.**—At Wilmington, Delaware, resided Tom Joslyn, as clever a fellow as ever lived; but, like a great many other clever fellows, he was too much attached to the "Oh be joyful!" In fact, he had done so much at the business, a red nose, somewhat a swollen, was the consequence. At length, all at once, Tom seemed to see the error of his ways, and attempted, as his friends all hoped, a *bold* reformation. While he was still firm, and his resolution as yet had remained unshaken, he happened one day to go into a public-house in Wilmington, and an old acquaintance insisted on his taking a smile with him. "No, I thank you," Tom replied, with that suavity of manner which was so natural to him. "I do not drink any more; I have reformed." "No drink!" ejaculated his friend, at the same time gazing on his rubicund nose with astonishment. "No," replied Tom, "I have quit it entirely." "Then why don't you take in your eye?" his acquaintance asked, pointing at the same time to Tom's red nose. This was too much. Tom immediately smiled with his friend, and continued to smile ever afterwards, feeling, no doubt, that when a man has a sign hung out, it is sheer nonsense to attempt to gainsay it.

#### CHANGED HER MIND.

Dicky was poor. Susy had a rich mother, Dicky loved Susy, and vice versa. Dicky wanted to marry. Susy's mother was "down on that measure." Dicky was forbid the passion. Noise were coming from a knot hole in the high board fence that enclosed the yard.

One day the old lady went "calling," and Dicky was duly informed of the fact; called on Susy; remained a little too long; old lady was close at hand; no chance of escape without detection; at the instance of Susy, Dicky popped into the closet; old lady saw that Susy looked confused; guessed that Dicky had been about, supposed of course he had rendered good he escape; thought perhaps the young couple had agreed to elope together; determined to be too smart for them; accordingly, about half past six, in the same closet where Dicky was concealed, and giving her a pair of quilts and a pillow, looked her up for the night; didn't see Dicky; next morning went to the closet to let Susy out.

"Oh, Lord!"—a scream, couldn't get breath for a moment; finally—

"Ahem! Dicky, is that you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Dicky, you must stay to breakfast."

"Couldn't, ma'am."

"Dicky, but you must."

Dicky concluded to stay. At breakfast the mother said:

"Dicky, I have been thinking of you a good deal lately."

"So I suppose, ma'am—very lately."

"You are very industrious and honest, I hear."

"I never brag, ma'am."

"Well now, upon the whole, Dicky, I think you and Susy had better get married."

#### DOING AN INSPECTOR.

Not a very bad job is told of one of the New York night inspectors. It happened a short time since, after the wharf watch was set, that a plain looking countryman was seen leaning on a brig light at pier No. 6, with a suspicious-looking bundle in his hands. It was a large package, and a heavy one; and the stranger trudged slowly up the pier with it, and turned the corner.

"Ha, my fine fellow," said the lynx-eyed officer, "aha, I've got you this time!" and approaching the countryman, he said:

"Good evening. Let me relieve you of that load, my friend."

"Oh?" responded the man, uneasily.

"I'll take this bundle, if you please."

"Thank you."

"It's heavy, isn't it?" said the officer.

"Yass. Which way you goin', nabor?"

"Come along; it's all right. I'll take care of this."

"Exactly—much obliged to you. It is tarded home, and I've got to get it up to the Howard House."

"Come along," said the officer, knowingly, "we'll see about that; and in a few minutes they reached the Howard, when the stranger observed that the inspector had no ideas of halting."

"Hallo, friend, I'm stopping here," said the countryman.

"It's no matter about that; I've seized this property, and you can explain matters at the custom-house, to-morrow," continued the inspector.

"Look here, friend, I not too fast, if you please. I've paid my duties on that ere lot of goods. Just you look at this, now!" and he drew forth a bit of paper from his pocket, signed by the collector.

"Whr, you scamp," said the inspector, wiping the perspiration from his face, "this is a admit for your goods. Why didn't you show it before?"

"Why, in the first place, you didn't ask me

low; and in the next place, if I had, you'd have me break my back, as you'd have brought that bundle clear up here for me.

The inspector bowed politely, and cursing the countryman for a fool, turned down Pine-street to resume his lonely beat.

### SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**THE REVOLUTIONS OF THE STARS.**—The scientific world will doubtless be deeply interested and find abundant food for reflection in the following communication from the Rev. William James Loomis, of Martineau Depp, New York. Mr. Loomis is an American clergyman, and he claims to have detected a grave error in the accepted "star times" which Newton, Humboldt, and Herschel thought to be infallibly true. The importance of his discovery will be best understood by those familiar with the beautiful science of astronomy.—"In the appearance of nature the times of the revolutions of the stars are so graduated to each other that, when one appears to set out from a given point in its diurnal and annual revolutions, the time of the apparent diurnal star will bring it to the same absolute point which is occupied by the apparent yearly star at the close of the sidereal year. The times of the apparent revolutions of the stars, as given in the accepted system of astronomy, involve the absurdity of a star being in two different places, a little more than one-fourth of the circle of the heavens distant from each other, at the same instant of time. From this it is certain that the astronomers' times of the apparent revolutions of the stars have no foundation in truth. Herschel says the time of an apparent diurnal revolution of the stars is 23 hours, 56 minutes, 49 seconds; and the time of an apparent yearly revolution of the stars is, in solar time, 365 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, 6 seconds, which is equal to the time of the sidereal year. The proposition that those times bear to each other is that, in the time in which a star will make one apparent yearly revolution, it will also make, in appearance, 366 diurnal revolutions and an arc of 92°. The result which follows from this should be that, if a star sets out from a given point in its apparent diurnal and yearly revolutions, at the close of the sidereal year, the apparent diurnal star will have reached a point 92° beyond the point at which the apparent annual star finishes its yearly revolution. To illustrate this, take for example the point where the circle of the ecliptic intersects the circle of the celestial equator; and suppose a star to set out into its diurnal course, appearing tomorrow in the place and circle of the celestial equator, and at the same instant to set out in its yearly course, appearing to move in the place of the ecliptic. Because the star is said to make an apparent diurnal revolution in 23 hours, 56 minutes, 49 seconds, at the close of 365 solar days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, 6 seconds, the apparent diurnal star will have finished 366 revolutions and an arc of 92°, and the apparent place of the star in consequence of its diurnal motion will be advanced in right ascension 92°, from the point at which the star completes its yearly revolution in the plane of the ecliptic. Hence from the above it is demonstrated that a star can be in two different places at the same moment: the intervening distance being a little more than one-fourth of the circle of the heavens! The absurdity of the demonstration is obviously a most serious interference with the astronomers' claim that the science of which they are the masters is founded on laws which are immutable."

**TIME** is the bell-ringer of the Universe. He strikes the hours even now; presently he will peel the climates.

Men do not have their choice whether they will accept life or not; but they can choose how they accept life.

### TABLET OF MEMORY.

#### IMPROVEMENTS, DISCOVERIES, ETC.

**Coin (continued).**—Copper money used only in Scotland and Ireland, 1899; gold next coined in England, 1346; groats and half-groats the largest silver coin in England, 1531; in 1547, a pound of silver was coined into 20 shillings, and in 1662, a pound was coined into 25 shillings; in 1413, they were increased to 30 shillings; and in 1560, a pound of silver was coined into 40 shillings. In 1580 they were extended to 62. The money in Scotland, the same as in England, began to be debased 1601, the first coined in Venice, 1476; shillings first coined in England, 1068; crowns and half-crowns first coined, 1551; copper money introduced into France by Henry III., 1580; the first legal copper coin introduced, which put an end to private leaden tokens, universally practiced, especially in London, 1609; copper money introduced into England by James I., 1620; milling coin introduced, 1652; half-pence and farthings first coined by Government, August 16, 1673; guineas first coined 1673; silver coinage, 1696; broad pieces of gold called in by Government, and coined into guineas, 1739. Five-shillings and three-penny pieces in gold were issued in 1716 and 1761. One million was coined in 1710 from French Louis d'or. Half-pence issued for the Isle of Man by England, 1786. Dollars were issued by the bank at 48, 91, etc., March 4, 1797. Seven-shilling pieces were issued in December, 1797.—The mint of the United States of America, established 1793, issued gold and silver coin; the copper had been delivered before. The gold coins are eagles, half-eagles, and quarter-eagles. The first is exactly five and forty shillings, English money, or ten dollars American silver. The dollars are coined in the same divisions of half and quarter which makes the course of exchange simple, and suits the reckoning to every capacity; ten quarter dollars make the quarter-dollar, ten half-dollars the half-dollar, and ten dollars the eagle. There is, besides, one more silver coin, which is called a dime, and is the tenth part of a dollar. The copper coin is called a cent, and is the tenth part of a dime.

Coin in ballion first legally permitted to be struck, 1663.

Coining with a die first invented, 1617; first used in England, 1620.

Collars of S. S. in honor of St. Salpicaire; the fashion of wearing began, 1407.

Companies, twelve, first established in London, 1394.

Cumdy, the first acted in Athens, on a scaffold, by Suerian and Dalon, 562 B.C.; those of Terence first acted, 154 B.C.; the first in England, 1651.

Cornets had their parabolic cubics demonstrated in 1666.

Compass, seamen's, invented in China, 1120 A.C.; said to be used at Venice, 1350; improved at Naples, 1308; its variation observed, 1500; its dipping, 1576.

Concert, the first subscription one was at Oxford, 1655; the first in London was 1678.

Corn section, the first idea of, given 840 A.C. Consul, the English, first one by that name in Italy, 1485; in Portugal, 1633.

Cornets first sent to Botany Bay, 1787.

Cornet first imported from Virginia, October, 1730.

Copper money first coined in Scotland by order of Parliament, 1466; in Ireland, 1399; in France, 1680; in England, the first legal, in 1689.—Trademen's tokens, or halfpence, were coined in 1672. Penny pieces first issued July 26, 1797; halfpence, on the same principle, issued, Aug. 1800.

(To be continued in our next.)

### AMERICAN FAMILY PHYSICIAN

#### SKIN DISEASES.

(Continued.)

**TETTER.**—After a slight feverish attack, lasting two or three days, clusters of small transparent pimples, filled with a colorless serum, sometimes with a brownish lymph, appear on the cheeks or forehead, or on the extremities, and at times on the body. The pimples are about the size of a pea, and break after a few days, when a brown or yellow crust is formed over them, which falls off about the tenth day, leaving the skin red and irritated. The eruption is attended with heat, itching, tingling, fever, and, nevertheless, especially at night. It is a curious form of tetter, in which the inflamed patches assume the form of a ring.

Treatment should consist of light diet and gentle laxatives. If the patient be advanced in life, and feeble, a tonic will be desirable. For a wash, white vitriol, one dram; rose-water, three ounces, mixed; or an ointment made of elder-flower ointment, one ounce; oxide of zinc, one dram.

**HUMID TETTER** is an eruption of minute, round pimples, about the size of a pin's head, filled with colorless fluid, and terminating in scurf. It proceeds from a weak, feeble constitution, and a pricking of the skin. Another species of this disease is called sun-heat, which is an eruption of a white or brownish color, which generally terminates in yellow scabs. It occurs only in summer, and affects those parts which are uncovered.

In still another species, the eruption is attended with pain, heat, itching, intense smarting, and a swelling of the affected part. When the blisters break, the water runs out, irritates and inflames the skin, which becomes red, rough, and thickened—covered sometimes with a thick crust.

Treatment.—Low diet, cooling drink, gentle purgatives, and cold water, are the best remedies, applied externally either lime-water or corrosive sublimate in a weak proportion of five grains to one pint of soft water. In the last two forms of the affection apply nitrate of silver in solution to the parts.

**CRUSTED TETTER.**—This eruption consists of a ring of slightly elevated pustules or pimples, closely connected together, forming an inflamed border. These break, and the surface becomes red, excoriated, shining, and full of pores, through which a thin, unhealthy fluid is poured out, which gradually hardens into dark, yellowish-green scabs. When this tetter invades the head or scalp, it causes the hair to fall off, and is termed *scalp*.

Treatment.—Vapor-bath and water-dressing. The crusts should be removed by a weak ley, made from hard-wood ashes or potash; then an ointment should be applied, made of mild nitrate of mercury ointment, three drams; sugar of lead, sixteen grains; rose-water ointment, one ounce.

**PARTIAL SCALD** is a mattery pimple developed in a highly-inflamed skin. The blisters are about the size of a split pea, and are surrounded by a red ring. They are generally separate, not clustered like crusted tetter. They are scattered over various parts of the body, and are followed by a hard black crust, or by a scurf.

The disease is attended with itching. The chronic form is found in weakly children, or persons reduced by sickness or low living.

Treatment.—For the acute form, low diet, gentle laxatives, cold sponge-bath on the head parts, and an ointment of oxide of zinc, one dram; spermaceti ointment, one ounce, mixed. For the chronic form, tonics should be given internally, and the above ointment used.

(To be continued in our next.)



# THE SCRAP BOOK

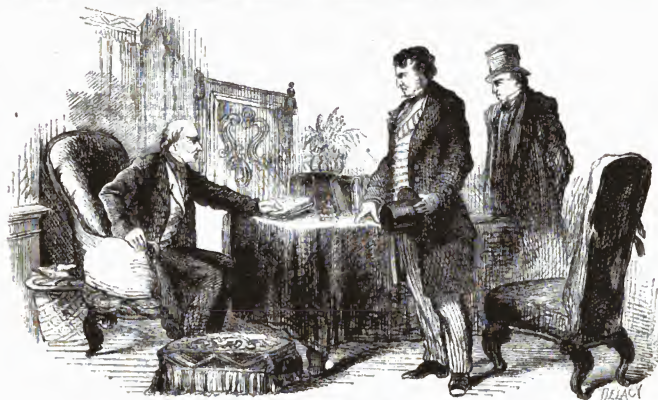
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FUN HUMOR FAMILY MATTERS.

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ONE PENNY.



A NEW WITNESS SUMMONED.

## THE SECRET CYPHER; OR, MYSTERY OF A LIFETIME.

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

AUTHOR OF "THE TRIAD; OR, ARROLD THE TRAITOR."

### CHAPTER XXI.

The witnesses were now kept in close confinement until the trial should be over. To Ford this made but little difference. The hope of accomplishing the object of his life by taking vengeance on the destroyer of his daughter sustained and supported him. But far different was it with Judah Murdock. An ill-defined fear entered into his mind from the moment when his father's name was mentioned. He chafed at the narrow bounds that now restrained

his action. He longed to be about, to see and to know what was going on. In vain he tried to conjecture the reason why they wished his father's testimony. That testimony he had every reason to doubt, for he had not forgotten the solemn warning which his father had given him when first he tried to draw from him his secret, nor yet the anger, the fear, and the passion, which he had displayed at their last interview.

Then, too, the Judge's warning recurred to his mind. He recalled well the serene expression of the Judge's face, the calm confidence which he craved, and the quiet air with which he witnessed the strongest testimony against the prisoner. He felt that the Judge's presence boded no good to him, and began to believe that after all there was something serious in his threat. He recalled the words which the Judge had made use of at Danville, "he had not lived so long for nothing," and now he could see a

deeper meaning in his words than he noticed at the time.

If he could only have been at Danville, he might have hurried over to Danville in advance of the officers of justice. But now that was utterly impossible, and all that he could do was to resign himself to his fate. He consoled himself by hoping that perhaps his father, terrified at the trial, might already have died, and recalled the terrible effect of the proceedings at the trial upon the mind of Blount Aymar.

Meanwhile the officers of justice had gone to Danville in search of the new witness. There was no warning given to John Murdock. They entered the house, ordered the first servant that they saw to take them to the master, and abruptly entering the library, stood before him.

At the sight of these stern messengers of the law, Murdock turned deadly pale, and sat motionless in unutterable fear. Was this the

reement which he had been dreading for a lifetime? Was it the dread of this that had so often made him start and tremble?

He said not a word as they related their errand to him. He never noticed that he was wanted merely as a witness, but was evidently under the impression that he was a prisoner.

"I am ready," he murmured. "Death is no worse than such a life."

"What do you mean by talking about death?" said one of the men, gruffly. "Nobody wants to kill you or hurt you. You're only wanted as a witness."

"It's all the same," murmured the old man, who had scarcely listened to what was said. "It would have been far better for us all if this had happened thirty years ago."

"Of course it would," said the constable. "I dare say you're knowing about it all along, and if so, why, it must have been dreadful heavy on your mind, that's all."

He had no preparations to make. He was ready to go—he asked not for any delay. Sorrow seemed to have worn him out. He spoke but seldom, and then in a dreamy manner, as though his thoughts were elsewhere.

In a short time they reached Walton, and John Murdock was put in the usual confinement. The following day was to be the conclusion of the trial. He was still as abstracted as ever. That night he passed in pacing up and down his chamber, silently, without a word, a prey to feelings such as no human tongue can tell.

The friends of Blount Aymer had given up their last hope of him, and looked upon this new witness merely as a subterfuge to delay his sentence.

The Judge and Cyril were constantly in his cell. Since the day of the trial, Blount had been perceptibly more melancholy than ever.

"Why are you so sad now?" asked Cyril of his father.

"Sad," said Blount; "am I different from what I have been?"

"You are more melancholy than you were."

"Any man would be melancholy in my situation."

"But you have cause to hope. I consider the result of the trial very favorable."

"Then I don't know what you call favorable," said Blount. "Was not the effect of everything terrible in the extreme? Did you not notice how I lost my self-control?"

"You did, I know, several times."

"And the people noticed it. Do you suppose there is a man in town who would give a brass button for his chances of escape?"

"Ah, but I see differently."

"What makes you?"

"Hope."

"What is hope grounded on?"

"I feel that John Murdock's testimony will save you."

"Suppose that John Murdock is as malicious as his own. Suppose that he should lie as boldly as Judah. What chance would there be then? I have reason to know that John Murdock is far worse, far biter, and infinitely more vile than Judah has yet shown himself to be; and Blount's tones showed such bitterness that Cyril was shocked.

"Why, did you ever know him?"

"I did, to my sorrow."

"He seems to be strangely connected with you."

Blount did not answer. Wrapped up in gloom, he looked forward, and felt greater doubt than ever before.

Cyril was deeply troubled. His father had awakened new fears. If John Murdock was able and willing to give false witness, what hope was there for his father?

The Judge alone was calm and unmoved.

"Hope on, Cyril. I would not tell you to hope if I did not see the issue clearly. We

have John Murdock here; I am prepared for everything."

"What if he give false witness?"

"He dare not," cried the Judge, solemnly.

The day to which the court had been adjourned at length arrived. The day had only served to increase the popular excitement and rouse it up to the highest pitch. If people were excited before, they were almost frenzied now.

They had discussed the different points in the last trial till they were all thoroughly familiar with everything in the case. And it all there did not appear a ray of hope for the miserable prisoner. Still they wondered why John Murdock should have been summoned, and thought that the more witnesses were brought the worse it would be for the accused.

A vast crowd again filled the court-house, thrilling to one feeling, and in the vastness of their excitement motionless and still. But far faster and far more excited was the wild crowd without that surged up against the door, cursing in their impotence, and insatiate in their emotion. Every word that rose within to give new turns to the state of affairs was caught up and passed from mouth to mouth. The multitude were moved as one man to every new sympathy, and obeyed in common, with one general sympathy, the power of the ever-varying interest.

The prisoner was then armed with his sternest feelings, as though determined to rise above all emotion. The Judge and Cyril were also then true to their natures, the former calm, the latter harassed by ever-shifting feeling.

There was a murmur as John Murdock entered.

Judah looked up and trembled in every limb. All strength and life seemed to flow from him at the sight. Cyril could scarcely credit his eyes, and even the Judge was overcome.

Pale and emaciated, bent double with his head of grief, one night had added twenty years to his life and turned his hair as white as snow.

He looked around upon the crowd, then upon the mournful vestiges of mortality before him. He shuddered visibly, and turning away his eyes, he caught sight of Blount.

At the sight of that stern, sad face, his own lightened up.

He stretched out his hand.

"Fear not, Blount!" he cried. "It's all over now. Coward, wretch, miscreant I am, but in my death at least I will rescue you."

A mighty clanging passed over Blount. He started and held out his hand. Then he sat down again. Then he looked fixedly at the prisoner, while tears rolled without restraint down his cheeks.

At the sound of his father's voice Judah bowed his head. He never raised it during all his testimony. He was crushed.

The oath was administered, and John Murdock began.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

"I am a native of Walton. I was known to many here thirty years ago. My name is not Murdock. Look upon me. Do I look like the prisoner? Yet I am his own and only brother, and my name is John Aymer."

A silence like death preceded his words, but when he made this announcement, a terrible groan burst from all present. It was the outburst of profound emotion as though the dead had come to life.

"Our parents died when we were both young, as is well known. Our mother died last, and committed me as a solemn charge to the care of my brother from all present. It was the only error while her spirit was departing he swore to guard me from every danger, even at the risk of his own life."

"That promise he kept well and faithfully. He was everything to me—father, mother, brother, all in one. He ought to make me as

noble, as pure-hearted, and as true as he was himself."

"But I was formed in a different mould. From the very first I was inspired by the demon of perversity. I took to evil as naturally as my brother took to good. He could do nothing but good, I half loved and half hated him. My descent into vice was rapid. One by one I broke the many ties that bound me to virtue. All the vices that a young man can cultivate were known to me. My brother warned, and begged, and persuaded, and even threatened, but all in vain. He tried to keep his folios secret; from the world, and to some extent succeeded; yet still enough was known about me to make me an object of suspicion."

"True to his brotherly love and to his solemn vow, Blount tried to reclaim me. In vain. I went from bad to worse, until at last there was no such thing as restraint possible for me."

"It was at this time that I became acquainted with Emily Ford. She was the loveliest being that I ever beheld. As soon as I saw her I fell madly in love with her, and determined to make her my own. My love for her was like my nature—vile and impure."

"She was young and pure and innocent, without a thought or a suspicion of harm. At first she seemed afraid of me, but gradually my arts succeeded in conquering her affections."

"We always met in secret. She never breathed to any living soul any hint of our acquaintance. I told her that my brother was my guardian, and that he was so proud and haughty that, if he knew I was in love with a poor girl like her, he would cut me off and leave me to poverty and want. She trusted me implicitly. I was her god, her all. Her faith and love were unbounded. She would have died for me without a murmur."

"Thus we continued for about a year. She kept the secret well. I used to amuse her by talking of our future marriage, which I should have been entitled to do, as she was my guardian. This was the chief thought in her mind. She learned to hate Blount for his supposed pride and cruelty. I never went near her father's house. Our meetings were always in certain places, which we selected, and particularly in a grove on the homestead, near the old well."

"At last Blount suspected something. He found out that I was associating with her. I did not know exactly what to do, so I told him some strange story. I declared to him that I was in love with the beautiful girl, but that she was utterly indifferent to me, and that I was the unless I gained her. At length I swore to him that Emily Ford loved him, and I had no chance, so I bought him, as he loved me, or desired my happiness, to go away for a time, so that his dangerous rivalry might not stand in my way."

"Blount had thus far listened breathlessly, but at these words a groan escaped him, and he sank back in his seat. The witness heeded it not. All his soul was centred on his testimony. He spoke with slow but painful effort, as though every word was wrung out of him."

"As soon as he recovered, I had no restraint whatever. Our meetings were frequent, and always in the grove by the old well. Poor innocent! In her deep love for me, she never dreamed of harm. Poor lost girl! She fell—for I betrayed her!"

"During this recital old Ford stood rooted to the spot, his piercing eyes fixed upon the speaker. Trembling from head to foot, his face livid, his hands clenched, he was overcome by emotion. At these last words he sank to the floor with a low wail of anguish."

"There is a heart-heat—another of my vices, and the witness, with bitter tones, 'Bear him away now, and let him not hear the remainder of my story.'"

Old Ford was carried out senseless, and the witness proceeded:

"Then followed grief and shame and agony."

Trembling in fear of discovery, she brought me to marry her. But of this I had never thought. It was not in my intentions at all. I loved her request as well as I could.

"Time passed, and she grew clamorous. Whenever we met she would talk to this. Afterward, often she would kneel before me and bow her beautiful head to my feet, and beseech me to save her from dishonor. But I was as unmoved as a rock. Then I would absent myself from her for days, and she would write me long letters in her agony, or she would come about the house watching for me, till I was afraid to move out for fear of meeting her. God help me! what agony that poor innocent suffered. What speechless woe was in her eyes as she implored me to save her!"

The witness paused, overcome by his feelings.

The emotion that swayed the assembly was terrible. As they listened to this fearful confession they "gnashed on him with their teeth." Deep execrations rose up as he paused, and had he been in the power of those spectators, they would have torn him limb from limb.

"I came here to confess all," cried the miserable man, resuming his story, "and all shall be told."

"The poor young girl became quite distracted. Her father was working on his farm all day, and at night he was too wearied to do much, so he did not notice any change in his daughter's disposition. He would not be apt to notice whether she was gay or sad, as he was of a slow and meditative temperament."

"But I was worn out by her importunity. I could not marry her, for I thought—poor fellow that I was—I thought it would be a degradation."

She never ceased her importunity. I grew enraged and frightened also. I was expecting my brother home daily. I trembled at the result, if he should come home and discover all. Yet I knew not what to do. If I were to fly, it would not benefit me, for it would all be known—and as to her, she would not quit the place unless I went with her, and if we went together it would be as bad, if not worse.

"At last all my love, such as it was, turned to hate. I looked upon her as the cause of misery to me. I reproached her for it. Oh, can I ever forget the look she gave me when she heard my cruel words! She said not a word in reply, but gave me a glance which spoke a world of agony, of grief, of broken-hearted and hopeless woe."

"Still she sought me. She told me mournfully that she had no one else in whom she could confide, no one else from whom she could expect relief. She brought me in moving terms not to cast her off. She offered to be my slave, to do anything, if I would only speak a kind word to her."

"Our last interview was in the usual place. 'Ah, me—why should I relate her sorrow, her tears, her prayers! Poor girl, she now pleaded only for one kind word. If I gave her but one kind glance, she could live—if not die, she should die.'"

"I whispered fiercely that if she did die, it would be far better for me."

"She looked up at me so mournfully, with such a world of grief, and misery, and despair in her glance that my heart smote me. I was enraged at her. I hated myself. I knew not what I was doing, but in my passion I struck at her with a large stick that I carried. She fell without a word."

"I shrieked—"

But the witness's testimony was drowned in an appalling roar. The assembled multitude, in the court, roared beyond all endurance by this execrable story, expressed their rage in a wild clamor for vengeance. The huge crowd swayed to and fro, and surged madly against the railing that shut them off.

The court was in confusion. A terrible riot was beginning.

In the midst of a tremendous confusion the court was adjourned till the afternoon.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

In the afternoon the court was again opened. The spectators were warned by the judge against making any further tumult, and the witness resumed his testimony:

"Scarcely had I shrieked than I heard my name called out. A rushing among the bushes followed. My brother Blount stood before me."

"He had just arrived home. He had been through the house, and through the town, in search of me. At last he had thought of this place, and came here, knowing that once before I used it as a rendezvous with Emily, and thinking that I had succeeded in obtaining her affections."

"In one glance he saw it all."

"Oh, my brother! wretched, ruined, lost man! what have you done?"

"Such was his exclamation as he saw my hideous deed. Then the full consciousness of my awful crime burst upon me. Then began the horrors of conscience that have never since ceased to torment me!"

"Blount stood overwhelmed. For a long time not a word was spoken. At last he broke the silence."

"I promised my dying mother that I would protect and save you. I will do so now. The will is near."

"He pointed to the body."

"I comprehended his design at once. We bore it to that place, and deposited it the better. In the hurry his foot fell in. We did not notice it at the time. Then we brought two slabs of stone, and put them across, part of the way down. The excitement of the time gave us supernatural strength. We threw down earth and rubbish, and left the place."

"Yet a word had been spoken since Blount's last order. I was startled by my terror of soul."

"Come!" said he, sternly.

"I followed."

"He led on until we came to our mother's vault."

"He got the key, opened the door, and we entered."

"He led me before the place where she lay. There he dictated to me a solemn form of oath."

"I repeated it after him, word for word. By that I swore never to breathe a syllable of the hideous deed to any living being—never to divulge it to any relative or connection—no, not even on my dying bed. In that oath I called to witness all that was most sacred to man."

"Blount repeated the same oath for himself. Upon his gloomy and superstitious nature the solemn, strong effect, and has never been forgotten. For him, oaths were not necessary. He could have kept the secret safely, amid the torments of the rack."

"After this was over, he spoke to me, in stern, cold words."

"At this place we part for ever. Never again must we exchange words or looks. You must remain in Walton for six months, so as to avoid suspicion. At the end of that time you must go. I will give you one half of the property. Go and never return; never write; never think of me. You must change your name. You will be dead. I will give out that you have died."

"He turned and left me."

"In the search that was made I was never suspected, though tormented by incessant fears. For six months I lived in the house with Blount, but never spoke a word. At the end of that time I took my share of the property and left. It was given out that I had died abroad."

"But for me death would have been indeed a blessing. After the awful deed I awoke to a full sense not only of my crime but of my irreparable loss. That fond father, that gentle, faithful soul, that absorbing, absorbing love—all came before

me. What could again fill the place of my murdered love? Nothing! nothing!"

"I wrote down the awful deed in a secret cypher, which I thought could never be read by mortal man. I collected the precious letters which had once been so despised, and those I looked over and read, till I felt night become madness. Every anniversary of that night of horror was kept by me in renewed agony, nor did one day pass without its separate individual torments."

"I went away and travelled for several years, staying but a short time in each place, seeking rest, but finding none. The world was one vast prison. There was no peace or rest. I tried every resource, but without success."

"I married, hoping that new affections might dawn and take the sting away from my grief. In vain. I had loved, and my love was buried with its object. My wife was nothing to me. A child was born, but the child was nothing. I had no paternal feelings for the wretched offspring."

"I died, and I wandered again. Travelling was my only relief. To remain in one place was horrible to me. My restlessness impelled me to wander. I had the curse of Cain upon me, and I feared to stay long in one place, lest people should mark me and find me out."

"At last there arose within me an unquenchable desire for home. My oath prevented me from going to Walton, but I came as near to it as I dared. Danville was a place familiar to my youth, so I went there to live."

"There I have lived since, and there I have brought up my son, or rather I have allowed him to bring himself up. I have lived for years in hourly fear of discovery. My precious papers I concealed in a secret drawer of an escritoire that was made for me in a foreign country. I thought that even if burglars broke it open, this would be safe."

"But an avenging Nemesis was in my house. My son was seized with an ungovernable desire to penetrate that mystery which plainly hung about me. By some means he obtained my keys and opened my sacred deposit. He possessed himself of my secret, and spread it abroad among his friends."

"When the first announcement was made, Blount was true to his oath and to his old nature. He has remained silent, and he neither allowed himself to divulge my crime, nor even to send a message to me."

"He took me from the very first hour of my arrival at Danville who I was, although there never was any connection between us, directly or indirectly. He understood the deep longing of my heart for his home."

"He would have kept that secret to the last, and died a man of his conscience. Bitter must have been his thoughts as he lay in his prison. He could see me, not content with the death of my love, but base enough to permit the death of my brother!"

"Base enough I was. A coward by nature, grief and life-long fear of discovery have made still more so. When I did hear of all this I fell into an agony of fear. I shut myself up, so as to cut myself off from the news. But the news would penetrate through every barrier, and ignorance was impossible."

"Fear would have kept me there, but fate decreed that the guilty should suffer."

"I might have come here and endeavored to save my life by perjury; but I was not willing to make that attempt. Since my arrest I have endured all the sorrows of a lifetime over again. I would not avoid my doom if I could, for surely the high price of my peace of mind and life is an unendurable cost. I can live no longer, by leaving it. There is no worse misery for me to endure. Death at the worst cannot be a misery to one whose life is one long and unintermitted horror."

"I have made a full and free confession. I am the true criminal. Those crowded feelings

belong to one whom I destroyed. That eypher is mine. Those letters are mine. I am John Aymer,—not Blount. The prisoner is as innocent as a child, and has only sinned in not delivering me up at once to the hand of the law."

All this had been spoken wearily and despairingly. Often the speaker stopped as though in pain. By great effort he got through his testimony.

Then an expression of sharp and sudden pain passed over his face. He pressed his hand to his heart, and groaned aloud.

A sharp pang of the heart seized him. He staggered, and fell against the side of the witness-box.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Tax close of the testimony was the signal for a long outburst of long-restrained feeling. Long sines, the minds of all had turned toward Blount, and singular feelings were in his heart. Once more he was the object of universal sympathy. His generous and noble nature stood out in bold relief, when contrasted with the base and despicable character of his unworthy brother.

Blount upon Blount arose, cheer after cheer, long continued, and rising high in one stupendous volume of sound, till the solid stone walls of the building vibrated with the sound. Nor was it in the building only, for outside, where the vastest crowd was congregated, the cry was caught up and passed from man to man till it depended into one vast roar of unbounded joy.

Judah Murdock had listened to his father's confession with bowed head and trembling frame. He seemed to wither before the voice of the people as it rose, full of majesty, to celebrate the triumph of his victim. He looked around for one moment with a bewildered look that was painful to behold, and then slunk away into an automobile.

There was no need of the jury retiring. Blount's place in the prison was thenceforth to be filled by John Aymer.

Motionless in his seat, transported with a thousand changing emotions of wonder and delight, Cyril rushed to his father, and caught him in his arms. The scene added to the joy of the spectators, who knew the past sufferings of both, and were fully prepared to sympathize with their present happiness. The wide embrace was a beaming face and outstretched hand to congratulate his friend.

"I told you so, I told you so," he kept repeating, scarcely conscious of what he was saying.

Blount was silent.

The revelation of his brother had overwhelmed him. Much of that confession was new to him. Until this day he had believed the story that Blount had told him about Emily Ford's love for him, and his own jealousy. But now when the truth was unfolded in all its hideous reality, he shrank back in horror from that monster whom he called his brother, but whose depths of infamy he had never imagined. Even in the midst of his joy at delivery, there was this black cloud of his brother's unimaginable villainy to darken all, and he remained in silence and in sorrow when all was joy around him.

John Aymer had been carried away. He was too weak to walk. An attack of his heart disease had destroyed what little strength remained after the fatigue of speaking. When his brother was out of sight, Blount rose to go.

But now there was a general movement of the crowd. Overcome with joy, and not knowing how to testify their delight at his sequel, they determined to give Blount an ovation. The sturdy among them seized his chair before he could leave it, and, in spite of his remonstrances, raised him in the air. They bore him aloft, out

of the court-house, down the stairs, and so into the open air.

His appearance threw the multitude without in a frenzy. They shouted and cheered, and the giant voice of their applause came up like a deep thunder peal to his ears.

They bore him on toward his house. A dense mass of human beings filled the streets, and moved along in procession. At every step their numbers increased, and their cheers never ceased to sound.

At last they arrived at his house. Since the trial opened, Leila had sat by the window with quivering heart, waiting for the tidings, and yet fearing to hear them. At last, after long anxiety, a sound arose. She leaped to her feet. A thunder sound burst upon her ears. She recognized the glad shout of popular joy. Looking down the street, she saw the advancing host; she saw Blount borne aloft by rejoicing friends. Joy overcame her. She was all carried away by the universal enthusiasm.

She waved her hands in the air and joined in the cry.

A dear voice behind her called out her name. She turned.

It was Cyril.

"Saved! saved! saved!"

It was all that he could say. Wild with joy and excitement, but exhausted by the force of his feelings, he sank into a seat panting and breathless.

Blount at last escaped from his friends, and ascending the steps of his house, he turned to speak.

"Dear friends and fellow-citizens," he said, "this day has fired a bond between you and me which will last with my life. You have sympathized with me in my deep affliction; you have rejoiced with me in my deliverance. Now hearts—generous and faithful friends—would cannot express the feelings that swell within me now; but I trust that all the actions of my future life will show that I am not unworthy of your esteem."

A burst of cheers arose like the sound of many waters, and in the midst of the applause, Blount retired.

There was a blessed meeting—a happy reunion of friends, and a sweet communion of living hearts, whose faith and truth had been tried, and had not been found wanting. Suffering had increased their attachment, and the remembrance of past sorrow only served to heighten and purify their present happiness. The gloom and desolation that had lately hung about the house had all departed. Joy and pleasure and hope, hand in hand, came down upon the place, and happiness reigned around.

A few hours after the close of the trial, a messenger came from the prison to Blount Aymer.

"Mr. John Aymer has sent for you."

"For me?" asked Blount, in surprise.

"Yes. He's dying!"

"Dying!"

"Yes, and if you wish to see him, you will have to make haste."

Blount hurried away with the messenger, and soon entered the prisoner's cell.

The disease to which John Aymer was subject unfitted his body for such fearful excitement as had befallen him during the last few days. The trial was the climax. The confession had been like his heart's blood. He could not rally. He was sinking fast.

Pale and wan, he lay upon his side bed, his eyes already lustrous with the glassy hue of death. On seeing his brother, he fixed his gaze upon him with unutterable mournfulness.

"I am breaking my oath, Blount," said the dying man, "but it is that I may give peace to my conscience. I cannot die without hearing from you one friendly word."

"John," said Blount, softly, "you have suf-

fered enough to punish you for what you have done."

"My life, Blount, has been one long agony."

"Poor fellow!" said Blount, with infinite tenderness in his tone. He took the thin hand of his brother and gently pressed it.

The face of the dying man lighted up. "Noble and generous heart. Your grasp assures me that you are not implacable. I can hope for your forgiveness."

"John," said Blount, fervently, "may God forgive you as I do."

"And even this last confession cannot make you withhold forgiveness?"

"No, John, nothing—"

"Ere I have been from the beginning. Oh, that I had yielded to your influence. But lamentations are useless now."

"He again, I entreat you," said Blount.

"Oh, I am calm. My waste energies can never again be roused. Ah me, what a ruined life!"

"A deep sigh escaped him.

"Our mother lies buried in the family vault, Blount—"

"Yes."

"But I do not wish to be buried there. Let her sleep in her purity. You, when your turn comes, can rest beside her. But another place must be mine."

He paused.

"You will fulfill this last request, Blount, will you not?"

"Most secretly."

"Bury me, then, with her! Take us and lay our bones together—the pure, the gentle, the lovely, the sacrificed Emily Ford!"

Blount pressed his hand, and assured him he would do his best.

"Now I can die more calmly. The secret is off my mind. Would that I had revealed it years before. But I could not."

He grew weaker and weaker. His mind began to wander as he drew nearer to his last hour. Again he passed in thought back to the days of his youth. Again he was a boy, and played with Blount, or wandered idly through the streets of Walton. But, more strongly than anything else, his mind drew to itself the remembrance of Emily.

They wandered together in their old haunts. They strolled together through the fields and over the moonlit hills, or met at their usual trysting place. Again their rows were interchanged, and words of love were murmured.

At last his dying fancies ended. Suddenly he paused—a shudder shook his frame.

He looked up with an expression of pain. A spasm contracted his lips.

"Emily!"

It was his last sigh.

Blount bent over him.

He was dead.

There was no further trial now, for the prisoner had gone to another tribunal, there to answer for the deeds done in the body.

His last request was fulfilled.

The remains of Emily Ford were placed in a grave, and side by side with them they placed all that was mortal of John Aymer.

The services were over, and all had retired, when a pale and gloomy man came alone to the grave.

He stood long with bowed head and clasped hands, like an image of Despair.

It was Judah Murdock!

## CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER a short stay in Walton, the Judge and Leila prepared to return to Danville. But Cyril accompanied them, and Blount also made one of the party.

For now that ceremony was to be completed which had been so rudely broken off by the plot of Judah Murdock.

The Judge's villa was all glowing with lights. The grounds outside were illumined by lamps



lung in myriad clusters from every tree, and the brilliant points of light glittered from afar like constellations. From every window the long rays of light flashed far out into the gloom of night. The rooms were decorated with festoons of evergreen and wreaths of natural flowers, and from the house there came the glad strain of merry music floating in waves of joyous sound far down into the village and over the sea.

The guests who had once been so rudely driven forth by sudden misfortune now returned again, to single their glad wishes for future prosperity with heartfelt congratulations for escape from overwhelming peril. Nothing was wanting to give grace and lustre to the magnificence of the wedding fête.

The bride was more beautiful than ever. Sorrow had thrown a pensive charm over her fair young face, and had matured its youthful beauty, while the old guest had returned to her heart, and the sparkling eye, and musical voice, and ringing laugh.

A great crowd was outside looking upon the scene. Among them was a pale and silent man, whose motionless attitude and melancholy air distinguished him from the others. His face was pale, a scowl was on his brow, a sneer on his lip.

"Look," said Leila to Cyril, as they took a little walk on the veranda. "Do you see that man?"

"Yes."

"It is he—and yet it cannot be."

"It is Judah Murdock," said Cyril, "and he stands there like Satan gazing at Adam and Eve."

"Think heaven, he can do us no more harm!"

"And the harm which he tried to do has recoiled on his own head."

"He sees us."

"Yes, and frowns terribly."

"How he envies us."

"But he is powerless now. Miserable man, let him go."

"You do not intend, then, to carry out that vengeance which you once threatened him with," said Leila, with a smile.

"No; the punishment which he has drawn upon his own head is sufficient vengeance for me."

The next day Judah Murdock disappeared and was never heard of again.

Cyril and Leila enjoyed the happiness which this meant, yet they were ever unmindful of their terrible trial. In Cyril's study there was framed a piece of parchment, covered with mysterious characters. It was a landmark of olden sorrow, a reminder of past agony, and even in their happiest hours, a strange sensation of pain flashed through their hearts whenever their eyes fell upon—

The Secret Cypher.

THE END.

If our eyes were open, we should see that this oval globe is but an egg, and what we call time is but the incubation of Eternity.

If a pine is told that a pig has been fattened on pine-apples, he will be sure to taste the pine-apple flavor in the pork.

Man celebrates their birthdays as so many victories over Time without considering how much they may have been mutilated in the battle.

Nurses and nurse-maids scribble over the white sheet of a baby's brain with pot-hooks and hangers.

From the supposition that heaven is some distant star, divine revelation would be best studied with a telescope. Religion then should teach astronomy.

Thesword-fish is about five feet long; and his sword, which is a mere elongation of his upper jaw, is about three feet. Some people run more largely to jaw than the sword-fish.

## THE BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER. A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

(From the New York Ledger.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUSADE OF THE FOREST."

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

HAN YERRY.

The hills which lie in the valley of the Mohawk where Little Falls are sit fast abrupt, and show their craggy fronts, close down upon the river. At a distance of five or six miles, where the low land grows the broadest, and the valley expands into a plain, a considerable tributary flows into the main river from the north. This tributary, usually as large as the parent river, is known as West Canada Creek. Westward of their junction, on a gravelly plain, stood, at the time of which we are writing, the military establishment which has been frequently alluded to in these pages as Fort Dayton. In and around the fort we have been skimming the same in uniform, but most in the rough, plain clothes of the farmer or the forester. There was already a collection of some five or six hundred.

Among the haunts is the neighborhood of the fort, the fences were busy at their labors of husbandry, and all the more diligently, because they knew not how soon they might be compelled to abandon both their homes and harvests. Along the rough roads which came in from the east, and from the rude paths and trails, which led away in other directions, might have been seen, now and then, small squads of militia coming in to join the force already at the post. The road slither from Little Falls wound along the base of the reeding hills, following the sinuosities of the stream, and generally overhung with the trees which grow on the slopes.

This road was now cut up into deep rut's by the passage of the military trains, and was filled with stumps and stones, so as to present a most discouraging prospect to a traveller. Along it, about a mile eastward of the fort, several old soldiers might now have been seen making their way. First were two men, the one a white man, and the other an Indian, proceeding nearly side by side. Behind them at little distance followed a man and a woman; the first, young, tall, and powerful, with a countenance whose natural confidence seemed now to be marred by some deep anxiety, and the other a rude, housewife sort of body, dressed in the coarsest of rustic clothing, with thick hob-nailed brogans on her feet, and with nothing on her head but her own long and iron-grey hair. Her face was tanned, and she wrinkled her brow in angry brown, and horny, like those of a working man; but her eyes, large and jet black, sparkled like those of a gipsy, and gave something of interest to her otherwise dull countenance. A conversation was going on between each of these two people. Between the first, it was grave, interrupted by long periods of silence, and frequently aided by signs and gestures. Between the last, it was eager and earnest on the side of the woman, and indifferent and absent on the part of the man.

"It's a bloody scrimmage we had, then, at Biskany the other day?" said one of the foremost group to his companion.

"Be sure; scalp like berries; pick 'em up every where. Han Yerry take so many" (holding out the fingers and thumb of one hand, and three fingers of the other). "Got 'em right. But big chief that you say, general he hurt bad—be take to wigwam—marbo, die."

"The old general, ye mone? And it's a burnin' pity that same. But, Han Yerry, ye born hero, how could you be after taken low many Indians are to the fore yet at Fort Steuwig?"

"How many soldier dere?" asked the other,

pointing ahead to the little redoubt at the German Flats.

"They'll be eight hundred this minute."

"Indian at other side, two times?"

"No the powers, Han Yerry, there'd be enough to swamp all the Dutchmen out of the Flats as clane as a whistle."

"You be soder, eh?" asked the Indian after a pause.

"May be so, end may be not," replied the Indian, "I siewed for a couple of chaps buried a friend of mine, and burnt his wigwam. Wood-ollopier and useelf is on the sarch of them."

"Who, friend, eh?"

"A couathurner of your own, named Sockwit, that lived quiet like, below the Sackaway Patent."

The quick eyes of the Indian fairly snapped as he heard this intelligence.

"Sagouit, Oneida?" he again asked after a minute.

"Thure for you," was the answer.

"Who did 'em?" asked the Indian, quickly, manifesting more interest in the subject than his companion expected.

"A thief of the world that calls himself Bartles, or some sich hathensish name. His compisun's a forayin' Otterway, and the two has stolen a purty Scotch girl, belongin' to my friend there behind."

"Where 'in' 'em now?"

"It's more than meself can tell; ye weylaid them finely to the Scholcherie; but there the vagabone led us a false scent, and we missed the wrong way, but we've got him again on this road."

"No gone up," was the positive answer.

The Irishman paused and looked at the Indian curiously.

The latter repeated.

"No go up, say."

"And how can ye know that same?" said the other, stopping and leaning on his gun.

"Han Yerry know 'em all. He watch Oneida; he watch Mohawk; he watch Boscon man, know Bartle too. Tell you Ottawas not been up."

"I'm after suspicion; you're right now," said Murphy, thoughtfully. "We're spied none of their decearing signs for a baker's dozen of dirty miles below."

As the two now hesitated, the man and woman who had followed them, came up.

"Ah! good soldier maud! pity ole woman!" was the expression of the female as they approached.

"I've told you over and over again that I can't do anything," was the reply. "You're welcome to go with us as far as the Fort; but if your son's a Tory, you'll have to see then. Armold about it."

The woman now ceased her importunities, though she looked wistfully and anxiously at the men, as they now engaged in a kind of conference.

"Well," said Wheaton, after they had talked some moments, "we'd better be ahead than behind. Being so far, let us now go to the Fort, and see if we can get any trace there. If Sockwit was only with us, we'd have no trouble in keeping the trail."

The Indian, named Han Yerry, and who was a tall and very powerful man, had remained silent during the principal part of the colloquy. He now said, addressing Wheaton:

"Know Sagouit, eh?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Sockwit end I as good as brothers."

"Who big Aste?"

"He sometimes calls me so; and I must say, it isn't every man can swing that tool as well as I do, if it is I that say it!"

"Good," said the Indian; "Han Yerry be broader too, Sagouit, my brother."

"Turn it's at blood run in your veins, if it is Indian!" exclaimed Wheaton, taking the red man by the hand; "and to tell truth, besides

getting back Jenny, it would be something to get a clip at the rascals for the shot they gave poor Sockitt!"

"By the powers, then," broke in Murphy, "it was Sockitt that took his own revenge afore he was hurt; for he's got his scalp of two of the villains already."

"But not afore they burst the house over his head," replied Wheaton. "But let's be moving. Old woman, if you want to keep up with us, you'll have to shake them clags of yours to some purpose now."

So saying, the men hastened forward at a rapid pace towards the fort, while the woman, with what speed she could, followed them.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

HON YOST SCHUYLER.

FORT DAYTON, on the north side of the Mahaw, and in the westerly angle bounding that river with its tributary, the West Canada Creek, was a many-sided affair, having projecting points and re-entrant angles, as to command all approaches to it. It was surrounded by a moat and palisades, and had a parapet, mounted by ten swivel guns. In the enclosure, there were the officers' dwelling, barracks, guard-room, parade-ground, and all the usual arrangements in such a place.

In the guard-room, which was a large, square building, near the eastern end of the enclosure, there was at this time a considerable collection of officers and men. Chief among them was General Arnold himself, who sat coolly on a military chest, with his hat on, and a walking-stick in his hand. Before him stood the old woman who had accompanied Wheaton and Murphy to the fort. She was apparently making some urgent appeal to the general, which was being treated to disregard. She, however, was not to be so easily repelled.

"He pears only a lat," she urged, "and oh! I hopes a general may neder lase a mery to ask for a poor soul Ah, mein Gott, pity old woman, and ta poor py! He not know Whig from a Tory; he got lat; he do all what you ask. Ah! only lat you go die once!"

"Why, good heavens, what can you want expect me to let off every sneaking spy that comes about merely because he's got a mother to cry over him. He should have thought of that before he betrayed his country. No mercy for traitors and spies!"

"Ah! but ta poor lat!" still pleaded the woman; "he will be a good lat—him and his pretty. Try pe to pake of a poor old woman's. Try do good; try work; try right—all you say!"

"Where is this youngster?" asked Arnold. "He must be brought in. I want to see what kind of looking fellow he is. I suppose Butler will be begged off by his Albany friends; and now this old woman is after her son. What but even one and another, it seems doubtful if we can swing up any of the rascals, unless we take a firm stand."

In a moment afterwards there was a shuffling of feet at the door, the crowd parted, and a tall young man was led into the room between two soldiers. He was as awkward and foolish a specimen of an untutored booby as could well be imagined. In stature he was full six feet. He was thin, large-boned, long-faced, and dark-haired. His forehead was low; his mouth large; his eyes grey and staring. He exhibited no emotion as he was brought in, but gazed about him with parted lips.

"Oh! nein schuld! mein schuld!" exclaimed the old woman, trying to fill on his neck in the fulness of her emotion, as she saw him.

"Hold hard, mother!" roughly said one of the men, pushing her back; "none of your gammon here, if you please."

"Let her alone!" said Arnold to the men; "he has but a few hours to live and there's no harm in her biding him good-bye."

"H-in?" said the woman, turning to Arnold,

like one who had not quite caught his meaning.

"I say he has but a few hours to live," repeated the officer; "and if you have anything to say, say it. We cannot waste time on such a fellow. He fights against his neighbors and is caught, he knows what to expect."

"Oh! nein, mister sheneral; he know him not! Ah! you shust tell him von thing to do good, and see how it yone!"

"I'll look to it, mister; I shust, vander the room's moment, as I want to see these people alone. Murphy, do you remain."

In obedience to the order, the apartment was soon cleared of all except those whom Arnold wished to stay.

"Now, young fellow," said Arnold, addressing the prisoner, "do you know that your bones are numbered?"

"The 'young fellow,'" as Arnold had called him, looked up half foolishly and half timidly, but did not reply.

"Arrah! then, general," broke in Murphy, "ye'll be s'pake to him in a different language nor that. What yer honor says is all the same as Greek or Irish to him; and his education doesn't reach up as high as them two elegant tongues."

"Pooh!" said Arnold, pettishly, in reply to the privileged Irishman. "I say, young fellow," he continued, turning to the prisoner again, "you'll be hung in two hours, if you can't do something to save yourself. That's plain English, I think!"

Still the prisoner, although he seemed uneasy at the mention of hanging, made no reply, but glanced from Arnold to his mother and back again.

Arnold now rose up impatiently, and took the Irishman aside. They talked for a few moments together.

"Hon Yost, ye spalpeen!" said Murphy to the prisoner, when they came back. "Are ye fond of hangin'?"

The young man now, for the first time, opened communication by shaking his head.

"That's reasonable, any how," said Murphy; "for divil a one of me knows 'er a man that to be it, that give it up again. It's a bad habit intirely. What wud ye do now, darlin', to escape that same, for the regards of yer mother there, to say nothing of yer purty self?"

"Hein?" said Hon Yost, imitating the expression of his mother, in token of his not comprehending what was said.

"To the divil wid yer 'heins!'" hastily replied Murphy, his eyes flashing as he took the prisoner by the arm. "You under-stand me well enough. I know you! Now listen for yer sneakin' life!"

If ye'll run round to Fort Stanwix, beyond there, and then the biggest lie ye're acquainted with, about the ten thousand troops we're sendin' agin them, and the horse, foot, and dragoons, that's comin' down upon them from below as thick as thieves in purgatory; and if ye scare them clean off from the Fort, be the powers, yer neck'll be safe. Mr. Murphy will go bat to that; but divil a bit less, do ye understand that, honey?"

It is needless to say that the old mother had been a deeply interested spectator of this scene, and had listened with breathless attention to what was said. She understood Murphy's proposal but imperfectly; but whatever it was, she did not hesitate to accept it at once in the name of her son.

"Ah! yaw, mynahr; Hon vill do dat. Eh! Hon, my joy?"

"Hon, von nodded his assent."

"I am afraid he too sneaked after all," said Arnold, with an air of disgust; "he seems to be dumb in more senses than one."

"Dumb, is it?" repeated the Irishman; "he's the old Nick himself, for the cunning that's in him when he tries. It's cheating us he is this mornin' wid his stupid look. And, by my soul, he does it beautiful! To look at him!"

"But what guaranty can we have for his faithfulness?" said Arnold, half to himself.

"Wud ye stay in his place, odd mother?" asked Murphy; "if ye were there, ye'd thrust out the minute he didn't come back?"

"Yaw, mynahr!" said the woman, with alacrity, stepping forward.

"Too say by half," said Murphy.

"She mentioned about another son," remarked Arnold, with a frown.

For some minutes the woman either could not or would not understand the allusion to the brother of Hon Yost. Her disinclination to bring forward this additional guaranty for good behaviour made Arnold all the more anxious to get it.

"It's no use, at all, at all!" said Murphy, after a lengthy discussion was over. "Ye don't in't precious enough, Mother Schuyler. So just be off, and bring in the old wid ye, or it's no bargain."

"And let it be within two hours," said Arnold, sternly, taking up his watch, and marking off the time with his fingers on the dial.

With a heavy sigh the old woman now left the room. Hon Yost was also led away.

"Murphy," said Arnold, walking thoughtfully across the room, "can you find me a friendly Indian that can be trusted to go with this fellow to keep him straight?"

Murphy at once thought of Han Yerry. "In five minutes, yer honor," said he, as he listened from the room.

He soon returned, ushering in the tall Oneida, with whom he had had a conference on the way. The matter was explained to the Indian, who comprehended the plan in a moment.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RUSE DE GUERRE.

THREE hours afterwards, Wheaton, Murphy, and the Indian Han Yerry were together, a mile or more from the Fort. They had the edge of the clearing. Murphy was sitting on a stone; Wheaton was walking about, impatiently, while the Indian stood gravely listening to what the Irishman said.

"And you'll stay remember," continued the latter, "that we must 'reave out the merchants' thieft, at once. They're a bad lot, are them milks, bringing the Dutchman, at last. Good luck to them! Ant—ant—" Here Murphy fumbled in his pocket and drew forth an odd stump of a pipe and a little tobacco. With the aid of a tin, which he carried in his pocket, and some dried herb which he used to light his pipe when, placing it in his mouth, and puffing away slowly, as he watched the approach of a couple of soldiers, bringing Hon Yost Schuyler, to start him on his expedition, he resumed:

"And, spakin' of luck, here's good luck all round," and then the Irishman, as if by chance, as a glass of wine is passed to a guest. The Indian took the pipe, drew a few whiffs through it, and then soberly handed it back.

"Ye'll mind givin' the word, that we're like them leaves overleaved, in the regards of numbers; and Han Yerry—said more be taken, the name itself is mighty like 'honey.'—ye'll be for watchin' the trail of them haythens of the world, the Berlae and the Otterway."

"Good," said his companion, "Han Yerry spak to Oneida. All look be—sure. Must have Oneida's help."

"Ye're talkin' like a Christian, this minute; but now I'm thinkin', afore ye get to the windy side of them crumblers at the fort, ye'll have to change your own beautiful complexion. Och! and wouldn't they screech to see yerself torn'then, with the temptin' respick look ye carry!"

Han Yerry made no reply, but took from a pouch a small, flat, closely-woven split-basket, something about the size and shape of a half-pint flask, which was lined with matted, neatly-cut leaves, and filled with a variety of rude paints. It was significant enough to his companion, who made no comment, but waste words on it, by way of explanation.

"Ye'll do," said his companion, again; "but I'll jet for the minding that the night quarters of scalp that folled ye from Rishony will be oysin for compination, should the bloody Mohawks wid Brandt smell yer Onaida blood. But whiat! here they are. Now, Hon Yost, ye born son of the divil's wife, here ye go in to mangle? Do ye happen to think, now, that the intmy will believe all the nase lies ye'll tell them?"

Hon Yost now, for the first time, began to show that there was anything but stupidity in him; he gave a cunning leer at the Irishman as he stripped off his coat and hung it on a bush.

"Shoot!" said he, stepping back and waving his hand at the suspended garment.

Murphy immediately drew his gun to his shoulder, and his hand was already on the trigger, when he paused, looked round at Hon Yost, then dropped the barrel, and quietly sat down again on the stone.

"It's meelf has got the greener dizes this mornin'," he remarked. "I eulent hit the fall side of a barnet wagon, bawin I didn't sit in it. Do ye, honays, now just dip yer bullets through his coat, there?"

The latter part of the remarks was addressed to the two soldiers, who had brought Hon Yost thither. They immediately drew their weapons to their shoulders and fired at the coat. To make sure that it should be sufficiently riddled in that way, they also reloaded and put other balls through it. When all was done, Hon Yost again put on the garment, and, followed at a little distance by his tall Onaida, who was almost his namesake, and who was to be as much his guard as his companion, started off rapidly to the westward, through the open forest.

"Why didn't ye fire at the coat, yourself?" asked Whenton, the others were now disappearing in the distance.

"Now, Jack, is it yerself axin such a question? In the first place, thin, case Timothy Murphy couldn't bear to imphy his gun at an imphy coat. There'd be no rague's life to bang out. And, in the next place, who knew that the Onaida of Dutchman had in his wicked eye when he should see me widout powder or ball? No to the crown of all that, d'ye think there's no differens betwix the clane cut hole of a rifle bullet, and the ragged tear of the rignition musket? Ah! then sargen has eyes ye'll be afther lerrin one of these days."

But, without following further at this time, the proceedings of Hon Yost Schnyer, or of Murphy and Whenton, we must return down the river to notice the situation and the fortunes of other persons connected with our story.

When Bartlett, with his captive and his accomplice, had started back from Little Falls, he had actually had it in contemplation to get as far down as the Beholiarie Valley, with a view to following up its course, and crossing over into the Onaga, so as to reach the great Indian reservation at Onago. The route westward, by way of the Chemung, into the country of the Six Nations, was then quite as much followed as the more direct one up the Mohawk to Onaida Lake and down its outlet to Oswego. The government or Chemung route had the advantage of sooner leading into the possessions of the more powerful tribes of the Iroquois who were hostile to the American colonists, and who, not having yet been broken up by Sullivan, were in possession of abundant supplies of provisions and other comforts, such as could not often be found even among the white farmers of the eastern settlements.

At this time the Six Nations were in all the fulness of their power. The influence of Brandt with them was almost absolute. He came and went among the tribes like an imperial chieftain. But he was open to a great weakness; every eye poured into his ears the weakness or the designs of the enemy; every warrior was eager to swing the tomahawk by his side; and every young squaw looked with enthusiastic ad-

miration at the tall, swart commander who came to their council fires, covered with his war paint, and armed with his savage coronet of eagle feathers. It is not surprising, then, that with such abilities to influence and command as he possessed, and with the wild, energetic materials he controlled, the whole forest country, for hundreds of miles west, and eastward almost up to the skirts of the settler's colonies, should be filled with his sentinels and vigilantes, ever ready to seize the unwary and to destroy the weak.

So that, if Bartlett could once get beyond the narrow belt of country along the Mohawk, swept by the fatal rifle of the frontier hunters, he would be free to fall in with powerful allies, and his escape would be almost certain. Had he been alone, the task would possibly not have been so difficult; though, perhaps, considering the men he had to do with, he underrated it as it was.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

##### AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

At the time of which we are writing, there was a stone mill standing on the left bank of the river at Little Falls, not far from the tavern of Nanticoke. The sudden descent of the stream afforded a convenient, cheap, and abundant water power, without the necessity of building a dam. A little way below this mill the bed of the river was full of large stones and rocks, which in low water, and usually in midsummer, were bare and dry. It was not difficult, at such times, to cross over from one bank to the other, by means of these rocks, without so much as wetting one's feet. On the present occasion, this was what Bartlett did. He found that if he should attempt to descend the stream on the left bank, where the main road runs, he would be liable to meet great numbers of soldiers and others, hastening forward to join the expedition of Arnold, retreating toward Fort Dayton.

As soon, therefore, as he was on the south shore with his party, he clambered along the foot of the precipices for nearly a mile before he reached a point where it was possible to more freely. About that distance the cliff breaks away, and the level land by the river widens out, so as to give space, not only for a roadway, but even land for tillage.

A rude path had been followed the whole distance; and the party now found themselves screened on one side by the thick trees which stood on the slope of the hill, and on the other by a belt of willows which grew along the edge of the water. The latter was here still, and comparatively deep. In foot, boats passing up stream found no difficulty in the navigation until they had gone beyond this point and had got near the falls.

Bartlett was in a moody state of mind; his situation was perplexing and full of danger. He felt himself moved by a variety of sentiments. A reverse apprehension of a quiet life, looking towards his captive, and a bitter longing to obtain her good will, were all mingled in his heart.

"We will stop here awhile, if you please, Miss Jenny," he said, as coming near a log that lay along the path, and which had just reached a sort of sheltering spot, and making it pleasant as a place of rest.

Jenny sat down on the tree. She now looked haggard and worn, besides the real fatigue which was wearing upon her. She began to feel a kind of despair. She took her seat mechanically, as if she were an Indian, at a little distance from Bartlett, paced up and down before her for a few seconds, casting glances on her as he gazed, and then said:

"Isn't it about time that you and I come to some understanding? Am I, to you, supposed to be a risk for nothing?"

"The risk is of your own choosing," answered Jenny, her pale cheek flushing with indignation; "and I dinna ken what ye mean by an 'understanding.'"

"Ah! you don't, eh?" replied Bartlett, severely. Then, suddenly, changing tone, he added:

"Do you suppose, you cold-hearted girl, that I would have taken all this trouble, and exposed myself to all this danger, out of a mere feeling of spite, or the hope of collecting ransom? There are a great many ways for the valley for whom friends would pay more than ever I could expect to get from yours. Can't you imagine other motives to influence me? How, if there was but one girl between Fort Niagara and Albany, whose bright eyes and fair cheeks could make me leave the prejudices of the settlers and the enmity of savage allies, you do not want to understand me! Because I am rough of speech, and straight-forward in act—because I do not smile and cringe—because, when in danger and driven to extremity, I pluck the fruit I dare not stay to win, you cannot think of me except as a ruffian and a bandit!"

There was so much sincerity mixed up with all this bitterness, that Jenny could not help, for the first time, entertaining some respect—not for the man—but for the feelings which seemed to move him. It was not that she was affected by any nervous disposition, or that her opinion in regard to him, but that this was the first occasion on which he had unveiled any real sentiments, or betrayed any evidence of sincerity in anything.

"The way to make me think of you as an honest man is to restore me to my father," said Jenny, after a moment, having, in the meantime, kept her eyes fastened upon Bartlett, partly in wonder, and partly to discover some clue to this sudden manifestation of a new character in him. Nothing, however, was to be gleaned from his looks, which were sad and bitter, without even seeming to soften under any available emotions.

"Ah! I thought so," he replied; "whatever I may say or do, I meet with nothing but a statue of Highland ice. But, hark ye, I shall come day, and soon, show how I can melt it. You are now in a position, if human foresight can keep you there—"

Bartlett paused, because he heard a slight rustling of leaves, and a dull sound as of foot-steps near him. He looked to where the Indian had sat, but did not see him. At the same time a hand touched his shoulder. He turned quickly and found himself in the presence of a man or so of dusky aspect, who had glided upon him while he was in his fit of dreamy abstraction. A glance told him that they were not Indians of the locality; and the first few words they uttered convinced him that they were a stray band of Senecas.

"What does my brother wish?" said he to the man who appeared to be the leader of the party, addressing him in the dialect of his tribe, which he partially understood.

"The Indian," replied the man, with a look of surprise, but as suddenly mastering the emotion, he replied in English, pointing to Jenny:

"What for got white squaw?"

"Why does the hunter take the deer, or the warrior carry off women from the wigwam of his enemy?" replied Bartlett, using the somewhat high-dog language which was so much in vogue with the red men.

His interlocutor, who was a tall, powerfully-built young man, with a large, dark, steady eye, and a round, full, Saxon-shaped forehead, hesitated a moment before replying.

Then pointing to Bartlett, he said:

"Where get Bos on m'ish man coat, eh?"

"Where does the Goundawah chief get his paint?" answered Bartlett, pointing to an outline picture of a stone in the fork of a tree painted on the Indian's forehead. [A stone in the fork of a tree, and a quick glance at some blows of an axe, was the well-known device of the Onideans.]

For a moment the Indian staid, as if admitting the force of the retort; then, permitting

his own chance to resume the dignity and position which was habitual to it, he replied:

"Genundewah chief no got be paint. Wood-free—land free. Complanter go where he like. No fraud pale-face—he half pale-face: no stop for him. No lie for him. John O'Bail big chief!"

The last words were uttered not only with all the bold independence of a monarch of the woods, but with something of pride in the possession of white blood.

Bartlett found himself in the presence of a personage of considerably more consequence than he had anticipated. The celebrated Chief Complanter, or John O'Bail, as he was commonly called, was the son of a Dutchman living near Fort Plain (Fort Plain), named Abel or O'Bail, by an Indian woman allied to the royal race of Seneca chiefs. As authority descended through the female line, Complanter became a chief by his birth. Always living among the savages, he grew up with their habits, tastes, sympathies, and antipathies. At the time spoken of, though one of the youngest, he was one of the boldest and most preeminent of the leaders of his tribe. The white blood that flowed in his veins did not seem to have diluted the savageness of his nature. If it had any effect, it was to add intellect to his plans, and eloquence and authority to his tongue. He was even the rival of Red Jacket in the council, as he was of Little Bear and Hiokaton upon the war path. It is a matter of history how, a few years later, he led a marauding expedition into the Schoharie and Mohawk Valleys, when he took prisoner his own father, old John O'Bail. It is also told how, after a respectful speech, and an exhortation to accompany him, he allowed the old man to go free, and sent back an escort of warriors to secure his safe return.

In the presence of this chieftain Bartlett foresaw that his own plans must be considerably modified, and that, instead of being a leader, he must become a follower.

After a pause of a few seconds, Bartlett said: "Where did the Genundewah warriors meet the Boston militia?"

The usually steady eyes of the Indian scanned the face of Bartlett with a quick glance, partly to ascertain the sincerity of the question, and partly in surprise.

"Where Boston militia gone, say?" he asked, in response to the question just put to him.

"Gone up to Fort Dayton—mean to march on to Fort Stanwix—some have passed within only an hour or so."

The information, while it took Complanter by surprise, seemed to increase his confidence in Bartlett.

"John O'Bail no mind trail—no follow river—be his eagle and fly over big mountains," replied the chieftain, waving his hand towards the hills which lay to the south of where they were. Bartlett took it as an intimation that he had come from far to the south over the wild broken country which separates the valley of the Mohawk from that of the Tigua. In this way he would have missed the American not troops which were ascending the former valley, and might well be, as it seemed to be, uninformed of their proceedings. The facts he now learned from Bartlett were therefore of the utmost importance to him, for his present position, directly in the route of large hostile forces, was one of considerable danger. Bartlett was to a certain extent something more to the state of Complanter's mind after what had been said, and he endeavored to increase the favorable impression which he thought he had made.

"Will my brother hear good words, and act like a friend?" he asked.

"Complanter wise chief—he listen—when words good, he hear: when friend speak he mind."

"Boston soldiers," said Bartlett, "are above and below, many thousands,—like the trees. There is no road to Albany or to Albany or to Onondaga. I will go with Genundewah war-



A MEXICAN BULL-FIGHT.—See page 362.

riors over the hills. The Yankee hunters will lose our trail; we all will go safe and take with us the young squaw. I claim her for my wife. Complanter is a great chief and he will tell his fighting men that I am a friend, and they will do her no wrong. They will not steal her from me. I have hid from the hunters—two are on my trail. My brother may know one of them—Murphy."

Complanter started, as he said, "Two Guns!"

"The same," resumed Bartlett; "he has a double-barreled rifle. Well, he is pursuing me, and wants to take from me my squaw."

"Good," said Complanter, "we be friend. John O'Bail give word."

(To be continued in our next.)

## LIFE AMONG THE LOGGERS IN THE FORESTS OF MAINE.

(Continued from our last.)

"'Twas about 'rutting time,' maybe— But you won't believe me; so it's no use telling it."

"Oh, go on! Of course we'll believe you. Can't we take an honest man's word?"

"Go on, go on!" urged all.

Thus assured, the old logger once more parts his lips, and proceeds in this wise:

"Well, as I was saying, Owen Smith and I was cutting timber on the Eau Claire, out on the Fox River Improvement, in Wisconsin. Painter and Buller was thick in them diggings about that time and—"

"What Cats? Buffalo in the woods?"

"Sartin, you mumbukull! Ain't I seen 'em lumbering over the prairie more than once, and who wouldn't take to the pines for timber, I should like to know? Well, as I was saying, there was a heap of cats in them forests, and, besides, the Chippewas and Winnebagoes used to send their war parties in there—for you must know this was debatable ground—and as my a red Injun have I found in the brush, stuck as full of arrows as there is quills in a porcupine. Lumbering ain't nothing now to what it was

then. Then we had to carry our rifles, ready cocked, in our left hand, and chop with the right. Some of them trees took 'a couple of days to get through the bark, and some of 'em had hollows in 'em big enough for a team to stand in. One of this kind fell across the 'main' one day, just as Owen got his log onto the sled, and was ready to start up; so what does he do but drive right through it, and no rubbing hair. It was about that same log that I was going to speak; and if ever your humble servant was just rightly scared, 'twas about that time."

"It was the next year after that log was felled that Owen and I went up the river timber hunting, and of course we stopped at the old camping-ground on the way; but instead of going up to the shanty, we just took lodgings for the night in the big stick, as being more handy to the stream—which saved us a two-mile tramp. It was high onto nightfall, and Owen was stirring the coals around the tea-pot, to get it a-simmering; when all at once we heard a whispering in the timber land by. One minute it seemed to be talking low, the next chuckling, and the next crying; and such a mixing up of queer noises you never heard."

"Injuns!" says Owen, quite scared.

"Cats!" says I, more positive. "That's cats, or I'm a nigger!"

"Cats or Injuns," says Owen, now gathering pluck, and taking his gun, "I'm just going to find out!"

"But hardly had he gone three steps from the fire when, with such a screech as you never heard, down came a big catamount out of the tree plump onto his back. Owen gave one awful yell; and hardly knowing what I was about, I grabbed the pot of boiling tea, and chucked it down into the varmint's eyes and face. 'Well you never see a cat more confused in all your born days, after that. She was regularly befuddled, was that cat, and the way the har commenced to slake off from his forepaws was a caution. Leaving Owen lay, she began pitheing and jumping this way and that, butting her head against the trees, and tearing about promiscuously; and it was easy enough to see she was

blinded; only when she'd hear me dodging about she didn't come far amiss; and finally, just as I was near to the end of the log, she put her claw right into the tail of my corduroys, and a little farther. But I slipped my cable, as the sailors say, got her down, and had just got her legs tied (for I'd made up my mind to keep the varmint alive), when all at once came a car-splitting yell, and looking up, I saw six Chippewa red-skins streaking it through the timber. At the same time poor Owen rings out, "Injuns!" and manages to crawl into the log just time enough to dodge a couple of bullets that came flying after him. It was plain the rascals hadn't noticed me; and so, catching an idea all to once, I backed into the log, dragging the cat by the hind legs, and waited for what was coming. Directly, after a little palaver, one of the Injuna takes a stand so as to cover the end of the log where Owen lay, and the other five ran around to the other end to drive Owen out.

"Hilt, Owen!" says I, "keep your eye on your hind rights, and don't stir!"

"Then taking a bunch of dry grass, I tied it to the cat's tail, set her face straight for the opening, held a match in my hand, and the minute I see them five heads foremost the log I just out the string that tied the cat's foot, touched her aff with the match, and away she streaked it out, and that log like a shooting star, plump into them Injuna. Down went one of 'em, howled into mince-meat, and the others, they was just a little surprised, I reckon. Perhaps they didn't make themselves scarce so soon as they come to! But two of 'em dropped, with a clunk of cold lead in 'em, before they got into the brush. Wagh! we weren't afeared of seeing any of that party again—and we didn't. The next morning we went up the river, with our faces done up in a poollie."

Having thus delivered himself, the old lumberman began leisurely filling his pipe.

"Is that all, cap'n?"

"Well, it is."

"But what became of the cat?"

"As to that, I couldn't exactly say; but the first shot into the timber, and burst over a thousand acres; and there's been no Injuns seen in them woods since."

More than one of the auditors are ignorant of the sequel of the captain's yarn, for heads are nodding here and there.

"Come, boys, let's turn in!"

New a fresh log is thrown upon the fire, the simple bed and covering are hastily adjusted, and soon the tired lumbermen are wrapped in external obliviousness—methodically bestowed beneath one long blanket that covers all, like a layer of borings packed for shipment—and snoring scores respond to snoring response. Naught disturbs their heavy slumbers throughout the liveliest night, unless, perchance, a startling cry of "Fire!" and insidious flames darting through the dry hemlock shiver, and leaping among the rafters, and heat and suffocating smoke, wake them with sudden alarm. Then it is a struggle for life, and often escape is found only through the roof, burst from its fastenings, and sometimes not at all. There are sad records of miserable deaths from burning camps among the forest archbishops; yet such calamities are rare.

Sunday also comes to relieve the daily routine of camp life, always welcome for the rest it brings, and if not observed with Sabbatarian strictness, nevertheless received with some degree of respect due to its sacred character.

"But the crowd of the church-going bell!"

"These valleys and rocks never heard."

and the rude worshipper in the temple of the forest must needs worship without priest or spiritual adviser. Hence secular concerns predominate. Sunday general duties receive attention: old boots and papers are perused, letters are written to the nearest post-office, the washed and mended, boots greased, and tools repaired; or visits are made to neighboring



SNOWED UP, AMONG THE WOLVES.—See page 363.

camps, bear-trees routed of their tenants, and traps inspected; while a few, perhaps, in meditative mood, devote the hours to sober thought and solemnity. Yet inclination, or early education, may sometimes dispose to a more becoming observance of the day; and welcome are the golden opportunities, so rarely afforded, when some rusticating or adventure-seeking preacher chooses to stray to their wilderness-home. There are not a few who will even remember the names, if not the teachings, of the Rev. Dr. Bethune—a gentleman of equal fame as a trout-fisher and a "labour of men"; who can cast a line as well as write one; handle and apply the rod piscatorial and the rod ministerial with equal effect; and whose occasional visits to the lumber camp are hailed with joy even by the hardest sinners in the crew. In garb as rough as that of his red-shirted auditors, and in simple language to answer theirs, he has chained them slaves to his silvery words, and never wanted a more attentive audience. Once only did he fail to receive that respectful attention to which he was wont, and every effort availed not to quell the irrepressible mirth, until usually removing his hat, an inadvertent glance at its broad rim studded with choice birch and hickies, and hung with dangling hooks and leaders, that jerked and twitched with every earnest gesture, revealed the mysterious cause of the unusual rudeness. He quietly doffed the offending "tile," and the most perfect decorum quickly followed. There is now still circulating among the community of lumbermen a sermon that he gave to one of them years ago—yellow and thumb-worn, and scarcely legible from frequent perusal. The doctor need wish no better proof of the high estimation in which he is held by his backwoods friends. The world needs no better proof that the lumbermen, though rough, reckless, and unpolished, are not therefore necessarily vicious, or, as a class, unprincipled.

Slowly passes the long winter, with its many vicissitudes; until the flowing sap in the trees, the occasional warm rains and thawing days that characterize the budding spring, admonish of the close of life in camp. No serious accident has occurred, thus far, to sadden the uniform happiness and good-fortune that have smiled so be-

nignantly upon them all; though there have been many narrow escapes, and numerous encounters with Bruin, from which the assailants have not come off scathless, and a few ugly axe wounds or painful bruises. All are well, and happy in the joyful anticipation of a speedy release from the arduous duties of the logging swamp; and even though the labor of "river driving" be more hazardous and severe, the change of occupation is welcomed and impatiently awaited. At length the final day arrives! All day long the active axe swings with redoubled vigor; the giant pines quake and crash; the teamster urges his panting oxen with constant goad and voice; and log after log is quickly hauled to the landing at the river, until the sun sinks low in the west, and calls from labor to repose.

"Well, boys, there's my last ship!" cries stout John Boardman, axe, pausing, he withdraws his axe from a swaying tree, that trembles for an instant, and falls to the earth with a noise like thunder. With surprising speed the trunk is prepared for the sled and firmly secured; and brave Tom Harris starts up his straining team, contemplating the huge log with great satisfaction, and shouts, as he tramps over the winding road for the hundredth time, "And this, boys, is my last load!"

With three lusty cheers his comrades return to camp, and Tom pursues his solitary way to the river, singing cheerily as he goes.

Once more the grateful supper is prepared for the hungry lumbermen. Long and diligently applying themselves to the task, they feasted until the day had faded into twilight, when Long John suddenly dropped his knife, and a shade of pallor was quite perceptible on his cheek. "Boys!" said he, "where's Tom Harris?" Instantly every eye scanned eagerly the little group. His familiar face was absent.

"Tom? why, wasn't he down to the river with his team?" "Yes; but he should have been back an hour ago. I could swear there's something happened to him." "Was any one with him?" "No." "Well now, men, don't get frightened too quick; he'll be back in five minutes. I'll bet. There's his team coming now. Don't you hear the chains?" Every ear listened in-

teently, but without reward. There was no sound on the clear frosty air. The twilight soon deepened into darkness, but he came not. Again and again did some one of the crew step out to listen for some indication of his approach, until, with anxious solicitude and forebodings, Long John called for company, and started with a lantern for the landing. Rapidly they strided over the ground, momentarily exposing some token of his approach, until they reached the river. There stood the oxen quietly chewing their cud; the log was properly stowed on the sled, but the missing steamer was not to be seen. Each man uttered an exclamation of surprise; then shouted, but no voice replied. But a sad discovery soon came to light.

Carefully searching the ground, the glare of the lanterns presently flamed upon a sickening spectacle. There, crushed out of all semblance of humanity, lay the body of poor Tom under the weight of the ponderous log! A simultaneous cry of horror burst from every lip, and for a moment not one had power to move, but, awestruck, gazed upon the ghastly scene. Then, recovering their self-command, they quickly set to work to remove the log and extricate the body. Silently they toiled at their mournful task; but the tears that coursed down each weather-beaten cheek spoke plainly of the kindly feelings that dwelt in some secret chamber of the heart. Poor Tom! that was indeed his "last load!" And poor Annette! how will she bear the burden of the dead intelligence? How different then will be her feelings than when she penned the letter which was found so snugly folded in his pocket! How bitter her disappointment! "How glad I am, dear Tom," she wrote, "that you have obtained a substitute to 'drive' the river, instead of going down yourself; you will be home so much sooner, and escape the many dangers of the river! You don't know how happy I am, and how much anxiety is off my mind. I am sure that you are safe, and that I shall see you very soon."

"Alas! for life's all changeable scene;  
How soon must perish that fond dream  
For him on whom her heart is set!"

Raising the body carefully upon a litter of boughs they laid it upon the sled—the same he had driven himself but two short hours before—and sadly returned to camp, where all were anxiously awaiting their return. The melancholy affliction fell heavily upon them, for Tom was a favorite among the crew.

In the morning the remains of the unfortunate steamer were consigned to their last resting-place, at the foot of a noble pine by the river's bank; for even though the distance to the nearest settlement was short, they could not consent to shock his friends with spectacles so dreadful—and, least of all, Annette. A couple of barrels strapped together was his coffin, and his own clothes his winding-sheet. Placing these into the hastily-dug grave, they tramped down the earth and left him, without prayer or funeral service. A half-penny high or unbroken tear, hastily brushed aside, was the only tribute to his memory; but the sighing pine will whisper his mournful elegy, and the great horned owl hoot out his requiem at midnight.

The hilarity that always attends the breaking-up of a camp was considerably modified by the sad event of the previous day, and the natural buoyancy of feeling which the occasion ever creates received a sensible depression. The customary jokes were wanting, and the various duties of the day were performed with untended severity; and when the time came for the departure of the home-bound teams, pining salutes were exchanged with the usual cordiality but with sober face and quiet demeanor. When these little civilities were performed the team struck into the woods, heading for home; but the "river drivers" remarked that their longer and more circuitous route to the same destination.

Who shall describe the wild grandeur of the mountain stream in the spring, when, swollen by the melting snows from the mountains and lowlands, and gathering strength from the sun and the clouds, it bursts its fetters of ice, and snaring them in its teeth, rushes on in relentless career to its ocean refuge, heaving, grinding, crushing, seething, roaring, impressing its legions from every brook and streamlet, and winking vengeance upon whatever opposes? Into the bosom of the torrent in such a mood the "driver" launches his wealth of log, branding upon them the stamp of his own courage in letters and fantastic marks; and following with untiring step, guards them with jealous care throughout their tortuous journey. Deteriously knocking out the elms that at the margin of the stream confine the incessant mass of yellow, fresh-peeled logs, instantly the whole vast army is in motion, and gathering new impetus with its progress, rolls down the sloping "skids" with terrific force and a noise like rattling thunder, shaking the earth in its descent, and sending the waves into a fearful commotion. Men are actively at work to keep the channel clear, and platoon after platoon of logs are shoved down stream until the entire surface is covered with the floating wool for a mile or more. Caught by the force of the rushing tide, on they speed like a phalanx of Titans, through foaming rapids and impetuous cataracts, leading perpendicular falls, plunging down ledges, charging full tilt upon the banks, or sweeping in graceful curves around the bends of the shore; then, where the river widens into diminutive lakes or sets back eddying pools, flowing leisurely upon the tranquil surface, or between gliding under the half-submerged bushes along the shore. Again, passing on from deep water into the swift and shallow stream, they speed on their way, leaving many of their number behind high and dry upon the jagged rocks, or at times where the water where the depth is not sufficient to float them, or jammed in inextricable confusion in the narrow gorges of the river.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## A MEXICAN BULL-FIGHT.

BY EMBROSE BERNETT.

One of the most popular, exciting, and fashionable amusements of the Mexicans is the bull-fight. Every phase of note has its arena of contest; and from the President of the Republic, the governor of a province, the priest of the Church, down through every rank and grade, to the poorest and lowest inhabitant, all alike participate in the sanguinary sport with the wildest delight and enthusiasm.

Some years ago, while making a brief sojourn with the governor of an eastern province that shall be nameless—and to whom I had first paid my respects with a valuable letter of introduction, and from whom I had received every mark of hospitality and kindness—the one day said to me, with a perfect glow of delight:

"Don Alberto, I have glorious news for you! You have never seen a bull-fight you tell me. On Wednesday next that pleasure will be yours. Every thing is arranged—praised be the Virgin!" "Glorious!" echoed Don Alberto, the daughter of my host, a beautiful girl of eighteen, clapping her hands with delight.

I looked at her in surprise, and wondered how it could be possible for so sweet and angelic a being as she seemed to be to take any pleasure in the barbarous and sanguinary sport of the governor, however, thanked him in words for the information, but took the liberty of some mental moralizing that have gained me no credit by a vocal expression.

The day came, and with the governor and his family, and those of the governor's friends, the ladies of his household, I repaired to the scene of sport. This was a large enclosure, with cir-

cular seats rising one above the other, and the whole covered with an awning. In the centre was the arena, not unlike the ring of a circus, which the whole gave some somewhat resembled, though large enough to seat several thousand persons. The place was crowded with people when we arrived; the fighters were in the ring—three horsemen and three footmen, armed with lances and swords—and a respectable band of musicians were giving out some national airs. As we advanced to the highest seats, which of course had been reserved for such distinguished company, all eyes were directed towards us, and there was a general murmur of applause. As I took my appointed seat by the side of Donna Flora, the beautiful girl turned to me, and, with a flash of enthusiasm lighting up her bright, girlish face, said, pointing to the man in the ring:

"Are they not all splendid-looking fellows, Don Alberto? With what grace and dignity the horsemen sit their noble steeds! and with what an air of cold self-reliance and unflinching courage the footman await the onset of their fearful enemy!"

"They are all fine-looking fellows, I will not deny," returned I, as I ran my eye over their well-proportioned figures, and neatly-mounted, tapering limbs; "but it seems to me they might be engaged in a better cause than the torturing of an unhappy animal."

I could scarcely avoid this open expression of my disapprobation of their unwholly calling; but my remarks were all-timed, and I drew upon me a censorious look from my fair companion.

"Why, what would you have them do?" she replied, a little pettishly. "They enter for our amusement, and at the same time prove their courage and skill."

"I fear they will not answer me," I rejoined; "and as for their courage and skill, I think they might display that to more advantage against the enemies of their country."

"You foreigners have such prejudices against our most pleasing sports!" she said, with a slight pout.

"Because we can see nothing pleasing in a dumb creature being tortured to death, or man being suddenly buried into eternity amid the plaudits of an unfeeling multitude," retorted I. "Did you ever see a man killed in the arena, returned?"

"Oh, yes—yes."

"And did it come to you then, that the poor fellow, once whose death you were rejoicing had perhaps a loving mother, a dear sister, a loving wife and children, to mourn his loss?"

"But, senor," she rejoined, with an air of surprise, "it was his profession; it was this very risk he was paid for while living; and if he was unfortunate, it was not our fault. It was a very gallant bull, senor."

I saw it was useless to argue the point with one who, though fair, gentle, and sympathetic in everything else, had been educated to consider the death of a fellow-creature in the bull-ring as only interesting part of the performance, for which the audience had paid; and happily the cessation of the music at this moment, and a sort of breathless hush of expectation throughout the house, allowed me to remain silent also.

The governor now waved his hand as a signal for the sport to begin, and almost instantly a door in one side of the ring was thrown open, and a large fierce bull, with reddish, wicked-looking eyes, came madly bounding into the arena. In the centre he stopped for a moment, and glared around upon the applauding spectators; and then, his eye falling upon one of the horsemen, he lowered his head with an angry shake, uttered a savage bellow, and made a most

furious and, as I believed, fatal charge. In fact, as his head bent down within a few feet of the horse, I would almost have wagered my life that the latter could not have escaped being gored; whether might be the fate of his rider; but even while I held my breath, with a sickening shudder, the equine beast, spurred and guided by the skillful picador, slightly reared, wheeled, and sprung aside, and the bull passed harmlessly by, receiving an irritating and bloody spear-thrust in his left flank.

A wild burst of applause astonished the poor bull, and encouraged the horseman, who bowed to the compliment. The next moment the furious animal bounded at another horseman, who also managed by great skill to avoid the thrust of his horse, and prick him with his lance. Another burst of applause. The bull now made another charge at the first horse, but wheeled suddenly and unexpectedly upon the third, and gored him on the hind quarter, yet did not succeed in throwing him down. As the horse, spurred by his rider, leaped forward, one of the footmen bounded up and shook a red flag in the very face of the bull. As the latter rushed at him, he darted aside, and, with a sharp ruck, cut him across the nose; and as the bull again turned upon him, he fairly sprang upon the back of the dangerous animal, cut him right and left along the ribs, and reached the ground unharmed. At this exciting display of dexterous skill, the whole place shook with thunders of applause, and the governor and several of the priests exclaimed:

"It was well done! it was well done!"

"Oh, was not delightful?" cried Donna Flora, clapping her small, white hands.

"Very!" said I.

Meanwhile the bull, never stopping to make his obeisance, and seemingly determined that his human foe should not keep meddling, rushing at one and another, each of whom started him with a dexterity worthy of a better cause; and as each continued to prick and goad him on every side, he was soon covered with blood from a hundred trifling wounds. This brutal course was pursued until the poor animal began to grow weak and weary, and, in sheer desperation, at length stopped in the centre of the ring, panting and lolling, and uttering a low, mournful bellow.

My heart now really rebelled with compassion for the poor brute, which had only carried out the instincts of his nature, against the bare propensity of his human assailants, who had degraded themselves from the high estate of rational, immortal beings, to even a lower level than his own; but I think I do justice to that audience when I say that, out of the thousands there assembled, I do not believe there was another soul who felt the least sympathy for that tormented animal.

"Poor bull!" exclaimed one, with a laugh of derision.

"How do you feel now, old short-horn?" cried another.

"Try it again, Señor Bellover, and get your ugly throat cut for your pains?" shouted a third.

This last rally of wit was greeted with boisterous laughter.

"Gallantly done, my men!" said the governor.

"The work goes on well!" exclaimed a lady.

"What do you think of the sport by this time, señor?" inquired my fair companion.

"I think I will not express any opinion just yet," I replied, evasively.

One of the footmen now ran up to the bull, and, catching him by the tail, gave it a violent pull on one side, almost throwing him down. This proceeding, which was greeted with yells of laughter, set the animal again in motion, with another burst of fury; and wheeling suddenly upon his tormentor, he caught him by one of his horns, and, with his other, raised the man alighted upon his feet, and ran limping away, while one of his companions thrust for-

ward his red flag, and drew the attack of the animal upon himself. This time I confess I applauded the bull.

Another long, fatiguing, and to me disgusting accident of attack and defence, now took place, and ended at last in the weary beast drawing off one side, against the wall of the ring, and hanging down his head, his whole body covered with blood and wounds.

"Surely they will kill him now, and put him out of his misery?" said I, to my fair companion.

"Oh, no—the sport is not over yet!" she replied; "there is still fight in the beast, as you shall see."

And to the shame of humanity, I confess I did so; for after a short breathing spell by the fighters, one of them approached and pricked the dying animal several times with his lance; and as the poor beast took no notice of this, another went up, caught hold of his tail, and twisted it with all his might. The bull uttered another low bellow of pain, that fairly touched my heart, but declined to move from his tracks. The same cause followed with a succession of squibs and crackers, fastened to sharp, barbed wires, prepared for the purpose, and began to stick them into the flesh of the beast, commencing with the head and neck, and continuing over the back and sides, till the animal was literally covered with them; and still the poor brute remained passive and indifferent, with drooping head and lolling tongue. Next a horseman with a lighted taper affixed to his lance rode up to within a few feet, and deliberately set fire to these combustibles; and as they began to smoke, hiss, blaze, sparkle, and crackle, the dying animal raised his head, in surprise and alarm, glared fiercely around him for a moment, shook himself, uttered a wild, dismal bellow, thrust out his red and bloody tongue, reeled faintly, and seemed about to fall; but suddenly concentrating all his remaining strength and energies into one fierce, final, desperate effort, he made a plunge forward, with such velocity that there was not time for the nearest horseman to clear him, and down went the stood, with his rider beneath him. The next moment the horse was ripped open to the entrails, and shouts of laughter and thunders of applause.

In order to draw off the bull, and so permit the man beneath the horse to be extricated, one of the footmen, a young, active fellow, now ran up to the goading beast, which one blow of hissing and crackling firebrand, and shook his red flag in his very face; and as the savage beast wheeled upon him in turn, he darted aside, and attempted to retreat backwards, still holding the red flag before him, and preparing to give the coup de grace in a manner to reflect lasting credit upon his skill. But by some unaccountable chance, his foot slipped at a critical moment, and, before he could recover his equilibrium, the horns of the enraged animal were buried in his body. As if struck with a battering-ram, he was hurled backward upon the ground, and the dying bull, too weak to recover himself, pitched forward upon him, head first, and, continually pinned him to the earth.

There was a momentary hush throughout the house, but more, as it seemed, of surprise than horror. Then a wild, piercing shriek broke the silence, and a pale, delicate woman, from one of the lower benches, leaped frantically into the ring, ran forward with upraised hands, and threw herself upon the dying man, exclaiming:

"My husband! my husband! my dear, dear husband!"

They raised her up, white as a sheet, and senseless, and bore her away. They raised up her husband, a ghastly, gasping, and bloody spectacle, and bore him away also. They killed him, and, setting no value on his skin, dragged him from the ring. They righted the other horseman, and dragged his dead horse from the

ring likewise. And the band played, and the people applauded.

"What next?" said I to Donna Flora.

"Another bull," the answer came. "God forgive you all!" gaspulated I. "Excuse me a thousand pardons for my rudeness—but I am compelled to leave you abruptly!"

I waited for no rejoinder, but starting up, and bowing to the governor, I hurried from the slaughter-house, and the spectators, who I thought I would never voluntarily witness another bull-fight. And through ridicule and censure, that vow I have sacredly kept to this day.

## SNOWED UP AMONG WOLVES.

"I SUPPOSE you saw some pretty hard times when you first settled in the Western country?" I once said to an old pioneer.

"Indeed I did, sir!" he replied, with the look of one who is taking a retrospective view. "I am an old man now, and my hair, you see, is white—but it was as black as coal on the night I was snowed up among wolves. Ah, me! that was a terrible night, sir! and I never think of it, but I involuntarily shudder at the recollection, and thank God that I was so wonderfully preserved through it."

"It was just after the war of 1812 that I got married, and took my wife to a purchase I had made from Government, within what is now the limits of the State of Illinois. The Indians, previous to this time, had been somewhat troublesome to the settlers in that region; but after peace was declared, they buried the hatchet, and we no longer had any occasion to fear them in the vicinity where I located myself.

"When I had built my cabin and moved into it, with the few housekeeping articles I had brought along, I found everything around me looked gloomy enough, and my poor wife set down and had a hearty crying spell from sheer bone-sickness. I laughed at her, and talked largely of what I was going to do, and all that sort of thing; but, to tell you the honest truth, I had a good deal to make up my mind, suggesting myself: 'One neighbor was two miles distant; the only mill where we could get grinding done was fifteen; all the stock I had in the world were the two horses which had drawn us and our effects out there, and one of these was blind and the other lame; while, to crown all, I had no money, and but few seed grain, hardly provisions enough to last us till early harvest.'

"Now I suppose you would like to ask, what made me fool enough to venture into a new country and set up housekeeping under such circumstances? And I will answer you, that I was young, strong, poor, and ambitious, and I thought, and so did my wife, that this would be the only way we could ever gain an independence.

"Well, things were not so bad as they might have been; but I consoled myself with the reflection that we were a great deal better off than a good many others who had settled in the wilderness before us. My farm was about half-wooded and half-prairie—a rich, alluvial soil—and, so, without being obliged to clear the ground first, I could plant corn, plough, plant, and sow at once, which I did, it being the right season of the year for the work.

"We got through the summer very well, all things considered, and our crops were such as to make both of us look forward with a degree of cheerfulness and hope. My wife, though not exactly contented and happy, had got over her first severe attack of lime-sickness, and, using all the philosophy and reason she was master of, had become as resigned to her lot as I could expect. When I was with her, she generally seemed quite cheerful; but I had not been away more than a few days, when she came timid and low-spirited, always fearful that something would happen to me. For this rea-



son I made it a point, no matter where I went, to either take her with me, or return home the same night, even though I might not get in till late.

"One pleasant morning, late in the fall, I mounted my blind horse and set off for the mill, to get a grist I had left there, as was the custom, a week before, telling my wife to take care of the least doubt I should be back before dark."

"And if you are not, Peter," she said, "you know I shall be terribly frightened, and shall sit trembling by my lone fire till I hear your voice."

"Poor Nancy! she little knew how many long hours she would sit trembling alone before she would see me again; and little did I dream what perils and sufferings would be mine before I should again cross the threshold of my humble dwelling."

"I took my ride and hunting-kife with me, hoping, as had sometimes occurred, I might get a shot at a deer; and if not, there were more or less bears and wolves about, and now and then some straggling Indians, and it was always best to go prepared for whatever one might chance to encounter."

"I reached the mill long before noon, and had my grist been ready, I could easily have got home, as I had promised, before dark; but it was not yet ground; and when I told the miller how disappointed I was, and that we had not meal enough in the house for more than two days, he said if I would wait till four o'clock, I thought of my timid wife, and lonely ride in the dark, and half resolved to go home at once and return the next day; but then, besides that it seemed foolish to make an entire journey again to save a few hours, there was by this time every appearance of a snow storm, and it might be impossible to get back for the grist before we should be actually suffering for the want of bread: so, all things being duly considered, I concluded to wait."

"Now, as bad luck would have it, something went wrong with the mill; and instead of getting my grist by four o'clock, as I expected, I was detained till near eight; by which time such a furious snow-storm was raging, that the miller advised me, as a matter of safety, to remain till morning, saying I might get into an impassable drift and lose my life."

"No," said I, thinking of my poor, anxious wife, trembling for fear of my loneliness, "I shall make the attempt at all hazards."

"I had a strip of woodland to go through for the first five miles, and I thought that bad enough, I assure you; but it was as nothing in comparison with the open plain, or prairie, which stretched away before me for ten miles to my very door. I was not a horseman, and moaned among the trees, it is true; yet they served to direct my force, and in a measure protect me, as I guided my blind, stumbling horse along the path which the light of the snow enabled me to see; but when I reached the plain, the storm burst upon me in all its terrible fury, filled my eyes, cut my face, chilled my blood, almost blew me down, and plied the snow in drifts and ridges higher than my head."

"I stopped and prayed—for somehow I felt that without God's assistance I should never get through and behold my dear wife again—and I set forward with the thill-like reliance that one who has acknowledged his weakness and committed himself to the care and guidance of a Superior Power. For a short distance I continued to ride; but I soon found this would not do, for, besides the fact that I could scarcely keep my position, and felt my limbs and body getting numb with the piercing cold, my poor horse was beginning to stagger from the force of the wind and his load together; so I got down and led him forward, both of us stumbling more or less on the clear ground, and plunging and wallowing through the high drifts,

which were every minute growing higher and more difficult to surmount."

"In this manner I had got over, as night as I could judge, three miles of prairie, when there came to my ears, borne along by the rushing blast, the distant howlings of a pack of wolves. Of all nights, such a night as this was the very one for three ravenous beasts to get the courage to attack a man, and a single man and his dog trembled. Had there been nobody except myself to think about, I could have put a pretty bold face on the matter, even from the first; but the thought of my poor Nancy being alone to mourn for me, and perhaps starve to death and die by slow agonies, seemed to take away all my hope, strength, and courage; and when, a minute after, I stumbled and fell into a drift, I lay there for some time, hearing the storm roar and the wolves howl still louder, and thinking I might as well die one way as another."

"But all at once, as I lay there, trembling like a frightened hare, it occurred to me that I was acting the coward and fool both. I was not dead yet, and why should I die before my time came, without striking a blow in self-defence? With this I jumped up, shook off the snow from myself and rifle, bent my arms and hands against my breast to get some warmth into them, and then reprimed my piece, and fixed my knife where I could grasp and use it in an instant."

"By the way, as all this was done, the noise of the wolves had come a good deal nearer, and my poor blind horse, as if he knew what a bloody fate was awaiting him, snorted, cowered, and trembled, but not being able to see, he did not attempt to run away. At first I thought of turning him to oppose the hunger of the beasts, while I made my escape on foot; but, as he was by no means certain I could escape in this way, and besides, it seemed absolutely necessary that I should take the meal home with me; and so, after a little consideration, I resolved to mount him and make the best defence I could. I got upon his back upon my knees, threw the bridle over one arm, covered my rifle with my coat, and, there, with the storm howling past, and the snow fairly drifting over me in sheets, I waited in terrible suspense the onset of my foes."

"I did not have to wait long before I saw their eyes shining like coals of fire all around me, and heard, above the awful roar of the tempest, their barkings, snarlings and growlings, as they danced about, leaping and tumbling over each other, one minute venturing up close, and the next back in alarm as I shouted to frighten them back in alarm as I shouted to frighten them, but all the time getting bolder and bolder, till I saw the struggle must come soon. My poor, trembling horse could not protect himself in the least; for besides, as I have said, that he could not see, he was now imbedded in a drift a half of which had moved up round him after he had stopped; and though my wolves had not been present, I might, perhaps, have worked him out of this, yet I doubt if he could have got out alone, or that I could have ever got him home alive in any case."

"Well, the work of destruction soon began, by some of the boldest of the beasts plunging into the drift, and setting upon the horse before and behind at the same time. He shrieked, and roared, and plunged, and kicked, and it was a marvel that I was not thrown from his back and destroyed before him. I clung to him for a short time, unable to either shoot or use my rifle as a club, and believing my last minute was at hand, and then, somehow, by a sudden impulse, I sprang to my feet, and jumped from his back, as far as I could, into the deepest part of the snow. I went down like plunging into water, and the next instant the snow had covered me with a white mantle, that I only hoped would be as good a hiding sheet, if it would save me from the fangs of the monsters that were now tearing my horse to pieces."

"For what seemed an age to me, the ravenous beasts remained at their bloody work—snarling, growling, I was expecting, and every minute of the time I was expecting them to pounce upon me; and I kept my knife in one hand, prepared to sell my life dearly. I had my rifle with me, too, but this was of no use, except to thrust out through the white wall of my prison, and so open an avenue, from time to time, through which I could breathe. Even after the beasts had begun attacking me, I did not feel so very uncomfortable in my strange quarters; and when, at last, I became sensibly by the sounds that the animals were gradually dispersing, sinking away one after another, my poor heart took a great bound with hope, and I thanked God with my whole soul for his kind providence in preserving me."

"It was a long, a terribly long and trying night after that, as I remained there buried in the snow, constantly changing my position, rubbing my legs, arms, hands, and body, forcing open a breathing hole, rousing myself from a drowsiness whose sleep would have been death, listening to the shrieking and howling storm above me, and thinking of my poor, distracted wife at home—it was a terribly long night, indeed, but I lived through it, and fervently thanked God to see the storm abate with the dawn of day."

"Though only seven miles to my cabin, it took me six hours of hard labor to reach it, and then I fell into the arms of my almost frantic wife, completely exhausted, and with some of my limbs so frosted that I was not able to leave the house again for months. Terrible was the journey to the mill, my poor horse was obliged to make it alone, a few days after I got trial to keep us from starving, and you can fancy what were my feelings, while left an invalid at home, knowing her liable to be exposed to the same perils which had so nearly proved fatal to me! Ah, sir, it is indeed a cruel trial, as I say, I saw some pretty hard times when I first settled in the western country."

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, MARCH 28, 1863.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

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PEACE makes plenty, plenty makes pride, pride breeds quarrel, and quarrel brings war; war brings spoil, and spoil provokes poverty, patience, and patience peace. So peace brings war, and war brings peace.

### UNSWERVING FAITH.

It has been said that destiny holds alive in store its retribution. But how slowly the years move to those who submit and wait. How long for those who endure deadly wrong to fold the hands patiently, during their long night of trouble, and see no glimmering of daylight; hear no voice, bidding them be of good cheer; feel no friendly grasping hand, as they grope their uncertain way with groping and guessing. And then, when at defeat and disaster, well-meaning, but weak men, shake in the knee, and doubt, after all, whether right isn't wrong, how grand seems that unswerving faith in a Higher Power which trusting, waits, and never falters, or doubts the final triumph of Eternal Justice.

FANCY FEAR.

### THE EMPTY CRADLE.

The death of a little child is to its mother's heart like the dew on a plant from which a bud has just perished. The plant lifts up its head in freshened greenness to the morning light; so the mother's soul galleys from the dark sorrow which she has passed a fresh brightening of her heavenly hope.

As she bends over the empty cradle, and fancy

brings her sweet infant before her, a ray of divine light is on that cherub face. It is her son still, but with the seal of immortality on his brow. She feels that heaven is the only atmosphere where her precious flower could unfold without spot or blemish, and she would not recall the lost. But the anniversary of his departure seems to bring his spiritual presence near. She indulges in that tender grief which soothes, like an opiate in pain, all hard passages and cares in life.

#### PROSPERITY AND ITS DANGERS.

There is no more perilous ordeal through which a man can pass—no greater trial which can be imposed upon him as he is at present constituted—than that of being condemned to walk his life long in the sunlight of unshadowed prosperity. His eyes arc with that too untarnished brilliance—he is apt to be smitten with a mortal *cor de seel*. But it is as little fellows that no sunshine is good for us. He who made us and *tutor* us alone knows what is the exact measure of light and shade, sun and cloud, storm and calm, frost and heat, which will best tend to mature those flowers which are the object of his celestial husbandry, and which, when transplanted into the paradise of God, will bloom there for ever in amaranthine loveliness. Nor can it be without presumption that we essay to interfere with these processes; our highest wisdom is to fall in with them.

#### FALSE APPEARANCES.

The world is made up of deception. The superb rose is thorny—the elder that stings to the death is beautiful, and, while basking in the sun, exhibits the changes of color observed in the kaleidoscope; the brilliant bosom of the glassy lake is beset with danger, and may engulf the innocent; the ever-ready clouds whose expression painters in vain endeavor to imitate to perfection, are charged with the tornado and the lightning that devastates and destroys; the picturesque mountain occasionally changes to a fissure of fire, and its lava buries cities; the fog, with the people we daily meet, is smiling and ruddy exterior covers and conceals an aching heart: while the pale and apparently care-worn face is the outward form of a happy and contented spirit. The humble shoemaker works like a slave, with his barbed and ragged children surrounding him, and the most we view his efforts to preserve life with pity. But he sleeps soundly and sweetly, while the *prince* of millions, racked by an uneasy conscience, entreates the Unknown Power for the oblivion of dissolution. Those who stand right before us see they may suddenly fall, and would gladly retreat to an unimportant position, could they do so without sacrificing themselves to the torture of what might be said by Mrs. Gruody.

#### THE ART OF PLEASING.

A mode-t and virtuous young man, on first going into society, is apt to be somewhat puzzled upon the question, how to make himself agreeable to ladies. He need not be ashamed of his perplexity. Washington Irving, in one of his early sketches, confesses that a well-dressed lady was with whom perfectly "awful" to his young imagination. We were once acquainted with a gentleman of distinction in public life, the father of several accomplished daughters, who could not, even to his fiftieth year, enter a drawing-room where ladies were present without painful embarrassment. It is certainly a good sign in a young man to stand in some awe of the beautiful sex, a person of coarse and vulgar mind, who thinks more of himself than his best friends think of him, and who knows little of the worth of a good woman's heart, rushes fearlessly in where an Irving or an Addison would blush to tread. Bear this in mind, young gentlemen, when you are engaged in the company of ladies: The girls are as much afraid of you as you are of them!

You are awkward in your manners, you think. If you think so, it is likely that your fair friends think otherwise; for the really ill-bred fellows that we have known have never suspected their ill-breeding. And, after all, what is good-breeding but habitual good nature? The simple fact that you wish to please is a proof that you possess, and will soon acquire, the power to do so.

The good heart and well-informed mind will soon give grace to the demeanor, or will so abundantly atone for the want of it, that its absence will never be noticed.

Besides, the girls—that is the most of them—like a man who is simple in his manners, provided they see that there is substance and worth in him. Graceful manners and ready wit are good as far as they go. But be sure of this, O bashful, blessing youth, that, both in the society of ladies and of men, you will pass in the long run for what you are worth—no more—no less. The art of pleasing, therefore, is nothing more than the art of becoming an honest, kind, intelligent and high-minded man. Such a man, be he graceful as Chesterfield, or awkward as Caliban, all worldly women trust and love.

#### COAXED OR DRIVEN.

There are two kinds of men—one kind goes by driving, the other *do's*.

There is, indeed, a third class who will go neither by driving nor in any other way! but let them pass for nothing.

The men who can't be driven, but who are always open to reason, and attentive to the voice of persuasion, are the men to be valued—these are the noblest ones. They are stubborn and hard, to be sure, against the hand of violence; they are of a proud and determined make; they are the granite of humanity in that respect; but no down is softer to the entreaties of helplessness, and no unadulterated gold is more pliable than they are to the voice of reason. Blessed are such men. Miserable would this world be without them. Nobody who has any self-respect, or any sort of insight into human nature, would ever attempt to drive such men as these; there is no use in trying it, and no pleasure—they are always sure to spend your strength for naught, and when you sit down under the mortification of defeat you have but this for your consolation: "I would have done all for me that I desired had I but tried persuasion instead of force."

But the first class of which we speak *need* forcing. They cannot be managed without it. They are to *lax*, or too indifferent, or too timid, to go ahead *er* in anything till they have had, at least, a good solid shove from somebody. Push them, drive them, hustle them along, and they will do well enough; but just let them alone, and every enterprise upon their hands will languish and fail. With very indolent children one *smart* *spank* is more effectual than volumes of reasoning, and just so such men as these latter are more helped by a shake and a push than by any amount of arguments; they can be got further on by main strength than by all the entreaties and soliloquies in the world. Therefore, we should study the *temper* of those with whom we have to do, and be sure not to make error of judgment, or to try to drive one who ought to be only coaxed, or to coax one who needs to be driven, is a great waste of time, patience, and industry. And people are always blundering in this very matter.

If the storm of adversity whistles around you, whistle as bravely yourself; perhaps the two whistles may make melody.

DOCTOR. YOUNG suggests that we should take a note of Time. But how do we know that the old Spirit will pay it at maturity.

He is the most mischievous of inconsiderate who indulges the heart against the judgment; he is the worst of scientists who divides the judgment from the heart.

#### YANKEE NOTIONS.

WANTED, a few dates from an itching palm.

To make a nose-gay there's nothing like grog blossoms.

WHEN a cat's eye-sight fails she becomes a *parrr-blind* animal.

THE point that enables you to get the game. This point of your setter.

WHEN you find the weather likely to be foulish, put into Egg Harbor.

WHEN outside the pale of religion, don't kick the bucket.

MANY people's heads are like the head of a glass of porter—all froth.

THE lady who was "*transported with bliss*" has just returned.

A VIKEN's tongue is said to be six inches long; a scolding woman has no end.

THE man who "*ran up a column of figures*" tumbled down and was badly hurt.

DOES the earth ever eat itself while revolving upon its own axis?

To every old man, his departed boyhood is a Paradise lost—fuller of poetry than Milton's.

THE individual who "*sole a march*" has returned to the owner.

WHY does a baby love its mother? Because she belongs to the Mamma-form gender.

WHY are Zouave officers like stems of Indian corn? Because they have tassels on their heads and blades at their sides.

ONE Johnny rushed into the house recently, all out of breath, having been frightened at the bark of a tree.

AMONG the large cities of South America, which is the coolest? Valparaiso, manifestly, because it is always in the Chili State.

WHAT is the difference between pearl powder and a cowkin? One is for hiding the tan, and the other for tanning the hide.

AN ORATOR—In describing the *café*, naturalists have neglected to tell us whether it belongs to the same family as the *poly-p*.

If you are anxious, you will grow lean as your neighbor grows fat—just as if he fattened with the meat from your bones.

MISS LOVELY says that males are of no account from the time that ladies stop kissing them as infants till they kiss them again as lovers.

A MAN being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

A YOUNG man will compliment his sweet-heart upon the fragrance of her breath without being ashamed that his own smells of rum and tobacco.

If a married man were asked to say which of his bones he could consent to spare, he would probably decide, with perhaps a tear or two, to part with his rib.

YOUNG Spondonicks, who is rather fast, remarked the other day that, although he liked a girl with a fine figure to flirt with, he should prefer a *parrry* woman for a wife.

#### WANTED.

A tooth from the "*arm*" of the army.

The chair in which was the "*suit* of war."

A slice from the "*right* wing."

A tow from the "*foot* of the sea."

THE man who invented a plaster that will enable a person to stick to his business, has been offered one of the best "*holes*" in California for his patent.

A PERSON asking Wulfdink if he had purchased any flowers lately, was counter-questioned, "If he meant that as an inquiry with reference to long-haired?" (botany).

NOR SHOT.—A duel was fought in Mississippi lately, by S. K. Knott and A. W. Shott. The result was, Knott was shot, and Shott was not. In those circumstances was would rather have been shot than Knott.

STREPPING.—Questions for the dabbling societies: In sickness which suffers the most—a short man or a long one? In other words, isn't there more pang in six feet of pain than in five feet four.

DAVE APPLIED TO CITY RAILWAY TRAVEL.

(A quotation for the Ladies.)

"Laudite quod operatur res et extrate."

Free Travels.—All ye who enter here, leave hoppers behind.

TO MAKE COOLING FLUID FOR THE HAIR.—Mix a piece of soap in a quantity of beer, and stir it with something; put in some aloe, and apply it to the hair-hot, Carl before it cools. This is a very excellent recipe, for the curl will be a very permanent one.

MIXED RELATIONSHIP.—A young lady of twenty, in Nova Scotia, has married her grandmother's uncle, aged fifty-three. She has thus become aunt to her grandfather, great aunt to her father and mother, and great great aunt to herself, her brothers and sisters.

LIES MISERABLE.—Mrs. Partington cast her eye on the title-page of Victor Hugo's great work, and exclaimed: "Well, I thank the Lord that I am not so constipated as to feel the least commotion of eye towards any of my fellow-creatures who are becoming less miserable, though my own sufferings continue as acute as ever."

USE-FLING.—A lady, whose favorite ad had been "down to death," crying anything or no anything neighbor, was visited by Celia to have the body interred by a grape-vine. Upon being asked the reason for this advice, he remarked that it would increase the growth of the Cat-saws grapes.

UNCERTAIN.—"There's two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I save me two thousand dollars, I must lay up two hundred dollars a year for twenty years, or I can put away twenty dollars a year for two hundred years—now which shall I do?"

WANTED TO BE WHITE.—The attention of the mistress of a family was lately called to the fact that a little colored girl was constantly seen lying on the grass-plot, with her face turned up to the sun. Upon being questioned why she assumed that posture, she answered, "Why, missis always lays de things on de grass what she wants to make white. I want to get white too."

A FAST HOB.—A Vermont horse jockey, having one day of his horse, gravely asserted that he could trot seventeen miles an hour. "Seventeen miles an hour?" says a bystander. "I guess as how that's a thumper." "My dear fellow," replied the green mountaineer, "seventeen miles an hour is no great shakes for the critter, now; for when she was but three years old, the lightning liked the old mare, and getting the colt all around the pasture without getting within striking distance of him."

A NOVEL MARRIAGE.—The Oswego (New York) Times says that on Monday last, a marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. William Carr, chaplain of the 5th Regiment N.Y. S., under rather novel circumstances, the clergyman and bridegroom bring in the city of Washington and the bride in the village of Fulton, Oswego county, during the ceremony. The bridegroom is a member of the 5th Regiment, and circumstances prevented his being in Fulton to fulfil his engagement with the young lady. By

mail, the parties agreed to have the ceremony performed through the medium of the electric telegraph. The day and hour having been arranged, the parties repaired to the telegraph offices at the respective stations, the fair bride accompanied by a female friend as bridesmaid. The gentlemanly operator at Fulton officiated as bridesman. The first dispatch over the wires relating to the affair was from Washington, inquiring if the lady was present! An answer in the affirmative was returned, and the ceremony proceeded. Three messages were sent to Fulton and two transmitted to Washington, and the ceremony was completed. The last message from Washington was the declaration of the clergyman pronouncing the parties man and wife.

#### IRISH STEW.

Air—"Happy Land."

Irish stew, Irish stew!

Whatever else my dinner be,

Quo' a shin, quo' a shin,

I'll have a dash of this.

Mutton, chops, and chicken also,

Let that be my dinner,

With potatoes fresh and nice;

And, but not quite over,

Irish stew, Irish stew!

Never from my table will I stray,

Such a treat

Nearly every day.

#### WAITING FOR A SHAVE.

Not long ago an easy-going auctioneer, who did not care whether he was shaved before or after dinner, found himself in a crowd of impatient patrons of the barber shop he was in. Combining speculations with amusement, the auctioneer offered to dispose of his "turn" at auction to the highest bidder. There was an instantaneous response, so he mounted a chair and auctioneered as follows:

"Gentlemen, my turn is mine. I have it now saving the head of that gentleman, and as soon as he is through the turn is mine. Several of you are in a hurry, and I am not. I am willing to do up of a good office by selling my turn. I knock down to the highest bidder. So pitch in. Who bids and what is bid?"

"Three cents," sang out a merchant from the post-office.

"Three it is—who advances?"

"Five," responded three or four.

"Five is offered by a dozen. Who goes higher? Be quick, gentlemen, for time is precious."

"Ten," shouted a livery-stable-keeper.

"Twelve," said the landlord of a restaurant.

"Fifteen," said a merchant who had not received his letters.

"Fifteen for the first shave, fifteen for the first shave, going at fifteen, gentlemen, and the time is nearly up, and going, going, go—"

"Eighteen," bid the stable-keeper.

"Twenty," the saloon-keeper.

"Twenty-five," the merchant.

The barber was just topping-off the customer in the chair, and but a minute more was to appear.

"I go thirty," responded the stableman.

"Forty," shouted the merchant.

"Fire to that," excitedly exclaimed the saloon-keeper, "and I'll have it if it costs me a day's receipts."

"So will I—fifty!" promptly responded the stable-keeper, more excited now than the rival bidder.

The two merchants withdrew from the contest, and the auctioneer proceeded in a strictly business manner to urge on the remaining bidders. He used all the cunning and ingenuity of a man of the hammer. The bidders became more excited and bid against each other rapidly. The stableman bid one dollar five cents, when the barber shouted,—

"Next—no next!"

"Going, going," was the response of the auctioneer.

"Going, going, and—"

"One ten," shouted the saloon-keeper.

"One fifteen," said the stable-keeper.

"And gone at one dollar and fifteen!" closed the auctioneer.

A hoarse shout of laughter arose from the crowd in the barber's shop, all of whom had become more or less interested in the rival bidding for the first shave.

The stable-keeper promptly paid over the dollar and fifteen cents to the auctioneer, remarking as he did so,—

"It's a dear shave, gentlemen, but I would have gone double rather than be beat."

"Pluck—kick again next week," was the response of the auctioneer, and he pocketed the dear receipt.

Lighting a cigar, and spreading himself out on two chairs, he lazily awaited his deferred turn for a shave.

#### RATHER "PART SKATING."

"It was just twenty years ago yesterday," says our narrator, "that a party of us fellows went out to Cockin's creek, on a skating match. The day was colder than ten icebergs all month as glass, and we made up our mind to have a heap of fun. Bill Berry was the leader of the crowd. He was a tall six-footer, full of pluck, and the best skater in all creation. Give Bill Berry a pair of skates and smooth sailing, and he'd make the trip to Berlin's Bay and back in twenty-four hours, only stopping to turn around to take a drink at Hinfat's. Well, we got to the creek, and fastened our skates on, and after taking a good horn from Joe Turner's flask, started off in good style, Bill Berry taking the lead. As I was telling you, it was a dogged cold day, and so we had to skate fast to keep warm. There was little air holes in the ice, and even now and then we would come near going into them. My skates got loose and I stopped to fasten 'em. Just as I had finished buckling the strap, I saw something shooting along the ice like lightning. It was Bill Berry's head. He had been going like that greased society, and before he knew it, he was in one of them air holes."

"The shock was so great as to turn his head off against the sharp corners of the ice." 'Till that day with Bill Berry, said I. 'And all night, too,' said Joe Turner. Just as he had got some words out of his mouth, and I looked at Bill's head which had been going it on the ice, all at once it dropped into another hole. We ran to it, and I heard Bill Berry say, 'Quick, boys, quick! pull me out!' I looked into the hole, and there, as I am a sinner, was Bill Berry's body, which had skated along under the ice, and met the head at a hole in the ice. It was so shocking cold, the head had frozen fast to the body, and we pulled Bill out as good as new. He felt a little numb at first, but after skating a while, he felt as hot as a turnip, and laughed over the joke. We went home about dusk, all satisfied with the day's sport. As about ten o'clock in the evening, somebody knocked at the door and said I was wanted over to Bill Berry's. I put on my coat and went over. There lay Bill's body in one place and his head in another. His wife said that after he came home from skating, he sat down by the fire to warm himself and was attempting to blow his nose, he threw his head into the fireplace. The coroner was called that night, and the verdict of the jury was, 'That Bill Berry came to his death by skating too fast.'

#### SCIENTIFIC DISCREPANCY.

By Professor Julius Caesar Hannibal.

My Steem's, Fra'n's!—De sherp, de lubly amiable spoken ob in de text am considered 'em ob de more innocent an' shudd'fellers seen in de spellin book. He am a full bladed wallyd head, and allers sticks to de party. In fact, you seldom see dem separated de one from de odier, for de poet sars dat—

"Shops up a wool."

All flock to one another."

An' dat's a fact, for I tumber seed eny class ob de community atick together so klose as dese fellows, not eben de Quakers nor de Jews, an' dey allers follow dere leaders wid de same blind devotion dat de polytishans do. I'll tell you leetle anekdote dat happened to ockur to me long time ago. One day, when I was younger den I ussum, an' a terrible blintin', Duff massa's plantashun, afore de grow leebler Duff kum 'long an' carried him off to de berrin' ground, I war a gwane to hoe korn in de feeld, an' I trow'd my boe ober my shoulder, an' started. In gottin' dar I had to cross a paster lof whar a hole flock ob sheep war a grain. When I jumped ober de fence dey set up a terrible blintin', dat sound like a kump meetin', an' dey all run de odder side ob de lot, jiss whar I war a gwane. Well, de sun had got up a good while afore bressful dat mornin', an' he make my shadder on de ground look twice as big as me, an' my hoe handle's shadder look long as a well sweep. Well, when dese foolish sheep seed me a kum'm, towards' em, de ole he ram rushed pas'd me, an' when he kum to de shadder ob de hoe handle he jumped four feet high to get ober it an' ef every sheep in de hole flock war'nood fool to do de same ting, I hee me neber hab my salley raised to a wibin' pint. I ledd't tell I wret like a roon boe to see de sheep jump, and then I tord dat dar am odder folks in dis world 'sides dem, dat mistake de shadder for de substance, every day.

De oldest ram an' ginny de leader ob de flock, an' he allers look in face like a man newly shabed and powdered. You will noe Mr. Ram by his horns; aido, he cannot conveniently blow it. He wares it more for ornament den use. He moss allers had too, an' dey am situated on de beet, jiss like dey am on a grassy madow ob de heet, jiss de same ting. I hee me neber hab my salley raised to a wibin' pint. I ledd't tell I wret like a roon boe to see de sheep jump, and then I tord dat dar am odder folks in dis world 'sides dem, dat mistake de shadder for de substance, every day.

Notwistandin' de sheeps am sich a innocent set ob creatures, dey am one ob de moss useful to be foun' in da hole book, an' aldo dey don't noe much, what, I ax you, kood we speck from a sheep's head? Dey ain't ob much use while libin', 'ceptin' for dar set up a kump meetin', dat make fannell shirts for de African children on de koot ob Siberia, an' dey am more lucky den moss odder people, kase dey only git floored once a year, while I an' my many odders git floored every day.

De lam am de pettiest kind ob sheep, an' everybuddy lub to see dem play, as ef dey war kittens on de grass. In anabunt times, dey need to offer dese lams as a sacrifice 'mong de hedzins; an' ef we am to belibe de butchers, lam am offered at de same rates now. De sheep, like de port, dat hog, an' de foolisher, am more appreciated arter dey are ded den while in de libin state, kase den dey am knowered into sheep, lam, an' mutton. Dis latter dish am seldom foun' in buredd' houses, kase de landladies allers call it lam, if it am as ole as an' mink as dese dog.

Dere am no use ob my gibin' you a 'skription ob de sheep, kase you ain't know him like a book. De only ting I'll 'fer to am he tail, which am oh no more use to him den a pump banjo. His don't need one, an' darfor he neglects it, an' dar it hangs down like a penny eddier. History ses dat sum time de tail ob de sheep am grow so big an' fat dat de sheppard had to bid a little wagon to carry it in, which am, oh korse, fastened to de sheep, an' dat's de oney time de sheep am seed in a wogin' ekshidion. It am not so wid de lams. Dar tails fly like a woman's tongue all de time. Brodder Grifffidridge will please ha' roun' de sasser, an' keep from trowin' sheep's eyes at de sisters.

## TABLET OF MEMORY.

## IMPROVEMENTS, DISCOVERIES, ETC.

Copper mines first discovered in Sweden, 1306; in England, 1561; revived in England, 1689. Found in New York, 1722.  
Counties, first division of, in England, 900.  
Counties, first division of, in England, 1258.  
Coxsack, first discovered, 1302, n.c.  
Crown, the first Roman that wore one was Tarquin, 616 B.C.; first used in England, 872; the first tiara or triple one used by the Pope, 1364; the first single one used by them was in 1553; the first double one, 1808.  
Crusades to Palestine first began, 1095.  
Culverins first used in England, 1534.  
Currants first planted in England, 1553; brought from Zante Isle, 1482.  
Customs on exports and imports first collected in England, about 979; first granted, 1274; amounted to about 14,000,000, in 1590; farmed for many years for 20,000,000, till 1593; to 60,000,000, in 1592; to 148,000,000, in 1614; to 168,000,000, in 1622; to 300,000,000, in 1642; farmed for 300,000,000, in 1660; amounted to 557,752, in 1688; from 1700 to 1714, the amount was 20,841,408, which, on a medium, was 1,355,704; to 1,555,000, in 1720; to 1,593,000, in 1731; to 1,904,000, in 1734; to 2,000,000, in 1743; to 4,600,300, in 1786; to 4,965,000, in 1787; to 4,967,000, in 1789; to 6,800,000, in 1790; to 4,044,923, in 1814, in 1794, and to 4,412,255, 6s. 8d. 1794.  
Custom-house, London, first in England, 1559.  
Cutting for the stone was first performed on a criminal, at Paris, 1474, with success.  
Cyder, called wine, made in England, 1234.  
Cyphers, digits, or figures in arithmetic, invented by the Arabians, 813.  
Dancing by cinque peas introduced into England, from Italy, 1541; incorporated in France, 1659.  
Decimal arithmetic invented, 1603, by Simon Stevin, of Bruges.  
De Courcy had the privilege of standing covered before the kings of England, granted by John, 1203.  
Dedications to books introduced in the time of Mæcenas, A.D. 17; practised for the purpose of obtaining money, 1600.  
De la Rue, A.D. English, in Rymers's Fables, 1385.  
Degrees, academical, first introduced at Aquila, before 1213.  
Delft earthenware invented at Firenze, 1550.  
Diamonds first polished and cut at Bruges, 1483.  
Diamond mines discovered in Brazil, 1730; that at Congor, the first India, 1600; that at Gasconade, 1584; one sent from Brazil for the Court of Portugal weighed 1,680 carats, or 121 ounces, valued at 224,000,000, sterling.  
Dice invented, 1500 B.C.; 3,000 pair stamped in England, 1776.  
Dien et mon erret, first used as a motto by Robt. de la, on a victory over the French, 1191.  
Dipping-needle, invented by Rob't Norman, a compass maker, of Radcliffe, 1580.  
Distaff spinning first introduced into England by Bonaversa, an Italian, 1505.  
Distilling first practised in Spain by the Moors, 1483.  
Distillation of spirituous liquors began in the twelfth century; in Ireland, 1590.  
Divorce, the first at Rome, 229 A.D.  
Dicks, London, the first stone of the, laid June 26, 1802; opened Jan. 30, 1805.  
Dogs, first in Italy, in the Isle of Dogs, opened Aug. 21, 1802.  
Docks, East India, opened Aug. 4, 1803.

(To be continued in our next.)

## AMERICAN FAMILY PHYSICIAN

## SKIN DISEASES.

(Continued.)

**ITCH.**—This disease is generally consequent upon personal uncleanness, yet all classes are liable to it. Its symptoms are the eruption of distinct, conical, watery pimples, transparent on their summits, accompanied by excessive itching, which is made worse by high-seasoned food, by drinking liquor, and by the heat of the bed. When these pimples are scratched and torn, a sticky, watery fluid is poured out, which forms small scabs; and in time, if the disease is not cured, the scabs being torn off, bad sores are made. This disease is caused by a minute insect, which forces its way into the skin, and makes cavities for his own occupation, while the victim itches and scratches in consequence.

**Treatment.**—To kill the insect which causes the annoyance is the way to cure the disease. For this purpose, the compound sulphur ointment is a sovereign remedy. Four ounces of this should be well rubbed into the skin, before the fire, morning and evening, for three or four days. Caustic potash, one part, to twelve parts of water, is a wash to be thoroughly applied in a good remedy. Before using any application, the person should be washed with warm oil and soap, and well dried.

**DRY PIMPLES,** under the several names of *Red Gum, Toth's Rash*, as seen in children, and *Lichen, family Lichen* in adults, are exceedingly troublesome, and if much scratched and torn, may form painful sores. *Prurigo* often causes elderly people a great deal of suffering, giving them no rest day or night, from the tormenting sensation of numberless small crawling upon the skin, or not so much crawling upon the skin.

**Treatment.**—Careful dirt, and gentle cathartics, or tonics, according to the condition of the system. Externally, cold salt-water sponge bath, and glycerine, applied with a soft sponge, vinegar and water, or ecocote ointment. If the itching affects some very sensitive parts, a wash of rose-water, 10 parts, to 1 part of glycerine, or one ounce; sulphate of morphine, six grains, should be used many times a day.

**WARTS AND CORNS.**—Warts are formed by loops of the small arteries, veins, and nerves united together, taking on a disposition to grow by extending themselves upward, covering the scarf skin along with them, which thickening forms a wart. Corns are a similar growth, brought about by the friction of tight boots and shoes.

**Treatment.**—For warts, take a piece of diachylon plaster, cut a hole in the centre the size of the wart, and stick it on the wart protruding through. Then touch it daily with aquafortis, or nitrate of silver. They may be removed by tying a string tightly around them. Corns should be shaved down close, after soaking them in warm water, and then covered with a piece of wash-leather or buckskin, on which lead plaster is applied, a hole being cut in the leather the size of the corn. They may be softened so as to be easily scooped out, by rubbing glycerine on them. Manganic acid destroys warts and corns rapidly. Rubbing on the joints must be treated with emollients, and sugar of lead water, with rest in a horizontal position.

**DISCOLORED SKIN, as moles, freckles, sunburn, &c.,** is the result of diseased action. It is not best to meddle with moles, though they may be removed by making two incisions in the skin, taking out the mole, and then dressing the wound with cork-plaster. For the change of color called *sunburn*, a lotion made of two ounces of lime-water, and two ounces of flaxseed oil, is the best. Freckles are removed with the same, or with this: corrosive sublimate, two grains, in a pint of water, and a spoon. Mix and apply. If the skin is bleached in spots, apply some stimulating liniment.

(To be continued in our next.)



# THE SCRAP BOOK

AND  
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WY. FURNACE HUMOR. FAMILY MATTERS.

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ONE PENNY.



THE SQUALL AND THE RESCUE.

THE  
CROSS AND THE CRESCENT;  
OR, THE  
PHANTOM OF THE SEA.  
A STORY OF THE WEST AND THE EAST.  
BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

## CHAPTER I.

NIGHT in the leafy month of June! The stars, as they wheeled on their appointed courses, looked down on a wide landscape of blended hill and vale, woodland, pasture and tilled ground, yet nothing shewed distinctly, for the young moon had set, and a warm haze swathed the bosom of the earth, and dimmed the brightness of the diamond watch-fire kindled on high.

Far off, a broad mysterious expanse stretched away to the horizon, whose perfect level, dotted here and there, at long intervals, by a brief blaze of light, indicated the locality of bay and ocean. No noise broke the solemn silence, only those indefinite murmurs of insects, those faint sighs wafted by the breeze from the ocean-shore, blended with the whispering of leaves, that make the constant music of a summer night, and lull the chance listener to repose—a drowsy hum peculiar to the sea-on of the year.

It was midnight—and among the many spots they gazed upon, the dim stars looked through the eaves of an old-fashioned country-house, partially shrouded by the half-drawn curtains, into a sleeping apartment of the second story. Yet so little light penetrated the interior that an unfamiliar eye could scarcely have distinguished a single object within. The ear only could have detected the regular breathing of two

sleepers, rising now and then into a sonorous sound that could only have proceeded from male lungs in very excellent condition. There were four windows in this spacious chamber, two of which looked out over the roof of a piazza, upon a line of Norway spruces that belted a trim flower-garden. The tops of these dense trees, black as midnight, fell below the horizon, and permitted a view of the dim blending of sky and water in the distance. But slumber veiled the eyes of those who had so often looked forth upon the scene, blessing the kind providence which, after the trials and storms of life, had cast their lines in such pleasant places.

All at once a dark shadow appeared at one of the windows that overlooked the garden. It was not produced by any sudden storm veiling the sky in funeral clouds, for the other windows were unobstructed. It was caused, in fact, by a man

who had climbed up one of the pillars of the piazza, stepped over the light iron railing with pointed spikes which surmounted it, and now stood cautiously trying to open the window. Of course, only felonious designs could prompt such an attempt. Foiled in his endeavor, the burglar passed along to the other window, but that also resisted his efforts to raise it. He then produced a diamond and began to cut away the centre pane of glass. He worked very slowly, and stopped at intervals to note whether even the slightest noise produced by his operations interrupted the regular breathing of the sleepers within. Satisfied on this point, he continued, and it seemed as if his dexterity would be crowned with success, without being interrupted by the watchman's dog, when he suddenly stopped at intervals to note whether even the slightest noise produced by his operations interrupted the regular breathing of the sleepers within. Satisfied on this point, he continued, and it seemed as if his dexterity would be crowned with success, without being interrupted by the watchman's dog, when he suddenly

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"Avast there!" cried the captain—"I'm an old salt; and though I've seen fifty summers, I can not quite ready to be condemned and broken up. Take your grapnels off my arm; I saw which way he shaped his course."

"You shall not go, I tell you!"

"Well—well," said the captain, throwing down his cutlass, I know a stern chase is a long chase—and the fellow has the heels of me. Still, he is not to be larking about sailing in it. A practical scoundrel! Strike a light! strike a light! while I get into my inexpressibles and pull my boots on."

Mrs. Gordon obeyed. The whole affair, since the first alarm, had occupied less time than he had expected. The captain was dressing, a terrific scream rang through the whole house.

"Murder! fire! thieves! Thieves! fire! murder!"

"Hullo!" said the captain. "There's our old gal Hepzibah Butterworth, squeaking. Egad! if a peach-wo was a nightingale, and I were one, sure. But she'll rouse up 'Sliah Slocomb and the boys—that's one good thing. You can hear her as far as a sea new in a gale of wind."

A loud knock at the chamber door was followed by a manly voice:

"What is the matter, father?"

"Nothing particular, Rupert," replied the old gentleman, opening the door. "You can come in, if you like."

Two young men obeyed the invitation. One of them—he who had spoken—was a tall, dark, handsome young fellow, partially dressed, like his brother, who accompanied him, an equally good-looking young man of light complexion, with rich brown hair clustering round his temples. Backed up against the entry wall was a tall, spectral female figure in a flannel wrapper, closely folded across the breast, with a most miraculous night-gown, holding in its hand a flaming tallow candle that vibrated with the intensity of the phantom's excitement. The features of this highly-ornamented lady were sharp, the green gooseberry eyes were distended like those of a terrified baby cat, and the pinched lips were night-black, holding in its hand a flaming tallow candle that vibrated with the intensity of the phantom's excitement. The features of this highly-ornamented lady were sharp, the green gooseberry eyes were distended like those of a terrified baby cat, and the pinched lips were night-black, holding in its hand a flaming tallow candle that vibrated with the intensity of the phantom's excitement.

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Thus Captain Tom Gordon's whole household, or the entire crew of the Mantop (so he would have phrased it, for he was a retired ship-builder, as he had baptised his fashionable ship), were on foot, roused by the extraordinary incident which has disturbed the usual tranquillity of the place. The two young men, about twenty and nineteen years of age, were his sons, Rupert and Paul, and Miss Hepzibah Butterworth, and Mr. Josiah Slocomb, or 'Sliah Slocomb,' as he was popularly termed, composed the domestic force of the establishment.

"What is the matter, dear father and mother?" repeated Rupert, the dark-haired young man, and the elder of the sons, as he entered the chamber, followed by his brother.

"The room! full of gunpowder smoke!"

"That puts me in mind," said the captain, "to look at my tools."

He opened a box that stood on the bureau, and took out a huge pair of ship's pistols, flint-locked, and examined the priming.

"All right," he muttered, as he laid them on the bureau. "None of your new fangled per-

cussion locks. Good old flints that send a sheet of fire when they strike the hammer."

"Not without a good deal of force?"

"We're bound by a pirate!" said the captain. "Look there! the fellow got in by the cabin window, and out again as he came. Hullo! Tornado! and white squalls! Look here, Mrs. Gordon! Sink me! if he hasn't carried off my gold chronometer! He's been round the globe with me, and 'twas truer than the sun. I couldn't have taken five hundred dollars for that time-piece."

"And my jewel-box!" cried Mrs. Gordon. "The trinkets were of little real value—but to me, how precious! A ring with my dear mother's hair—and a pearl cross that she gave me on her death-bed!"

"Which way did he go?" cried Rupert.

"Towards the orchard and the pasture."

"Then our way lies there!" cried Rupert.

"No, no—not for the world!" cried Mrs. Gordon. "The ruffian is armed and desperate."

"We have arms," said Rupert, taking one of the pistols, and handing the other to Paul. "No time is to be lost."

At this moment the furious baw of hounds was heard approaching the house.

The four men, for 'Sliah had ventured to enter the room, were standing at the window, in the lantern and lamp threw a stream of light upon the avenue before the house. At this instant a black and a white horse, without saddle or bridle, ridden by two men, dashed by.

"Our horses, boys!" cried Captain Gordon.

"Fire! fire!"

The young men had not waited for the word, but fired together as the horses dashed by. It only quickened their speed, and they flew like lightning into the road.

"They turned to the left," cried Paul.

"We must beat up the neighbors," said Rupert, "raise the hue and cry."

"And I'll go with you," said the captain.

"No, father," said Rupert, "you and 'Sliah stay to man the house. Neighbor Jones's boys and ourselves will track the villains—for there aren't to be two of them. They took the Dedham road, and as the horses—these haven't been worked much lately—and follow they have got the start of us, it's hard if we don't overhaul them."

Mrs. Gordon's opposition was overruled, Rupert's arrangements were assented to, and in a very few moments the two Gordons, with two of the Jones's, were in the saddle and plying down the Dedham road at a killing pace. Once after riding a couple of miles Rupert dismounted, and striking a light examined the horse tracks in the road, for one of his father's horses was a pacer, and moreover had a bar-shoe on his off foot on account of a sand-blast; and as his trail was easily identified. Satisfied that they were on the track of the thieves, they pushed on again with renewed speed. But after riding some five or six miles, the horses gave evidence of distress, and it was necessary to draw rein to give them something to eat. A short halt ensued, when suddenly, Ned Jones exclaimed:

"I hear horses' feet. By Jove! I have come up with the rascals!"

The chase was renewed more furiously than before, and the sound of hoofs in advance grew louder and louder. All at once, however, two redoubtable teams came cantering to each other, and as soon as they came within a few feet, the Gordons recognised their father's animals. The four pursuers drew up across the road to prevent the passage of the loose horses, and the latter suddenly checking themselves, wheeled, snorted, stood still, and then began to nibble the grass by the roadside.

"It is quite useless to ride farther to-night," said Rupert, to one of the Jones's. "It would be cruel to your horses and result in nothing, after all. The rascals have turned our noses aside, and doubtless struck into the Dedham woods. The chances are that they will escape,



They had too fair a start of us. I don't see that we can do anything better than turn our horses heads homeward."

"Just as you say, Mr. Gordon," answered Ned Jones. "I'm quite as willing to ride on as turn back, if you give the word. Father told us not to spare the horses."

"I said no use," said Rupert. "If it had been a little lighter when we freed from the window, they would have rode the hour they broke into the Mainlop. We'll 'boutspit, now."

So they parted, wheeled, and rode homeward, Captain Gordon's horses quietly trotting along-side. Meanwhile, we will return to the individual who had caused all the commotion and excitement in a quiet neighborhood. Springing from the piazza—a bold leap, but a leap for life—he had rushed through the orchard to a spot where a comrade was waiting him.

"What now?" inquired the latter.

"A gold tickler and some women's gawags," was the answer. "The 'ken's roused. You heard my pistol."

"Pop's is natty noisy things," replied the other.

"I fired in desperation. The old man is a Tartar. See! lights are glancing through the house—away!"

"But rich 'yer?" asked the second thief, who was a London burler, who had left his country for his country's good.

"The pasture, this way!" and the two villains fled swiftly through the orchard and sprang over the low stone wall that divided it from a piece of pasture.

"Ere's a couple of cows feedin'," said the Londoner.

"Cows! Better than that—horses, by this land! You can ride?"

"Like a highwayman."

"Then I'll take the white horse—you catch the other—they seem quiet enough. We must push across the country as fast as we can—taking fence, ditch, everything in our course."

In a moment they were mounted—but they had misestimated their power of guiding their horses without bridle. The two animals no sooner found riders on their backs than they made at full speed for Captain Gordon's house. They struck up the lane leading to it at such a furious pace that, although they were being carried into the very jaws of danger, neither of the men dared throw himself from the back of his horse, nor had either of them the courage and dexterity to adopt the other alternative,—throwing his horse down by thrusting his foot under the foreman and tripping him. The best they could do was to stimulate and goad the horses by blows, that, instead of holding up when they reached the house, they should dash at full speed into the road. This measure saved the rascals' lives for the gallows, for they flew past the Mainlop at such a furious rate that Rupert and Paul Gordon might as well have attempted to bring down swallows on the wing as to hit them in their mad career with a pair of ship's pistols. They darted down the Dedham road (the captain's house was in Dorchester) at an arrow-flight of speed. After riding some miles they abandoned the horses, and, as Rupert had conjectured, took to the woods, which afforded them every opportunity of making their escape.

## CHAPTER II.

THE next morning dawned gloriously on the Mainlop. The morning bells of gale were ready for the mowers', as the sparkling with myriads of dewdrops, the swallows, frolicking and twittering, flew high in the bright air, a token of a pleasant day; the robins sang jolly on the apple trees, or ran to and fro in the ploughed ground, finding plenty of worm to reward their industry; races blushing at their own beauty loaded the breeze with fragrance, and a sea off the bay and the ocean, in their

honest extent of stars, smiled in the morning light. Particularly as the dashing dice of the sea rolled up from the sparkling sea, which Slocomb was belaying the haliards of a tall flag-ship that stood on a lawn sloping down to the south from the mansion-house, and from the summit of the spar a beautiful American flag flung forth its Stars and Stripes to the breeze.

This task accomplished, Mr. Slocomb performed his ablutions at the pump, washed his face, the kitchen, and informed Miss Henshaw Battersworth that he was ready for breakfast.

While the help were breakfasting in the kitchen, the Gordon family were enjoying the same meal in their snug dining-room. Mrs. Gordon looked rather pale, but her husband was as fresh and gay as if he had not been broken of his rest the night before, by an occurrence which would have shaken the nerves of many men, and utterly destroyed their appetite.

"There's not the slightest danger of a repetition of the scene, I tell you," the jolly captain was saying. "If that rascal has accomplices, you may be sure he'll tell them that we're well armed, and likely to give a warm reception to any uninvited guests hereafter. If a man wants to save his head in a sea-fight, he must plant a shot hole with it. We're safe by the doctrine of chances."

"I agree with you, father," said Rupert, "and I only thought mother would make herself easy, I should go back to Cambridge with a light heart."

"I won't worry myself, I promise you," said Mrs. Gordon.

"Bravely said!" cried the captain. "Why, after this, I shall be able to reel boards at any hour. I tell you, that business of that fellow woke me up—it was what I needed, for I was getting lazy. I'd got into a habit of smoring through the night like a land-lubber. Lord! when I used to follow the deep, I could keep the deck for two or three nights running without so much as thinking of sleep. And I could sleep, when I was walking my deck—and if the lubber at the helm let her fall off half a point, I knew it quicker than he did—and then look out for squalls. No, no, boy, make yourself easy, go back to Cambridge, and overhaul your Greek and Latin—not that I see the use of them myself. I must say, except just enough to call the names of the stars—but the world thinks otherwise, and I don't say peak to the world's opinion."

"I must say, Captain Gordon," said his lady, "that I think you take a poor way of making Rupert learn his books, by talking all the time, as you do, of nautical matters, and never opening your mouth without expressing yourself in nautical phraseology."

"Why, wife, I'm an old sea-dog—and one of the very hardest kind to learn new tricks. A ship was my mistress for many a long year before you were my wife, and though I gave up the sea when I married you, yet a fondler thought of his first love will sometimes steal into an old sailor's heart—ay, and bring the salt water into his eyes. If I'd never ploughed the deep, I should never be ploughing the land; and if I'm grateful for the blessings we now enjoy—a fine house, broad lands, and all money enough to make us comfortable—I cannot forget that I owe it to battling the storms and tempests on the ocean for more than a quarter of a century. But tell me, you young dogs, did I ever counsel you to follow the sea?"

"Never, father," said both the young men, in a breath.

"Heren't I always told you that though a sailor's life is an honorable one—and God forbid that I should ever gainsay that—it was a life of almost constant hardship."

"Ay, ay, sir," said both the young men, in a breath.

"Heren't I told you of wrecks, and piracies, and larks, and short allowances enough to curdle your young blood, and make your

hair stand up like quills upon the fretful porcupine, as the men in the play says?"

"You here, sir."

"And neither of you have any idea of giving up your prospects ashore to tempt the fortune of the sea?"

"No, sir," replied both the young men, firmly.

"There, Mrs. Gordon, I think I've sustained the plea of not guilty triumphantly—eh?"

"Why, then," persisted Mrs. Gordon, but very good-humoredly, "did you buy a whale-boat, and teach them about sailing and navigation? Why have you got a model of every kind of vessel in the house? Why do you every now and then make the boys 'overhaul the log-book of their memory,' as you call it, as if they were going through an examination for past misdeeds? It strikes me that is very singular training for landmen."

"I can answer you to your satisfaction, I think," replied the captain. "I bought the boat and taught them to sail it, because boat-sailing is a healthy and useful accomplishment. A knowledge of navigation will do them no harm. We Yankees must be moving about the world—sometime or other, our boys will travel—and the knowledge I have imparted to them may be the means of saving their own lives and the lives of others. Why, I knew a young man who went out supercargo to Calcutta. The captain died on the voyage, and both mates were taken down sick with a fever. Not a soul on board understood navigation, but the supercargo. He had studied it, and, though he had never made a voyage, yet the lessons of seamanship his father, an old sea captain, had given him, enabled him to take the vessel into a port, safe and sound, through a succession of storms, when, but for him, the good ship and every soul on board would have been lost. I saw a young man's locker. The underwriter made up a large purse for him, and it was the making of him. So much for knowing navigation and seamanship."

Mrs. Gordon was silent for awhile, and then she said, turning to her sons, "It would be a cruel disappointment to me if either of you should turn sailor. Promise me that you have no such wish or intention."

"I give you my word, mother," said Rupert, "that I have no such wish or desire."

"And I," said Paul, said Paul. "I am perfectly contented on shore."

"Then," said Mrs. Gordon, smiling, "you shall never hear a word from me against your amateur sailing."

"That's hearty," said the captain. "And now, boys, when shall we have another sail?"

"You please," said Rupert.

"It's glorious sport, isn't it?" said the captain; and he began to troll forth, in a mellow voice:

"O, a wet shawl and a flowing sea,  
And a wind that follows fast;  
But interrupted himself to say to Paul:

"You've got the description of the stolen property for the hand-bill?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's well—ah, how I wish I could overhaul the rascal, and administer justice myself! How I wish I had him on his knees!—I'd I'd seize him up, and make an American flag of his back, to learn him to play the buccannier with other people's property."

"Well, father," said Rupert, rising, "we must bid you good-bye, now."

"Let me take you to the station."

"No, no, it will do us good to walk in this fine morning."

"Next week, boys, you'll be out here again?"

"Without fail, sir. Good-bye, mother."

Captain Gordon and his wife attended them to the front door, and watched them, with feelings of pride, till they had manfully down the road, turning, from time to time, to wave a last adieu.

"Any parents would be proud of such fine lads," said the captain, as he led his wife back to the breakfast-room.

"Yes, and they are as good as they are good-looking. Pray Heaven their error may be as prosperous as they deserve. Yes, and they have made me a happy woman."

"Odo!" cried the captain, suddenly, "why didn't I think of it before? It is too late to call them back—they they should have known it. How could I be so stupid?"

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Gordon, astounded at the strong sudden excitement displayed by her husband.

"Why, I've found what may be a clue to the robber!"

"Indeed!"

"Last night the fire was too hot for him, and he shied out of action—out and run. But it seems he run foul of the spikes on top of the piazza, and left his spanker behind."

With these words the captain produced a fragment of a coat flap, which had been torn off in the robber's hurried escape the night previous.

"And that's not all. Here's a paper I found in the pocket," continued the captain. "It appears to be an unfinished letter. Hear what the pirate says: 'I'm hard up—driven to the wall—but to night I'll raise a supply or perish. I mean to break into the most promising house I can find, and take whatever I can lay my hands on, even if I swing for it.' The rascal writes an elegant hand. For yourself!"

Mrs. Gordon took the paper, but her eyes had no sooner rested on it, than she turned deathly pale, gazed on it as if she would devour every character, and then, with a loud scream, fell back in her chair senseless.

"Good God!" cried the captain, "what is the matter? I never saw her in this way before. Here, you Hepzibah, your mistress has fainted. Help, quick!"

The ancient serving-maid instantly made her appearance, and having got Captain Gordon out of the room, proceeded to the usual remedies, which were successful.

Mrs. Gordon opened and shut her eyes convulsively two or three times, and then sitting up, gazed around her. Seeing the paper which the captain had handed her lying on the table, she instantly grasped and concealed it.

"Are you better, marm?" asked Hepzibah.

Mrs. Gordon nodded.

"What was it, marm?"

"Nothing—thank you—you can leave the room."

Miss Buttersworth bridled up at this rebuff, and evacuated the premises in double quick time, slamming the door behind her to convince that she had "proper spirit."

The demonstration was lost on Mrs. Gordon, who leaned her head wearily on her hand.

"It seems like a frightful dream!" she murmured. "Oh, after all my sufferings—after all my trials—the keen agonies I have undergone!—I have I not borne my share? and now this blow. O God! O God! ever the threatening evil. But my husband comes—I must meet him with a smiling face."

### CHAPTER III.

ANN-STREET, Boston, thirty years ago, was a much worse place than the same locality is at present. It has changed its name, and is gradually changing its character, though portions of it still retain its former peculiarities. Dark, narrow, tortuous, ill-lit, it was then, in a great portion of its extent, the home of the impoverished and degraded, and, a resort for desperate characters, was to old Boston what Alsatia was to old London, or the Court of Miracles to old Paris. Not that to live even in the worst part of Ann-street was necessarily to surrender good repute, because thousands of honest tars lodged here when ashore, at the vari-

ous sailor boarding-houses, whose signs, exhibiting all manner of devices, and the most remarkable specimens of art, were a constant round of amusement to the critical and curious who sometimes strayed out of the beaten track into this singular thoroughfare.

The exigencies of our narrative require that we shall be the reader's company, as, descending from the pure and airy heights of the Mainpost, in Dorchester, we plunge into this crowded street of the city, and, diving below its surface, penetrate into the back room of one of the numerous cellars. The front apartment was at once a lodging and eating house, berth being arranged on each side, a long table spread in the centre, a cooking-stove standing in a little bricked alcove on one side, and a low bar on the other, behind which were arranged various bottles and condiments on shelves, and various kegs and barrels standing on the floor.

The lease of this establishment was a hard-fisted, red-faced, square-built fellow, with an ominous ear on one cheek, running parallel to his nose, who answered to the name of Nix Sparbolt.

He was supposed to have first seen daylight in the north of Europe, but he spoke English without a particle of foreign accent. He had followed the sea in former days, and, though usually taciturn, would sometimes, to a chosen few, of a winter night, spin long yarns about the Spanish Main, the Indian Ocean, and had many traditions of the days of the Buccaneers, whose cruelties he would relate with extraordinary gusto, and if you didn't know him to be a painstaking, worthy fellow, who turned an honest penny by furnishing liquor, tobacco, food, and lodging to those in want of such necessities, you might have thought him a pirate laid up in ordinary. A generous fellow was Nix Sparbolt. He was just the least bit of a broker, and, to poor sailors in distress, would never hesitate to advance money on personal security, and never charged for its use more than one hundred per cent. Envious individuals hinted—and when did honest merit ever escape the shafts of envy?—that he was a receiver of stolen goods, but as an overt act was never proved upon him, we may dismiss the allegation with a smile of scorn.

But let us pass by Nix Sparbolt, and leaving behind us the atmosphere of liquor, tobacco-smoke, and fried tripe and potatoes which pervaded his restaurant, enter a little private back room, to which entrance was gained by a door that opened behind the bar. The room was low and dingy, with a sanded floor, a pine table covered with oil cloth, and a few cheap emblems of ships and naval engagements on the walls. It was night, though the glaring candle on the table, flanked by the iron snuffers in a jammed tray, did not necessarily indicate that.

At this hour, however, rest it was the table, leaning over towards each other, engaged in earnest conversation. One of these was a tall, stalwart man, dressed in a blue pilot coat and coarse blue pantaloons, with a new black silk handkerchief knotted around his bull neck. He might have been deemed handsome, had not evil spirits stamped their imprint on his face. His eyes were black as night, and overhung by heavy brows. His features were large and well cut, but there were deep lines of care, suffering, and passion at the corners of his mouth and eyes, and crossing his ample forehead. Heavy, black, wavy hair, under his skin, and his hair of black hair thickly interwoven with silver threads covered his head. His age would have been variously estimated at from fifty to sixty, but the contrast between his grizzled hair and frequent wrinkles and his upright and muscular frame would have confused a speculator in his age.

His companion was a middle-aged person of a slighter figure, with sharp, ferrety features, light sandy hair, and little bunches of sandy whiskers. This individual was rather jauntily dressed—wore a green plaid shooting jacket, with pantaloons of the same material, a faded red velvet waistcoat, and small checked neck-cloth. Some large brass studs on his shirt-front, and a considerable amount of washed chain crossing his vest, together with rings of doubtful value on his short, stubbed red fingers, indicated a taste for vulgar display.

"Well," said this individual, "you've arranged it all with Sparbolt—eh?"

"Ay," replied the other, "and by this time the watch is in the hand of some Clatham-street Jaw, the old case melted down and joined in a new shape as a vulgar display."

"Well, then, and hove, if you please, Mr. Mark Redland—for I'm cleaned out entirely—a gentleman in difficulties—pockets to let. Ve goes 'alvices, of course."

Thus spoke Mr. William, vulgarly called Bill Proctor (for once he had plenty of aliases) who was no other than the companion of the person he addressed as Mark Redland in the foray upon Captain Gordon's house at Dorchester.

"Ve goes 'alvices," repeated the cockney, looking inquiringly at his companion.

"There you're mistaken, my friend," replied Redland, with a scornful smile. "Havens eh? when I plan the stroke, and executed it at my own proper risk."

"Confound it. Didn't I run the same risk as you?"

"You were a mere outsider—a venturer. If all had gone right, and I had let you in as I proposed doing, and we'd made a clean sweep, then we should have share and share alike. As it is, in giving you twenty dollars—I'm robbing myself. But I was always bound to my own interest; generosity is the rock I split upon."

"Do you mean to say all you mean to give me is twenty dollars—four pounds?"

"There it is," said the burglar, offering him a bank note.

"I won't stand it—I'll make a row—I'll—"

But Bill suddenly stopped, for the fierce glance sent up his mind made him recall.

"So you're Redland."

"And vy not?" faltered the cockney.

"Because, if you so much as hinted treachery I should make no more of twisting your neck than I should a chicken's. And because two can play at that game—blowing the gas? You have done enough to send you to the stone jug already, and if you're troublesome, you may be taken care of, Mr. William Proctor. Mark that, and digest it."

"I ears!" said the discomfited cockney.

"Take the money or leave it—it's optional. But there it is—short reckonings make long friends."

"And it hove," said Bill; and with a few whines and snuffles, he pocketed the booty.

After a considerable pause, he said:

"No danger of being spotted for this job, I expect?"

"None! If there was, I could take to the blue w.r. I haven't forgot my old trade—and I might make a long voyage profitable, providing I happened to tumble among the right sort of shipmates."

"Now 'ow about the jewels?"

"I haven't ever examined the box," answered Redland. "I wanted to get the watch off first."

"Spos you overhauled it now," said Bill.

"I have no objection," answered Redland.

With these words he took a small box from his breast pocket, and placing it on the table, raised the cover, and Mr. William Proctor drew his chair closely to the table, and bent over it in intense anxiety, saying:

"Di'monds, I ope?"

What were the contents of the box that caused the eyes of the robber to dilate, his brow to knit, the color to mount darkly to his cheek and brow,

and his whole powerful frame to heave with a tempest of emotion? He gazed and gazed, and his lips quivered, and he seemed striving to speak, but found no utterance.

His accomplishment leaned yet farther over the table, so as to catch a glimpse of the contents of the box, but his work at Redland's emotion was great when he saw that it held only a small pearl earring and a finger ring—articles of inconsiderable value.

"'Tat in thunder's the matter' with you?" he asked, as Redland suddenly closed the box and restored it to his breast. Looking up, he saw his companion's eyes fixed anxiously upon him, and springing up, he seized him by the collar with an iron gripe.

"Tell me, you prying dog?" he exclaimed, in the low hoarse tones of passion, "what have I been saying. Repeat every word—or—"

"I can't, I don't understand the frightened thing—I can't, Mr. Redland."

"Why not?"

"'Cause you didn't say nothink!"

"Not a word?"

"Not a word," said Redland, releasing him, and sinking into a chair, "I was only angry—not with you, Bill—to think how I'd been regularly sold. They weren't diamonds, Bill—mere trash—stuff—not worth three dollars. Pah! we'll make a better strike one of these days. Pour out some brandy for me. I don't feel well, the air of this hole is foul as the between-decks of a slave-ship."

Mr. William Proffit, who was now thoroughly afraid of his companion, began to pour out the liquor with a trembling hand.

"Fill it up!" cried Redland, fiercely. "If it was liquid fire, I would drink it to the dregs."

Proffit obeyed, and Redland swallowed the fiery nectar at a single draught. He then rose. "Bill," said he, "I'm off on tramp to-morrow—on business of my own—nothing that you have any concern in. So no dogging my footsteps—do you hear? no prying, or spying, or you shall rue the rue the hour you cross my path."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Redland—I've no idea of meddling with you. I won't even ask you where you're going or where you've been. Honor bright!" and he laid his hand upon his breast-pocket.

"That's right," said Redland, putting on his hat. "Now you can stay here as long as you please—and call for what you like—I pay the bill."

"Thank ye, said Bill, who was evidently relieved at the prospect of getting rid of his companion, and Redland strode out of the room.

On the morning after this conversation—and a glorious summer morning it was—Mr. Gordon was seated alone in a small room on the first floor of her house, busy with her needlework. Roses and vines clustered all around the windows and tempered the light of day. In a little golden-ware cage, swinging among the vines, a blithe bird poured forth his morning carol answered by his freer notes that chirruped among the trees in the garden.

The lady's face was calm and blooming; it was one of those rare faces which retain their freshness and attractiveness through life. Though many years had rolled over her head, and some of them years of trouble, still time touched her beauty with a gentle finger. Only a few grey hairs mingling with the brown indicated that she was far advanced upon life's pilgrimage.

As she sat sewing, a shadow suddenly fell upon her work. She looked up hastily, but the object which projected it had disappeared. The incident itself was trivial, but a strange premonition connecting that shadow with some mournful event sent a cold thrill through her veins. But she dismissed the disturbing thought it awakened with a smile, and resumed her work.

By degrees, however, a burning sensation crept over her, as if a mysterious Presence enthralled and exorcised her. The feeling grew so strong that she dropped her work, and turning her head, beheld a stranger standing within the room. He was a tall, athletic man, dusty and travel-stained, dressed like a sailor, and his iron grey locks clustered all over his head, for he held his hat in his hand. Still the room was so darkened by the shadow of the vines that his features were not easily distinguished.

"Who are you, sir, and what do you want?" asked Mrs. Gordon, finally mastering firmness enough to address the intruder with an air of composure.

"Margaret!" said a deep voice.

A chord of memory was struck in the heart of the listener, and its effect was magical. She rushed forward, seized the stranger by the arm, and drew him just sufficient toward the window, where a fuller light fell upon his face. She gazed long and intently on his features, and then recoiling with a look of mingled disgust, horror, and alarm, sank into a chair, inanimate. How long she remained in this condition she knew not—she slowly revived, no thanks to the stranger, who made no effort whatever to relieve her, and uttered no call for help. But at last she opened her eyes and saw him seated before her. She closed them again, thinking, hoping she was the victim of some mental hallucination, but when she looked again, there was the same figure.

"You hoped Louis Mayfare was in his grave, Margaret?" said the stranger, sternly.

"Ay," answered Mrs. Gordon, firmly. "I prayed for your death, and until lately I thought Heaven had answered my prayers."

A bitter smile wrinkled the stern lips of the intruder.

"I was long ago past praying for, either in a good or evil spirit," he said.

"And why have you come hither?" asked the lady.

The stranger made no reply to the question, but, raising his eyes about the room, said:

"Really, you live in some style, Margaret. Fortune has smiled on you, while she has been playing me a succession of jade's tricks since we parted. Thank Heaven! I'm tough as iron, though. Trouble neither bends nor breaks me."

"You are in want of money," said Mrs. Gordon, desperately, feeling for her purse.

"Name the amount, however large, and let me buy your absence."

"I am no beggar," said Louis Mayfare, or rather said Redland, for it is more convenient to style him by the alias he had assumed. "What I need I take. I am beholden to no man or woman."

"Then stay till my husband returns," said the woman, bitterly. "Perhaps it is best so. Sooner or later all will be plain. Nay—I will call him myself!" and she rose with this resolution.

"Hold!" cried Redland. "Pause ere you do so. Why do you wish to provoke a scene of violence? If harm comes to me from this visit, you shall never hear tidings of one you thought dead like me, and mourned over as much as you regret my death."

"What! does he live?"

"He lives."

"And you came to tell me of him!"

"Nay, the hour is not ripe for disclosure yet."

"I conjure you, by the memory of the past, to relieve my tortures!" cried the woman.

"Dare not invoke the past—you who were false to it!" cried Redland.

"Do you reproach me with falsehood, Louis?" said Redland coldly, after a pause. "I discovered your existence and your residence by the mere chance, and curiosity led me hither. You are married, it seems?"

"Yes," faltered Mrs. Gordon.

"And child?"

"I have two sons nearly of age."

"How time passes! But it is flying now—and I must begone, for reasons you can best conjecture!"

"And how, supposing I wished to communicate with you," faltered Mrs. Gordon, "can I find you?"

"Fear not! I shall not give you the trouble of seeking me. I shall be ever near you, Margaret."

"Ever near me!" she thought felt like a stone into the deep well of her heart. Ever near her! This man!

He waited for no reply, but glided out of the room as mysteriously as he had entered. What were the relations between these persons so dissimilar in character? When and where did their acquaintance commence? These are mysteries we cannot yet explain.

#### CHAPTER IV.

LEAVING awhile Mrs. Gordon to her secret heart trials, we hasten to record an adventure of her sons, possibly fraught with future consequences of importance. An allusion was made in a previous chapter to the facts, that their father had given them a boat, and instructed them in the principles and practice of boat-sailing. This boat had two large sprit-sails, was ballasted with large water-breakers, so that, in case of accident, they might float if she filled, and not sink her, like iron boats. The crew consisted of three, answered for anchoring gear, a harpoon, whale-lances, lantern, candles, broad-peg—in a word, every appliance appertaining to a pleasure boat. The old seaman had in fact fitted her up so thoroughly, that, supposing the possibility of a whale coming into your waters, it was in condition to take him. It was only after many excursions in command of her, joining theory to practice, that old Captain Gordon abandoned her to her young owners.

It may be readily imagined that they took great delight in their possession. No seaman could resist his first impulse as captain in command of a clipper ship, ever felt more exultation than did the Gordons when they first stood off, owners and officers of their whaleboat. Confident in their skill, they preferred riding the dark rolling waters of the outer bay when the wind was fresh, to the quieter amusement of sailing in the harbor, and would stand boldly out to sea at times when more quiet skippers were hugging the shore, or cruising under the lee of the island.

They were familiar with every headland of the coast by miles, and knew every legend connected with the various gullies or rocks which guarded their shore. Many a time the longer at Nahant, sweeping the horizon with his glass from the rocky island behind the hotel, might have seen their light craft dancing over the waters like a creature of the element. Familiar were they with calm and storm; and the angry roars of the sea, when it dashed itself on the brown rocks beneath a black and lurid sky, and with its playful murmur, as its ripples melted in foam and music on the golden sands.

On a fine Saturday afternoon, not long after the events recorded in our last chapter, having departed from the harbor, they were gliding up the harbor, before a light easterly breeze, and had just passed the end of Long Wharf, when a ship's boat, with two lugails and a jib, sheered almost alongside of them, as if to test the rate of sailing. The movements of this craft of course attracted the attention of the Gordons. After noting the build and rig of the boat, they glanced at those on board. The tiller was in the hand of a dark-featured and gentlemanly personage, and in the stern sheets sat a somewhat younger man of lighter complexion, but bearing a strong family resemblance to the other, and two young ladies of exquisite beauty, whom Paul Gordon fancifully compared to Day and Night. One with tresses black as the raven's wing, the other decked with curls bright as the gold that fell in Dana's lap. On the thwart alongside sat

a fitter image of Night, a jet-black negro, muscular and clean-limbed, and motionless as a statue carved in ebony. Not to make an unnecessary mystery of this boat's crew, we will mention (the Gordons did not discover it till long afterwards) that they were Captain Richard Burke and his brother Harry, and the two young ladies sisters, Susan and Mary Bligh. The negro, who was a full-blooded African, was Captain Burke's servant.

"Young men," said the captain, as the ship's boat nosed, "your whaleboat sails well; I see she draws ahead of us."

"There is little wind, sir," replied Rupert, modestly. "Perhaps with a breeze, you would soon show us a clean pair of heels."

"Clean pair of heels—eh?" echoed the captain, "that phrase has a nautical sense. Pray, my boys, can you tell me what the difference between the cook's tormentors and the cat harpings?"

"Yes, sir; the difference between them is the distance."

Captain Burke bit his lip; his interlocutor was evidently not the greenhorn he had thought him.

Meanwhile Rupert brought the boat to the wind, with the intention of separating her from the ship's boat, but Captain Burke immediately followed suit, and in a few seconds was alongside again. By a flaw from the East Boston shores, the captain drifted to windward of the whaleboat, and kept edging down upon her in such a manner that she must, if not soon extricated by a skilful manoeuvre, either run foul of the ship's boat, or the vessel lying at the side of the wharves, and perhaps bring up eventually asthwart hawse. As the wind was quite light, the ship's boat had the advantage, because she beat her crew's sails.

"Paul," said Rupert, pointing to the fore-sail.

In an instant Paul let go the sheet and unsprited it, before the captain observed the movement, and the whaleboat soon dropped astern, when she was hove about and headed down the stream. The manoeuvre was finely executed, to the evident chagrin of the captain, who, before he could follow, found his rival on his weather-bow with a good breeze. But follow he did, and in a few moments ranged alongside of her to leeward.

Rupert, determined to be rid of him if possible, again dropped astern, up helm, spread his sails wing and wing, and stood up the harbor. The captain followed in the same style, but the breeze freshening, the whaleboat gained about twice her length, and, seeing that she was still pursued, Rupert ran up the River.

"What does the fellow want?" said he, fiercely, addressing his brother.

"Just to show off his seamanship at your expense. He handles a boat pretty well in light winds, and egad! he seems to be proud of it."

The wind had now gradually freshened to a strong breeze, and the whaleboat ran away from her opponent hand over hand, but the latter continued the chase almost to Medford. Here Rupert hove about and commenced working down stream, but he had to manoeuvre adroitly to avoid the captain, who tried hard to run into the whaleboat.

Suddenly the wind changed to the west. The sky darkened rapidly, and huge masses of black clouds, shouldering each other over the hills, spread a wayy pall over the blue sky, and seemed to threaten rain. The dust swept down the country roads on either side. In eddying winds, and the trees groaned and tossed as the wind roared through their branches. The cattle ran to and fro in their pastures in terror. Now and then vivid zigzag flashes of lightning rent the boom of the clouds, disclosing cavern within cavern of vapor, and almost blinding the eye of the observer, while distant thunder broke upon the ear like the rumble of remote artillery. The river, black as night, was strangely agitated, and the waves rose and fell with a dreary and foreboding sound.

"Look astern!" cried Rupert. "A squall is almost upon us! See how the trees bend and the dust flies! Roll up the sails, and down with the masts at once! We have not a single moment to lose!"

Hardly had these orders been executed, before the ship's boat with the sails wing and wing came flying past them.

"For Heaven's sake!" shouted Rupert, "take in your sails and down with your masts, or you will be capsize! Look astern!"

"What! where! land-lubber?" said Captain Burke, with a sneer. "Do you think I'm afraid of a puff of wind! Who taught you to manage a boat?"

But the echo of his contemptuous sneer had hardly died away before a terrific squall, accompanied by lightning, thunder, and rain, burst upon his boat, and in an instant she was bottom up.

"Pass the anchor aft, Paul! Quick, dear brother, quick! We mustn't let to leeward of them. Bend on the whaleline! Well done! Heave overboard! Ease her—she drags! Give me line! Slack! Pay out now! Hold on!"

Such were Rupert's rapid orders, obeyed with a will, and which he aided to carry out himself. He saw at a glance that his own boat must be anchored by the stern, for if anchored by the bow, when she swung broadside to the squall, she would capsize; and he also knew that if his boat fell to leeward, it would be impossible to render assistance to the sufferers.

As the whaleboat was drifting to leeward, Rupert saw something white struggling under the black water, and motioning to Paul to pay out line, he shoved the boat with his oar towards it, and fortunately made fast with a boat-hook.

It was the form of Susan Bligh. Tenderly he lifted the cold and lifeless figure from the surgy waves and laid it in the bottom of the boat.

"Ah, brother, aft!" shouted Paul. "Give a tug, and then the ice! It is too late—but make one effort to save her!"

With these incoherent words the younger Gordon plunged overboard and swam under water. Rupert gazed after him for a moment with a shudder; but reflecting that it was still slack water, and knowing Paul to be an excellent swimmer, he regained his self-possession, and hauled the boat to windward in spite of the furious squall.

"I have her!" cried Paul, as he rose to the surface, and shook the water from his hair. "Reach out an oar!" But he sank again before he could say more, and before the assistance he solicited could avail him.

Meanwhile the squall increased in violence; the flashes of lightning were incessant, and the peals of thunder mingled overhead like the roar of a heavy battle in action. The rain descended in torrents; and the day was darkened almost into night.

"Where are you, Paul?" cried Rupert, in an agony of despair, as he took a turn around the logheerhead, unable to baulk the boat another inch astern. A welcome voice responded to the wild appeal.

"Here, brother," shouted Paul. "I am safe, and the lady, too. I bare hold of the whaleline, haul her in!"

The request did not need to be repeated. Paul had grappled the line under water, and had hauled himself and his fair burden close to the stern of the boat.

"Where are the men?" cried Paul, the moment he was on board.

"You look after the ladies, Paul, and I'll look after the men. The negro has them both to the leeward of the boat. Heavens! how it rains! I'm almost blind!"

Rupert reared out line, until he had hooked the boat, and then, with the aid of the negro, succeeded in hauling the gentlemen in, but not without great difficulty. The whaleboat's painter, with a running bowline, was passed first over

the captain, by his devoted servant, and when he was safe, the same service was performed for his brother, the negro being the last to consult his own safety. And hardly had the faithful fellow recovered breath, before he set to work to draw the water from the boat, which was nearly full.

Fortunately Rupert had a small liquor flask, kept on board to be used only in exigencies like the present, and its contents were now eagerly shared in reviving the rescued persons. The ladies, the innocent victims of Captain Burke's proud recklessness, received the earliest attentions, and it was with a thrill of joy that the two gallant brothers beheld them fix their eyes on their deliverers. The first glance of intelligence and gratitude simply repaid all the perils they had braved in their behalf. As for Captain Burke, the captain's brother, they were both as silent as the dead, and lay motionless, with their hands out on the head and arms by the iron ballast and oars which had fallen on them when their boat capsize. Rupert bound up their wounds, while Paul steered the boat, addressing, from time to time, courteous words of sympathy and encouragement to the ladies, who, too weak to sit up, still reclined in the bottom of the boat.

In an hour the squall had passed away, the atmosphere was clear and cool, and as the glorious sun again shone forth on land and water, a gorgeous rainbow raised its colored arc on the retiring clouds. A more beautiful afternoon could not have been desired. Gliding before a gentle breeze, and borne by the abbing tide, the whaleboat with her precious freight soon reached Long Wharf.

Upon their arrival, the negro procured a carriage, and, thinking the Gordons for their kindness (he was the only one who had sufficient presence of mind to acknowledge the debt of gratitude), directed the coachman where to drive, and thence they separated. Neither of the Burkes had spoken a word from the time of their rescue, and they appeared perfectly bewildered, and were faint from loss of blood. The ladies, too, had only replied in monosyllables to the questions addressed to them. Scarcely conscious of the perils they had survived, they seemed to be in a feverish dream.

After seeing the ladies and their companions disposed of, Rupert and Paul returned in the whaleboat to the scene of the disaster, towed the ship's boat ashore, and put her to rights. The name on her stern showed that she belonged to the brig, *Phantom of the Sea*, of Boston. The *Phantom of the Sea* was a beautiful craft, and at the end of one hour the *North End* wharves. Rither the young man towed her and left her in charge of the ship-keeper. Two shawls and some other articles of dress the Gordons, on their arrival home, gave into charge of their mother to be dried and put to rights.

(To be continued in our next.)

LOVE gives to the plighted woman, in the eyes of a lover, the beauty of his own mother.

MARRIAGE pulls out the wings of many an angel.

THE youth must carry his head high who aspires to kiss tall women.

WHEN the wife is a wreck, the husband is apt to put off like a jolly-boat.

MEN often woo angel-purposes and afterwards find themselves married to hag realities.

THE wedding-ring, like the ring of Saturn, for good or evil circles a whole world.

THE last part of a snake to die is the tail; of a victor, the tongue.

As we cannot judge of the motion of the earth, but only of its position at a celestial point beyond it, so the wicked cannot judge of their progress in iniquity but by fixing their attention on some bright character that is not of them but above them.

## LIFE AMONG THE LOGGERS

IN THE  
FORESTS OF MAINE.

(Continued from our last.)

Throughout this long and exciting journey the river is ever present, constantly hovering near its precious charge, and, like a ministering spirit, ever ready to assist and to conquer the difficulties of the way; now working for hours in the billowing water, in depth from the ankle to the hips, where the ice runs in masses or broken fragments, lifting with heavy pipes, hand-spikes, and cut-dogs, to keep the massive logs in the deepest channel; now leaping from log to log, slippery and ever rolling, with the agility of an acrobat, and not always escaping a luckless plunge beneath the flood, to be greeted with the never-failing jeers and laughter of his comrades upon emerging from the surface again; where the logs become immovably fixed upon shoals or reefs, plying the ready hand-spikes, hand-axes, and bending to his task to force the cumbersome weight inch by inch or rod by rod along its unwilling course; then perchance with happy relief from toil, following his charge many a mile in the light breeze until on demand upon his aid compels him vainly reluctantly to display his amphibious qualities. Here the huge raft is at a dead stand in shallow water, and a rude dam is constructed to flow the water back until a sufficient depth is acquired to float it; or, if occasion requires, the dam is built above the stranded logs, and when the waters have sufficiently accumulated, the flood-gates are raised, and the hissing flood leaps forth like a wild beast upon its prey and bears it swiftly down upon its impetuous tide.

But one of the grandest incidents of the drive is the passage of the numerous falls, where, through foaming waters that leap from crag to crag, or roll in one plunging sheet over dizzy precipices of fearful height, the logs come dashing on in wild confusion, piling, heaving, and plunging end over end into the deep abyss below. Such are the falls of Kennebec, the Sebasticus, Newbold, and the Androscoggin, and the Aroostook rivers. But the grandest of all is the Grand Fall of the St. John, where, over a perpendicular precipice of seventy feet high, the entire raft plunges in two great sheets of foam and spray into a terrific gorge, and then forces its way in a long undulating rapid through the walls of a rock two hundred feet in height. In the spring, when freshets above swell the impetuous volume of water, the fury of the torrent is wonderfully fearful. Pent up within the narrow rift and unable to discharge itself through the natural passage, it is then gathered in immense billows, sometimes fifty feet above its usual level, now subsiding, now heaving again, rising, falling, rolling, and seething like a mighty cauldron. Down this fall, when in its enraging mood, all the logs cut from the forests adjacent to the river must pass. It is a grand sight, and beyond the power of description to plumb the plunging of the great pine trunks as they leap the brink. There is something strangely fearful and weird-like in the ever-shifting, rushing, pitching mass, as it moves its thousand long black arms upward, hither and yon, in its headlong course. Now on they come in great battalions, edging in close phalanx as they leap the chasm—some in straggling parties, singly or two or three together. New one huge log strikes its end upon some hidden ledge, and plunges into the abyss with a desperate crash, followed by others in quick succession. After these, they are speeding on a great pine veteran alone, and straight as an arrow—clears the verge at a bound, and with a perpendicular fall strikes the pool on end—is lost to sight for one long moment, then suddenly shoots up from the gulf like a rocket, forcing its entire length out of the water—then falls with a mighty splash, and dashes on after its fellows,

that are tumbling and grinding in wild confusion.

Amidst scenes like these the river driver passes day after day. Such are the vicissitudes of life for him who runs the wangan.

Camping at night wherever darkness overtakes him, his bed is not always the softest, nor his shelter the most complete; but the bright blaze of his camp-fire is ever cheerful, and habit and a crude philosophy make him ever content, even though the sky and the elements conspire against him, and his couch a hydrostatic bed such as flicker April especially delights to bestow upon her out-door tenants. Fortified with corrective nozzles of brandy periodically administered, and toothsome viands from the ever-steadfast "wangan," unless perchance the river is particularly noisy, he has been cramped in quick water, reducing him to keeping Lent on soaked fashly rescued from the stream, he passes the night agreeably, and is ready to resume his duties with the early dawn.

Were these the only hardships and contingencies of a life, that roving man would be to him one continuity of blissful experience; but life is often sacrificed to the dangers that constantly beset the path of the driver. Striking upon some hidden rock, or suddenly surprised by the angry waves, he is thrown from his frail craft into what proves to him, indeed, a veritable sea, and his companion watch in vain for his reappearance; or a chance snipe upon some unstable log, or the accidental snapping of a lever, hurling him headlong into the stream, may seal his fate. Days afterward, when the body, stark and bloated, has swayed to and fro in the vorage of unrest, some of the fraternity will discover it floating, and kindly give it a decent sepulture on the bank beside the river. Summer flowers will bloom and fade, and the grass grow green, and autumn leaves fall thickly upon the little mound, until the returning spring finds all trace of the unknown's grave effaced, and busy feet shall pass and repass the secluded spot, unconscious that human bones lie buried there. Thus, joyous and apart, along the banks of many a wilderness stream, and under the shade of the sombre pines, sleep hundreds of unfortunate lumbermen who have left their homes and various callings, far away from home and kindred and the abodes of man.

Near the margin of the stream that joins the Eastern Grand Lake with the Chepetacook, just where the underbrush grows thickest, and the green mosses are in a stage of decay, bearing on its face the brief inscription:

EDWIN TUPPER.

DIED APRIL 20, 1826.

AGED 25 YEARS.

The gravestone is as legible as if newly cut. There, within a stone's-throw of the ruthless flood that claimed his life, the unhappy lumberman has slept his lonely sleep, and the river has never ceased its mournful murmur, nor the tall pines their elgic whispings, since the fatal day. The churchyard, with its cold and ominous tombs, is ever cheerless and depressive, but the lone grave in the solitude of the forest is painfully silent—a Cimmeria of melancholy. It is piteous to watch the gradual lapsing of the spirit from its tenement, when those who here accompanied him and followed him through life are present to attend its mournful exit—to see him helpless upon the chill verge, tossing his arms entreatingly back to earth and friends, and fearing to take the unfathomed plunge; but there is something peculiarly sad in the going out of the soul upon its limited flight when forbidden one hugging glance behind, the consolation of a parting kiss, or a last pressure from the hand of friendship—leaving the body unhonored and unwept in its wilderness desolation.

Yet, of all the exciting episodes of the logger's life, and fraught with unusual dangers, none can compare with the breaking of a "jam." Where

the channel of the river is contracted by encroaching cliffs, or obstructed by broken masses of rock, some obstinate log often waxes above the narrow channel, and the strong feet of all efforts to remove it. Other logs, driving down upon it, are effectually debarr'd from further progress, until at length the whole vast army above has accumulated there, piled up in inextricable confusion, densely packed, cross-ripped, in a tangled mass, and the river is thus arrested. Frequently, as the well-dreaded lumberman to follow the precedent of Alexander the Great, and resort to the never-failing axe. Here the river, pent up and vexed by the immovable barrier, rushes upon it with terrific force, boiling, foaming, and threatening to tear the very rocks from their foundations, and the rivermen are endeavoring to confine the whole more closely. The breaking of that jam involves the failure or success of the long winter campaign, and hence is invested with no ordinary interest. It must be done quickly too, ere the frost subside, or else the labor of the year is lost. And now all the physical force, activity, skill, and courage, of the men is brought into requisition. Sometimes the logs have to be removed singly, and days and weeks are often expended before the channel is cleared. In other cases the most valuable point—the "key log" of the jam—is sought. To start this is like firing the train of a mine. The result is equally fatal to him who has not attained a place of security. To insure the safety of the operator, he is often suspended by a rope from an adjacent cliff or tree, and let down upon the jam, where, with axe and lever, he applies himself to his dangerous task. Should any error, or manifest any indication of starting, he is instantly drawn up—often with a haste quite detrimental to skin and raiment. Frequently a few well directed blows suffice, the huge log snaps with a deafening report, and the whole incumbent mass of logs is thrown upon the river, rubes on with a terrific roar beneath the bold river driver, who is still dangling in air—crashing, tumbling, whirling, snapping the great logs like pipe-stems, or shivering them into splinters, while mingled with the noise of the tumult and the roar of the waters are the wild hurrahs and yells of the drivers as they leap with joyous excitement.

Other methods are employed to break the jam—by hauling with ropes from below, or prying with huge levers from either shore; but in whatever manner, the operation is always attended with imminent danger to the operator. Feeble strength is employed against such overwhelming force, death is almost inevitable, should any accident occur.

The difficult points of all the rivers are well known to the drivers, and there troubles always ensue.

There are few of these that have not a sad history connected with them, which, if extended into chapters, would fill their volume of waters. There are veteran lumbermen, too, on whom propitiously fate has smiled for many years, whose hair-breadth escapes and thrilling experiences would furnish material enough for another Thousand Nights' Entertainments. He who may hereafter write the life of Hiram Goud, the veteran logger of the Androscoggin, must needs embody in his biography a catalogue of annals strangely heroic. As familiarity with danger leads to reckless daring, and the experience of a long career, so the river driver is often unexpectingly led to encounter perils which prudence would shun. "Reckless Tom" was known as well for his daring exploits as for his depravity. There was no person upon the river more boldly impious, or, in his own confession, better merited a future punishment. Once, while breaking a jam just above a fall, it started unexpectedly, and before he could escape he was hurled over the ledge with the tumbling log. There was not one chance of a thousand that he would ever come out alive, for, in addition to the danger of death by drowning, the peril was

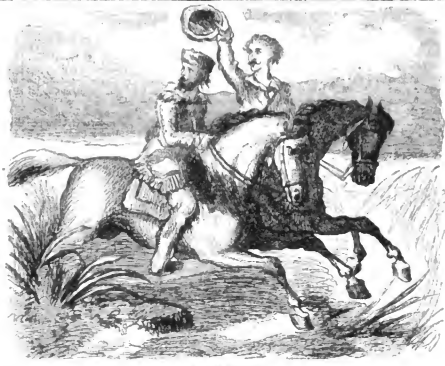
imminent of being crushed by the logs that filled the boiling gulf; but, to the astonishment of his comrades, his head soon appeared above the water, and as he struck out for shore he exclaimed, with a defiant voice, "Galloway, claim your rights!" But in another instant, as if in answer to his demand, he was swept under a raft of logs by the rapid current and carried down the stream. Yet again he rose to the surface, just below the raft, and this time succeeded in swimming safely to the shore, having sustained no injury whatever, and apparently like unpurged of his recklessness and his sins.

As the "drive" approaches its destination it is often joined by others from the tributary streams, and the various crews, happy in the anticipation of a speedy termination of their labors, and relieved of all further anxiety respecting their charge (for they have now reached deep water, free from falls and rapids), give vent to mutual rejoicings and congratulations; and from now, henceforth, until their arrival at the boom, time passes lightly, and day and night are given up to boisterous mirth and wild festivities, the song, the story, and the dance. Then comes a hasty farewell, and the crews disperse: some to their homes and farms; some for a protracted carousal through the long summer months; some to work in the mills; and others to board and lumber to the head of tide navigation, where fleets of vessels are in waiting to transport them to the numerous domestic and foreign ports.

The boom is the grand receptacle and depository for all the wealth that is brought from the forests. It is so constructed—by means of long boomsticks run from pier to pier—as to intercept all logs floating down the river. Some of these booms are immense, extending for miles in length, and capable of containing twenty or thirty thousand logs. Here all the logs, belonging to whatever parties, and bearing the private marks of their several owners, are kept until the time of their delivery at the mills below. These marks are of every conceivable shape and device, and for complication and peculiarity would have done credit to the ingenuity of the man who invented the Chinese alphabet. On the principal rivers of Maine the booms are in charge of a corporation regulated by legislative enactments, whose duty it is to collect the logs of each individual into parcels by themselves and keep a memorandum of their number and marks, for which service they receive a certain percentage on every thousand feet of lumber.

The visitor who approaches these booms upon a sunny day in spring will be surprised at the strange sight which meets his eye. There thousands upon thousands of logs, wedged into a compact mass, are rolling and grinding together. Upon this unceasing flooring a small army of men, armed with pikes, are guiding the logs to their appropriate places. Every now and then the rolling of a log plunges one into the water, from which he scrambles out, caring, apparently, as little as an otter for his cold bath.

The mills at which the lumber is manufactured are proportionate in extent to the vast amount of saw-logs annually cut. In the season for sawing most of them are running day and night. Many of them run from fifty to one hundred saws each. At Old Town, on the Penobscot, a single mill extends entirely across the river. But to enter into statistics would be to forestall the State officials, or to repeat what is already furnished by the reports. Suffice it to say, that the lumber interests of Maine are not to be esti-



SILVER BULLETS.

mated as much by figures as by their relative influence upon the State. The "Pine-tree State," like a Yankee clock with wooden work, would cease to run without its main-spring.

THE END.

## SILVER BULLETS.

BY DR. A. COMPTON SMITH.

THE use of silver bullets has not always been confined to the slaying of witches, ghosts, and other evil spirits,—for it is well known to the old settlers of Texas, that they were in common use by the Comanche Indians of the north-west, who employed them to a more practical purpose, in bringing down the deer and buffaloes that roved in countless herds over the rich prairies. In fact, for many years the Indian traders carried on a lucrative trade with their wild customers, in exchanging their cheap goods with them, for their pelts and hard bullets of "white metal."

When the Comanches of the west made their semi-annual visits to the trading posts, their pouches were invariably filled with the shining balls, which they gladly traded, pound for pound, for the lead bars of the white men. Their own bullets were hard and more difficult to cast; while the softer and more malleable metal of the trader was not only more conveniently moulded by the embers of an ordinary camp-fire, but, sitting closer to the sharp furrows of their rides, gave them more confidence in their aim. Of course, the Indians had no idea of the intrinsic value of their *hard bullets*, as the traders called them; and the latter were driving too profitable a trade to enlighten them upon the subject.

When questioned, however, as to the source whence they obtained this white metal, the Comanches always made evasive replies; sometimes pointing in one direction, and sometimes in another. They were evidently jealous lest the traders, in search of the locality, might penetrate farther into their country. Many means were cunningly resorted to to obtain the coveted information. The white men, however, dared not exhibit too great a desire to learn the secret far fear of arousing the suspicions of the Indians, who might thus learn the real value of the shining metal, and a great source of the traders' profits be cut off, or directed in to other channels. For years, therefore, the native silver continued

to be brought down from the hills, only in the shape of rifle balls.

At length, from some hints which had been dropped at various times by drunken Indians, it was suspected that the metal was obtained somewhere upon the head waters of the Colorado; and a number of young men, who were employed at the different trading posts along that stream, united with the intention of prospecting on the Concho river, in the vicinity of the "Twin Mountains." At that early day, that portion of the country had never been visited by a white man; and all that was known of it, was from the unreliable reports of the Indians, who had every reason to oppose its exploration. But the excitement of visiting new scenes, especially when attended with danger, was an inducement to the adventurous spirits that made up the party, as strong as the discovery of the veins from whence the Indians obtained their supplies of the precious metal.

Accordingly, a party of thirteen was organized, and they only awaited the return of spring to start upon their trip. In the meantime, as the Comanches were on their visit to the posts, it was proposed to get the consent of their head chief, *Big Rattlesnake*, to visit their country, and obtain also from him an assurance of "friendly relations." This was arranged, upon condition that the party should pay a stipulated amount in ammunition and red cloth for the privilege, and also take a supply of goods and strong water to trade with the squaws that had been left at their villages during the winter. The chief also stipulated as another term of his consent to the proposed journey, that the party should not proceed farther west than the mouth of the South Concho.

This last condition stimulated the desire of the party to proceed; for as the Twin Mountains were just west of the point named as the limit of their journey, they were still more convinced that the very object of their search lay somewhere among those hills. However, the terms were agreed upon, and ratified with the usual amount of fire water dispensed on similar occasions; the party was found and the officers selected, the command being given to a young Kentuckian, named Butler. The second in command was a youth named Bradley. The last in an old man living on the Brazos, near the Waco

village. He was the sole survivor of this party of prospectors, and it was from him that I learned the facts above stated.

From this official point of the narrative I shall use the words of the old Teton, so far as I can recall them to mind after the lapse of several years.

"After striking out from our first camp," said he, "we travelled over as fine a prairie country as is to be found anywhere within the limits of our beautiful Republic. The grass was at its best, and our horses improved there. We were never out of sight of large herds of buffalo; as when at night we pitched our camp in the timber which skirted Brady's creek, we feasted high on the humps of the animals we slaughtered during the day's ride. We continued along carefully with the stream, and we reached the head waters, and pushed on in the direction of the Conch, where, among the hills, we met a party from the village of Big Rattlesnake, who informed us that the chief was desirous to open a trade with us.

"This party we found supplied with a quantity of the hard bullets, which, by their brightness and fresh appearance, had evidently been recently moulded.

"Arriving at the village, we were received by the old chief with a show of welcome, in which, however, we imagined we could detect a shade of suspicion as to the real motives of our journey.

"On opening our packs of goods, the Indians exhibited their stocks of robes and silver bells; and gathered about us, eagerly selecting such articles as they preferred. But we were now on their own grounds, and they soon began to show a disposition to dictate prices themselves. Instead of their regular mode of barter, they insisted on receiving more for their own articles than they had ever before asked at the posts. Of course we objected to this dictation; and after spending two days with them in vain endeavoring to compromise matters and fending to escape their ill-will, we repacked our goods, and started westward again, along the south side of the river. The country on the north side of the Conch was reported by the Indian to be cut up with deep gulches from the mountains, making it impossible to journey over it.

"We were followed by a party of Camanches, who seemed to be sent after us to dog our steps and watch over our movements. One party would accompany us a day or so; when arriving at another village, where we would attempt to trade, they would return, and their places would be filled by others. Thus we proceeded till we reached a large encampment about half way between the Antelope Creek and the mouth of the South Conch. The letter was the point agreed upon as the western limit of our trip.

Beyond this place, we would not go, and on the other side of the river, the blue peaks of the Twin Mountains—the great object of our journey—loomed up upon the horizon.

Trade now became an object of secondary consideration, and we were not long in disposing of our little stock of goods to the Indian's own terms. We, however, continued to keep up a show of our usual shrewd tact in bargaining, in order to deceive them as to the real object of our thoughts. We also retained our main supply of fire-water, furnishing it only in small quantities, for we were not only fearful of a general debauch and its effects upon the naturally suspicious temperaments of the savages, but had determined to use it in the furtherance of our own plans. By means of the intoxicating drink we hoped to outwit the watchfulness of our keen-eyed neighbors.

"The last pack of goods had been disposed of, and we informed the Indians that on the following day we would give them a general treat, and after dividing our stock of fire-water amongst them, start on our return to the posts. We gave them to understand that our route would take us up the Antelope, at the head of which we intended

to strike the old trail from El Paso leading to San Antonio, and which we should follow down to the San Saba. This, indeed, was our best return route; and the Indians were apparently satisfied of the truth of our statement.

"Accordingly, on the following day our kags of whisky were unpacked, and distributed among the hard Indians to be disposed of as they might choose. Now commenced a wild, drunken revel, such as was never witnessed among the savages about the trading posts. First, the warriors, they deposited their guns, and other weapons with their women, who privately conveyed them to some hiding-place in the hills.

"Soon as the maddening poisons began to set upon their excitable brains, and while they were preparing for a general carouse, we added up, and hiding them aside, started southward along the Antelope. Some of the young warriors insisted upon accompanying us the first day, but after riding a few miles, they returned to secure their share of the whisky, and enjoy the drunken frolic.

"The day was consumed early, and made our final arrangement. From this point it was determined to despatch five of our party to the posts, with the pack animals, along the route indicated to the Indians; while Butler and myself, with the remaining six men, should strike off and west across the South branch of the Conch, and the Good Spring Creek,—then make a detour northward towards the Twin Mountains, on the north side of the Main Conch.

"We had no doubt we had left a sufficient supply of whisky with the Indians to keep them drunk for two or three days; by that time, if they attempted to follow us, they might be led, and follow out the trail of the party with the packs. Making an early start, therefore, on the next morning, we who made up the party for the mountains left the trail singly at different points, and after a ride of a couple of hours came together again upon the trail. After two days' journey, we once more came in sight of the mountains.

"On the third day we crossed the Conch, and that night encamped under a cliff at the base of the western twin. We were now arrived at the foot of the mountain, and on the following morning commenced the exploration of the mountains. But first, we deemed it prudent to ascend to a point whence we could reconnoitre the country round, lest the Indians, recovered from the effects of their debauch, might, notwithstanding our precautions, have discovered our trail. Butler and myself performed this duty, and returned to our comrades with the gratifying assurance that there were no signs of Indians about.

Now commenced our exploration in earnest. But as the least appearance of deserted camps or trails could be discovered, indicating that the Indians were in the habit of visiting the place;—and after three or four days wasted in the useless search about the crevices and cliffs of this mountain, we determined to turn our attention to the western peak.

"Here we were more successful. We found trails leading from many directions, and concentrating at the base of the mountain. At almost every spring were found the ashes of old campfires, and by the side of a *tiagua*, or little pool of rain water collected among the rocks, our eyes were gladdened with the sight of an undoubted and positive evidence that we were now on the right track. The most eastern of the Twin Mountains was unquestionably the source from which the Camanches obtained their great supply of 'white metal.' At this *tiagua* we found heaps of slag and scum, and from other evidences we were satisfied that a party of Indians had recently been engaged in smelting the silver and casting their *hard bullets*.

"The day on which this cheering discovery was made had been spent by our whole party,

except Bill Henderson, who had remained at the camp to prepare our dinners, against our return. So engrossed had we been by the exciting discovery, that the sun had sunk behind the western peak when we retraced our steps towards our campfire.

"We had entered the ravine where we had taken the precaution to hide our encampment, that its smoke might not be discovered at a distance, when Butler, who was in the advance, stopped suddenly, and with a gasp, but starting cry of surprise and dread, pointed towards the top, by the sides of which we had fixed our camp.

"Look—look there, boys! see those Indians! Good God, we're lost!"

"We hurried up to the side, and gazing in the direction of the horror, our hearts were surrounded by a party of about twenty Indians, among whom the tall, burly form of Big Rattlesnake was the most prominent. Between us and the savages lay the mutilated corpse of our comrade, Bill Henderson, whose scalp, still dripping with his warm blood, had been cut off, and a stick was held by the big savage over the smoke which poor Bill's own hands had kindled. But it was only a moment we had time to look upon this disgusting and fearful sight, for other Indians, aware of our approach, now sprang from the deep gully along the side of the ravine, and raising a wild, ringing yell, discharged their rifles into our little party, as we stood huddled together in the narrow space. Three of our men fell dead at our feet, leaving Butler, myself, and two other men unharmed.

"Just over our heads, in the rocky side of the ravine, was a narrow cavern. It had been worn in the rotten limestone stratum by the action of the waters, which for ages had annually filled, and rushed through this gully from the mountain. We had used it as a deposit for our provisions, and as a shelter by night, and being earnestly in search of a place to which we could carry our little party of eight men.

"This cavern, at that critical moment, happened to catch my eye, and springing towards it, I shouted to my remaining comrades to follow me into it. Fortunately we reached it in time to escape the storm of arrows, which the Indians were preparing to pour into us.

"Here, boys, let us sell our lives as dearly as possible," cried I. "We are bound to die; but let us end as many of the cowardly horrors to taphet in advance of us as will at least avenge the deaths of our poor comrades who have fallen."

"My men were cheered by the men, and we instantly proceeded to barricade the opening of the chamber with the loose rubbish found within it; leaving openings through which to watch our enemies, and direct the fire of our rifles.

"By the time this was done the whole party of Indians had gathered in the ravine directly below us, and were consulting upon the best plan to rout us. We were completely entrapped; there was not the least chance of escape; but we had determined to sell our lives at the dearest rate. We were beyond the reach of the savages for the time, and could hold our position till forced to yield by starvation, or forced on by some means, which at the time did not occur to us. But what then? sooner or later we would be forced to yield. Not one of us would ever return to the posts. While we were watching the motions of the Indians, a number of their riders, drawing beads upon four of them we fired. They fell upon the very spot where lay our murdered comrades. The Indians now made a rush upon our barricade, hoping to force it before we could recharge our pieces; but we were too quick for them. Again a equal number fell, and they continued to attempt to scale the face of the rock, three of us gathering armful of the loose stones, rattled them down upon their heads, while Butler busied himself in reloading the guns. At last, the Indians, finding it impossible to force our stronghold, withdrew down the



ravine to consult upon further means. After a little while we could hear them creeping closely along the edge of the ravine, over the mouth of our cavern, under which they were supposed to pile of the dry trunks and limbs of mesquites. They were about to roast us alive, or smoke us out. This was an emergency which did not before occur to us. It was not many minutes before they had gathered a great heap of the inflammable material, and almost filled up that portion of the ravine. The gnarled and distorted limbs of the stunted trees, mingled with quantities of dried grass and desecrated plants, reached within a few feet of our barricade. Now, indeed, was our situation a fearful one—to be burned to death—to die by slow, lingering degrees—actually roasted with an oven, with the howling devil dancing exultantly before its mouth—was indeed too fearfully horrible to be thought of. We could cheerfully die by the knives, or even by the silver bullets of the savages; but the death with which they now threatened us was indeed too awful; and we determined to make a desperate rush from the cavern, and throwing ourselves upon the yelling crowd, fall fighting to the last.

"With this determination, we demolished the feeble barrier, and just as the heartless fiends were in the act of hurling down a remnant of burning brands into the kindling pile, we rushed from the place, with our rifles, and discharging them into their midst, drew our knives and fell upon them, cutting and slaying in our desperation, and making a wide and bloody opening through their ranks. We had passed clear through them before they recovered from the astonishment of our sudden and fearless onslaught. Out on the prairie, we perceived where our comrades Henderson had staked our horses, after we had left the camp in the morning. Two of our horses were, hoping we might reach their backs, and thus stand some chance to escape. But seeing our intentions the Camanches, recovering partially from their confusion, now sent their silver bullets after us. Two of our comrades fell; but Butler and myself succeeded in reaching the horses, and cutting their tethers, slung upon the backs of two of them.

"Giving a yell of defiance, poor Butler dashed up to my side. But at that instant, a bullet intended for me whirled past my face and buried itself in his brain. He fell headlong to the ground, while his horse dashed wildly over the prairie. Still the Indians continued their firing, and the next instant I heard a bullet strike into the side of the animal under me. He gave one bound forward, and fell dead beneath me.

"I knew nothing that followed till I found myself wounded, and bound, a prisoner, reserved for a frightful torture. But as good fortune would I was, an ugly-looking old hag, whose son I had killed, came to me as my property. I was adopted by her, and received into the tribe, where I remained till my step-mother—who, indeed, proved herself a good-enough parent for an Indian—died, when I Waco village as a trader, and continued for a long time to purchase the 'white metal' of the Indians; but they had learned its true value, and it is now rarely that a piece of it finds its way into the hands of the whites. Whether the supply is exhausted, or is beyond the reach of the Indians, I know not.

"I have often," continued the old man, "been solicited to conduct parties of prospectors to the Twin Mountains; but many years since I pledged my word to the Indians never to revisit the scene where we suffered so severe a penalty for not keeping our plighted faith with a Camanche chief."

We should have a glorious conflagration if all who cannot put fire into their books would put their books into the fire.

## THE BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER.

### A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

(From the New York Ledger.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUSADE OF THE FOREST."

#### CHAPTER XL.

##### THE SKIRMISH.

At this period in the conversation there was heard a distant sound of numerous steps approaching, and all made hasty preparations for concealment. Jenny was unconsciously seized by the arm and hurried into the thicket at the foot of the hill. A few seconds sufficed to place her under some sort of cover, and by that time a squad of twenty or thirty mounted men made their appearance from below. They rode at a slow gallop, and paid no particular heed to objects around them. They evidently felt themselves safe enough from any surprise, with the heavy bodies of troops which had so shortly before passed up the river ahead of them. Besides, they were on the north side of the stream, so that it would have needed keener senses and closer attention than any of them manifested to discover the covert of the savages, who watched their passage. There was no firing, in the present case, no danger of any attack. The troop was too strong. The Senecas, moreover, now that they found what large movements were taking place, began to feel that the best thing they could hope for would be a quiet and safe retreat; and they became disposed to defer their foray till some more suspicious season.

When the columns of mounted men arrived opposite the hiding-place of the Indians, it suddenly halted, while the officer in command pointed at some object across the stream. At first Bartlett, who had been a close observer of everything, supposed that some of the Senecas had incautiously exposed themselves, or that the provincial troops had seen suspicious signs which had been the occasion of their pause. After a few moments, however, Corporal, who had stood at Bartlett's side, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, with suspicion in his eye:

"Who in God's eye, quick, or Indian arrow!"

At the same time he swung his tomahawk back in his right hand, while with the other he pointed to a dark object moving across the narrow stream from out the thick willows which fringed the southern shore.

Bartlett was so surprised by the discovery, and his surprise was manifested so naturally, that the distrust of the Indian was allayed.

They both watched the canoe which was now moving rapidly to the north side of the river, while the rest of the company remained in their places. There were in the canoe two men—one a white man, old but vigorous, and with a gun in his hand, and the other an Indian, with paint on his face, but with something wrapped around one of his legs. Whoever they were, they seemed to have been in the spot some time. Bartlett and his present companions had lately halted as to have been able to overlook something that had been said.

When the canoe touched the bank the old man got out and tied it to a bush. His companion also rose, and with alacrity, though with a slight lag in his gait, got on shore. The officer in command of the squad of horse rode towards them, and a short conference took place.

Bartlett had no difficulty in making out who the two men in the canoe were.

The conference between them and the officers was followed by a careful reconnaissance of the position occupied by the Indians. It was evident that the character of the latter had become known, and that a collision between the two parties might very soon take place.

Soon the officer beckoned to a couple of the mounted men, and seemed to give them some

instructions, for they separated from the rest and appeared to await a signal for action. An energetic movement, in fact, took place. As a cheer from the leader, the whole squadron, leaving whatever encumbrances they could dispense with, rode suddenly to the brink of the narrow stream and dashed in. In less than a minute they were clambering the opposite bank, some having got across by swimming, and some by wading, and all without material mishap. As they rode through the brush, the officer with the commanding officer still in front, there was a wild yell from the thicket in front of them, followed, or rather accompanied, by a discharge of firearms. A few shots whistled by, and one of them grazed the very thigh of the leader.

"Hurry!" shouted the latter, as he dashed forward. "Come on, men; there are not a score of them, and by a sharp push will cornered devils!"

They all pressed forward, but the nature of the ground, encumbered with large stones, and clumps of bushes and trees, greatly impeded their progress. In spite of the summer heat, their charges, not an Indian was visible. Except for the yell which they had heard, and the firing, they might have believed there were no Indians present. At last, uneasy at seeing nothing, and fearing an ambush, they rode more slowly, reconnoitering their way.

At last, a dragon near the head of the column paused, and pointing with his pistol upward towards the high hill in the front, said:

"I say, Col. Fouts, I think that's the last on 'em. See the sneaky thieves a crawlin' behind that tree up yonder. But here goes something to help 'em along."

Saying this, he fired; but apparently without result, for the Indian, showing no signs of having been hit, slowly disappeared behind the rocks on the top of the hill.

"We were too late after all," said the commanding officer, pausing. "Now, did you see that the two riders went forward as soon as we charged?"

"Yah, colonel," answered the man; "I see 'em hit de whip and de rowel goun' like dunder and blitzen round de point up dere, and turn de river up stream."

The whole party in a rock back and recovered the water.

#### CHAPTER XLI.

##### HOW THE BRIDE WAS RAISED.

It was late in the afternoon when Murphy and Wheaton found themselves a little more than half a mile above the tavern of Nancy Vorthin, in a deep thicket a little off from the roadside, and near a spring of water that gushed out of the hill. They were now sitting on a fallen tree, and partaking of some cold food by way of refreshment.

"I wonder," said Wheaton, "how Bartlett came to fall in with them Indians."

"Devil a bit," said his companion, without pausing in his eating; "and apahs of the devil, they say he is a good fellow, 'ye'll just bear in mind that Han Yerry thought the Senecas was gone to Quaggo. Now maybe they hasn't, to the contrary of his coonrets. And more by the same token, Sockwit told us there was Senecas wid Bartle."

"I hope Sockwit, then, will stir up his tribe to do something for us, for he doesn't see how we are to catch the flock of Indian crows before they get into their own country—and then, oh! my God! what is to become of Jenny?"

Wheaton rose, dropping the food as he did so, and began to pace backward and forth, near his companion—for he suddenly remembered, with all the agony which the thought could give him, how young white girls, captured by the Indians, were at once adopted into their tribes, and soon generally forced to marry some of the chiefs or other persons to whom they might be allotted.

He knew how, in a thousand ways, if the savages were so disposed, they could get rid of Bartlett and his claims; and he scarcely knew which most to fear, the latter or the former.

As he thus paced the ground uneasily, Murphy, without any great demonstration, continued to eke out, only casting his eye at his companion every second or so, as if to take note of his condition.

"'Tis the could turn is on him this minute," he muttered to himself; "and the blundering savages in all the while! I wish I had a heavier to settle with. Mister Murphy! Tear and agone, and won't there be whistlin' lead!" Then, speaking in a louder tone, he added:

"But, honey, d'ya mind that I'm layin' in stick for the long pull we're to have after them? To be sure, now, Sockwit will start a good number of the Oniedas, and I'd warrant him self, may be, send some runners from the camp."

"Not a bit of that," said Whetson, forcing himself to sit down again; "Arnold will spare nothing that has bone and muscle in it till his expedition is over. What does he care for Johnny or her father? He'll be sure to get one in beggins for a scout before he would get die."

"Alanna!" said Murphy, "is it now yourself doing injustice. 'Tis Arnold would help if he could; but think of all that's lying before him to do, and the blood of Oniedas that's a strain in his return. But now I'm rememberin', if ye're minded, we'll be stirrin' to find the spot their dragons mentioned. On't on the trail, and we'll know how to follow it up well as the devils knows his own red to Dublin."

"Ye?" said the other, "we must get track of them before sundown, whatever come of it."

So saying, they both rose and addressed themselves again to their task.

But it is proper that we should, for a brief space, refer to other events of importance which occurred about this time.

It will be remembered that Hon Yost Seluyir, accompanied by a trusty Onieda, had been despatched by Arnold to St. Leger's army, then besieging Fort Stanwix. The object of this mission will presently appear more fully. Although the siege had been carried on with great vigor, the British general had pushed his parallels to within one hundred and fifty yards of the fort, unsuccesses prevailed among his soldiers, and a detachment among his Indian allies. The latter had been called into the campaign, not professing to fight, but to see how easily the king's soldiers could chastise his rebellious subjects.

The first specimen of this chastisement took place at Oriskany. The astonished aborigines there found themselves something more than spectators. They had sought to assume themselves as such, and to engage a provincial from behind a tree, and taking an occasional scalp, in a safe and pleasant way. To this, however, the provincials seemed to have a strange objection; for they not only well peppered the British soldiers, but, from behind stones and other covers, they fought the alarmed savages after their own fashion, and took at least two lives for every one they lost. This, of itself, was disgusting; but when the English troops were at last compelled to leave the ground, it became something more—it became alarming. Then the poor Indians began to seek their own safety in precipitate flight. Many of them were killed, many hit among the thickets; some took shelter in the tops of trees; but most of them found their way in a very dejected state of mind back to Fort Stanwix, whence they had started on their unlucky expedition. From that time forth their zeal had grown cold. It began to occur to them that British soldiers were not invincible. Their very nature revolted against the tediousness of a regular siege, where there was no plunder to be gathered and no scalps to be ripped off. They grew moody and suspicious; they had private counsels among themselves; and, with religious

observances, they sought for an excuse to break their plighted faith and abandon their allies.

In one of their assemblies for this purpose, they were startled by the sudden appearance among them of Hon Yost Seluyir, who was personally known to many of them, and who now exhibited every appearance of alarm. His riddled garments attested the danger he had passed through; while his mysterious silence, and his pointing, when questioned as to the numbers of the enemy, to the leaves of the forest, attested the danger he was in. The chiefs, therefore, in the course of their purpose, resolved upon flight, and sent word of their intention to St. Leger. The latter, on learning the cause of their sudden resolution, had Hon Yost brought before him, and questioned him closely. But Hon Yost stood his ground and lied manfully. He told the general that Arnold was approaching with over two thousand men, and would be upon him in a few hours. It was just at this juncture that a tall Onieda with several others of his tribe approached the camp from different directions, and bearing a belt of wampum, he had taken the opportunity of alarming story to tell. A bird had whistled in his ear that the valley below was swarming with Americans, that the army of Burgoyne was destroyed; and that the terrible Arnold, with three thousand rifles, was approaching like a hurricane.

The chiefs in council at once prepared for flight. In twenty minutes their camp fires were deserted, and their latter followers were seen disappearing among the trees of the forest.

The panic was soon communicated to the British soldiers. In spite of the remonstrances of their officers, they fled from before the half-captured fort. The tents were hastily struck, most of the baggage and munitions of war abandoned; and an indiscriminate mob of panic-stricken men followed in the footsteps of the flying Indians.

Thus ended the siege of Fort Stanwix curiously and unexpectedly raised.

#### CHAPTER XLIII. DAYBREAK IN A VALLEY.

This morning was wet and chilly; rain had fallen the night before, and a steady north-east wind still blew strongly through the forest, and gave to everything a very dreary and uncomfortable look. A cluster of three or four wigwags of pole and bark stood at the bottom of a valley, near a stream which flowed through the forest, and sheltered from the wind by the wooded hill which rose behind.

The brook was now much swollen, and its waters, filling its entire bed, and, here and there overflowing, went by with a loud and gushing sound.

The hour was yet early, and the damp mist still hung among the dripping trees, and obscured the crests of the surrounding hills. Apparently the occupants of the huts, if occupants they had, were not yet awake, for no smoke issued from their peaks, and there was no sign of movement or life. The water filtered along the bank coverings, and pattered on the leafy ground with a continual rustle. Down the valley, where one could get a view in that direction, there was an opening in the woods, as if the country became suddenly depressed, or as if the forest was to some extent cleared up; but in the foreground, and scattered over both slopes of the vale, stood huge pine trees, lifting their limber stems into the sky, and waving their tops in the strong wind.

A little up the valley, amidst the thickest of the wood, and commanding a view, through the bushes, of the three cabins, a careful observer might have seen two men crouched beneath a log. Their clothes were dripping, their caps and all their accoutrements, except their guns, seemed thoroughly soaked. They were not, however, in other respects, in a plight calculated to excite commiseration; for their movements,

though guarded, were active, and their eyes, with eager scrutiny, were watching the scene below them.

"Take care, Murphy," whispered one of them to the other; "you know they look the sharpest when they fire at you; you're too venturesome in peering about so."

"Not the least," said the other. "I can smell the crackles afore they're in sight, and divil an Indian can ever say he saw Timothy Murphy first in the woods. There now—"

At this moment Murphy's head which was quite above the log, was suddenly pulled down, and his companion said angrily:

"For God's sake, don't be a fool, Tim! Didn't you see that piece of bark on the side of the wigwag slipped off, and a face looking through the hole? Tim to one the red scoundrel caught sight of us."

The Irishman indulged in a short fit of suppressed laughter before replying:

"Ah! bones of the cold saints! and where are your own eyes, Jack, that couldn't distinguish the features of your own darlint from the variety of marks of the savage? Och! Moags! And it's yourself is the fool now!"

Whetson thereupon ventured to lift his head carefully again above the log, and after gazing for a moment, he saw the face for the second time at the opening in the side of the hut, and made out that it belonged, as Murphy had intimated, that of Jenny McDonald herself.

He was upon the point of starting forward at once, and at all hazards, to speak to her; but he was, in his turn, restrained by his companion.

"Is ye'st leavin' running away wid ye'r wife, man?" said Murphy. "Och! and you're lost, if ya stir. Wait till we see if the blackguards themselves is awake."

It was evident that the girl had not seen them, for her looks wandered, and her face expressed the utmost despondency. The two men were not more than twenty paces from her, and when they saw that she was obviously could make out this much. They were elevated somewhat above the cabin, and being pretty effectually screened by the bushes, none but the eyes of a savage or a frontier-man would have been apt to detect their figures.

"Ye as a woman, ye didn't walk straight agin their huts in the pitch darkness of last night," muttered Whetson, as the countenance at the opening dis-appeared, and he fell into a fit of thought.

"And don't ye recall the smell of smoke that stopped us?" said his companion.

The note is a mighty useful number, says I, to say nothing of the rings! the haythen beyond there lunge through it, and the benefits of society."

"I'm inclined to think, Tim," said his companion, thoughtfully, "that that vicious errier, Hank Vooz, was in on the wrong score. We hunted about to no purpose, till we began to follow our own plans."

"It's as true as the gospel of St. Patrick," replied Murphy, as he laid his gun across his lap, and carefully took from over the lock a flask which he held up to his eye, to see if the powder was still now—casting, as he did so, however, occasional glances at the hole beneath them.

"There's no stir, yet," replied Whetson, who had also been intently watching. "They think they're safe by this time, and sleep their fill. I'm goin' to try to speak to her at any rate."

Saying this, he rose, and before Murphy could interfere, he was several steps on his way towards the cabin. With rare caution and skill, however, he managed to make no noise, as he stole over the leaves; and, at a sign from his comrade, which he gave as he glanced back, he moved a little out of the direct line, so that Murphy's rifle commanded the whole front of the hut.

To his disappointment, the girl did not again make her appearance at the opening, and he ap-

proached within a few feet of it, where he paused in doubt. It was the hour when the Indians were likely to awake, and the least noise might cause them to do so. His position was perilous, for if once seen by them, he stood but little chance of effecting his escape.

Murphy, in the meantime, lay flat upon the ground, with the top of his head raised just enough above the log to get a good aim. To anyone who had watched him closely, his eyes would have appeared dilated, unshining, and unsparring. His features were pale, and his lips compressed, though he was as calm as if he had merely been watching a fair landscape. There was no nervous twitching—no trembling of the hands. Woe to anyone who at that moment had appeared to him in the guise of an enemy! The gun was pointed full at the opening in the side of the cabin. While Wheaton was hesitating, and looking in vain for Jenny to reappear, another face became suddenly visible to his startled gaze; he instantly became aware that the person to whom it belonged was not yet so fully awake as to be conscious of his presence. He immediately bent down, so as to get below the line of sight, and sprang, as rapidly as he could, around an angle of the hut. The savage, who now looked out, showed some signs of astonishment, as he rubbed his eyes once or twice, and carefully peered about as if to discover something which had attracted his attention. Seeing nothing, however, he apparently made up his mind that he had been deceived. His hesitation probably saved his life, for the look of Murphy was already opened on him with the glare of a panther. The least indication that he had really made out who or what Wheaton was, would have been followed by the report of a rifle,—whatever might have been the consequences.

Wheaton was no less surprised than delighted when, just after he was out of view of any one who might be at the opening spoken of, he encountered Jenny herself, coming around the other side of the cabin, with her countenance pale with alarm, and her finger on her lips. They were so near the hut that even their whispers might be heard. Now that all inside began to wake up, even the footsteps on the leaves would excite attention. It was known Jenny had gone out, doubtless some notice would be before now have been taken of their movements. She did not attempt to speak to Wheaton; she stopped when she first saw him, and, although her lips were parted, no words came forth; she stood almost like a statue, with the sign of vitality she exhibited was by pointing with her left hand away up the hill towards a thicket of cedars.

Wheaton understood her in a moment; he also understood the extreme peril of his own position. He gave her one look of encouragement, and was about starting in the direction she indicated, when his progress was arrested by the sound of some one coming around from the front of the hut. It would seem as if the jealous ears of the savages had already detected something suspicious going on without. Wheaton prepared himself for the worst, and lay down on the lock of his gun, his belt-knife was loosened in its sheath. Just as this new intruder, however, was about coming in sight, Jenny caught up a long stick, and began stirring up the leaves and knocking them about in a violent manner, so that they fell in every direction. The action gave Wheaton a hint. Taking advantage of a slight hillock formed by the trunk of an old, decayed, and moss-grown tree, he suddenly dropped behind it, and dragged over him some of the leaves and rubbish, such as Jenny was so violently flinging about. He heard, as he did so, a voice say:

"You need not spend your fury on the harmless leaver, it seems to me, Miss Jenny; it is not me you are thrashing with that stick. But it's droll that you are so fond of the open air on such a rainy morning! You can stay inside

without fear of me. I will keep in another cabin."

The girl pretended to be in a violent fit of ill-humour, for she continued to knock the rubbish about for some seconds more, with apparent carelessness, but with a real desire to draw away attention from where Wheaton lay concealed.

"It's hard, at any rate," said she, "that I cannot have a moment to myself, even when I take shelter in the storm. You must pursue me still! I'll not stir till you leave me, if I become as wet as you."

"Well, well," said Bartlett, regarding her with deprecation in his voice, but with admiration in his eye, as he saw the flush on her cheek, and her energetic movements in her pretended rage; "you may be as capricious as you like, and I will not be the one to disoblige you; but you can never find another willing to do for you what I am." And Bartlett uttered, or pretended to utter, a great sigh, as, with looks half-sentimental and half spiteful, he turned away.

Jenny was in a fever of apprehension. Her own peril was as nothing to that which now so immediately lunged over Wheaton. It is needless to say that she had seen him approaching the hut, but had not dared to show herself at the open places for fear of attracting attention thither. She had preferred to go out in the hope of having some opportunity of meeting him, and warning him not to utter instantly of his present attempt. In this she had partially succeeded; but not so far as to get him away. And the Indians, in the various cabins, were by this time awaking, and might soon be expected to be sanitering forth. Nothing but the drowsiness of the morning and the continuance of the rain could keep them in. In point of fact, as she went back towards the entrance of the wigwam she had been occupied, carrying with her some dried twigs, as if to assist in lighting a fire, more than one dusky face after another began to show itself at different points, as the savages came forth to get at the appearance of the weather. She continued to look sulkily and dissatisfied, not deigning to notice any of them as she passed. Coming near the entrance, she met no less a personage than Complanter himself, whose cold, dark eyes rested upon her as she approached; but who, with an instinct that she had been perched for some time upon the eaves, hung across the doorway to allow her to go in. In this person Jenny felt that she had a powerful protector, so long as she was near him, or with a party under his control; but she also felt that his purposeless discernment and unfeeling sympathy might be the means of prolonging his captivity.

Meanwhile the position of the two frontiersmen, who had so rashly approached the Indian encampment, was every moment becoming more and more critical. It was impossible that they should remain for any great length of time concealed from the scrutinizing eyes of the Indians.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

A SLIGHT COMPENSATION FOR RAQUOT'S CABIN. It was not long before smoke began to issue from the tops of the three huts, indicating that the inmates were stirring, and preparing their morning meal. The rain continued to fall, though a certain breaking away of the clouds gave promise of a change of weather. The Indians themselves, after having taken a look at the aspect of things outside, had generally again taken shelter in the cabins, and with the exception of C-complanter, who was greedily peeping to and fro in front of one of the wigwams, not a savage was now to be seen.

The two scouts still lay in their several places, not daring to stir, but ready for almost any emergency. Murphy, though his eye was ever on the place where he gave free vent to his tongue, muttering constantly to himself:

"'T would be a waste chance we'd beingin' if on't the hayskens found out we was to the fore. Oh! murder! and wouldn't it be them that would screech at the sight of our own two intel-

lectual physiognomies (there's a word, now, Father O'Toole himself might be proud of), to say nothing of the illigant instrument belongin' to Mr. Murphy." (Here he shook his rifle, and squinted along the two barrels.) "Now, Jack, do ye just mind, ye blazin' foolscap! (The devil a drop of rain will irer extinguish him; now, Jack, I say, do ye just lay still there. 'Tis a mighty soft bed ye've selected for yerself. Oh! blazes, and look at the big Indian braynt rovin' his two black eyes at the bundle of leaves where Jenny is hid! Now, now, now, now! I'm urrarry trac! don't be hoppin', this minute! Och! land to look at the sarge! He almost send there was a Christian underneath them shakin' leaves. And now 'J'm thinkin' meself, it's mighty queer that pile of rubbish keeps movin' away. Arrah! meself, now, open yer blinkin' eyes, and see what's the signification of it. Ooh! there it goes rovin' on its own axis! (but sorra an axe he has that iver I can see)—and before the two pine trees. Ah, Jack, Jack, ye're not mindin' that the eyes of a mardarin's Simica is vardin' yer revolutions this minute, and the curious movement of the pile of leaves under which Wheaton had sought concealment, had now suddenly gone into one of the huts. For what purpose the Irishman could not conjecture; but he had not long to wait.

The Indian almost immediately reappeared, and creeping behind a large tree, with a bow and arrow in his hand, he set himself to watch the same object which had attracted his attention before. It was not at first visible, but soon became so, making its way from the shelter of the two large trees towards the shelter. The Indian then went down low, so that he might be almost silent as he moved; but before the arrow parted, his ears were greeted by a sudden outcry.

Murphy had watched all his movements, and was prepared to fire upon him at the very instant when the arm of the chief dropped, as he listened to the sound of the arrow striking its destination. Murphy listened and looked also. There was at first a confused sound of voices, and then from the hut which was occupied by Jenny several Indians were seen to rush forth wildly, while a heavy mass of smoke began to issue through and roll about the entrance of the building.

"The devil!" said Murphy; "and doesn't she do it beautiful?"

The yelling, jabbering, and confusion which followed were great. Some rushed into the burning hut to snatch up such articles as they could snatch, and some, who called several runners near him, and spoke with them for a second or so. In an instant they started for the spot where the chief had observed the curious leafy object making its way on the ground. Only a very short time had elapsed since the attention of the chief had been attracted by the smoke, and time was ample for Wheaton. He was no longer visible. Traces of him there were in abundance; and the runners, as they followed back the trail, uttered yells of alarm and warning, almost as the bound savages forth his cry when on full flight. They scanned the ground,

they boarded over the leave; in a moment they were back to the burning cabin, and now pointed out to each other the traces of a man's footsteps on the ground.

Complanter's looks betokened anything but good will as he came near Jenny. She turned his cold eye upon her, as if to read her thoughts. She felt that she divined the part she had taken in what had passed, and the blood rose in her cheeks, as she tried calmly to endure his look. After a moment, however, he turned away, without saying anything. He called out of his Indian around him, with a few energetic words sent them off in all directions. The fleetest and most skilful of them proceeded back to the creek to pursue the late intruder, if traces of him could be found.

In the mean time, it behoved Murphy to be making some arrangements for his own security. He might easily have made his escape during the first confusion caused by the fire. Once out of gun-shot range, and he would feel safe, for such were his fleetness and power of endurance that the fastest runners of any of the tribes could hardly cope with him. But he had not yet started; he had waited to observe his enemy; he had noted the course of Wheatston, and his probable position. It was not until the scouts were now proceeding to search every part of the surrounding thickets that he began to bestir himself. What he did showed that in waiting he had not been foolhardy, and that his arrangements had been made in advance. He could not rise to run, for he would have been immediately seen and fired at. If he tried to creep away, he must, on the damp ground, inevitably leave a plain trail; and, moreover, he might possibly be intercepted by some of the runners who were already abroad, before he got to any place of shelter or concealment.

It has been said that he lay behind an old log. He had long before observed that it was hollow, and he now crept to one end of it, and as rapidly as possible pushed himself inside it, feet first. He forced himself back till his head was three or four feet from the outlet; and then breaking off pieces of the decayed wood inside he piled them up carefully near the opening. These arrangements were not completed before he heard the light tread of the savages, as they came near his hiding-place. He soon heard them conferring together about the numerous signs of his presence which they at once found there. Some seemed to keep up the discussion, while light footsteps, making scarcely more noise than large drops of rain, continued to be heard on all sides about him. Then the opening in the log became darkened, as an Indian peered in. The sight of the pieces of rotten wood, almost lifting the cavity, however, seemed at once to convince him that nobody could be inside. After a second or so, he went away, and joined in the general search, which was continued in that vicinity for several minutes longer.

The traces which Murphy and his companion had left of their approach were by this time somewhat obscured by the rain; but, such as they were, they all pointed to this spot, and now away, except those which Wheatston had made towards the wigwam and down to the brook.

The Indians apparently made up their minds that whoever had been near there had now gone off in the direction indicated by this trail: and the best of the scouts had already put themselves on it.

Meanwhile the ignited wigwam had been suffered quietly to burn down. Complanter had lighted a pipe, and now sat smoking in front of another, but as calmly as if nothing had transpired. Evidently, however, his thoughts were busy with the events which he had taken part in. He followed, from time to time, the forms of the young Indian hunters, as they now and then became visible in their fruitless effort to recover the lost trail. At the brook they found themselves completely baffled. Many had crossed it,

but on neither bank, for a long distance either up or down, could a single sign of the passage of any living thing be found. They waded in among the bushes that here and there overhung the water; they crept through the willows, above and below; and selecting good places for observation, would for many minutes lay prostrate on the ground, both listening and watching. They discovered nothing.

(To be continued in our next.)

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, APRIL 4, 1863.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

When you hear persons habitually boasting of their good qualities and superior abilities, you may know that time will prove they are not superior to many others, and it may find them inferior. Diamonds and pearls shine quietly, yet the practised eye—he who is capable of judging—can easily distinguish the pure from the false.

### ECCENTRIC PEOPLE.

What is called eccentricity is, in nine cases out of ten, either affectation or the result of mental disease. It is said of many a man who deserves to be ostracised from society for violating its properties, "What an oddity he is—how very eccentric!" Insane, bores, brutes, brutal disregard of the requirements of good breeding, personal aloofness—in fact, any marked departure from the conventional rules which govern the conduct of decent people—is tolerated and even admired in persons who, by persistently and methodically ignoring the obligations of courtesy and civility, have obtained a reputation for eccentricity. We have no good word for nuisances of this class, and no feeling except pity and contempt for those who differ to and believe in them. If a man brings the manners and habits of a savage into civilised society, he would be, in the land of his own, or put under whole-some restraint if a lunatic.

### COLUMBUS AND HIS SAILORS.

As the sailors of Columbus were to him in his voyage of discovery, so are our facilities to us in the endeavor of our spirit, and so to the witness for truth are his fellow-men in the work in which he is engaged. The sailors said, "Where is the land?" and again, "Where is the land?" When the continuing east wind—the trade wind—blew, it seemed to the sailors an omen of fear. "Will it not blow us on and on for ever?" So in the advance of the mind in the search of spiritual and political truth and good, or even in the pursuit of science. The impulse of a great directive thought, though it is as a wind from God—his trade wind, which will conduct us to, and then facilitate our intercourse with, some new and now to be discovered land—produces, as we are advanced onward, distrust and fear. Though our facilities heavily were with us at the first, and though our fellow men entered the spirit of endeavor with pride and hope, yet now there is anger. The captain is called foul. It is asked, "Where is the land? The sea is endless, and the wind will blow us over it for ever and ever."

### THE VALUE OF SELF-EXERCISE.

The value of self-exercitation appears nowhere more distinctly than when we follow the track of those who become eminent without having the vantage ground of instruction from which to start. There is scarcely anything more gratifying to the mind than the well-written life of a person whose intellectual struggles through

every difficulty arising from want of instruction, want of books, want of examples, want of patronage, and who, notwithstanding these impediments, continues to struggle till he triumphantly emerges into notice. Art surrenders some of her choicest secrets, science smiles, and fame or emolument, or both, place the successful experimenter far above common names. Not scantily are the niches in the Temple of Fame ornamented with the lasting monuments of persons thus claiming their well-earned honors—persons who have been the boast and blessing of their country by dint of unassisted patience, fortitude, and viracious genius. Every department of art and science is filled with them. The stimulating examples are on every hand. From the lowest rank of life they start forth. They break all the shackles of ignorance. The repulsive frowns of the crowd cannot daunt them. The fears of the timorous they do not listen to. Determined to excel, they do excel. Their native energies urge them forward in the onward career, till success, more or less complete, crowns their glowing ardor.

### THE SORROWS OF THE WORLD.

How truly may this world be styled a world of sorrow! There never yet were the affairs of any man, be he however good or virtuous, in such perfect repose, that he could, with regard to himself—to say nothing of others—have cause to think the world misappreciated, when called a "valley of tears." There never yet was a man whose term of years was not, at some part or other, chequered with losses and disappointments, with injuries or vexations, either in his estate or in his reputation, in his own person, or in some one very dear to him. So long as there are injuries and misfortunes without, and so long as there are tears and frailties within, and hazards from both—so long will men continue to be but children of sorrow. There is no truth and solidity in any of the joys of earth. The enjoyments afforded by the world are rather appearances than any substantial and real. Those pleasures that the sinful lusts scribble signs behind them. In the midst of laughter, the heart is sorrowful. Even those that are innocent must not elude this title of satisfactions. We have at best but a very shippery hold of all earthly joys whither. And were there more in them than there really is, yet the pleasure must needs be damped with that melancholy prospect that they may one day forsake us; and we cannot be certain that they will not do so very quickly. No bliss which we experience is without interruption, without conclusion. It is liable to decay, to nature, to the ravages of time. There is everything within to destroy it; and everything within to diminish or impair it.

### A REAL HOME.

The fact that there is no equivalent for the ancient word "Homs" in the whole French language, is often seized upon by moralists as the basis of long homilies upon the social mockeries of the French system of society, and consequent gratulation upon the superior democratic blessings enjoyed by the English and Americans. This is all very well, as far as it goes, and the sentiment of such writing is undoubtedly very wholesome, and "lans to Virtue's aide." It is but fair, however, to respect the absolute genuineness of a claim to superiority which seems to rest thus emphatically upon a mere name. If home is merely a result of the appearance of its name in a language, it is more of an accident than a special blessing; and if it is something far more than that, why should the mere absence of its name from the language of France be taken as a proof that the French have it not? Without indulging in triding casuistry, we may be permitted to doubt whether the appearance of the word "home" in our language, and its perpetual mouting by everybody, has the particular effect of making the actual and true existence of home,

the fact, any more common with us than it is with the French or any other people. When a name is so handy, and so seldom taken in its full meaning, it can be applied to almost anything you please, so that in course of time it they come to mean nothing at all. We all have houses that we live in, kindred living with us, and a certain degree of exclusive proprietorship in the whole concern. But all these may exist, and yet fail to realize the full sense of the word "home." The true home is a consecrated spot wherein the natural affections of the heart are the conservators of perpetual peace, and into which the outer world can never intrude, save when it comes in the sweet humility and beautiful kindness of genuine friendship. It is the tired soul's safe and impregnable refuge from every mortal care; the persecuted one's hallowed protection from all persecutors; and the holy altar where God's spiritual presences ever wait to yield a blessing or to grant a prayer. Such is home—the most sacred spot on earth. But the moment you attempt to bring the outer world into it—the moment you commence the work of leading it with the outer world by bringing the follies or the fashions of that world to it—from that moment the holy spell is broken, and it ceases to be home.

### YANKEE NOTIONS.

WANTED, the marrow of the boat of contention.

WHAT kind of man is always comfortable? Ottoman.

WHAT kind of man is always attached to ladies? Mantilla.

The sign *Ladies Fair*, naturally presupposes *Fair Ladies!*

The spectre of despair to the bankrupt! The spectre of the Broken.

This man who carried out a project had to bring it back.

HALF the failures in life come of pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.

WHY is an infant child like a brave soldier? He sticks to the breast work.

A friend of ours who was lost in slumber has been found.

The woman is so old, that if it is made of green cheese, it is unquestionably inhibited.

The man that was bent on matrimony straightened up afterward.

If you wish to be particularly smart, marry a vixen, and you will soon be a *stirred* man.

He who wears informs us that his bare word is not to be credited.

We have just shaken hands with the blacksmith that riveted the public gaze.

WHEN should shipwrecked sailors not be disheartened? When they're in the *Jolly boat*.

A MAN in a constipation has a hollow cough, but a broken merchant has a hollow offer.

If you visit a young woman, and you are wou and she is wou, you will both be one.

A PLAINST in the city is arranging for the piano the music of the spheres.

WHY is the superintendent of an idiot asylum like a herbalist? Because he understands a *simplex*.

WHY is it more convenient for a man with a bad cold in his head to travel on a windy than a calm day? Because the wind blows his nose, saving him the trouble.

BABY TENDERS.—The tenders of their babies made by mothers through the advertising columns of the New York press. Who wants a young adoptable?

Fix your eye upon the goal. Go ahead. Look not back unless you have just passed a pretty woman.

A CORRESPONDENT who thinks we know everything, inquires the Latin for the "funny bone." *Tue Os humerus*, of course.

A NEW USE FOR VEGETABLES.—Fashionable ladies now-a-days decorate their heads with turn up hats.

The western papers state that the Mississippi has raised one foot. When it raises the other foot it will probably rain.

THAT have a pig in New Bedford having but one eye, in the centre of his face, and with his nose situated above the eye.

A MR. SERGEANT lately married Miss Shell, in Philadelphia. This was not the first Sergeant that has handled a shell.

WE hear of the "lost of glory." Why don't they use glory to stuff beds? It must be lighter than feathers.

A RETAINING acquaintance of ours who has ploughed the sea, and planted his foot on his native soil, is endeavoring to harvest his crops.

BASE BALL.—A base ball game is being played between the Northern Union and Southern Secession Clubs—scores are lost on both sides.

MRS. PAXINGTON, noticing the recent death of Mr. Kyan, the well-known inventor, is anxious to know if he is the person who invented Kyan-Pepper.

SHEEP AND DEER.—The *Hartford Times* asks if it was Baron Rothschild who once, when a rather pious person said he preferred mutton to venison, responded in broken English, "That ish because mutton's sheep and venison's deer."

"THERE is a world beyond where there is no change," said the good parent to a youthful sprout of rather cruel propensities. "I wonder," said the youth, "if they use postage-stamps in that country?"

USE OF WAX.—"For the land's sake, what's the use of this pecky wax?" remarked Mrs. Patterson to the disbandled volunteer of one of the President's letters. "You're hit it old lady," responded the disbandled volunteer, "it's for the land's sake, and nothing shorter."

AN UNTHIRST GENERAL.—General McCallan and Burnside have been tried, and now, should Hooker fail, would it not be advisable to place General Tom Thumb in command of the Army of the Potomac? Who knows but he may have the qualities of a "young Napoleon"?

ADVERTISING.—Some of the advertisements we meet with in our exchanges are very droll. The following is a singular one: "Peace on earth and good will to man." Here comes, said it, a little cheaper than any one dare sell them."

CARE ABLE.—Once in a while, a short, looking-book-like case is noticed in the hands of some of our young equippers, and naughtiness people will tell it that they are carried about in order to make an impression upon the ladies, from the principle that Cain struck Abel (*a belle*).

A FAMILY OF WEIGHT.—A gentleman residing near Syracuse has a family that "it will do to brag on." It consists of one daughter and four sons. The aggregate weight of the sons is eight hundred and eighty-eight pounds! The girl weighs over three hundred, and the father about two hundred and sixty.

SMART BOY.—"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy. "I've ciphered through addition, portion, subtraction, dissection, abomination, justification, hallucination, derision, amputation, ovation, and adoption." He'd do for an engineer on a "Short Line R-Road."

THE "ALABAMA".—Semmes, of the "290," while in Kingston, offered to sell 8,000 dollars in Treasury notes, which he stole from the *Arcturion*, at 33 per cent. discount. One merchant closed the bargain with him, but another stepped in and paid a higher price. The first merchant, enraged, consulted the second, while Semmes bagged the plunder in gold.

THE YEAR ONE.—Some one was telling Sam about the longevity of the mud turtle. "Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that, for once I found a venerable old fellow in a meadow, who was so old that he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back was carried (tolerably plain, considering all things), these words, 'Paradise, year 1, Adam.'"

THE LITTLE THUMBER.—A cute lawyer has started the grave question whether, in case children should be born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thumb, they can legally inherit property from the parents, because of the legal Latin maxim "*de minimis non curatur lex*," which, being interpreted, means that the law takes no notice of such things.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A Mr. Stokes, of Treton, lately sued Judge Noy of the *Tre American*, for damages, for having put his marriage among the deaths. Although the editor offered to make it all right by putting Stokes' death among the marriages, the indignant Benedict would not accept the *amicable honorable*. Damage, six cents.

THE PAPER.—"My young colored friend," said an army chaplain to a young negro, "can you read?" "Yes, sah!" "Good to hear it," said the chaplain. "Shall I give you a paper?" "Nartin, massa, if you please." "Very good," continued the chaplain. "What paper would you choose, now?" "Well, massa," said the mediating negro, "if you please, I'll take a paper of tobacco!"

A BABY SNOOZ.—They had a kind of semi-public baby-snooze "Fest" (Cape Elizabeth, Maine) recently, and the mothers were required to decide which baby should have the prize as the smartest and handsomest. When the slips containing the votes were examined, it was found that such mother had voted her own the handsomest! How very natural, to be sure!

I THOUGHT I FELT A HORR!—An Irishman went into Snydam's grocery one day, and asked for a mug of beer in a great hurry, stating that he was so dry, that he thought he could drink a gallon. Snydam told him if he would drink it at one draught, without taking the measure away from his lip, he should have it for nothing. "Agraid," said Pat. "Be the howly Saint Patrick, I'll do that same. Mr. Snydam then drew off the measure of ale, and slyly slipping a red herring into the measure, handed it to Pat, who capriciously raised it to his mouth, and drank away until the measure had been elevated almost perpendicular. Snydam's eyes followed its motion in astonishment, and looking in it, he exclaimed, shaking the froth out, "Pat, didn't you feel the herring going down with the beer when you drank it?" "Be jabbers," said Pat, "I thought I felt a hop, sur."

### WHAT'S IN A NAME.

There was a great puzzle once in one name, as appears from the following:

In a certain village dwelt one Alwright. It is a good thing to have a good name. His, you observe, is "petter as goat."

Not long ago A. went to an auction and bought things.

"What name, sir?" inquired the man with the hammer.

"Alwright!"

"What name, I say?" was the irritated reply.

"Alwright, I say."







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THE OLD FORTUNE-TELLER'S DENUNCIATION.

## CROSS AND THE CRESCENT; OR, THE PHANTOM OF THE SEA. A STORY OF THE WEST AND THE EAST. BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

### CHAPTER V.

WHEN the Misses Bligh entered their father's house in Colonnade-row, they were received by the housekeeper, Mrs. Brown, who held up her hands and uttered many exclamations of surprise and horror at the plight in which they appeared. Susan Bligh imposed silence at once on the good woman, while she ushered them to the room occupied by the girls in common, and then, while

she assisted in disrobing them, in a very few words recounted the disaster, charging her to keep it a secret from their father for the present.

"Mary and I must tell him the story in our own way," said Susan. "And now, my good soul, as we are quite so much exhausted to appear at the supper-table, you will bring us up some tea, and I have no doubt a night's rest will restore our color and spirits."

The apology of a trifling indisposition satisfied Mr. Bligh, who took his tea alone, and the two girls, after talking for hours, dropped asleep, locked in each other's arms. The agitating scenes of the afternoon were reproduced in their slumber with great vividness—the storm, the wreck, and the rescue, and we may be sure that the images of the gallant youths who prevented the catastrophe from being a fatal one, were not omitted on the canvases of memory.

William Bligh, Esq., the father of these ladies,

was an enterprising merchant of great wealth, which was also the position of Joseph Burke, the father of the two gentlemen introduced in the last chapter. They had been friends for more than twenty years, and hence the intimacy of their families. Captain Richard Burke, although quite a young man, had followed the sea for seven years, four of which he had passed in command of the *Phantom of the Sea* which had been built for him by his father. He enjoyed a fair reputation as a sailor and a man. His brother Harry, who was two or three years younger, assisted his father in the counting-room and occasionally went to sea as supercargo.

A closer union of the two families by matrimony was an event which both parents contemplated and anticipated with pleasure, from the growing intimacy of the young people, and yet no word on the subject had been interchanged. They were content to let the affair take its course,

well knowing that parental interference, pro or con, is rarely productive of beneficial results in affairs of the heart. Such was the condition of things before the accident.

Mr. Bligh, the morning after the boisterous excursion, sat listening with profound emotions to the narrative of the two girls, occasionally interrupting them by brief exclamations or queries. The color forsook his cheeks and his eyes were often dimmed with tears as he thought of the peril of his darlings. Their statement was clear and dispassionate. He revolved it in his mind, and then exclaimed:

"That was ill done of Dick Burke. He forgot the precious value of the freight he carried. His behaviour was unworthy of a gentleman and a seaman. His contest with this whaleboat was undignified, to say the least; and then, after the warning of the stranger, to continue to carry on sail, was sheer mad/unsummer madness. But I shall give him a piece of my mind, as soon as I see him."

"No, no, father," said Susan. "It is all past now."

"What! is he to escape blameless? Then the next time he takes you in his boat—"

"Sister Susan and I will never sail with him again," said Mary.

"I trust not," said Mr. Bligh. "If I thought you were imprudent enough to think of such a thing, I should exercise my authority and positively forbid it."

"No need of your veto," said Susan, smiling. "But the young men—the pleasant fellows who saved you, my children! You have their names?"

"No, sir—they did not give their names. They took leave of us respectfully, after seeing us into our carriage."

"Noble fellows! how shall I ever repay them? But rest assured, my dear girls, I shall leave no stone unturned to discover their names and their circumstances. If they need help, they shall have it; if not, they shall receive my most grateful acknowledgments."

And full of these ideas, Mr. Bligh rose from the breakfast table, and took his departure for his store.

About twelve o'clock the young ladies were summoned to the drawing-room, and there found Captain Burke and his brother, who had called to pay their respects and inquire after the health of the ladies. They were received with civility, and the apologies the captain tendered for his almost fatal rashness gave so little satisfaction, that after a brief interview, constrained and unpleasant, the gentlemen took their departure.

The two brothers walked along the lower mall towards Park-street in silence. At last Captain Burke spoke:

"A very pleasant predicament, truly! One day fair weather and the next squall. I had thought of proposing in due form before I went to sea again, but now you see the thing's impossible. Susan harbors malice, and her sister sustains her."

"Say rather a just resentment for your indefensible conduct."

"Come, come," said the captain, angrily. "Don't talk to me in that strain. I can bear fault-finding in a woman—'tis her prerogative to scold—but not from you. I feel badly enough without added aggravation."

"I had no thought of aggravating you. But you were in the wrong, brother."

"O, I was indeed!"

"You were. Your vanity and rashness nearly cost our lives."

"What an original discovery! Perhaps you'll favor me with a repitition, for fear I forget it? But this is idle talk. Let us speak of something more to the purpose. How I should like to meet those young fellows of the whaleboat!"

"So should I! to reward them as they deserve."

"And I should like to reward them as they

deserve," replied the captain, with marked emphasis. "They should not as the others, for I am always ready to pay my debt, and the man who comes between me and my mistress merits peculiar remembrance."

"But for the exertions of those two young men, brother, where should we be at this moment?"

"Exploring the contents of Davy Jones's locker, I suppose," replied captain Burke. "But where are we now? In the ill graces of two of the loveliest and richest girls in Boston! and for my part, I'd rather be feeding the fishes in the bay than have my hopes in life crushed for ever. I tell you that Susan Bligh, at the time she was speaking and looking daggers at me just now, was thinking of that young adventurer who hid the exquisite pleasure and the high honor of lifting her fair form from the river. Trust me, I have learned to read women's hearts."

"And you think that these strangers will carry off the girls from us?"

"No, Harry Burke; I think no such thing. At least, I know that no man shall cross my path and boast of it. I would crush him under my arm'd heel, as I would a serpent. For you, if you chose to brook a rival, you can do so."

"I am exciting yourself needlessly," said Harry. "We may utter sea or hear of these young men."

"You think—well, I wish I was as verdant as you are! I tell you, Harry, they will be sure to turn up and present their claims—either for the old man's money, or the gratitude of his daughters—or both."

"I think you misjudge. To me they had an air of ill-bred gentlemen, and certainly they behaved so."

"Hang it! leave the girls to sound their praises! I said the captain. "I've no relish for them."

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

"O, nothing particular. If I can discover my man, I shall probably give a gentle hint of the danger he runs in running athwart my hawser. But we can do little more than wait. They will make their appearance in a few days, or never. In the meantime we will see if the girls continue coy and cold. In that case, as the *Phantom of the Sea* will soon spread her wings again, I shall be off for blue water. And you had better go with me. A trip to the tropics is no disagreeable diversion, and the girls will miss us and welcome us back with open arms. Then we'll make sail in company for the port of matrimony, and all will end well. What think you of the plan?"

"I approve it heartily."

Full of gratitude to the deliverers of his daughters, Mr. Bligh inserted an advertisement in the papers, stating that if the two gentlemen who had conferred such obligations on him would call at his counting-room, they would hear of something to their advantage; but the only answer he received, was the return of the *she-sail*, accompanied by a very odd, anonymous note, to the effect that a good action was its own reward. Captain Burke also advertised, but received no answer whatever. Disatisfied with the laconic note he had received, Mr. Bligh employed several men to search for the whaleboat and ascertain to whom she belonged, but without success. For Rupert, anticipating any reward, hoisted her for the season, and gave up his exertions on the water.

Captain Burke and his brother called daily on the Blighs, but they were received with increased coldness, and resolved to try the effect of a few anonymous letters. Accordingly they seized one find in the *Phantom of the Sea*. The captain left his black servant behind him with certain instructions, which the faithful fellow promised to obey to the letter.

It was the first time he had ever been separated from his master, and as he stood upon the end of the Wharf and watched the lowering sail of the brig, he saw glided down the sunny bay,

before a fair and refreshing breeze, his heart swelled with joy. No more beautiful craft ever sailed out of Boston harbor. Even a landsman could not behold her graceful hull, her slender raking spars, and the delicate tracery of her carcases, without a thrill of delight, while the seamen who could appreciate the absolute perfection of her model and rig, gazed on her, spell-bound in admiration.

"Dat air," said the black aloud, "am de beay'fulest craft dat ever float in de wa'er or any nder on de world—and I'd jist like to see de man dat says de contrary."

He looked around him defiantly—but he had not edged the general sentiment of the spectators, and so he walked slowly away, heavy-hearted at being separated from the brig and the captain that he loved so dearly.

#### CHAPTER VI.

At quite an early hour of the day, when few people were stirring, a chaise with the top thrown back, drawn by a strong and spirited black horse, was slowly passing St. Paul's Church, in Tremont street. In the vehicle were Captain Gordon's two sons, and they were on their way to Dorchester. They were preparing to turn down into West-street, a large garden then occupied the site of the present brick block) when Rupert, who was driving, was obliged to pull up his horse suddenly to avoid running over a tall, stout negro, who was crossing without noticing the approaching of the vehicle. At the sound of the voice which bid him "Look out!" the negro suddenly turned, and casting one glance at the spokesman and his companion, suddenly rushed up to the side of the chaise. The young men on their part had as instantly recognized Captain Burke's black servant.

"Sa, young gentlemen, dare you be. A long steam stage; but somehow I thought I'd overhauled you at last. You know me—eh? Tom Seadrift's my name—at least in dis country. What may your's be?"

"It can't be of any consequence to you," answered Rupert.

"Maybe, young gentlemen. You sared my life."

"As I would have done anyone's. Can I do anything else for you?"

"Tell, tell me who you be?" persisted the black.

"It is no matter," said Rupert.

"Dere's dem dat must and will know," said the black.

"Let them find out if they can. They won't learn it from me. Now stand back, my good fellow—we're in a hurry."

"You shan't go on now said the negro, firmly, taking the horse by the bridle; "until you've answered my question."

"Ifc-day! that's a high tone to take," said Rupert, getting angry at the fellow's pertinacity.

"Let go my horse's head."

"I shan't do it."

"He bites."

"Let 'um bite," said the black, sullenly.

"Your names?"

"Stand back!" said Rupert, rising in the chaise, "or I won't be answerable for the consequences. Let go the bit there."

"I tell you I will not!" said the black, fiercely.

Rupert's last word a moment in the air, and then descended on his horse's neck. The animal reared high in the air, lifting the negro from his feet, and then, the moment his fore-foot struck the ground, dashed forward, shaking off the grasp of the black, who staggered across to the Mall, and whirling around the corner of West-street, disappeared with the chaise.

"Arrest there, shipmate!" said a sailor-looking man, with iron-grey hair, who seized the negro by the collar, and probably kept him from falling, and then, turning up to the matter with you—can't you carry sail?"

"Let me go!" said the black, fiercely; "I must run erter dat ere chase."

"You might as well make chase after the Flying Dutchman," said the stranger, with a haughty laugh. "Why, man, you've lost your reckoning."

"I'd give ten dollars to know who was in dat chase," said the black.

"Would you?" replied the other. "Well, you must have plenty of shot in your locker. What if I could tell you the names of the lubbers?"

"You."

"Ay. Don't open your eyes so big. Which way were you going?"

"Souf end."

"Well, 'spose you 'bout ship, and make sail with me. I'm bound in the opposite direction. You know Nix Sparbolt's?"

"I be dare."

"Well, there's where I'm going. Will you come?"

"Jest tell me wat you know 'bout dem young fellers for dey come here."

"No more words were exchanged until the two chance companions were seated alone in the little back room which we have already described."

"Now," said the black's companion, after they had been served with liquor. "My name's Mark Redland. I've followed the sea, as you may happen to guess by my toggery and my lingo. I'm looking out for a mate's berth, but times are dull, and chances few. That's all you need to know about me. Now, who and what are you?"

"I was crissened Tom Seadrift," said the black, "by de mad dat has de best right to gib me a name."

"And who might that have been?"

"Capta Richard Burke, ob de *Phantom ob de Sea*."

"The *Phantom of the Sea*! Ay, I've heard of her and see her; she's the nastiest craft that swims the ocean."

"You may say that. I've knowed her since her keel was laid—she's been my cradle, and I wuss she'd be my coffin. When she *Phantom* go down, Tom Seadrift no care to lib longer."

"But she cleared the other day for Cienfuegos. How come you a-hore?"

"By de cap'n's orders. If Captain Burke was to let me to jump into a furnace—I'd do it sure."

"[Tumphi] you must have strong reasons for your devotion?"

"He saved my life."

"He did?"

"Ay, massa; he picked me up, when I was floatin' on de wide Atlantic, most exhausted."

"How did you come there?"

"I tell you, massa, me Dahomey nigger."

"Ay, well—I've heard of that place. Nice place to live in, it must be."

"Dahomey great country," said the black. "De men and women beff brave. De king be a king, massa. When he go to war, he toousend women march to battle wid him. When he make prisoners, dey die, all ob 'em. You ought to see de palace. All round about de aparang de white skulls grinning on de top ob poles. My fadder was a great man to Dahomey, a Yarogan."

"Well, how came you to leave, if you were the son of a chief?" asked Mark Redland, with some slight interest in the black's story.

"I tell you, Massa Redland. In Dahomey we hab de fetish serpent—beautiful, wid gold and green scales. Odder snakes we kill—but de fetish serpent—you kill him, Dahomey men kill you. One day I say to myself—'Sady Aboo,' dat my Dahomey name—'you coward! why do you kill de fetish-serpent?' So I kill de fetish-serpent. When he dead, I sorry, you better believe. Dey seize me—shut me up in bamboo hut. Dere all day—hear the tam-tam beat, end de bells, ring, and de people shouting. Den dey bring brush-

wood, log-wood, light-wood pile up all round de hut. And I peak troo de orack—dare I see wid spars and swords and guns, all ready to shoot me, stab me, if I cum out. Den de fadder cuss me, and de people cuss me—my own fadder cuss me, and ebbery body cuss me. More tam-tam! more bell! Den dey light de fire. Soon I hear de flames crackle and I feel 'em too. Ole cutlass lay in de corner ob de hut. Heb one try try for life, any how. I scape out ob de hut. Better hab fight! Den dey follow me. I cut my way troo 'em right and left—take to de woods and run—de briars tear me—de blood flow—nebber mind—I get clear. Bime-by I lay down on de moss an leaves. I hear de lion roar—can't he help it! fall asleep. Sleep long you'd better believe. When I wake somebody shake me by er arm. I awright—I tink dem Dahomey men got me. Worse luck! Dere was a band ob de Maqui, deadly enemies. Fust I think dey kill and eat me. No such ting. Dey take me to de coast vid odder brick men—sell us to a slaver. Stowed away under hatches, make sail in de Yankee ship, bound for Cuba. Bime by de slaver bang! Johnny lub cruiser oberboard! bang! Two shots hull her belw de water mark. All on deck! ebbery man for himself! scutcher sinking! Short of iron—so I lib one too. Nightfall, dark—blowing great guns. I went overboard. What became ob de rest, nebber know. I was clinging to a floating spar, alone an atreadless, when Cap'n Burke pick me up—take me 'board, carry me to Boon. He hab sailed wid him ever since. Now you know all I heb to tell, old hoer."

Such was the black's story told in his singular phraseology, his broken dialect being mixed with occasional nigger terms.

"A pretty fair yarn," said Redland. "But you haven't explained why the *Phantom of the Sea* sailed without you? It may be none of my business, and you can tell me or not, as you like, but if you want to obtain information of me, you can do so by showing me your sailing orders."

The black paused a moment in doubt, and then said:

"Well, p'haps it don't matter much, here goes."

Thereupon he recounted the bosting adventure, with which our readers are already acquainted.

At its conclusion, he added:

"Cap'n Burke has set 'im heart on findin' out who dese young men be."

"To reward them?"

"I can't tell. Speck he no lub 'em too well. 'Cause why? 'Eber since dat affair does two young ladies so kind to Captain Burke and he brudder—most like fall in lub wid de two odder chaps."

"Nothing more likely."

"Well, Captain Burke tell me, 'spose I find 'em out—he gib me fifty dollar! Tink ob dat. Fifty dollar, sack! But den I must keep these ob 'em, and fide out what dey go—who dey 'peak to—who dare frize."

"I know them!" said Redland, with a frown. "Den tell me, end share de reward!" said the negro. "For de matter ob dat—take all de money—all I care about is doin' what Cap'n Burke tell me."

"Fehaw!" said Redland—"I'm indifferently well-appeased just now, unless I hear more up than I think to be. I won't share with a nigger. But hark!—you can help me—and on dat condition, I'll give you the information you're so anxious of obtaining."

"Wat dat?"

"When will the *Phantom of the Sea* be in port?"

"Two tree week."

"Well, then, present me to Captain Burke—and tell him how I've sided you in your search—for by that time we shall have found out much if we sail in company."

"Dat I will. Nebber you fear me. Dahomey nigger no sneak."

"Well, then, the fellows are Rupert and Paul Gordon, men of the first-rate shipmaster, living in Dorchester—curse him!"

"Wat you got agin' 'em, Massa Redland?" added the negro, astonished at his violence.

"That's my secret. But be assured of one thing—chance has thrown in your way the very man who could best help you in this business you have at hand. I am as sure of your shadow as those young men. I know where they sleep—where they harbor—I can almost fathom their thoughts. They little know who is on their track, and the motive has for pursuing them."

"Dat's all berry fine," said the negro. "But I tell you have seed 'em. You shan't hear 'em till Cap'n Burke has ood 'em. I don't know but what he means to do something handsome for 'em; dat was only an idea of mine, dat he was no friem to 'em."

"Make yourself easy on that score," said Redland. "I shall play with them as an angler plays with his fish before he lands it. I wouldn't spoil my own sport by my precipitancy. We will not cross their path—we will not speak to them—interfere with them—until the *Phantom of the Sea* returns. Still they are so useless mine."

"And 'spose you had 'em in your paws, Massa Redland—had 'em here. What would you do to 'em?"

"What did you do to the fetish serpent, Seadrift?"

"Det come near costing my life."

"Reverence cheaply purchased with life."

"Dey's boff young men, I don't see what dey could 'b done to you."

"Don't try to see," answered Redland. "Be satisfied with what I have told you, and seek no further."

"Berry well, massa," said the black, who was eyed by the imperious and commanding manner of his companion.

"Where do you lodge?"

"I at de 'Ship at Anchor'."

"I know 'tis only four doors from here."

"Exactly."

"Very well—when I want you, I shall find you there?"

"All day."

"And at morning, noon, and night—that is, at breakfast, dinner, and supper-time, you will find me or hear of me here one shall leave word with Nix Sparbolt when I'm away."

"Berry good, massa."

They left the cellar in company, and Redland, leaving the black at the door of his lodging-house, walked to the Common. He proceeded to the lower part of it, and was skirting along Charles-street, when he saw a lady in a walking dress, with a veil drawn over her face, coming towards him. He accelerated his pace somewhat, and in a few moments they met.

"You are punctual," said the lady.

"Lutery I have made it a point to be true to my engagements," said Redland.

"I have come to meet you for the very last time," said the lady, with an effort to render her voice steady. "You must feel how great an effort it required to bring me to this step. And our interview must be brief. In no other place would I have consented to meet you. But this is a private enough, no one can deny—and yet private enough for our purpose."

"You fixed the hour and the place."

"Theo," said the lady, who was no other than Mrs. Gordon, "listen to me. I have brought with me a considerable sum of money."

"For what purpose?"

"To make a last appeal to you. That your heart is too hard to yield to supplications, I know full well—but I have good reason for supposing that you are not insensible to the attractions of gold."

"How do you know that?"

"Because you would not otherwise have

broken into my husband's house at midnight to commit robbery."

Redland started, but instantly recovered his composure.

"You have no proof of the absurd charge you bring against me."

"There you are mistaken," said Mrs. Gordon. "In your hurried flight you left a paper behind you."

"A paper! 'tis false."  
"Here it is!" said Mrs. Gordon, producing from her bosom the paper which Captain Gordon had found in the robber's pocket, and which, it will be remembered, his wife had obtained possession of.

"That paper!" said Redland, with a laugh. "Do you think I know so little of the law as to fancy there is a shadow of evidence in that? It has no date or signature! Don't I beg you, try to remember—it is too absurd. How much money have you?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars."

"And for that sum?"

"I require that you should, in the first place, inform me of the fate of one dear to me as my life—and in the second place, abscond yourself for ever from my sight and neighborhood. I think the sum I offer you is enough ample to establish you in some business abroad. You are not without ability, and but for the fatal habit that you may have shaken off, are capable even yet of making your way in the world."

"Alone!"

"You choose your condition. You have now heard my terms—they will accept them."

"No!" replied Redland, without a moment's deliberation.

Mrs. Gordon appeared staggered at this refusal. "You refuse?"

"I refuse!"

"Perhaps you think I cannot fulfil my pledge. Look here: here is the money—bank notes and bills of exchange on a French banker. A vessel sails for Europe to-day. Grant my demands, and take my money."

"No, I tell you," was the reply. "No, again, and once for all. I am not to be bribed. Fallen as I am, I have the pride of Lucifer—and of my lost estate, I hold but one desire—the thirst of vengeance."

"You cannot be utterly lost!" said the woman, wringing her hands. "By the memory of the past—"

"Dare not evoke the memory of the past, Margaret."

"The cherished one!"

"You will never see him more—never!" never!" replied Redland. "That information I give, not sell you—because I know it will wring your heart. But that is only part of my revenge. You have children, who shall be made to feel my power and my hate."

"Louis! I implore you," said Mrs. Gordon, laying her hands upon his arm.

"Off! off!" said Redland. "You might as well sue to a statue. I am inexorable. Neither the knowledge I possess, nor the absence you implore, shall be granted."

"Then you are pitiless," said Mrs. Gordon.

"Pitiless!"

He turned from her, and walked swiftly away. She gazed after him, and made a few faltering steps as if to follow him, but her strength failed her, and she would have fallen, had not a manly arm supported her.

"Margaret!"

It was her husband's voice, half in solicitude and half in reproach.

"You here!" she murmured with a shudder, as she turned her bewildered gaze on him.

"I should rather exclaim, 'you here!' Margaret, what is the meaning of this? Why did you leave home at such an early hour? Why do I find you here? Who is that man who has just left you? Speak! I have a right to know."

"Do not speak to me, do not look at me so unkindly. What will you think of me, if I tell you I cannot satisfy you—cannot answer your questions?"

Captain Gordon shook his head sorrowfully. "I don't know what to say."

"Husband, dear husband, suppose I tell you I cannot tell the way from Dorchester to meet that man—that he is a bad man—yet that I had important business with him—but that business must be a secret from you?"

"Margaret, Margaret—you will drive me mad. I have always trusted you."

"Trust me still," said the wife, clinging to his arm.

"Look in my face, and trust me still. Believe me that there may be hidden sorrows in my heart, but that it holds no thought that is false to you."

"We are in a public place," said Captain Gordon, after an anxious pause, or rather would clasp you to my old weather-beaten heart. I deeply regret that I harbored suspicion for a moment—but it is gone. The mother of my two brave boys will never forget the man that loves her better than his life."

"Never! never—dearest! And if there is one sin—only sorrow that I cannot share with you, you will try to pay me as more unfortunate in that than in aught else that can befall me."

"Say no more about it—I trust you entirely."

But his poor wife felt that a dark shadow had fallen across their pathway.

#### CHAPTER VII.

ONE cold drizzling forenoon, a dreary episode in the golden poem of summer, Susan and Mary Bligh issued from their father's door, the elder wearing a small land-baker. Their mother plainly attired in walking dress, and were bound, not on a pleasure excursion, but on a mission of charity. Indefatigable in good works, the two sisters were quite as well known in the streets of poverty and sickness as in the gay circles of fashion. They made it a point to search out cases of want, and to administer relief with promptitude and kindness that made their benefits doubly acceptable. Few there are among the fortunate of earth who know how to deal with the humble poor—how to dispense relief without appearing to bestow patronage. But the two sisters belonged to this choice few.

Their present purpose was to visit a sick old woman in Richmond-street. A brisk walk of fifteen minutes brought them to her door. They entered without knocking, and passing up the old-fashioned staircase, entered a chamber on the second floor, and found it occupied, Mrs. Jones, a tall, thin, and haggard personage, sitting up in an old-fashioned arm-chair and bending over a fire of chips, that blazed upon the hearth, and diffused a warmth which the chill east wind rendered grateful. The harsh features of the conversant relaxed at the moment she gazed on the smiling faces that confronted her.

"My dear young ladies!" she exclaimed, with genuine cordiality, and not a touch of whining sympathy in her manner, "this is really kind of you—to come to see a poor old creature like me, on such a day as this. You're really feline me, and I'm sure with you, and made my room bright all of a sudden."

"And how do you find yourself to-day?" asked Susan, as she and her sister took seats.

"Oh, a heap better. The doctor won't call again, unless I send arter him, and I shan't do that in a hurry."

"We saw him yesterday," said Susan, "and he says you need no more medicine, but a generous diet—some wine and chicken."

"Wine and chicken for the like of me?" said the old woman. "Tofable expensive medicine." But we have brought both," said Susan, setting down the basket.

"Well, I declare! I don't know what I should a done without you—a poor lone creature like me. You've been like darters to me—I'm sure. Once

upon a time—but no matter—no matter!" She stopped short, and gazing on the fire, rocked herself to and fro, as if struggling with some internal trouble.

"You are not unwell again!" said Mary, in a tone of alarm.

"No, no—only a passing twinge—I'm better now. I hope I shan't say n'thin' to disturb you. What's the use?—let braggins be bygones. It's no use usin' up the past. 'Taint no good."

After rocking here if for a few minutes, gazing in the fire, she suddenly wheeled her chair round to the table, while a bright smile passed over her weathered features.

"I tell you what, young ladies," she said, opening a drawer, and rummaging in it, "I'm do a little n'thin' for you to show my good will, at least. I'll tell you fortins."

"Nonsense!" said Susan, laughing.

"Ah, you may call it nonsense," said the old woman, shaking her head gravely, "but I tell you there's more in it than you think. And wiser heads than yours and mine think so. I've told many a fortin in my day that has cum true. Nobody teased me—I found it out myself. Didn't I?—Richard, the fisherman, years ago, he'd be'd been fide you spoke of."

"And he was drowned in a squall off Pitt Shier, What do you think of that?"

"Why, that of a hundred guesses, some may come true," said Mary. "And the chances are, in so dangerous a life as a fisherman's, that he will meet the poor fellow's fate you spoke of."

"Now pray don't you go for to underly my trade," said Mrs. Jones. "It's all that keeps me out of the poor-house."

By this time she had produced a grossy pack of cards, and was shuffling them industriously.

"Here's the poor old fide!" answered Susan to her sister. "She's only half-witted, and a lecture on imposture would be thrown away on her. She really believes in her occult power."

"Now, young ladies," said the sorceress, "I can tell you what sort of men you'll marry."

"We haven't thought of marrying," said Susan.

"I can't help it," said the old woman. "It's what you'll have to come to. Do you think two such bright roses will be left to wither alone? No, no! It isn't in the cards—and it's again natural. Now, Miss Susan," she added, pushing the pack to the elder sister, "just you cut, if you please."

"This is such nonsense," said the young lady, with a smile, "that I had much rather cut and run."

"Don't make light of it," said the oracle.

"It's all fiddle with fate."

Thus admonished, Susan Bligh obeyed the old lady's direction.

"The king of clubs!" said Mrs. Jones. "I thought so. Now, Miss Susan, you'll marry a dark-complected man, with curly hair and black eyes."

"Captain Burke!" whispered Mary to her sister.

The old woman overheard her.

"Captain Bligh!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Captain Bligh!"

"He isn't," said Susan. "How could you be so foolish, Mary?"

"Captain Richard Burke of the *Phantom of the Sea*!" repeated the old woman.

"Do you know him?" asked Susan, surprised at the strong excitement which she manifested.

"Know him? Do I not know him?" cried the fortune-teller. "May the curse of Heaven light upon him, and blight him, body and bone! May he meet with a cruel death, and in the world to come!"

"Hush—hush!" cried Susan. "Do not speak in language so undignified. You will drive us away."

"Don't go," said the old woman, implacably, as she sank back in her seat, and patted her skinny hand across her forehead, smothering back



taught, sir, that the consciousness of having done one's duty is reward enough to a true man."

"And pray, young gentleman, who taught you so?" asked the merchant.

"Our father, sir."

"And pray, sir, who is happy enough to be your father?"

"Captain Thomas Gordon."

"What!" cried Mr. Bligh. "Captain Thomas Gordon?"

"The same, sir."

"And this young gentleman is your brother, eh? You don't know me—but I know who you were orphaned. Did you never hear your father speak of William Bligh?"

"Often, sir, and always with respect and gratitude."

"Poh! poh! your father's in his dotage then. It was I that was the obliged party in our connection."

"You, sir!"

"Yes, young gentleman—I am that William Bligh, and your father sailed for years in my employ—my, and made more money for me than any captain I ever had. And now is the worthy old man? And so, you are little Rupert and Paul! Bless me, how you've grown! My dear boys, speaking very fast, if anything could add to my satisfaction, it is knowing that you have saved the lives of my darling daughter, the precious legacy of their dear lamented mother who is in heaven, it is the fact that they are the sons of an old and valued friend. You will pardon me for speaking of reward to a Gordon. You have your father's nobility, your pride, for he is every inch a man, and you have inherited all his good qualities, I can see."

"I thank you for your good opinion, sir," said Rupert. "And now, pray let us not detain you longer from your daughters."

"Stay, young gentlemen," said Mr. Bligh. "You don't escape so easily. My daughters are evidently too much agitated to remain at the theatre—and we must all go home together. No excuses," added the old gentleman, peremptorily.

"Stay here! Remember you are under my orders for the evening."

"Hail me better, Bligh, Rupert?" asked Paul, when they were left alone.

"I think not—it would be impolite," replied Rupert. "Besides, here come the young ladies."

"Gentlemen, let me make you acquainted with my daughters," said the old merchant—"Susan and Mary—your hero met before. But I think, girls, you were not aware that you owed your lives to the sons of my old friend, Captain Gordon? It doesn't speak much for your good-breeding to think they took the liberty of saving you, without knowing your names, but that is a solace we can easily pardon them. And now, young gentlemen, be so good as to take charge of these young ladies, while I look after my carriage."

"Shan't I relieve you of the trouble, sir?" asked Paul.

"You will stay where you are posted, if you please," replied the old gentleman positively, but with a good-humored smile. "Remember, what I told you, you are under my orders. Disobey me, and I'll court-martial you."

Of course it required no persuasion to induce young Paul Gordon to remain beside so sweet a girl as Mary Bligh. He was in such a flutter of delight, that the few remarks he ventured to utter were most unintelligible. Rupert was nearly as much embarrassed with the elder sister.

In a few moments Mr. Bligh's head reappeared at the top of the stair-case, nodding to each of the street, and they obeyed the indication. The young man offered their arms and aided the ladies down stairs. The light weight of those soft rounded arms, the rustle of the satin dresses, the vision of beauty half seen in sidelong glances, the intoxicating perfume of flowers nodding in silken tresses beside delicate sprays of diamond and pearl, gave the moment the vague charm of

a summer day-dream of fairy land. They could hardly persuade themselves that they were awake. The ladies were hurried into the carriage, the gentlemen followed, the door was clapped to, the driver mounted to the box, and the vehicle rolled up Franklin-street at a rapid rate.

"It was dem Gordons," said Seadrift, to his companion, Redland, as they stood upon the sidewalk.

"Yes, curse them! and that was Mr. Bligh's carriage."

"Pose we 'ten watch and watch at Mary Bligh's?"

"To what purpose? It is enough we know where they are gone. We'll see how Captain Burke relishes the meeting."

"I wish he was here now!" said the black.

"So do I. But come along."

"Heave ahead!"

And the two associates moved off in company.

Meanwhile, the carriage had deposited a happy party in Colonnade-row, and the hospitable merchant had given his new friends a warm welcome to his house. They were ushered at once into the drawing-room, and, with the ardent and thoughtless of youth, they surrendered themselves to the fascinations held out to them, and were soon on a footing of the utmost intimacy at the Blighs.

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE *Phantom of the Sea* had returned to port, and was lying at the wharf. She had enjoyed her accustomed fortune and came back without the loss of a spar or sail. The crew had been discharged and gone ashore; the decks had been washed, and shone like silver; every rope was neatly coiled, every bucket and baling-pipe in place—in a word, she was in apple-pie order.

The first person seen on deck was an athletic man with iron-gray hair, in a coarse blue sailor's dress, who was striding uneasily to and fro amidships.

In the cabin sat Captain Burke, busily writing at his desk, Tom Seadrift standing a short distance from him, with his hat in his hand. After a few minutes, the captain finished his writing, threw it in his desk, looked it, and pushing it from him, leaned back in his chair, and said:

"Well Tom?"

"Well, massa?"

"Do you want to wait for Masses Harry?"

"No?"

The captain rose, gently closed the door of the stateroom, and then resumed his seat.

"Haro you made any discovery, Tom?"

"Yes massa."

"Well?"

"Fust an' foremost, dough, 'low me to say one word."

"Twenty if you like, I'm in no hurry."

"I couldn't find out nuffin' myself. Dere was a man helped me."

"That was your friend?"

"He name Mark Redland."

"And he'll want to be paid for his services?"

"No—no only want a beer."

"A birth! Is he a sailor?"

"Free-trade."

"Well, we'll see about that, by-and-bye."

"He's bere, massa."

"Where?"

"On deck."

"O, then send him along."

Tom disappeared, and immediately returned with Mark Redland, the man we have seen pacing the deck.

"Mass, Mark Redland."

"Happy to see you, sir," said the captain.

"So you want to sail in the *Phantom*, eh?"

"I should like to make a voyage in her," replied Redland.

"You have been to sea?"

"For twenty years."

"Of course, you have references?"

"Plenty."

"Well—we'll look at them, by-and-bye. I can't tell you now how soon the *Phantom* will sail again."

"Time enough."

"Sit down. Now, Tom, for your report. I suppose, Mr. Redland, my fellow has made a confidant of you?"

"To a certain extent, sir."

"No harm in that; I employed him to ascertain the names and whereabouts of a couple of young fellows who did me a service some weeks since."

"I was lucky enough to be able to help him," said Redland.

"I'll satisfy you for your trouble," said the captain. "Now, Tom."

"Well, den—I've found 'em out."

"And who are they?"

"The names is Rupert and Paul Gordon, massa."

"Gordon! Gordon! not sons of old Captain Tom Gordon?"

"The same," answered Redland.

"I hadn't thought he had grown-up sons."

"It seems he has," said Redland.

"Well, what you mean by that?" "It remains for me to thank and reward them for saving my brother's life and mine on the occasion of a capture in the harbor some weeks ago."

"They are like enough to be amply rewarded for saving two other lives on the same occasion," said Redland, dryly.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Captain Burke, changing color.

"I mean, sir, that Mr. William Bligh has discovered that they saved his daughters' lives. The moment he found it out, he invited them to his house, presented them to his daughter, and they were well received."

The blood mounted to Captain Burke's forehead at this unwelcome intelligence, and he bit his lip till the blood came. Redland scanned his emotion sharply, and noted it with inward satisfaction. For some moments he was unable to speak, and then he asked, in a tone of affected indifference:

"How long has this been going on?"

"For more than four weeks," replied Redland.

"For four weeks, and I on the blue water!" muttered Burke. Then he added aloud: "They must be the family confidentially. Contrabands, I suppose, unused to high life, and so flattered by admission into a fashionable family that they can't keep a secret."

"Parlon me, Captain Burke; they are both well-bred and accomplished, and their education, so far from being disagreeable to Mr. Bligh's daughters, appear to be most acceptable."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Redland," said Captain Burke, in a tone of smothered passion, "I was not aware that you were the friend of these gentlemen."

"Their friend!" echoed Redland. "Captain Burke, I hate them!"

"Well, that's frank and above-board, at least," said Burke. "Pray, what motive have you for your animosity?"

"That's my secret," answered Redland, gloomily. "I have played the spy on them for my own purpose, and not to please you."

"You could not have served me better," said Burke. "It is no secret that my brother and myself were paying attention to Captain Bligh's daughters. Of course, I need not conceal from you that it is of the highest importance to me to know what has been passing in that family since our absence. And now, sir, you must excuse me. Let me see you on board to-morrow. I may have an advantageous proposition to make you. If you are willing to serve me, I am able to recompense you. I need not caution you to keep your counsel and my own."

"I require no instructions on that point,"

"To-morrow, then, I shall see you again," said the captain.

As soon as the captain was left alone, he opened the state-room door he had so carefully closed, and called out:

"Harry, have you finished dressing?"

"Ar, ay, sir," replied his brother, making his appearance in full dress.

"Good! I suppose your impatient to call on the Blighs?"

"Yes—have you heard anything from that quarter?"

"Certainly, the most cheering intelligence," said the captain, drawing on his kid gloves.

"I thought the girls would come round—distance lends enchantment to such fascinating gentlemen as you and I."

"Then take care the enchantment does not vanish on a nearer view."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean there are breakers ahead."

"Breakers?"

"Yes—we're on a lee shore."

"A lee shore?"

"In a word, the two heroes of the *Mystic* have turned up—Rupert and Paul Gordon—you see I know their names."

"The young men who saved our lives? How happy I shall be to thank them for their inestimable service."

"I rather fancy they have been thanked enough already, and by sweeter lips than ours."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this—that they are daily visitors at the Blighs—that they prove to be dashing, fascinating fellows, and, in a word, that if they have not cut us out, they have done their best to do so, and have had the very best opportunity."

"And what do you propose to do?"

"To reward them as they *deserve* for their valuable services. No one can say that Dick Burke ever forgot a benefit or forgave an injury."

"Surely you do not?"

"I mean nothing, my dear fellow—except as usual to think for you as well for myself—and to act with decision, as I shall plan with ingenuity. But *allow*—time flies—and every moment is precious."

By this time they were on deck. Captain Burke called out to the ship-keeper to look for the cabin, and then went on shore with his brother.

While these things were transpiring on board the *Phantom of the Sea*, an interview of a very different character was taking place in Mr. Bligh's drawing-room in Colonsdale.

Rupert Gordon was seated beside Susan Bligh on the sofa. Both were silent, but the agitated expression of the young man's countenance, and the heightened color of the young lady's cheek, would have indicated to an experienced observer, had any such intruded on the sanctity of their privacy, that the heart of one meditated, and that of the other anticipated, an avowal of the deepest interest to both.

At length Rupert falteringly broke the silence. "Miss Bligh," he commenced—"Susan—if I may dare so to address you—this moment of my existence is the most critical of my whole life. It lies with you to decide my fate."

For her life Susan Bligh could not see without her eyes or uttered a syllable; but the agitation of the face that veiled her bosom showed that her own emotion was as great as that of her companion.

"Ours has been but a very brief acquaintance," continued Rupert, "and so like a happy dream, that it seems to have been numbered by minutes and not by hours, days, and weeks. I have been so happy in being near you—in hearing the music of your voice—in basking in the sunshine of your glad smile, that I have forgotten the dangers of my position. This intimacy has led to daring hopes and wishes when alone—hopes and wishes that have died away whenever I measured the prize before me. Susan! Susan! I have dared—to love you!"

He took the fair hand that lay invitingly within the reach of his. Was it fancy? It appeared as if the pressure of his fingers was gently and timorously returned. At least the hand made no struggle to release itself.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE RESCUE.

### A TALE OF THE CEDAR FALLS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITZ.

"We are approaching the falls," Warren exclaimed, suddenly rising in the boat, and pointing with his whip in the direction of the river, somewhat down the stream. A cluster of trees at this point, extending from the river to the roadside, cut off the view of the outcrop; but a thick curtain of spray rose far above them, and a hoarse sound of falling water a few rods distant came distinctly to our ears, thus marking accurately the locality of the place we were seeking.

"We will leave our horse here," my companion remarked, alighting from his seat, and pointing the animal to one of the trees. "Come our way lies through this grove, and a moment's walk will bring us to the very water of the falls which you have been so anxious to see."

Following my friend through the wood, Isaac reached the bank of the stream at the place where it took its first wild leap, striking on the sharp and jagged rocks which lined its bed fifty feet below, and then leaping away in a succession of picturesque cascades to its usual unbroken level. Above the fall for some distance the water was fretted and disturbed by the ledges of rock, while, from below, the mist came rolling up in a beautiful column. It was a wild, yet strangely picturesque scene; and when I made the remark to my companion, he answered:

"Ah, yes; I doubt not that it would so strike any beholder; but to me it is doubly interesting from the recollections connected with it. In this place I met with the most thrilling, and to me the most important adventure which of late falls to my lot. How strange as the announcement may seem to you, I won a wife."

"A wife!" I ejaculated, almost involuntarily, looking sharply into his face to assure myself that he was not about to make me some subject of jest. There was an earnest, though smiling expression upon his face which convinced me of his sincerity; and while framing an answer, he observed:

"It perplexes you, as a matter of course; nevertheless, the statement is perfectly true. In this wild spot I snatched from the very jaws of destruction a prize—"

"Which," I interrupted, "you were selfish enough to keep for your trouble?"

"Exactly," was the reply, "if you will so have it. But no more of that, Hal; somehow, I never fell in the mood for pleasantry upon that subject. Always, when I look upon these tumbling waters, I am reminded of that adventure, with all its fearful peril, and I shudder whenever I think of it. But, here—let us sit down upon this convenient mossy rock, and then, within sight of the scene of my story, I will relate it to you."

"Well, let me commence. You have heard me speak of William Mason? If not to you, to some of the others. I have spent his name with bitterness and in animosity, for ever, from the days of my childhood I was taught to regard him as my enemy. He is an old man now, for he and my father—who, you know, has been many years dead—were playmates and companions, and shared between them the same feed acres. Its origin I never knew; I had heard my father couple the name of Mason with that of some deep wrong, which I at length learned to consider as my own, but the nature of which I never exactly knew. But had I been

the child of some Scottish clansman, I could not have kept this enmity greener in my heart. Wherever I met William Mason it was with threatening and forbidding mien; but his face was always averted from me,—as I supposed, through a consciousness of his guilt and treachery.

"At this time I lived hardly half-a-mile from the spot, and Mason resided some distance several miles I believe up the stream. One day in early spring I was strolling along the bank of the river, near this spot, when I was suddenly startled at hearing a shriek,—the most piercing, distressful cry which ever greeted my ears. Hastening in the direction of the sound, I reached this very rock upon which we are sitting, and, looking up the stream, a sight was presented to my eyes which fairly chilled my blood with horror. But before I describe it I must remind you that at that season of the year the Cedar, like other streams which rise in the mountains, and are swollen by the melting of the accumulated snows of winter, had increased to almost double its depth and volume, and had consequently become a fire-breathing torrent, surging, with a few exceptions, in a mad career, before had, raised their heads above its surface. Now turn your eye up the stream. There—do you see that point twenty rods above us, which from this point of view seems to project almost into the middle of the river? Well, upon that point my eyes were fixed with all the fascination of terror. A dozen men were standing there, and their gaze, as well as mine, was fixed upon a frail, skiff like boat which had just swept round the point with almost lightning-like velocity, and was now entering the eddy of the middle of the mad current towards the verge of the falls! But its occupants,—ah, I can never hope to describe her as she appeared at that moment. She was a young girl of singular beauty, as my first rapid glance assured me; and to look at her, I should have sworn she floated back into the water as she clung in wild fright to the sides of the skiff, and gazed in agony upon the seething water around her.

"Down, down, swift as an arrow just from the bow-string, the little craft hastened, until my eyes were riveted upon it, and my heart throbbled so loudly that it could plainly hear its frightened pulsations. Five seconds more, and all would be over. 'Merciful God,' I cried, in my mind's excitement. 'Save her, rescue her, for she is beyond the help of man!' The answer was answered, for at that instant when I had expected to see the boat shoot over the falls with its helpless burden, it suddenly rock'd far over to one side, throwing the maiden out upon a small projection of rock not more than ten rods above the edge of the falls; you see it there, almost opposite us."

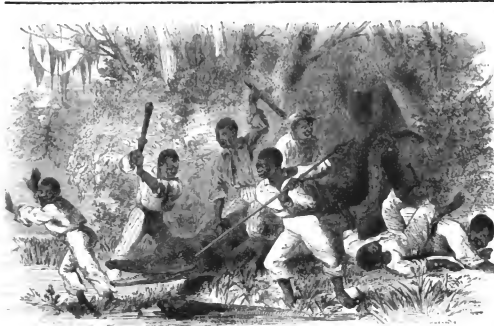
I quickly discovered it as he pointed it out. It was a fearfully precarious object for a human being to cling to, with this certainty of death below; and as I myself realized this, I became more interested in the narrative.

"The rock at this time," Warren continued, "showed hardly more than a point above the water; and to this the imperilled girl clung as tenaciously as her strength allowed, while the boat, relieved of its burden, floated down the falls, and was instantly dashed in pieces upon the rocks below. 'Soch may still be her fate!' was my instant thought; and while I stood irresolute, the imploring gaze of the maiden met mine, and I was soothed to be only aware of my presence; the thought that I could be her preserver almost filled her breast; and above the roar of the furious waters I heard her faint cry, 'Save me, O, save me!' Hid the peril of the attempt been at that moment a hundred times more, I should have been stronger otherwise than I did. Raising my voice in a hoarse shout of encouragement, I ran swiftly towards the point, where a large crowd had by this time collected."

"A rope—quick, a rope!" I exclaimed, as







THE ALLIGATOR HUNT.

approached him threateningly. With a whist "Yeh! yah! yah!" he disappeared in the darkness, whither the others dared not follow him. Muttering their odd and wild imprecations upon "de young dog," who was "eber cuttin' up de fechin'" by his practical jokes, the party was soon laughing and jabbering like a set of parrots, over their now thoroughly-cooked feast. Pig was taken from the spit and placed on a great sugar-pan, which served as a platter; potatoes were raked out of the hot water; possum was carefully laid upon an old earthenware dish especially reserved for the delicacy.

In a moment all was a-budim of enjoyment. Song, dance, joke—all flowed so rapidly, even as the negroes eat of the pig, potatoes, and rice-cake; for, let the spirit of fun be ever so exuberant, it did not for a moment stay the fest.

"H'm's dat?" suddenly exclaimed one of the darkies astride of the cypress-log, having a pig's leg in his hand, while his well-filled mouth almost stopped his utterance.

Instantly all was still as death; then all eyes opened wide as shutters—all mouths gaped—each negro's arms and fingers stiffened at his side, and knees perceptibly quaked.

"De debil himself!" shouted the darky from the log, and, with a wild "whoop!" he disappeared in the woods.

"De debil! Oh! eh! oh!" was heard on all sides, as the darkies vanished in the darkness, leaving the feast deserted. Then there came slowly forward—what was it? An alligator, apparently; yet it walked erect, as if standing on its tail. The monster came slowly forward, uttering a noise something similar to a pig's grunt, until it stood by the deserted feast. It walked around the board, passed through the fire, knuckled the embers aside, and, finally, bent down before the feast. The breast between the fore-legs parted, and the head of Comandubus looked out, his cheeks fairly wet with the tears of his suppressed laughter. Then he protruded his hand to seize a morsel of the delicious pig, and was in the act of bearing it to his mouth, when—crash, crash, fell the blows upon his alligator's head. It was the turn of Comandubus to be frightened. He burst from the skin to find one of the darkies, armed with a club, ready to dash out his brains. His sudden appearance, however, apparently from the very monster's bowels, caused the assailant to stagger back in horror. Comandubus, throwing the skin over on

the stupefied negro, made for the woods, while the thick recesses were rendered fairly jubilant with his laughter.

But his laughter proved his frolic's ruin; for the negroes, secreted in the darkness, sprang out, and soon had him prisoner. They dragged him forward to the fire, to find the fellow with the club carefully examining the hollow skin, to be assured there was not another darky within its ample hollow. The capture of the "serious rascal" revealed all, and although the darkies had had their feast almost spoiled, so clever was the trick that they soon forgave the joker, and the feast went on. Alligator stories became the theme of discourse as the pig continued to disappear.

"What rid you get dat big skin, Comandubus?" said the negro whose club had so nearly finished the apparition.

"Yon see, darkies, de alligator, which isn't so plenty as dey used to was, is going off like de Injins—nobody knows whar; but I believe," he said, with a knowing shake of his very woolly head, "I believe der is a hole somewhere dat goes in de ground," and dat de alligator, and Injins, and deer, and "possums goes in and finds a odder place better'n dis," cause der isn't no niggas nor poor whites der to pester 'em. Dat's my most profound comprehension."

"Woll, dis yere old 'an wouldn't clear out wid de rest. He staid behind and cum ashore every night las' year, to stick his nose in mussy's ground, out of 'cause he couldn't help it, I's pouse. I was down in de swamp by de lower bayou one Sunday, yon see—you needn't roll your eyes so ober dar, yon nigger preacher wid de fiddle—one Sunday, 'jus' to see whar de light cum from perhaps, or whar de dark went to ebery mornin', when what should I see but dat alligator dar, trahlin' aroun' on Sunday like a gentlemun wid a big chaw of toba' in his monf. By golly, I struck out ob dem woods and across to de houses in a berry, and jes' let de boys know it. So we went back and dar he was, sure enough. We tried to head him off, but de smart old fox would go towards de bayou anyhow; so we kep't pesterin' him, and makin' him snap his tail like a whip, until he had knocked de bark all off on it—yon see dar it is all gone. I knowed if he got in de water he was gone for good, so I jes' got straddles his back. Yon know when a nigger gits on an alligator's back, dat dey jes' stops, and swells up and blows like a bull, dey gets so

mad. So de ole feller stops, and de way he stirred up de ground was de ole shadow of his tail knocked two niggers down, and he struck out his face for anudder nigger's heels, and almos' kitched 'em. Gosh! dat nigger wouldn't been a chaw tobecker for de beast. Yon see I was de boss ob dat boat, 'kase I was on de deck—yah! yah! and de critter couldn't shake me off. De ole fool didn't know enough to lay down an' roll ober. He got blowed all out wid his fuesin' 'roun' to get me off. De boys put out both his eyes wid de pite-capers; den I took de spear and put it right under dis foreleg yere, and dat did de job for him. He jes' lay right out and whined like a dog, and den died. Dat's all."

"I dont b'lieve 'at dat nigger say about ridin' de alligators across de bayou," said Cottontop. "I once heard tell dat de mails on de Mississippi was carried up and down by boys on de alligator's back—dat dey went so fas' you could only see a streamer through de water; but I don't believe dat, nohow, 'kase I know de boat is de slowestest critter dat eber did live. Why, I'll tell you once I was goin' across de bayons in de oberseer's skiff, to de old rice plantation. When I got to de bayou, dar, was jes' about two hundred little alligators croppin' aroun', jes' hatched out in de sand. De ole alligator was out on de mad. I went ober to de old place, staid dar all night, come back nex' day, and de ole alligator had mat's only jes' about twenty run, dat's all. But, I tell you, de creek is de water. I jes' went ober der holes in de skiff, and I believe dey could beat me wid de best boat. I once took ole massa and anudder gentlemun ober to see de ugly beasts in der holes. Oh, de Lord! De gentlemun was so skeered dat we pulled ashore, and he got sick a-lasin' 'em beller and grunt, and splash."

"Cottontop, w'at you kin so many alligators for?" said one of the listeners.

"None of your business!" said the apparently offended negro-alligator merchant, for such he was; and to his hand was the growing outcry of "the animal!" owing more than to any other cause. The fellow hunted them chiefly in the winter with great success pecuniarily. He would travel around in the daytime and discover where the creature had buried itself for the winters torpor. The spot was always indicated by a round ridge on the surface of the ground. Having marked the spot, he would return at night, build his fire, open the mound, cut off the alligator's head, open and disembowel him. The fat of the ribs and flesh he would "try out" in his pans, and before mornin' would return loaded with skins and oil. The skins he sold at a good price, for fancy leather, and the oil he disposed of at a very paying rate, for machinery lubrication. In this trade he had amassed a snug sum of money, and was therefore quite a "respectable darky" notwithstanding the negroes, for this reason, did not like the manner in which he had procured his wealth.

THOSE who conceive themselves righteous are much further from the kingdom of heaven than the very sinners whom they despise.

THE great essential of happiness in this life is something to hope for and something to love.

GRUMBLEDG is all very well in its place. It is the deep biter that is needed to make up the full harmony of being.

MANY people consider the world as a worm does the interior of a nut—simply a place to feed and grow fat in.

# THE BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER. A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

(From the New York Ledger.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUSADE OF THE  
FOREST."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### FOOTPRINTS.

During the excitement which had followed on the burning of the wigwam, Bartlett had walked with more or less indifference. Not understanding fully what had occurred, he supposed that the hubbub had been caused solely by the fire. Seeing, however, the subsequent search which was being made, he approached Complanter to learn the cause. He found the chief somewhat moose and taciturn.

"Why do the young hunters creep in the woods?" he asked; "has anything crept in among us?"

"No; gal burn wigwam, s'pose," answered the Indian.

"But the young men are not looking for her," persisted Bartlett.

"May be trail in woods—who know?" again carelessly replied the other.

Bartlett saw that he was not likely to be very communicative, and so walked away, now carefully watching everything which occurred. As he sauntered on, he met Jonny, and tried to enter into conversation with him, but he avoided him, hurrying in another direction. The Indians also, whether they were prompted by distrust, or were too much occupied with the matters before them, were far from manifesting any disposition to enlighten his curiosity.

He finally became separated from the rest, and was walking musingly against a tree, when he felt his elbow touched by some one on the other side of it. He turned his head quickly, and saw his late travelling companion, Ottawa, of whom he had not lately seen much, now standing quietly by him. The Indian's face wore a mysterious intelligent look, and it was evident that he had some important information to communicate. It may be stated that Ottawa was looked upon by the Senecas with dislike and some suspicion; and since he and Bartlett had joined them they had very little to do with him. His intercourse with Bartlett had also become more restricted, and it was only occasionally they held their secret conversations. Under the present circumstances, Bartlett was glad enough to meet him, as he was the person most likely to give him full information as to what was going on.

"Well, what is it, my friend?" said Bartlett. The Indian held up a short stick as he replied: "Know him now."

"Know whom?" said Bartlett.

"Trail," was the answer. "Glaendwah squaw look—day no one. Ottawa know him stick," he continued, as he again held up the stick. It was about ten inches long, and the Indian, as he showed it, pulled from a pouch a bark thong which he measured off on the stick. They were both of the same length, and a knot on the one corresponded with a knot in the other.

"What does it all mean?" asked Bartlett again, puzzled by the proceedings of his companion.

"Mean trail of Big Axe," was the reply. "Ottawa tried him—twice more time," and he made an impression in the earth with his foot, and then stooping applied the stick to it, lengthwise and crosswise, showing how the measurement of the footprint had been taken.

"What are you coming at, Ottawa?" repeated Bartlett, a little impatiently. "Do you mean that that is the size of Whetson's foot?"

The Indian nodded.

"Well," was the reply, "and what if it is?"

"No see Indian look for trail?" asked Ottawa,

pointing to the Senecas, who still continued to struggle about in the vain hope of discovering some trace of the hiding place of their late intruders.

Bartlett looked quickly at Ottawa as he asked:

"Do you mean that Whetson has been here, and that they have discovered his trail?"

The Indian again nodded; and Bartlett fell into a fit of deep thought. After a while he asked:

"And where do you think he is now?"

Ottawa shook his head, as much as to say that the place of retreat was as great a mystery to him as to the others. In a moment after, he added:

"When sun come, Ottawa look more—may see."

"Well," said Bartlett, glancing upward, "it's likely to clear up soon, and it has already stopped raining for some time; but I don't see what difference the sun will make. It is full daylight now."

"Step dry up on leaf—make mark," answered the Indian.

"How do you think he could have followed us?" asked Bartlett, after a slight pause. "We saw nothing of him near little falls, and we are now two days' journey south of there. I saw that Murphy had gone on to Fort Dayton. Besides, Nance Voorhis promised to tell them some big lies about our course. I can hardly think your guess is correct. Moreover, he wouldn't dare to come alone."

The Indian for once exhibited a grim sort of smile on his bronzed face, as Bartlett spoke of the difficulty of being followed.

"Three wigwam full of Indian fly through sky like bird, eh?" he asked.

"Not exactly, I admit," said Bartlett; "but then it's a rough country, and we've come fast, and so come they wouldn't expect. I hope this infernal hail won't lead to our ruin; we could have gone at least two days more, without stopping to hunt and fish."

Soon after, the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone out muggy and warm. The Indians left camp forth, and after yawning a little some of them began to furbish up their guns. All save the chiefs seemed entirely at ease, and to have no cause for anxiety or care. He was still pondering over the singular events of the morning when five or six of the youngest of the party came to him, to ask about the hunting excursions of their mysterious visitors. In point of fact, the Indians, deeming themselves beyond immediate danger, and being somewhat short of provisions, had halted in this place to obtain a new supply. Their stopping had taken Murphy and Whetson a little by surprise, so that they came near walking into their very encampment during the night.

Complanter gave a few instructions to the hunters, and they departed on their errand. As for himself, he was still uneasy and somewhat irritated that no sign whatever had been discovered of their mysterious visitors. As one of the scouts came in without success, the frown on his brow grew heavier and more threatening; and those who looked at him, saw that some sort of storm was brewing.

Mainstems we must for a few moments pay attention to what Bartlett and his Indian associate were doing. I've letters, to verify the idea he had expressed of the presence of the wood-chopper, took Bartlett to the log behind which Whetson and Murphy had for some time lain concealed. Here he applied himself again to measure the foot marks which were in many places visible upon the ground. These had been made by the Indians, were generally very easily distinguishable from those made by the white men. Aside from the moccasin, which was not a sure test, as many hunters wore this sort of foot gear, the shape of the foot and the direction of the whole mark, gave some clue as to which it belonged. The step of the Indian was usually somewhat in-toed, and his

walk or run was along loping trot—very different from the rapid walk or the harrier run of a white man.

It so happened, that the very first footprint which struck Ottawa's attention was that of some one who had worn moccasins, but the characteristics of it were such as to preclude the idea of its belonging to an Indian. It did not, of course, correspond to any particular with the measure which Ottawa carried. Bartlett smiled as he saw the puzzled look on his companion's face.

"Never mind," he said, "it seems others have been here as well as Whetson, and as this appears to be a somewhat frequented route after all—"

His remarks were arrested by the blank expression which now stole over Ottawa's face, as, with some nervous twitching of his countenance, he hastily put up his measure and approached Bartlett.

"Two Gun been here!" he said, in a startled whisper.

The latter was alarmed as well as the Indian at the intelligence. It must not appear surprising to the reader that men in those days acted upon hints which to us may appear too slight and unimportant. The above such indications seemed very clear and conclusive.

After a few minutes' considering, Bartlett set down on an old log, and leaned his face in his hand, as he fell into a fit of thought. The Indian stood near, and both occasionally looked at the Senecas, who still continued here and there to search for the lost trail.

"Ottawa," said Bartlett, after a moment, "it is pretty clear that this party leaves too broad a trail. They are no friends to us, though they are enemies to Two Gun and Whetson. Suppose we leave them some night, and take a s'pose round the lake, and see the squaw with us, and whatever else we like?"

All this was said in an interrogative tone, while the speaker looked steadily at his companion to ascertain how he would take the proposal.

As he expected, no reply was at first given, but the quiet twinkling of the Indian's eye showed that he relished it.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### A SMALL BATTLE.

For some time, the two then continued to converse upon the subject; while the Senecas, disappointed, came back from their fruitless search and stole into the cabins as if ashamed of their lack of skill.

The last one who returned ventured near Complanter, and was about speaking to him, when the latter glared at him fiercely and waved him aside. The chief then slowly rose, and walked to where Bartlett and his associate were still in conference.

"White trader no afraid Indian?" he said as he came near, wearing a scowl upon his brow.

Bartlett at first was at loss how to take this unexpected style of address.

In a moment after he replied:

"No."

"Ain't afraid Indian scalp, eh?"

"No," again said Bartlett; "white trader has got the word of a Seneca chief."

The grim countenance of the savage somewhat relaxed at this, and a kind of smile of satisfaction stole over it, as he felt the compliment to his good faith. Again a sudden thought seemed to cloud his brow, as he said:

"No play fool with Indian warrior? No try hide in the bush, and burn wigwam and make Indian go on path?"

All these questions followed each other in rapid succession, as the suspicions of the savage thus found voice.

Bartlett comprehended that the quickest and completest way to remove the chief's doubts was to be the best answer, therefore, to one of the footprints, which there and there could be

seen upon the ground, he called the Indian's attention to the difference between the size of it and that of his own foot. The contentment of the savage at this remark was so far as doubts of Bartlett were concerned, though his old uneasiness now again took possession of his mind at the thought that a stranger had been among them unseen and unfollowed.

"Who 'tink been here?" he length asked, though in a tone not altogether menacing.

Bartlett in his turn thought it best to appear a little grave and dissembled at the suspicions of which he had been the object, as he answered, with a shrug of his shoulders:

"Gawdawda chief got young men. Let them look. They have eyes; they then open them wide. White trader know how to find a trail, replied the chief, after a considerable pause; "when Indian warriors know him too, then make path smooth and straight."

The curiosity of the Indian was only the more excited by this reply, and he began to entertain respect for a man who seemed to be better informed than himself, and able at the same time to keep his own counsel. On the other hand, after a little reflection, Bartlett was anxious not only to communicate his suspicions to the chief, but to do it in such a manner as to produce the greatest effect upon him.

"Gawdawda know Indian trail—white trader know pale face trail," replied the chief, after a considerable pause; "when Indian warriors know him too, then make path smooth and straight."

"Indian chief has heard of Murphy and the Big Axe," said Bartlett; "they have been here this morning."

Whatever effect this information had upon Complanter, his countenance gave no indication of it. He remained for a second or so as calm as if nothing unusual had been said to him. He then walked deliberately to make a new examination of the footmarks on the ground, and continued to occupy for some minutes.

It will be remembered that this conversation took place near the hollow log in which Murphy lay concealed, so that it was not unlikely he may have been a listener to what was said. It will also be borne in mind that some time before, a few of the more active of the Indians had started off on a hunting excursion for the day. Up to this time nothing had been heard of them. Now, however, certain of the Indians about the lodges began to show that they soon anticipated some movement by the hunters. For an attentive listener, the sound of something running through the forest would have been audible. In point of fact, the camping-ground being at the bottom of a precipitous valley, and several pathways leading down the gorge from the higher ground to the north, was right in the way of any one going up or down the valley. The hunters, when they left the camp, had stealthily made their way to the higher ground, where, by creeping and watching, they had managed to get near some small herds of deer that were browsing upon this hill side. By dint of care and skill, they gradually succeeded in forming most of the animals towards the head of the valley through which the creek ran; and then by shouting, and running after them, they drove the herd down the valley. It was the noise of their shouting, and the scampering of the animals, which now began to attract the attention of the Indians in camp. Those who had guns or other weapons, hastened off to hide themselves at various points along the paths, as to get good shots at the deer, as they should sweep by. Everything was done as silently as possible. The report on which Complanter and Bartlett stood was a little out of the course likely to be taken by the firing animals, and was in itself not a bad place to fire from. The lodges standing near the stream would strike the attention of the animals, and would scare them a little up the hill side, to the right and left, so that a good marksmen, having a deer shot, could hardly fail to bring down one or more of them. The chief and his companion

accordingly prepared themselves for this. For a time all other thoughts and feelings were absorbed in the sport before them. All the women and unwarmed Indians were enjoined to keep strictly in and inside the cabins.

Soon the footsteps of the flying deer, as they took great bounds down the path, could be more distinctly heard. It was not many seconds before they seemed suddenly to pause, and the short snort of the leading bucks could be heard, they stopped in astonishment at sight of the cabins ahead. Their pause, however, was only momentary, for the shouting and clamor behind them soon drove them forward. With tremendous leaps they now came on again, screaming to the right and left to avoid the lodges. When at last they were close for the firing was given, and a nearly simultaneous discharge of firearms took place on all sides. A few of the animals fell, others stopped in alarm, and afterwards the air for a moment, bounded off again, and were soon out of sight and hearing.

It was a curious circumstance that, when the firing took place, Bartlett felt something whistle by his right ear, followed by a burning sensation. On putting his hand up to it he found it bleeding profusely, a small bit of the outer rim being torn off. In some uneasiness he looked about him, and found a piece of bark torn up on the tree behind him. He tried to call the attention of Complanter to the circumstance; but the latter was too busy in helping to secure the game that had been disabled to heed him. Bartlett in the meantime with some difficulty stanching the blood, and then set himself to find out what could have caused the accident. With his hunting knife he dug into the bark of the tree, and at last succeeded in finding a bullet deeply buried in the wood! Surely this must have been very careless firing! What Indian could have made such a blunder? Bartlett had stood at some distance from the place where the deer had been taken by the deer on his side of the valley, and it was marvellous how any one could have been so unskilful as to send a ball so very wide of its mark. He began to entertain suspicions. Could any of the treacherous savages wish to put him out of the way, in order to secure the game? What had meant the black looks of Complanter that morning? And could he have been at the bottom of it? While engaged in these reflections, he beheld himself of Ottawa, and turned to look for him. The latter was at that moment coming up the hill. Bartlett beckoned him to him, and pointed to his wounded leg. The Indian was not at all surprised; he merely nodded, saying:

"Know him."

Bartlett in his turn was astonished, and quickly asked:

"Who did it?"

"Big-Axe," was the ready reply.

"Where is he?" asked Bartlett, in a hurried tone, looking about him.

The Indian beckoned him coolly to sit down, a thing which he himself proceeded to do with the utmost composure. Bartlett found it was of no use to try to hurry his companion, so he himself took a seat on a log, waiting as patiently as he could for such developments as his companion was prepared to make.

#### CHAPTER XLVI.

"THERE BE LONG RATS AND WATER RATS."

We have for some time lost sight of Whetson, who had taken to hiding somewhere in the vicinity of the brook. He was an expert and powerful swimmer; and when he had succeeded in reaching the water, at the time he was first discovered by Complanter, he immediately sank his body below it, and made his way, partly by waving and partly by swimming (always holding his gun above the surface), for a rod or more up stream. When he again rose it was under a fringe of bushes that grew on the shore, and was thence enabled, through the leaves, to watch

the Indian runners as they hurried down in search of him. For him to escape was a task of the utmost difficulty, as his pursuers were acquainted with every derivation of action, and every trick to mislead, which could be practised in the forest. He had no confidence in the concealment to be afforded by the thickets and by the heavy-leaved tree tops; for all of these, he knew, would, in a very few minutes, be thoroughly searched. He saw no other chance, and, as running would be quite out of the question, as the savages were fresh, and could follow his trail without hesitation over the soft wet ground.

The clouds by this time had begun to break away, and the sunlight here and there was visible on the hill-tops, and in patches down their sides. The day was now becoming clear, and the obscuring cover could hardly, at such a time, be made available as a place of concealment.

Whetson had not ten seconds to reflect before it became necessary to act.

He was on the side of the stream nearest to his pursuers, and so concealed from their sight in that they should be on the opposite one, or in the creek itself.

Where he was the water was about five feet in depth, so that he could stand with his head and a part of his shoulders above it. He held on with his hands to some bushes, whose thick branches were over him, and could thus raise or lower himself at will. So far, through all his confusion, he had managed, with a hunter's instinct, to keep his gun with him, and to prevent its escape from getting wet. After attaining his present position, he had, the moment he raised his head above the water to breathe, tossed it up on the low bank by his side, where it lay hidden in the grass.

Three or four of the Indians plunged into the stream; some crossed it and hurried on the opposite side, peering about at everything within sight. Others, however, remained on the bank, and went up under the willows, with their heads just above the water, examining everything which might serve as a place of concealment.

Now came the critical moment for Whetson. For a few seconds he could keep out of their sight by the aid of the foliage. And that they would certainly be looking for him, he knew.

A sudden thought struck him. Owing to the rain the waters of the Creek, which were usually clear and limpid, were now muddy and opaque. Whetson remembered his swimming habits, and the fact that he could swim with his head under the water for an unusual length of time, and he saw the necessity of coming up to breathe. He at once formed his plan. The thicket would protect him from all but a close inspection. He would remain with his head above the surface till the last moment, when he would disappear entirely below the water, and so escape over. He could not be seen under the water.

Two large and powerful savages came crawling on the creek and gazing under the bushes of each shore. Against one of them Whetson could well have provided; but against the watchfulness of both would have been impossible to guard. He waited with the greatest anxiety, and prepared himself for the worst.

As good fortune would have it, the Indian who had taken the opposite shore was somewhat in advance, and by watching his movements carefully, Whetson was enabled to escape his notice altogether by sinking his head under the water for a moment or so just at the right time. But the other one was the most dangerous; he came on deliberately; he left nothing unexamined; he lifted every trailing vine, and scanned every obscure nook. Slowly as he approached, Whetson bore no longer any doubt of his escape, and he was already passed beyond him, began to sink his head lower and lower in the water, and imperceptibly to pull down the limb over him. The Indian was only a few feet from him when his head was entirely under, and he dared no more rise to the surface. He remained submerged for a long time—a time

which seemed to him nearly a quarter of an hour, but which in reality was only about a minute. He waited to observe the ripple of the water as his enemy should wade by; he expected every instant almost to feel the touch of his limbs. He opened his eyes in the water, and tried to see through it. It was, however, too muddy for that. After a delay, which seemed to him sufficient, and which he could not prolong, for fear of suffocation, he was about raising himself to the surface, when he so suddenly felt something touch his legs. In an instant he became aware, from that moment, that it must be long to his enemy. Being unable to remain long without air, he was, nevertheless, obliged to lift his head. Quick as thought—for the case was now desperate—he resorted upon his course of action. No sooner were his eyes above the surface than he witnessed the alarmed gaze of an Indian within two feet of him.

For this emergency Wheaton was prepared, and the savage was not. The latter had not begun to move from his confusion ere the strong grip of the desperado seized on his throat, and his head was plucked under the water.

Wheaton himself was like a half-drowned man, and the convulsive grip with which he clutched the throat of his enemy must have been entirely irresistible. It was more than a minute before he fully recovered his breath and the use of his faculties, and during that time his hold on the throat of the Indian had been like the pincers of a vice—almost enough to crush in the thorax. By that time he was enabled to discover that his other pursuer was already several rods in advance, and so far away that he could not discover anything further of the curtain of blood, which Wheaton kept pulled down before him. He felt a convulsive movement under the water; something struck his leg with great violence; there was a rustling about his shoulders, and he felt a strong grip lay hold of his collar. Then all became quiet; he released his hold, and expected the drowned man to sink away from him. Such was not the case, however. There was no longer any struggle; evidently the man was dead; but still there was something which adhered to him, and weighed him down. He waited for some time, but without any anxiety. The words were full of the Indian's accents; they might at any moment recommence the examination of the line of the stream; some one might, even then, be poring through the bushes from the bank over his head; and he hardly knew the moment when he might not hear the wild yell of exultation which would follow his discovery.

By degrees the Indian's accents seemed to get farther and farther from him; this rustling of their footsteps, faint as it was, died away. Now and then some one, out of the crowd, coming back, would still creep along through the water above, and watch all parts of the creek's shore.

At last they all seemed to give up the search. Many had read every inch of the ground on the other side, in hopes of finding some sign of his passage there. It is needless to say that they were unsuccessful. Then, and then only, Wheaton began to breathe more freely. He had been so long in the water that his limbs felt chilly and almost cramped. He tried to raise himself up, but found the weight greater than he had anticipated. He then remembered the grip which he had felt on the back of his coat. He put his hand under the water to examine what it was. He was a second or so in making out the truth. It was shocking enough. That which clutched him and held him down was the hands of the drowned Indian, convulsively closed. Unless Wheaton should drag the corpse from the water, therefore, there was hardly a possibility of his being released except by severing the arm that detained him.

His was not an age of sensibility. No sooner had the necessity occurred to him than he drew

his sheath knife, and after a little hacking, and the exertion of all his strength in breaking the bone, he found himself at least released from the grip of death. With great caution he now crept along to seek some place on the dry ground where he might rest him off while still remaining concealed.

He had not been long seated—in constant expectation of the necessity of again betaking himself to the water—before he saw the movements in the neighborhood of the log where he and Murphy had first watched the encampment. What had become of his captives, he could have no idea; and he felt no little anxiety on his account. Among his first objects of attention was his rifle, which he had flung among the bushes. He was about to crawl to where he had left it, when, feeling something lay against his hand, he awoke from his stupor, and, startled and gory hand of his dead enemy still clutched his clothes, as if its ghastly owner still endeavored to pull him after him to his watery grave. Hardened as he was, he felt a sickening sense of horror at the sight. For the first time that day his hand trembled as he prepared to detach the gory hand from him, at whatever expense of violence. He could not bear to be hacking and heaving at the stiffening bones; and so, with a quick movement, he cut off so much of his dress as was held fast and threw the whole into the stream.

Once rid of this cause of uneasiness, he again crept along and found his gun where he had left it. During all this while, it can hardly be necessary to say that his every second look was turned upon the movements of the savages.

At last, getting into a dryer position, he was roused up at leisure, to observe surrounding objects. He then emptied the damp priming from his gun, and poured in fresh powder. He examined the flint, and satisfied himself that he was now again ready for action.

By this time many of the movements, already detailed, had taken place among the Indians of the encampment.

Wheaton watched and waited patiently. Having little to occupy his thoughts, he dealt with something like a savage ferocity upon the hope of soon being able to punish his rival; and, for a time, as Bartlett passed within range of his gun, he was in much greater danger than he could have imagined. Several times Wheaton had taken full aim at him, and once his finger was on the fatal trigger, when his ear caught the distant noise of the returning hunters driving in the game. For some time then his attention had been principally taken up with the stirring scene which followed. He noted, and he understood well, the various preparations which he saw taking place. It occurred to him, as his eye fell upon the group composed of Bartlett, Corplanter, and Ottawa, that, in the midst of the firing, which was so close to their place, he might, perhaps, do some little mischief without exposing himself. It is true, the distance was somewhat great, but the chance was worth the trial.

The result of Wheaton's plan is already known to the reader, at least so far as its imperfect success is concerned.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

##### AN UNEXPECTED CHASE.

WE must now go back a little, in order to explain the interior which Bartlett had, with the Ottawa Indian, after his slight wound.

This savage, not having the same immediate interest in what was going on as the Senecas, had during the exciting period when the herd of deer was rushing by, preserved the use of his senses better than any one else. He had not even attempted to fire at the game, although he had loaded a gun in his hand. His mind, like that of Corplanter, had been, and was still, puzzled by the appearance and disappearance of Wheaton and his companion; and he hoped,

not unreasonably, that during the hubbub of the chase, something might occur to throw light upon the mystery. It so happened that during the firing, three of Ottawa had been attracted by a little cloud of smoke arising from the bushes which fringed the group. Quickly then, though he sprang back into the cover-woods, and taking a short circuit, crept near the suspicious spot. From the open nature of the ground near, he soon became aware that he could not wait with safety make his approach on that side. Breasting again, he made a dash, crossed the little stream, which by this time began rapidly to fall, and stole down the other side to a point opposite the place he wished to reconnoitre. There, as noiselessly as a hare, he selected a spot which would afford him the desired view. Here he waited and watched for a long time. Not a bird stirred and not a twig bent, to give token of the presence or vicinity of any human being besides himself. His eye wandered over all parts of the suspected spot again and again, and still found nothing to justify his suspicions. He would have given the wrong up, had he not remembered that there was a small cave near there, and, most certainly, there must have been a cause for it. The logic was conclusive; and Ottawa, with renewed care, still continued to examine the spot. Growing weary of watching, he at last, by degrees, crawled nearer and nearer to the suspected place. He saw nothing—not the least sign of animal or animal there. He even rose to his feet to get a better view; but was still as unsuccessful as before. He now ventured into the stream, and going across it, examined the very bushes which he had supposed to be the place of concealment. There was nothing to be seen there; but what was almost as much to the purpose—there was the plain mark of some one having been there but recently. The grass was matted down and the slight bushes here and there thrust aside.

Ottawa was too old a hunter not to feel that he must be on the watch for some token observed by his enemy; and remembering the audacious shot which had come near ending the life of Bartlett, he now made up his mind that his present position was not a very safe one. Creeping, therefore, out of the thicket, he hastened to the camp.

By this time, the Senecas generally had been made acquainted with what had befallen Bartlett; and their looks of uneasiness betokened how seriously they began to consider their own position. For some little time back, there had been no one left to be taken care of by the bush. Murphy was alone, and he had been so long without food, before, first the double-muzzled gun, and then the head of the Irishman, protruded from the opening.

"Be the powers, then," colloquised he, as he gazed about, while he carefully extricated himself from the thicket. "That is the fellow, thin, and it's quite long enough for Mister Murphy to be laid in his coffin. Ooh! The blackguards! 'Tien! in the skin of a Seneca, to ram me like an old cartridge into their kind of guns again. But 'twas a purty place to hear all their long talk and their yee-ye-ye-ye, by the little poles I erected in the side of the log, couldn't I watch their ugly faces? But where can Jack be a doggin' this minute? Oh! Whation, ye goose, and couldn't ye just as well have bored a hole through the thief's skull, as to creep in and long ours? And where was ye eye-sight, this?"

So saying, he had managed to get himself into a sitting posture, where he carefully wiped his gun and saw that it was in working order. Meanwhile, Ottawa had communicated his discoveries to Bartlett, who, in his turn, had informed the Senecas. They were all in immediate motion, and rushed pell mell down to the brook, to recommence their search. Murphy watched them curiously, wondering what new discoveries had been made, and a fearing that Wheaton had at last betrayed himself. Creeping

to a point from which he could command a better view, he lay for some minutes, scrutinizing the whole scene. He could see that the savages were again at fault; and became curious himself to know where his companion had been taken himself. While thus watching the woods on all sides, his quick eye caught sight of an object just over a little rise of ground near where the clump of cedars formerly mentioned stood. He made out at once that it was Waconia; and he also saw that if he continued on the course he was following for a few seconds longer, he would be met or seen by an Indian, creeping up towards his position from an opposite direction.

His mind was at once made up. Quick as the thought, his gun was to his shoulder, and the movement was followed by the sharp report of his rifle. There was a yell among the Indians; but all, save the man who had been hit, were now invisible. He, it seemed, was maimed if not killed, for he came limping and falling as he struggled back towards the lodges. Murphy's attention was not diverted to him, except for a moment. He knew too well what silence among the Indians meant.

(To be continued in our next.)

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, APRIL 11, 1863.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

As there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors that might be denominated errors on the safe side. Thus, we seldom regret having been so mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often regret having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

### HOME INFLUENCES.

Parents! forget not the influences of Home—of word and example—of even look and gesture! It is to you, and not to the teacher, that your precious little one looks as its *beau idéal* of all that is good and great. Yet are a very paragon of perfection in its watchful eyes! Your follies are clear right in its sight, all your crimes as virtues to your children. And it is no fault of theirs that makes it so. It is right; for Nature so designed it. If wrong comes of this idleness, the fault, parent, is in you!

Look to Home, then! Let not the duties which the world suggests be forgotten or neglected, for great, indeed, are its influences on the minds and hearts of the little ones entrusted to your care!

### APTITUDE IN BUSINESS.

Thousands engage in the strife of business, but really how few possess an aptitude for it. An old merchant stated at a public dinner that eighty out of every hundred of those who had engaged in mercantile pursuits had failed, although their opportunities were quite as favorable as were those of the few who had succeeded. It was not lack of industry, but of aptitude, that had caused them to fail. Very few men possess this quality, which, for want of a better name, has been called *business sense*, and which no man, however acute and shrewd, may be in any other matters, can hope to succeed in the mutations which invariably accompany the adventurous career of the merchant. Aptitude is everything. A man may have an excellent idea of music, but no amount of study will make him a musician; or he who engages in business, however clear his opinions may be on the conduct of others, may never himself succeed in that which he is competent to criticize.

### WOMAN'S LOVE

The priceless value of the love of a true woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious. Titles and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moment, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather thick around us, and even gaunt poverty menaces with his skeleton finger, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mar its brilliancy—distance but strengthens its influence; bolts and bars cannot limit its progress. It follows the prisoner into his dark cell, and awakens the lone moral that appeases his hunger, and, in the silence of midnight it plays around his head, and in his dreams he holds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world had turned coldly upon him. The couch made by the hands of a loved one is soft to the weary limbs of a sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the same hand leaves little bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the feverish brain, and her words of kind encouragement revive the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that heaven, in compensating woman's great frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, that heaven-like interest should cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennials flowers for ever bloom, and crystal waters gush from everlasting fountains.

### ABOUT GRUMBING.

Your true Englishman will always grumble. It is as Grayson says in the play of "Money," his glorious privilege. And that is the feature in an Englishman we do not admire; for it is most unpleasant to have a companion who is constitutionally addicted to grumbling. Jeremiah and his lamentations never had any charms for us. We should, had we lived in his day, very seldom attended Jeremiah's convocations, and consider an incessant growler. We pity one who is ever complaining, and, day in and day out, can see nothing, hear nothing, taste nothing, meet nothing, wear nothing, read of nothing, but what excites the spirit of dissatisfaction. Ugh! May he forgive us for the wail; but we cannot help despairing when we meet such people, that all might get rid of them as soon as possible.

Give us, on the contrary, the cheerful spirit of content; give us the smiling face which indicates his disposition, like Mark Twain, to "be jolly under all circumstances"; give us the light heart that laughs at care—that sees the silver lining to every cloud—that always recognises in the darkest hour the period that exists "just before the dawning"—that in the bitterest solace only perceives a wholesome medicine, and that labors day and night to contemplate the sunny side of every picture. That is the spirit to go through life with—that is the nature which promises peace—that indicates the man or woman whose soul has in it so much of the Divinity that things "of the earth, earthly," only cannot shake it from its noble equilibrium. We have no courage to such a spirit. We place it, indeed, as something "but little lower than the angels," and we almost worship it, accordingly, for its heavenly origin.

### KEEP THE CONSCIENCE CLEAR.

Whoever believes that knavery, cruelty, hypocrisy, or any other vice, can, under any circumstances, promote even the temporal happiness of him who practices it, is but a superficial observer of the human mind. In the resolute parance, man who acquires wealth and influence by unwarrantable means are called prosperous. But what is prosperity in the true and legitimate sense of the word? Webster tells us: "Advantage or gain in anything: good." No man can be prosperous in the true sense of the word, if he is ill at ease, and whoever enriches himself at the expense of justice, duty, and honor, plunges his

soul, even here, into a state of adversity which no indulgence of the senses, no adulation of time-servers and parasites, nothing that money can buy or power command, will effectually or permanently relieve. Another strong argument in favor of doing right is, that out of every hundred men who seek wealth by dishonorable roads, ninety-nine come to poverty and shame. This is a statistical fact, and taken in combination with the other well-known truth, that the small percentage of aspiring knaves who win their game feel in the *résumé* that it has been dearly won at the sacrifice of inward peace and self-respect, should long ago have made all the world honest on selfish principles.

The retrospective review of a disappointed attempt may be melancholy in the extreme. If, as, of course, with terrible distinctness, how each departure from rectitude helped to cloud his life, sink him deeper in misery, and alienate from him the sympathies of the noble and the good. He is conscious of the besotted blindness which led him to put his trust in cunning and chicanery, instead of choosing the path of duty and leaving the consequences to Providence, and is compelled to acknowledge to himself that roguery is the twin of folly, and a pure life the best evidence of a sound brain as well as of a Christian spirit.

Be assured, therefore, that it is good worldly policy to keep the conscience clear. It tends to comfort, content, rest, happiness; nor can this fair earth, and the excellent things with which it abounds, be thoroughly enjoyed by any Cressus to whose gold hangs the curse of the wronged. The closing scenes of a life are, however, the grand test of the wisdom or folly which has stamped its course. Sir Walter Scott's dying words tell the whole story: "Be a good man, Lockhart, nothing else will comfort you when you come to lie here."

### YANKEE NOTIONS.

U.S. BONDS BELOW PAR.—Uncle Sam's official *raison-d'être*.

The most killing of all the celebrated donnas.—Bella Donna.

What game is always played at masquerades?—D. minces.

Why is a pluton like a ghost?—Because he's always a goblin.

If you want to be a "regular swell" of the first water get the dropsy.

When a pious man is made a minister he becomes *piety paroxysmed*.

Torres alone can save the American Republic—We allude to *Victories*.

Tan flower-guns can always raise the wind when the flowers blow.

By a "CLIENT."—There is always much *feasibility* about the advice of a lawyer.

AMERICA ought to be a comic country, seeing that it was discovered by *D. merri-go*.

Are memories generally pleasant for being things of *past time*?

A STETHOSCOPE is a pocket *spy-glass* for looking into people's chests with your ears.

A WHOLE barrel of liquor is not required to make one "staring" drunk.

If you would have your pig weigh heavy, lead him to the scales. Then he will be *p.g. led*.

To prevent blushing, keep away from girls till you become accustomed to female society.

Tan greatest miracle ever wrought by love is the reformation of a squatter.

Why is a trader in negroes like a young baby?—Because he's engaged in the *be-starring* business.

THE man who cudgelled his brains for an idea, has been fined for a malicious assault.

TO make the responses loudly at church shows a praiseworthy amenity of spirit.

WOMAN may be nearer akin to angels than man is, but she got intimate with the devil first.

A CELEBRATED lexicographer is after a young lady, to whom her lover gave his word.

CULTIVATE your rich aunt if you have one, even though she keeps you waiting in her ante-room.

WHEN you see a dwarf, you may take it for granted that his parents never made much of him.

BY AN IRISHMAN.—Why is a storm when it's clearing up like a castigation?—Sure, an isn't it a *batag*.

WE don't wear earrings as women do, but they bore our ears as if they thought we ought to.

WHY should nigger minstrels be classed as incendiaries? Because they burn Cork every night.

WHEN a fiddler poisons himself with laudanum, he may be said to have had too much of the *base* reel.

WHEN Daphne was changed to a tree to escape the wooings of her lover, she was more wood than ever.

MAN may be said to be going to destruction as soon when he abandons any sober *walk* of life for the de-caiser.

No wonder we all have a sweet tooth in the matter of pie, since we're all born with our brains covered with *pie* mater.

INTERFERING TO TIFTERS.—Although thousands are ruined by *piats*, myself oftentimes may sometimes be made out of *quartz*.

IT would seem to be dangerous to walk abroad when the leaves shoot and the flowers display their pistils.

IF you were to make a row of each of the letters of the alphabet, what would be the coldest row? The Z row, unquestionably.

WIDDIKINS is anxiously inquiring whether a hind-quarter of beef should not be cooked *rear* (rare).

"WHAT sort of a table do they keep at your boarding-house?" said Jim to his elum Dick. "What sort of table, Jim? why, *unpalatable*."

PEOPLE with short legs step quickly; because legs are pendulums, and swing more times in a minute the shorter they are.

THE easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good, large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

THE man who plants a birch tree near a school-house, little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

A WESTERN hunter, who has always been victor in his grizzly fights, thinks there is nothing like an *over-bearing* disposition.

SPORTING LOGIC.—Can a second at a prize-fight help gambling on it? Certainly not; he may not bet a dollar, but he's clearly a *batag* a mil.

MISTAKE IN HISTORY.—It is said that the fellow who sent an arrow into William Rufus was a knight; but that's an error—he was a *Bilk* stickler.

EYES obtained but one apple from the tree of knowledge, but some of her strong-minded daughters fancy they have stripped the entire tree.

EXPLAIN the difference between a barber and a merchant who is in the habit of getting bills discounted.—One has to *shave* faces, and the other to *face* shaves.

IS what respect is the man who whips his living wife, like another who mourns for his dead one?—The first is a *be-water* and the second is a *bewailer* too.

WHEREFORE is a daffy, with "no hair on the top of his head," like a candidate for a club who has been rejected by its members?—Because he's a *black bald* individual.

WHAT general of the U. S. is most like a marine bird?—*Sigel* (*Seagull*), of course. One Teuto-American was so affected by this that he has taken to his *bir*.

OFFEN THE CARE.—A month before marriage: "Dear Lila! my heart beats for you even to an extinction of the natural heat!" A month after: "Lila, you have no idea how tiresome your talk is."

ISRAEL-LIGHT.—The Wandering Jew, when last seen, was at Venusburg, warning himself with a "drop of the *crater*" and eating some Limburger cheese to give him *strength* for his next trip.

PAKE AND VIRGINIA.—It may be interesting to the admirers of this affecting story to know that although Virginia lost her lover by death, the undertaker who buried him was kind enough to furnish her with another *pull*.

SMALL CHANGE.—On hearing a clergyman remark, "the world was full of change," Mrs. Partington said she could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way into her pocket.

WHAT IS IT?  
My soul is a ruffian that rises in blood,  
My sword has a rough out, and is a sort of the wind;  
My whole is a platoon that moves you by night,  
When the *lapp* burn blue and the moon gives a pale light.  
—*Eng-Bat*.

DOO LOO.—A man lost his dog the other day, and when he whistled it made a fashionably-dressed young lady jump about as if she had the St. Vitus' dance. Finally she gave a sudden jump forward, and the unfortunate dog escaped.

A NEW DISH.—A dish for epilepsies was presented at a dinner-table in Philadelphia, a few days since—made of fried in butter, with their shells on. The dish was invented by a young man from Ireland, who said she could "do that and a *dale* besides."

ZODIACAL.—Popkins says that anyone receiving a *re-butter* from a ram, will feelingly understand why the ancients called him *Arise* ("Aries")—that after being freely gored by a bull, any number of people can make out why the same high old authority called him *Taurus* ("Taurus").

RYNNE AND REASON.—I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I embraced her beauteous form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me, the tears did wildly flow; and with her little lips she said: "Confound you, let me go!"

THE REASON WHY.—Mrs. Smike says the reason children are so bad this generation is, owing to the wearing of gaiter shoes instead of old-fashioned slippers. Mothers find it too much trouble to untie garters to whip children, so they go unpunished; but when she was a child the lady the slipper used to do its duty was a caution to make.

HOW TO DRESS A CALF'S HEAD.—An exchange paper gives the following recipe, doubtless having frequently tried it:—"Take your head and rub a thick lard over all over the face; then pare off with a sharp instrument—wipe well with a clean towel, and place pieces of starched linen half way up the cheeks; lard the crown with any kind of grease—a few drops of oil may be an improvement—and your calf's head will be dressed up in the most approved style."

LOVE AND DEBT.—There is but very little difference between the man in love and the man

in debt. Both the debtor and the lover commence operations by promissory notes; the former giving bills to his creditor, and the latter sending *billet doux* to his fair one. The lover, by promising to cherish, is honored with a place in the lady's good books; and the debtor, by promising to pay, wineth admission to the creditor's ledger. Love keepeth its captive awake all night; so doth debt. Love is uncalculating, and debt holdeth no reckoning. The man who owes money is in honor of loan, and so is the swain that poppeth the question.

#### A SHARP KNIFE.

An itinerant vender of knife-sharpeners held forth at the corner of one of the streets, on the benefit and advantage of having a sharp knife at the table. He was surrounded by a gaping crowd, and from the manner in which he sold the sharper, it was evident that his reasons were conclusive to many of his hearers. Among other things, he said that it was impossible for anyone to enjoy the advantages which a good set of teeth afford, without a sharp knife. "If," said he, "your knife be so dull that you cut with difficulty, you will be less likely to use it freely, and to chew your food well, than when it is cut small with a sharp knife. Tien indigestion follows, and from indigestion arise the most serious discomforts of life, including bad teeth. These are facts, my friends, that can't be controverted. I myself furnish one of the strongest illustrations of it. Look at me; see my robust frame, my ruddy complexion, my strong voice, indicative of good lungs, and lastly, my adamant teeth, white, too, as ivory. (Here he showed his mouth to his utmost capacity, and opened a fine set of masticators.) All these things I attribute to the use of a sharp knife. Why, I never was an ill eater in my life, never in it. I have not taken medicine since I was a boy, and I'm told that bad to force it down my throat then. I're not known what indigestion was, and as for sound and good teeth, why, you've seen for yourself how well I am provided for. Take this knife sharper, my young friends, and you'll receive from me with gratitude to the last day of your life."

#### AN UNKIND CTT.

A jeweller of Boston, who shall be nameless, was lately applied to by a nice-looking man, to make a gold ring for him, having in it a badge very delicate and beautiful, and of course of a narrow serenity, and opening with a spring. The bargain was made to furnish it for thirty dollars. On the appointed day, the purchaser appeared, paid the stipulated price, which was fobbed very complacently, and with an air of high satisfaction put it in his finger. The jeweller, however, very innocently asked what he wanted to do with such an article, to which the reply was, to cut open pockets with it.

"Ah," replied the jeweller, doubtless in amazement, "how can you do such things with such an instrument, and not be detected?"

The performer replied, that his art consisted in directing the attention of people from every thing that looked like a design upon them—that he rubbed his forehead, adjusted his hat, etc., and that discovery came too late. He then bade him good morning and went his way. Shortly after, the jeweller, as he walked round the counter, was accosted by the clerk:

"Why, what is the matter with your pantaloons? How came you to tear them so?"

"Nothing that I know of," was the answer. "Where?"

"Why, just look!"

When he had pocket was found to be cut by the artist, with his new instrument, and his pocket-book gone, with not only the thirty dollars just paid, but four hundred besides.

The last seen of the jeweller he was in search of the detectives in the hope of recovering his money.



## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THERE are 1,880 miles of railway in Canada. The average speed of express trains upon them is twenty-four miles per hour.

YARNEY composed of lard dissolved in alcohol and colored with turmeric is used for coating brass to preserve it from becoming tarnished.

TO MAKE LEATHER WATER-PROOF.—Take 1 oz. balsam copaiba and 1 oz. beeswax, melt together and apply warm. Rub it in with the hand.

HAIR OIL.—The best hair oil is made by mixing high proofed alcohol and cold pressed castor oil. These ingredients are the base of all the celebrated hair tonics.

A LITTLE diluted liquid ammonia poured upon a hot iron plate in a green house has a wonderful effect in developing flowers and leaves.

TO RESTORE COLORS TAKEN OUT BY ACIDS.—Sal volatile or hartshorn will restore colors taken out by acids. It will not harm the garment.

VOLATILE SOAP, FOR REMOVING PAINT, &c.—Four tablespoonful of spirits of hartshorn, four tablespoonful of alcohol, and a tablespoonful of salt. Shake the whole well together in a bottle, and apply with a sponge or brush.

CURLING FLUID FOR THE HAIR.—Melt a piece of white beeswax about the size of a silver kernel or a large pea, in one ounce of olive oil; to this add one or two drops of otto of rose, or any other perfume.

TO PROTECT CHILDREN'S CLOTHES FROM BURNING.—Add one ounce of alum to the last water used in rinsing children's dresses, and they will be rendered unflammable, or so slightly combustible that they will take fire slowly, if at all, and would not blaze.

TO WIPES.—In washing stairs and passages, always use a sponge instead of a cloth when leaving the space between the carpet and wall, and you will not soil the edges. Sponges are cheap, and this information is cheap, but it is valuable to all housekeepers.

HAIR INVIGORATOR.—Bay rum, two pints; alcohol, one pint; castor oil, one ounce; carb. ammonia, half ounce; tin. esenheries, one ounce. Mix them well. This compound will promote the growth of the hair and prevent it from falling out.

DRINK LESS WITH YOUR MEALS.—Many persons have relieved themselves of dyspepsia by not drinking anything, not even water, during their meals. No animal, except man, ever drinks in connection with its food. Man ought not to. Try this, dyspepsia, and you will not wash down mechanically that which ought to be masticated and emulsified before it is swallowed.

COOKING OF ANIMAL FOOD.—In some experiments made at a public establishment it appeared that:

100lbs. beef lost in boiling	26lbs. 8oz.
100lbs. " roasting	32 0
100lbs. " baking	30 0
100lbs. legs of mutton lost in boiling	21 5
100lbs. shoulders of mutton in roasting	31 5
100lbs. loins of mutton	35 8
100lbs. necks of mutton	32 6

WHEAT FLOUR is composed, according to the analysis of Professor Johnston, in 100 parts of—

Wheat Flour.	Bran.
Water	16
Gluten	10
Fat	2
Starch, &c.	72
100	100

## TABLE OF MEMORY.

## IMPROVEMENTS, DISCOVERIES, ETC.

Exchequer, court of, instituted on the model of the Normans, 1174; exchequer bills invented, 1695; first circulated by the bank, 1706. Vent's earthenware invented, 1729.

Fairs and markets first instituted in England by Alfred, about 880. The first fairs took their rise from wakes; when the number of the people then assembled brought together a variety of traders annually on the same days. From these holidays they were called *Feria*, or fairs.

Fans, maifs, masks, and false hair, first derived by the harlots in Italy, and brought into England from France, 1572. Ferthings were coined in silver by Henry VIII. 1523; in copper by Charles II.

Feudal system first introduced into England, 1066; into Scotland, 1090. Figures in arithmetic introduced into Europe from Arabia, 991; into England, 1253.

Fire artillery in England, the first in Europe, 1347.

Fire-engines to force water invented, 1663; those now in use, 1712.

First ships invented by Drake, 1588.

Fire under water invented, 622.

First watch first established in London, Nov. 12, 1701.

Fish brought to London by land-carriage, first proved, 1761.

Flag, the honor of, given by the Dutch to England, 1674.

Flowers, the art of preserving them in sand observed, 1633.

Forest, New Hampshire, made, 1081.

Phosphoric barometer, the phenomena first discovered, 1675.

Fortification, the present mode introduced, about 1500; Albert Durer first wrote on the science, 1527; many improvements made by Vauban, towards 1700.

Foundling hospital first erected in Paris, 1677.

Foundling hospital in London, first founded in 1739; began to receive children, 1758.

French language and customs first introduced into England, 1060.

Fruits of foreign countries first brought into Italy, 70 a.c.

Fruits and flowers, sundry sorts, before unknown, were brought into England in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII. from about 1500 to 1578. Among others of less note, the musk and damask rose, of great use in medicine, and tulips. Several sorts of plum-trees and currant plants; also saffron, woad, and other drugs, for drying, attempted to be cultivated, but without success.

Felling of cloth invented by the Romans.

Galleys first used, with three rows to each oar, 783 a.d. They came from Corinth.

Games in music, invented by Guy L'Aretin, 1625.

Gardens introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables were imported till 1509; musk, melons, and sprouts cultivated in England; the palm gooseberry, with elms, garden-roses, cabbages, &c., brought from Flanders, and hops from Artois, 1520; the damask rose brought here by Dr. Linnaeus, physician to Henry VIII., by the introduction to England by Leonard Mascall, of Plumstead, in Sussex, 1525; currants, or Corinthian grapes, first planted in England, 1555; brought from the Isle of Zante, belonging to Venice; the musk rose and several sorts of plums, from Italy, by Lord Ormwell; apricots brought here by King Henry the Eighth's gardener; tamarisk plant from Germany, by Archbishop Grindal; at and about Norwich the Flamingos first planted flowers unknown in England, as gilly-flowers, carnations, the Provence rose, &c., 1567.

(To be continued in our next.)

## AMERICAN

## FAMILY PHYSICIAN

## SKIN DISEASES—DISORDERS OF THE HAIR AND HAIR TUBES.

(Continued.)

POKEROO is one of its troublesome diseases. It begins by the formation of a thin layer of scurf, either around single hairs, or in patches which enclose several. These patches are frequently round, and have the character of a ringworm. The hair-tubes are generally a little elevated, in the shape of papilla, which gives the scalp the appearance of "goose-flesh." These hairs, losing their proper nourishment, break off at unequal distance from the skin, leaving their rough ends, twisted and bent, and matted into thick yellowish and grayish crusts. Upon the surface of these crusts may generally be seen the ends of a few hairs, looking like the fibres of hemp or tow. The scratching causes inflammation of the skin after a time, and the matter is poured out, which still further matts the hair, and thickens the crusts. There are several varieties of this disease, slightly different; but one description will serve for all. The matter often appears strung upon the hairs like beads. If the hair be pulled out, the root will be found to be thin and dry, and stunted in its appearance. In this disease it is difficult to prevent the hair falling off, or to keep it clean.

PAYUS is still another form of hair disease, and is known by the collection of a yellow substance, at first, around the cylinder of the hair. After a time this substance spreads out on the scalp-skin, and dries into yellow crusts, in the form of a cap, around the base of each hair. A number of these caps, together resemble honey-comb. This disease is contagious, and communicable by contact to any part of the skin.

Treatment.—For removing hair from particular parts of the scalp, a good depilatory is this: Sliced lime, two drams; bicarbonate of soda, three drams; lard, two ounces. Mix and apply. To prevent the loss of hair, and to restore it when lost, the circulation should be stimulated in the vessels of the scalp. With this view, washing the head every morning with cold water, drying it by friction with a rough towel, and brushing it to redness with a stiff brush, are excellent. To these should be added some stimulating ointment, as follows: For the first, the following is a good recipe: Purified beaver's marrow, six drams; oil of sweet almonds, two drams; pulverized Peruvian bark, one dram. Mix. And for the last, this: Castor-oil, two and a half pounds; strongest alcohol, two and a half pints; pulverized Spanish fly, half an ounce; oil of bergamot, two ounces; two drops of rose water, twenty drops. Mix. Let them stand for a few days and filter. Ringworm of the scalp requires attention to the diet and the general health, with stimulating applications.

FURUS requires that all causes of local inflammation should be removed, and the diseased hair-follicles excited to healthy action. The first object is to disengage the follicles from the seborrhea, and removing the crusts by washing the scalp with Castile soap and water. The washing should be repeated every day, and be followed by rubbing into the scalp a stimulating ointment, like this: Pulverized sulphate of copper, ten grains; extract of Spanish fly, five grains; lard, one ounce. Mix.

(To be continued in our next.)

SMALL debts are like small shot; they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound; great debts are like cannon, of loud noise, but little danger.



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THE CAPTAIN'S DREAM.

THE  
CROSS AND THE CRESCENT;  
OR, THE  
PHANTOM OF THE SEA.  
A STORY OF THE WEST AND THE EAST.  
BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

## CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

"Susan—dearest! I love you!" cried the young man, sinking on one knee, and pressing those fairy fingers passionately to his lips.

Like a tremulous lily bending on its stem, the beautiful face of the young girl, with all its wealth of trading tresses, declined, till the features were almost shrouded from sight by

the veil of shining curls. At the same time two pearly teardrops fell on the imprisoned hand.

"Tears! tears!" cried Rupert, as he kissed them away. "My boldness has distressed you—wounded you. Forgive—forgive me!"

This time there was no longer doubt—the pressure of his hand was warmly returned.

"Susan—can it be? Do you indeed love me?"

He wound his arm around her unresisting waist. Her lips slightly raised, met and returned the pressure of his own. That first kiss of love! pure and holy as a mother's imprinted on the lips of her sleeping babe, but thrilling every fibre of the frame, who that ever experienced can ever forget. Loving and loved! The ecstasy of that moment was almost too much even for the strong frame of Rupert Gordon. He shook like a leaf. Henceforth, come what may, his had been the purest joy of earth.

A step was heard in the hall, and he sprang to his feet. The door opened, and Mary, followed by Paul, rushed in and threw herself in her sister's arms, sobbing, but not with sorrow.

"Susan!"

"Mary!"

The tone of the words spoke volumes. The sisters wept in each other's arms; while a whisper exchanged between the two brothers was a mutual confidence of their happiness. Both had been accepted, and nearly at the same instant.

How happily an hour flew by; but their joyous conversation was interrupted by a ring at the street-door. In another moment Captain Burke and his brother were ushered in.

The former saluted the ladies with easy nonchalance—the latter with embarrassment. Captain Burke immediately seated himself beside Susan Eligh, though she had placed a chair for

him at some distance. The young lady listened to introduce the gentlemen to each other.

"My dear sir," said Captain Burke, as he shook hands with Rupert warmly, "I assure you that I am delighted at this opportunity of meeting you. I have not only to thank you and your brother for saving our lives, but preserving those yet dearer to us. In the names of these ladies, and particularly for Miss Susan Bligh, permit me again to thank you."

"I have been overpaid already for what little I did, captain," said Rupert.

On his part, Harry Burke gracefully acknowledged his obligations. Thence the conversation passed upon indifferent matters, but it soon languished, and the ladies, after the lapse of a decent length of time, craved such unmitigated evidence of weariness, that the younger Burke, in spite of the hints and frowns of his brother, felt constrained to take his leave. Paul Gordon, who had an imperative engagement, soon followed his example, and at last Rupert was obliged to go, though he disliked to leave Captain Burke behind him. To his surprise, however, the captain rose at the same time, and accompanied him into the street.

"You are in no great hurry, Mr. Gordon?" said he, passing his arm familiarly within his hero's.

"I have a few moments at my disposal."

"Bestow them on me, then, as a favor. Let us stroll in the Lower Mall."

They walked on awhile in silence.

"I was sincere in thanking you just now for your service, my dear fellow," said the captain. "You will appreciate how much I am really indebted to you, when I tell you that I am perched head and ears in love with Susan Bligh."

Rupert made no reply.

"My brother has equal pretensions to the hand of her sister," continued the captain. "It is not to be wondered at—I have known each other from childhood—and it is understood, if not the expressed wish of Mr. Bligh and of my father, that our families should be matrimonially connected."

"I am not surprised, Captain Burke," answered Rupert, who had now dropped his arm, "that my man, thrown into the society of Miss Bligh becomes attached to her. I myself have been not proof against her fascinations."

"Then I would advise you to avail yourself forthwith—as a friend, Mr. Gordon," said the captain, with naive candor.

"I shall pursue my own pleasure, in that regard, captain."

"There may be danger in such pertinacity, young sir."

"I am aware of but one danger, sir—that of giving the young lady offence."

"I should suppose that would be a danger that would first suggest itself to a person of your condition," replied Captain Burke, sneeringly.

"I do not understand you, sir," retorted Rupert, haughtily.

"You are obtuse, my young friend."

"I repeat, that I cannot understand what you mean by a 'person of my condition.' In birth, I am your equal, for I bear an honorable name; my breeding and education have been those of a gentleman, and in one particular, at least, I have the advantage of you."

"And pray what is that?" asked the captain, superciliously.

"I know how to refrain from visiting a lady after she has intimated that my addresses are displeasing to her."

"Which means," I suppose," said Captain Burke, coldly, "that you fancy that my addresses are displeasing to Miss Susan Bligh, notwithstanding which, I persist in visiting her?"

"I do not fancy so."

"I beg your pardon, you are enigmatical."

"I know it to be the case."

"Ha!" exclaimed the captain. "And from

your boast of exquisite and superior delicacy, I am to infer from your continuing to visit Miss Bligh, that you are a fastidious snob?"

"You may place what construction you please on my visits," answered Rupert, haughtily. "It is no affair of yours, and I beg you to observe that I permit no interference, no question, and no dictation in my affairs."

"I heard you out, young gentleman," replied Captain Burke, "with all the patience to which you were entitled—and now hear me in turn. I have prior claim to the hand of the lady you have presumed to allude to, and in whose presence I found you this afternoon. As a friend and well-wisher, I should advise you to give up all hopes of success in this quarter. Do not speak lightly or passionately. I understand myself perfectly, and it would be well for you if you understood me."

"I shall pursue my own course, sir."

"And I mine," replied the captain. "You have laid down certain obligations that cannot easily be forgotten. A part of my debt I thought to cancel by the hints that I have bestowed on you. But there are none so blind as those who will not see, and none so deaf as those who will not hear. Go your own way, and leave me to follow mine."

"I ask nothing better," was the reply.

"Then good-day to you, sir," said Captain Burke. "We may meet again before long."

"Whenever and wherever you please, Captain Burke. I shall neither seek nor avoid you."

And with these words the rivals parted.

In a few weeks the *Phantom of the Sea* was again ready for a voyage. In the interim the Burke called frequently at the Blighs, but never succeeded in finding the ladies alone. Both of the Burke's behavior on these occasions with the ladies, and the singular, somewhat mysterious way in which he forwardly in their attentions. They sometimes met the Gordons, and to them they were exceedingly civil. Nothing like hostility appeared in Captain Burke's treatment of Rupert on the other hand, he seemed endeavoring to give the young sir of his back hints and cautions, and to acquiesce in the good fortune of his rival. One day, indeed, when alone with him, he said:

"My dear fellow, I see plainly enough that you have the wind and tide in your favor, and I suppose I must give you a fair voyage to the matrimonial matrimony. When the opportunity comes out—if it comes to that, why then, I suppose I must put my bloom. I bear you no malice. All's fair in love, war, and politics—eh?"

"I don't subscribe to that doctrine, captain," replied Rupert. "And if I succeed, it will be by no underhand manoeuvres—which I despise."

"Give me your hand!" said the captain. "I admire your sentiments—and you richly deserve a pretty girl and a fortune. As for me, I am satisfied rightly for forgetting that my brig is my mistress."

When the *Phantom* was ready for sea, Captain Burke and his brother called to pay their parting respects to Mr. Bligh and his daughters; and if the latter, with their knowledge of the captain's character, could not treat him cordially, still at least they received his salutes with civility.

That evening, just as the Gordons, who were temporarily stopping at the Malborough Hotel, reached the street on their way to Mr. Bligh's, they found Tom Seadrift in waiting with a carriage. The black intimated the gentlemen that Mr. Bligh's family had gone on board the *Phantom of the Sea*, and had set for them. The young men accordingly entered the carriage, and Tom mounting the box beside the driver, they were driven rapidly to the end of Long Wharf. They were no sooner on board than they were courteously ushered into the cabin, by Captain Burke, who closed the door and begged them to be seated. They had no sooner thrown themselves on a settee, than the

anap of a spring like the report of a pistol, burst on their ears, and on attempting to rise, they found themselves pinioned fast and unable to stir.

At the same moment the captain sprang to the cabin door and locked it.

"What is the meaning of this, Captain Burke?" asked Rupert.

"Be composed, my dear fellow, and I will explain to you this affair, calmly."

"Composed! here is treachery!" cried Rupert; but before he could cry aloud, the captain, springing forward, closed his mouth with a pitch splinter, while Paul's meddled outcry was as promptly availed by the same nefarious means. They could only glare defiance and indignation on their treacherous betrayer.

"And now," said the captain, coldly, "since you have asked me what this purports, I will reply that it is all fair in love, war, and politics."

"Tis my favorite motto. The self you occupy is my own invention, and was designed and made expressly for your accommodation, gentlemen; and to guard against preying curiosity, the parts of which it is composed were made in ten different places, and put together by my own hands. The iron bands which confine your arms and legs, as well as the semicircle round your waist, are all worked by a spring and cannot be released without a key. You are therefore fairly trapped. But this is not all. The settee rests on a platform which, by the operation of another spring, descends into the run, where I have comfortable quarters provided for you. Now, my motive for all this is simply to keep you out of harm's way. I bear you no ill will, gentlemen. I am satisfied that you did not seek the company of the Bligh girls, nor presume on the service you had rendered them. Well would it have been for you had you never seen them."

Rupert Gordon, look not so angry, my dear fellow, as you do at your danger, but you would not take the hint. Those ladies shall never—mark my words—be yours. I do not say that I will take your lives, but one thing is certain, you shall never see Boston again, if I can prevent it—and the means are surely in my power. To one known to me, and to your fair, faithful, negro and my chief mate. Even my soft-hearted brother is not my confidant, though, as he sits with me, he will tell you know it. This, gentlemen, is my first crime—God knows what may be my second. Now I will lodge you for the night. We will have a little more conversation."

He touched another spring with his foot, and slowly the settee and its occupants descended through the deck into the run. Captain Burke followed with a light, and pointing out the various arrangements by turns, as he described them.

"Here are two snug berths for you—a table, a washstand, ample stores of clean linen and other clothes, a small library of standard works; in the deck overhead are several built-in eyes to let light through by day, and the ventilation is good. All this I have arranged to make you comfortable, gentlemen, and I am no tyrant; my wish is to make you as comfortable as the circumstances admit, so long as we are shipmates. But mark my words—if you make any attempt to come on deck, I will swear to my devoted crew that you are 'stow-aways' and will fix you in the fore-cabin, and will never be permitted to leave it. Your fate is in your own hands. When the pilot leaves, I will remove those plasters, and if you pledge me your honor to keep quiet, you shall have all the liberty I can afford you and be supplied from my own table. To keep my secret, my second mate will be posted in the house of God, and will never be permitted to enter the cabin. Adieu for the present."

Wheeling the settee, which was on casters, from the platform, he ascended and left the Gordons in the dark. Let the reader imagine their reflections at this most appalling calamity. Helpless, unprepared, and deprived for the moment of the liberty of communication with each other,

no physical agonies could equal in intensity the mental sufferings of the two brothers. But a few minutes before, they were enjoying liberty and love—now made torn from the world that had become so dear to them, with eternal exile, perhaps death, impending over their heads. Never more to behold their native land! never more to see those sweet faces that made earth a paradise! nevermore to behold father, mother, and friends. And as if, in bitter mockery of their gloomy fate, they distinctly heard the sounds of busy life on deck—the noise and bustle of making sail—the lively songs of the sailors—the stirring orders of the pilot.

"Crew on board, captain?" they heard the pilot ask.

"All on board!"

"Off's the word, then."

"Lay aloft, men," ordered the pilot. "Cast loose the topsail and topgallant sails. Cast off the yard arm gaskets of the courses, but hold on the bunts. Forward, there!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

And forthwith the tars struck up:

"O, let the night be ever so dark,  
Or e'er so wet and windy,  
I will return safe back again,  
To the girl I love behind me."

"Curse your love-trash!" shouted Captain Burke. "Belay that, and give 'off she goes' or something else."

But they did not give him 'off she goes,' having quite too much rum on board to endure snubbing at the wharf.

"Captain Burke," said the pilot, "the fellows will all bolt and tell you to go to Davy Jones and your brig, too, if you show your teeth already. Let me make sail—I know what I'm about."

"Well, then," growled the captain, "make sail your own way. Come, gentlemen," he added, addressing a set of friends, and among them his father, who intended to go down in the brig to the light and return in the pilot-boat, "let's go into the cabin."

The bells were ringing nine o'clock, and their echoes were distinctly heard by the Gordons. The sounds were so loud that they were utterly lost to the two chums again.

Every sound on deck, as we have said, was distinctly heard by the Gordons. Worse than all, there were at least a dozen men, separated from them by three inches thick of planking, all of whom, with a single exception, would have rushed to their rescue, had they known their condition. The prisoners, rendered frantic by the thought, made furious efforts to release themselves, or at least to make themselves heard—but all in vain; the precautions taken by their enemy had been too thorough; they were utterly hopeless and almost choked. The cold perspiration stood in drops upon their brows, their hearts beat woefully and wildly, and the dark cloud of despair settled upon them, as they heard the pilot call out down the companion-way:

"Come gentlemen, bear a hand—our cruise is up."

"Step down, pilot, and take a parting glass," said Captain Burke, from the companion way.

The pilot did not require urging. He followed the captain, and raised a glass to his lips, and drank "Good luck to the *Queen of the Sea* and her gallant captain and crew!"

The captain took leave of his friends on deck. "Good-by, father. Give our love to the Blighs, and when you see the Gordons tell them I remember them. Rupert's a fine fellow—I'll give you some Greek manuscript, my name for him, if I can find any. Good-by, one and all. Now, my boys, three cheers!"

Three cheering cheers and one more were given, the pilot boat sheered off and hauled her bow for Boston; the brig was put before the wind, and in another hour she was sending sails and aloft on both sides. Forward, and was walking along at the rate of ten knots with a favoring breeze and tide.

## CHAPTER X.

It was about midnight; overhead, the dark blue canopy with its stars dimly twinkling through the mists of ocean—below, the black waves, irradiated here and there with a phosphorescent sparkle, over which the *Phantom of the Sea* r shed, like a bird of prey, with expanded wings. The long undulating line of the sea was terrible, though the lights glittering here and there like fire-flies told where the headlands lay. The watches had been chosen and set, the wheel relieved, and the look-out placed forward, but Captain Burke and his brother still paced the deck in silence, neither appearing inclined to commence a conversation.

"Come—let us go below," Harry said abruptly. "Come—let us go below. The brig's safe enough now—and I wish to speak to you, but I don't care to have that fellow (pointing to the man at the wheel) in my confidence."

The captain issued some orders to Redland, then officer in charge of the deck, and then descended into the cabin with his brother.

"And now, Harry," said the captain, as they seated themselves on the transom. "I am at your service."

"Brother, I am wretched! In spite of her coldness and shrewd manner, I love Mary Bligh. I have struggled to subdue my passion, but it overmasters me, in spite of myself—and the thought that ere I return she may be married to that fellow Paul drives me distracted."

"Ay?" said the captain, eying him sharply. "What?—what would you have? Paul Gordon saved her life."

"So would a Newfoundland dog have done."

"He saved yours, too."

"Would he had let me perish."

"To the fortune of war. You can't compel a girl's affections; and if she prefers that smooth-faced fellow, why let her have him and be happy, in Heaven's name."

"Richard, you drive me mad. I—I hate him!"

"You hate him, ha! Well, there's something like spirit in you after all. Now answer me one question—what would you do, if you had the same Paul Gordon in your power—would you would you take his life?"

"Don't jest, Dick, for I assure you I am serious."

"So am I. Serious as death," answered the captain. "And I ask you, would you—would you spare enough to curse and hate—have you to kill when the death of your enemy becomes necessary to your happiness?"

"I only know that I am weary and would be at rest. O, brother—brother, but for your rashness the bay, I should now be the accepted suitor of Mary Bligh."

"How? She loves this young Gordon."

"I have no doubt of it."

"Nor I."

"And yet you speak of hope."

"The daring notion is impossible."

"Darling! Have I not pressed my addresses in spite of every rebuff, and forced myself upon the lady, though she made no secret of her repugnance?"

"You will not understand my hints and suggestions. Let me then ask you a direct question—what would you do at this moment in this cabin, would you feel easier?"

"Well, then—yes—yes, of course. I should like to have him out of the way, that you know well enough. But I would not harm a hair of his head, so help me Heaven. I have cursed him, and I have said I had hated him."

"It strikes me," said the captain, coolly, "that you have, on more than one occasion, made use of language respecting him unbecoming of a gentleman and scholar, and certainly not sounding like sentiments of unbounded affection."

Harry Burke looked at his brother, but with a wandering eye.

"Paul Gordon is a good fellow—a good fellow," he muttered distractedly. "No, no—I

wouldn't harm him—I cannot hate him—but he must not have Mary Bligh—he is mine, mine, Richard!"

"We are not thinking of harming him," said the captain, grasping his arm. "Now pay strict attention to what I say—for, upon my soul, I think your intellects are becoming unsettled. You would be glad if Paul Gordon were here in your power—would you not?"

"Yes, yes," muttered Harry, shaking off his brother's grasp, but vainly endeavoring to free himself from the spell of his dark eye. "I may as well make you that answer, for it appears to be the expected one."

"I am here, your wish!" replied the captain. "The Gordons are both on board the *Phantom of the Sea!*"

"On board this brig!" exclaimed Harry, "where?"

The captain touched a bell that lay upon the cabin table. Beside it, the black, instantly obeyed the summons. Captain Burke rose, and called his brother to his side; then pressing a spring, the trap-door descended, and while the negro held a light aloft, Burke bade his brother look into the abyss that yawned below.

Harry Gordon's glance shudderingly followed the direction of his brother's finger, and he beheld, in an oblique line from the opening of the trap, the motionless and pinioned prisoners!

After a moment's pause, the captain placed a paper and a key in the negro's hands.

"Tom," said he, "you remember my orders?"

"Yes, mass."

"Well, go down there, and do as I bid you."

Harry sprang forward, but too late. The black had disappeared, and the trap-door was again closed. He sank upon the transom almost fainting with emotion, too agitated to speak, but gazing wildly, pityingly on his brother's face, which was lighted up by triumphant smiles. Captain Burke seemed to enjoy his treasures, but did not offer to break the dead silence that reigned in the cabin. After a lapse of time that seemed endless to Harry, a tap was heard on the cabin floor; the captain answered it by stamping his foot—the light was again brought up, the negro appeared, and delivered a paper to the captain.

"All right, mass," said the black.

"Is well—you can leave us."

"He has murdered it then!" exclaimed Harry, when they were alone again. The captain smiled. "Why, Harry," said he, "you give me credit for being a thorough devil. No, no—I haven't got to the shedding of blood yet."

He then explained all the circumstances with which the reader is already familiar in reference to the abduction and incarceration of the Gordons. The paper was a solemn pledge on their part to remain quiet and make no effort to come on deck, on their signing which, the negro had been commissioned to release them from their bonds and restore their liberty and speech.

"And now," said the captain, when he had concluded his narrative; "what do you think of it?"

"That you have taken the first step towards the gallows!" exclaimed Harry. "What demon tempted you to commit this outrage on the men who had saved our lives?"

"Softly, my gentle, vacillating brother," sneered Harry. "You are a slow but not slow as I said in a breath; you don't know your own mind. I have simply dared to carry out projects which dimly floated in your brain. I have but given fruition to your wishes."

But Harry continued without heeding him:

"You dare to take the step—what! will the second be? Do you intend to turn the brig into a pirate? What will our father think when he hears of it?"

"Don't be alarmed about the consequences, Harry. Only Soudrist, my chief mate, Mark Redland—both as true as steel—you, and myself, and those men who are bound to you by the pledge they have signed, that they accept their captivity, and will make us no trouble on

the voyage. I can do what I will with them with perfect impunity. I could make any wish, and give their bodies to the slaves at once and be the wiser. There would be two men less in the world—and that's all. Start not—I have not yet made up my mind to do so dark a deed. Nay, I may force them to resign their claims on the girls, to avoid the alternative of being sold into slavery at Simoes; and the slaves are time enough to think of their ultimate disposition. All I require of you is silence; the rest I can work out myself."

"It is infamous—infamous!" said Harry. "I protest against the whole scheme, and wash my hands of all the guilt."

"And yours a share of the results," said the captain, with a sneer. "Harry, you are a woman, and like a woman you are governed by your heart and not your head. Take a man's view of the matter. We are in love with two charming girls, who can serve us while the Gordons stand in our way. Now I have removed them, or will remove them forever, if I have your consent, and my own bold deed sweeps far the path to happiness. Am I right, or the reverse?"

"Right? Monster! fend!" cried Harry, springing up. "I will rush on deck, and denounce you to your own officers and crew, as a pirate, and—"

"Silence, sir," said the captain, sternly, between his teeth. "I have an easier way of doing things than you imagine. For this perished outburst, I am fully prepared—for anticipated! Now mark my resolve. In an hour or two we shall probably be off Provincetown; then I will run in and land the Gordons, who will be very happy to bid us good-bye. You can tell them at parting, that you were the cause of their liberation, and they will thank you with suitable expressions of gratitude, and men—no more. In a couple of days they will be in Boston, where they will pour the tale of their wrongs and sufferings into the sympathizing ears of the Blights, sweet angels! who, melting into tears, will hang about their necks and gaze the love that language cannot utter. What expects to know that Mary's soft face will settle the passion of her lover, and her sweet voice murmur, 'For my sake, dear Paul, have you suffered all this—O, how can I repay you?'"

"Forbear, tempter!"

"No; by Heaven! and you shall yourself witness all this, and I will send you on shore with me; it is right your merit should be recognized. But for me—if the gaze of happiness is closed on me, and by a brother's hand—for me, the dark-rolling ocean! I will return to Boston no more for ever. When I have discharged my cargo in Smyrna, I will arm the *Phantom of the Sea*, ship a crew as desperate as myself, and turn pirate."

He stepped towards the companion-way, when Harry, springing to his feet, seized him by the arm, and looking wildly in his face, asked him whether he was going.

"On deck," was the stern reply. "to take the studding sails in and bring the brig by the wind, preparatory to landing you and your friends on the south shore."

"Stay, Richard, stay. Forgive me; I know how much you have risked for my sake. I am not ungrateful—but O God! how can I be guilty of such an outrage? Brother, do not frown and look so darkly on me! Do not shake me off—I'll go with you to the galleys. I won't say another word upon the subject, but follow blindfold, whithersoever you choose to lead."

Here Harry sank upon the deck sofa, and burying his face in his hands wept like a child. Captain Burke gazed at him a moment with a smile of satisfaction, then mixing a glass of brandy and water, drank it off, lighted a cigar, threw himself back in a chair, and folding his arms, gave himself up to reflection. He had carried his point.

The subject which had led to the foregoing discussion was not broached again between the

two brothers. Ten days passed—the brig was half-way across the Atlantic, and still the wind was fresh and fair.

As for the Gordons, their agonies of anxiety at their capture, and of sympathy for the distresses of their parents, and the tortures of those dearer yet to their young hearts, were long and heart-rending. But it is difficult to crush hope in one's soul, and the free interchange of thought alleviated their sufferings, and they found consolation for each other even in the midst of their strange misfortune. They could not bring themselves to believe that the captain would attempt their lives; and once in their port of destination, they trusted that some chance of escape would arise. Thus, in a respectful and resolute spirit, they passed the days of their captivity. Except that their liberty was restrained, they were not ill-treated, for Captain Burke, desperate as he had shown himself, was above mistreating those whom he had so foully outraged.

#### CHAPTER XI.

On the thirteenth day out, the brig was under close-reefed topsails and a reefed mainmast, scudding before a westerly gale. About eight p.m., the captain, who had been on deck nearly all day, went below to change his clothes, and take some refreshment; but he had hardly washed a cup of coffee, before it was pitched headlong over the table, in company with the plates, cups, and saucers; the brig had bronched to!

Springing on deck, his stenorian voice was heard ringing high above the wild raging storm, calling all hands.

"Lay aloft, men—quick! Bear a hand and haul in the larboard head braces!"

Before the order could be obeyed, a tremendous sea, black and wrathful, rushed over the quarter with resistless force, and washed away the mainmast, the chief mast, and the man at the wheel. The despairing cry they uttered was drowned in the raving of the tempest. They were swept from existence as instantly as the air bell breaks upon the wave. The captain was beaten down at the same moment and his lagging body lay in the lee support of the foremast for help, and his faithful negro springing instantly to his aid, made out to raise him, and carrying him below, placed him on a mattress.

"Brandy! brandy!" he shouted fiercely, as he wrestled with his agony.

"By Heaven! the glass is in his lips, and when he had swallowed a few mouthfuls of the stimulant, he was able to speak intelligibly.

"Seadrift, open the trap and send the Gordons up."

The black obeyed the order, and the two young men stood beside the captain.

"By Heaven, Gordon," said Burke, "the time has come to show yourself a man—else the *Phantom* is our coffin and the sea our grave. The brig's aback and probably has sternway. I'm done for with a shattered limb. Go on deck and see if you can handle her as well as you did the whale-boat in Boston Bay. But mind—when you get her off before the wind—come below again. Put on this sou' wester. Yuh! Paul, go with your brother."

No time was to be lost, and the generous young men sprang on deck, determined to do their utmost to save the vessel and the crew.

The *Phantom of the Sea*, as we have said, a beautiful brig of 230 tons, built of the best materials, well-found, and ably manned. For reasons of his own, the captain had treated his crew with great kindness, so that they almost worshipped him, and were ever prompt in obeying his orders. She was now lying in the trough of the sea, her sails somewhat shaking, and some times flat aback. The night was pitch dark, the wind high and squally, and the sea very rough. What could Rupert, Gordon, a mere landsman, do with her under such circumstances? It was a fearful drama which he was subject to.

He could hardly keep his legs, he was less encouraged the men by his sailorly bearing. He

felt somewhat like a drunken man striving to appear sober. But the crest of a sea breaking over his head, roused him from his momentary reverie. From his long confinement below, he was able to see through the darkness with more distinctness than those who had been accustomed to the light of day. Casting a glance aft, he perceived that the wheel was deserted, and now, for the first time, resented him from his momentary reverie. "Paul," said he, addressing his brother, who stood beside him, "go to the wheel and put the helm amidships, while I go forward and see what I can do. I have often heard our father describe it, and he was placed in, and I will try to remember how he executed himself."

While Paul was springing promptly to the wheel, Rupert reached the forecabin. The men were sheltering themselves from the sea under the lee of the galley and the long-boat. Another sea broke on board and completely flooded the decks.

A strange enthusiasm seized on Rupert—he grasped the starboard swifter of the fore-rigging, and shoring himself against the bulwarks, felt himself every inch a man nerved to the occasion. In a bold, manly voice, that rang like a trumpet fore and aft, he sang out:

"Loose! the foretopmast-stay-sail, and stand by to set it!"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the ready response, and the next second, a man laid out on the bowsprit.

"Let go the downhaul! Hoist away, and haul in the slack of the larboard sheet I tell you, haul. Now lie aft, all but two hands, to tend the foreheads, and stand by to haul in the starboard head-braces, when I tell you."

"Ay, ay, sir,"

Rupert waited till the wind struck on the starboard bow, when again his clear voice was heard from the bowsprit.

"Let go the larboard foresheet, and guller in the slack of the tack. Haul in the starboard head-braces. Quick, my boys—quick, my hearties. Pull away for dear life! Dearly—another pull! Belay. Haul that starboard brace in tight. Now lay forward, and haul aboard the larboard foretack. Out with the starboard bowlines!"

Never were orders more promptly obeyed by an equal number of men. The wind was now broad on the starboard bow, and the head-yards and foretopmast-stay-sail fell full power upon her. The main top(sail) occasionally dipped and shivered, but just as it was about to fill, a sea struck the brig on her starboard quarter, and sent her up on the wind again, and all was flat as before.

Rupert looked over the side. His heart longed for joy—the brig had sternway, and still the foretopmast-stay-sail lay flat against the stay. Raising himself to his full height, and in a commanding voice, he shouted:

"Port the helm! Haul sport!"

"Hard sport!" was the prompt reply.

Grounded before the wind, the main top(sail) shivered, and then with a loud slap, like the report of a cannon, bounded from the mast and was full. The brig was turning on her heel. It was an anxious moment; would she come to again? No! for that instant a sea struck her on the starboard bow, and she was again carried all dead before the wind!

"Hurrah, my hearties!" shouted Rupert. "Let go the head bowlines! Ease off the fore-tack, and haul off the fore sheet. Square the head-yards. Right the helm! keep her dead before the wind. Haul down the topmast stay-sail and haul!"

The head-yards were squared, the foresheets hauled aft, and once more the lovely *Phantom of the Sea* was bounding before the gale. Rupert remembered hearing his father say that one of the principle causes of ships being wrecked over the rocks, was their carrying so much sail enough to keep them ahead of the sea, and though he could not judge of the strength of the

spars to bear more sail, yet he concluded that the gale was not very severe, otherwise the canvas would have blown away. So, flogging the sea often toppled over the stern, he gave orders to shake a reef out of the main topsail, and one out of the fore-sail. Under this increase of canvas, she fairly leaped in the squalls and trembled fore and aft between the long rolling seas; but no water broke over her stern.

"How does she head?" inquired Rupert.

"Due east, sir."

"Very well, keep her so. Believe the helm. Go below the watch."

"No, mass," said Seadrift. "Call um aft to hab dere grog. Cap'n Burke always big grog, when he hands up."

"Say aft, mess, and splice the main braces!" shouted Rupert, and he was answered by three hearty cheers.

The night was still pitch dark, and the squalls at times terrific, but the good brig brought before them without shipping a drop of water.

Before the hands mustered aft, Rupert and his brother descended to the cabin, and the companion-way was closed. The second mate, who was very superstitious, when he first heard a strange voice giving orders, was jammed between the long-board and a water-cask, and was so terrified, that he had no power to extricate himself before the watch was set. He was, however, a good sailor, and, finding the vessel all right, took charge of the deck, but felt, every time he turned in walking, as if a spectre were dogging his footsteps.

Although all Mr. Rupert's orders had been promptly obeyed, yet no one could say he had seen him; but the man who relieved the wheel said the steersman was very pale, with long fair hair, and a sad expression of face. He could see this by the spectral light of the binnacle.

The next day all was mystery among the sailors; no one could tell who took the vessel out of iron, yet she had been before the wind in true sea-manne like fashion.

All believed there was something very fearful about it; and at night they generally huddled together talking, to keep up each other's spirits. At such a time if a cat came in among them, it would have "struck more terror to their souls" than a flaming broadside from a ship-of-war.

Captain Burke was lying on a mattress supported by pillows near the transom when the Gordons came below.

"Rupert," said he, "you have done well, though differently from what I should have attempted. I had intended to box her off with the head yards the other way, but I found by her movements, that you were right. You took the drift of the sea into consideration, which I did not, and set the forelop-mast stay-sail, which I considered out of the question, for fear of losing some of the men, while casting it adrift. Now go below, and put on some dry clothing, and then come here again and see if you can set this limb. I don't think it's broken badly, but I am suffering intolerable torture from it."

Harry Burke had been lying in his berth quite sick, and was more dead than alive, but when he saw the Gordons, he managed to crawl into the cabin and place himself beside his brother, not for any other reason, than to get them ashore at Gibraltar, and furnish him with the means of reaching home.

"Go to bed again, Harry," said the captain. "I shall set for the best. Go to bed—you can do nothing for me or for them. I must be alone."

Harry reluctantly went back to his berth, and the Gordons reappeared. Seadrift also being present, for he would not leave his wounded captain. Rupert examined the leg, and said that it was broken, but could be easily set by the help of his brother. The two young men then went to work, forgetting for the moment that the subject of their care was their mortal enemy, only remembering that he was a suffering fellow.

being. The bones adjusted, the requisite splinters and bandages applied, Rupert administered a soothing draught from the medicine-chest, and advised the captain to be as composed as possible, and to drink no more brandy.

"Rupert," said Captain Burke, "I have much to say to you—but not now—I'm too weak. Why did you cross my path to happiness? But all may yet be well. Renounce your hope, give me your written pledge to abandon Susan Bligh, and the moment we reach Gibraltar you are free."

"I will never yield to compulsion," answered Rupert. "If, after what has passed, you have still the heart to pursue us relentlessly, do so at your peril. Justice will surely overtake you." The captain sighed, either from pain or remorse.

"Go," said he, "leave me. Return to your quarters. Remember at least that your lives are secure. Seadrift, put up the pistols."

Rupert turned at this remark, and saw the black standing with a pistol at full cock in each hand, the forefinger the trigger.

"You see," said the captain, with a faint smile, and speaking with difficulty, "that the guilty are always suspicious and cowardly. I thought you might kill me, for I deserved to die by your hands, so I unravel the black to defend me. Go below, gentlemen, I'll see you again to-morrow."

#### CHAPTER XII.

"'Siah! 'Siah!" exclaimed Miss Hepstebath Butterworth, one morning at the Mainpost, as she entered the kitchen—"suthin' dreadful's goin' on up stairs. Miss Gordon's head is faintin' fit—and the cap'n's stormin' like a raven's distracted rooster, and I can't find out what it's all about, though I listened at the key-hole."

"Go below, Miss matter more of them. They've got bad news," answered Mr. Josiah Slocumb.

"Bad news! du tell!"

"Well, as I was sayin' when you interrupted me, as you allers do, Miss Hepstebath, this mornin' comes word that Mr. Rupert haint reported himself at college; and that Mr. Paul haint been seen in town—and Mr. Bligh and his sweethearts don't know nothin' about him—and, in short, they're disappeared."

"And what do you think, 'Siah'?"

"Think! why I do think they've been murdered," answered 'Siah, coolly.

Miss Butterworth uttered a shriek, and fell into a chair, exclaiming that she was about to faint.

Slocumb seized the tea-kettle, his usual resort in such cases, and was preparing to administer a douche of hot boiling water, when the lady instantly revived, and expressing her opinion that her companion was a brute, burst into tears.

In the meantime, a scene of great distress was enacted in the parlor. The alarming intelligence just received had thrown Mrs. Gordon into a nervous crisis from which she was slowly recovering. The captain, distressed at the information he had received, was also alarmed at the condition of his wife.

"Dear Margaret," said he, "cheer up, I beg you. This may only be a boyish freak. They may have got off on some tramp. Rupert may have got into some scrape at college."

"No, no," said Mrs. Gordon, wringing her hands: "my heart tells me too truly that some terrible evil has befallen them. They are so good and true and kind, they would never give us a moment's uneasiness."

"Well—what could have happened to them? If any accident, we should have heard of it. The whole affair is a mystery. But if you promise me to keep up your spirits while I am gone, Margaret, I'll go directly to Boston, and make inquiry for you, confident that I shall bring you back good news."

Mrs. Gordon dried her eyes, smiled faintly,

and urged her husband's immediate departure; but when he had left her alone, she sank back on the sofa in a paroxysm of agony. Her forebodings had anticipated a shadow, but the absence of her sons with the enmity of Mark Redland. Too well she knew that he was capable of crime, perhaps of the darkest crime. He had vaguely menaced her with evil—she dreaded some blow at his hand, but knew not where it would strike. At his first appearance a shadow had fallen on her brow, and it lay there now like a bar of iron. Redland, if any one, knew where her children were. She would seek him at the sacrifice of all her property, she would extort information from his lips. And yet her heart died within her when she remembered how deaf he had been to her intercessions and her offers, when she sought a clue to a being as dear to her heart as Rupert and Paul. And then where in the wide and intricate world of the city was she to find him? No matter—the effort should be made—even had she to thread every street and enter every den of the city. If her husband came back without positive information, she resolved to leave her home and not return to it until she had obtained satisfaction of the mysterious personage, who was by some dark tie bound to her existence.

In the meantime the captain had started for the city in his chaise. The first place he called at was the Marlborough Hotel. He ascertained that, a fortnight before, his sons, after eating supper, had gone out, leaving their room unlocked, and had not since returned. As they were irregular boarders at the hotel, this had not excited much surprise. But to Captain Gordon, the circumstance was very alarming. From the hotel he went to the Blighs. The young men had not been there since the evening on which they were missed from their boarding-place. The captain concealed the circumstance of their absence from home, and the suspicions attached to it, from the young ladies, and forcing himself to assume a tone of gaiety, he assured them that they would soon see his sons with a satisfactory explanation of their inattention.

But from Colonnade-row to Mr. Bligh's counting-room the striken father drove with furious speed. Mr. Bligh received him with a very grave face.

"I see," said the captain, "that you guess what brings me here."

"Your sons," replied Mr. Bligh, with a voice of suppressed emotion.

"Yes—you knew of their disappearance?"

"I was not aware of it till recently."

"Have you any tidings of them?"

"My good old friend," said Mr. Bligh, gravely, "I have a brave and manly heart."

"But a father's heart, Mr. Bligh—and you know how I must feel—for you have daughters."

"And your sons were as dear to me as if they had been my own. They were to have been mine."

"Were to have been? You speak as if all hope were gone."

"There may be hope yet."

"For God's sake tell me all you know."

Mr. Bligh grasped his friend's hand, and passed for a moment to the emotions that nearly choked him. At last he said:

"I knew not that Rupert and Paul were missing until this very morning. I even confess that I was vexed at their not coming to my house. This morning, however, I chanced to see a hand-bill posted on the wharf."

"A handbill?"

"Yes. It was signed by the captain of a Southshore schooner, and was an advertisement of a boat that he had picked up on his passage to Boston."

"A boat! The description!" gasped Captain Gordon.

"It was a whalboat—water logged!"

"A whalboat? Tell me where it lies! I must see it instantly!"



"Alas!" said Mr. Bligh, "I have seen it—I identified it. It was your son's boat."

Captain Gordon said he would reveal all this intelligence. He shook—that strong man shook like an aspen—until at last a shower of tears burst forth—he wept like a child.

"The wholeboat that I gave them—that I taught them to sail! O, why did I tempt them to leave the dry land? Why did I reveal the contrivances of their mother, the intelligent forbiddings, and tempt them to trust the treacherous sea?"

"But nothing is certain of their fate. They may have been repaid, and picked up by some outward-bound vessel," urged Mr. Bligh.

"You tell me to hope against hope. There has been foul play. They were both good swimmers—and there was a lifeboat—you couldn't sink her. They would have swam for her at once. But then, who knows? Chilled and exhausted, their strength may have failed them. What is to be done? And how shall I break this to their mother?"

"Do not despair," said Mr. Bligh, "Providence may yet bless you with good news. In this distressing case, I have done already all that was to be done. I have offered a large reward for news of the dear boys, with a description of their persons, giving my address. I have sent this to all the papers, and distributed handbills in every direction. Let us pray that our efforts may be crowned with success."

Captain Gordon wrung his friend's hand.

"You have acted like a brother," said he—"but alas! I see little room for hope. I fear we are a childless man."

It was a bright, sunny day, and yet how long and gloomy seemed Captain Gordon's ride from Boston to Dorchester. In the illogical confusion of our sorrows, we seem ever to expect a sympathy from nature, when we are in pain, and clouds and showers when we mourn. The brightness of a summer day seems a bitter mockery to a stricken heart.

The mournful father dreaded his arrival at his desolate threshold. How could he recall to that fond father by the heart of the mother that had lived his own strong heart with agony, and that would grieve her to the core? Gently, and mingled with assurances that he did not feel, he broke the sad intelligence to the poor mother, but her agony would know no comfort. No ray of hope penetrated the darkness of her despair. She sank beneath the blow, and the hours so lately the shade of peace and joy, was filled with lamentation! Without bright sunshine, the bloom of flowers, and the melody of birds—within the darkness of the grave itself.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

LET us now return to the *Phaeton of the Sea*, which pursued her way to the eastward without encountering any more gales. In pleasant weather Captain Burke was carried on deck, and under the influence of fresh air and careful treatment his leg progressed rapidly. As they entered the Mediterranean, his brother Harry revived and would pass whole days upon the deck. But he did not recover his spirits with his health; he would sit motionless and speechless for hours, gazing vacantly over the blue waves as they rose and fell, heedless of the varied phenomena that checker a Mediterranean voyage. With the return of fair weather, the *Phaeton of the Sea* had put on her brightest look, like some ocean bird pluming herself after a storm. Her deck was covered with many floor-ropes were so neatly coiled and laid up as to be ornamental, and as the eye of the captain when he lay on his mattress in fair weather ranged along the flush deck, he could detect nothing out of place to mar the harmony of the maritime picture. Then raising his eyes aloft, the swelling sails looked as if many piles of Alpine snow were upon an overflowing mountain.

Meanwhile, our two friends, Rupert and Paul, denied the glorious sunshine, the free air, the blue waves, and the splendid panorama of the voyage to the east, endured their confinement with that fatidism which is the highest bravery. They saw no one but the black, and he was faithful and punctual in his attendance. His manner, during the first portion of the voyage, had been cold and distant, but ever since the storm and the setting of the captain's leg there had been a visible change in his demeanor. He frequently made respectful inquiries after the health of the prisoners, and added, from time to time, little comforts and luxuries to their supplies, suggested by his own thoughtfulness.

One day, he lingered near them, and said: "Young gentlemen, few days more we come to Smyrna."

"Well?" said the black, uneasily—"you think some time or does not leave behind you?"

"Ay, Speedily, often."

"Fadder and mudder?" said the black, inquiringly.

"We have both—and our mother's heart is aching at our absence," said Rupert. "This assurance may kill her, I fear."

The black became greatly agitated—he gazed on the brothers earnestly, and the big tear-drops stood in his eyes.

"Here's only one way to save our lives," said he. "What's do you think your lives in danger?" asked Paul.

"Ay, massa, dat I do. Sorry—sorry am I to say so, Cap'n Burke—for he save my life once, but I know him better dis voyage den I erer did before. Dere's only one way to save your bones from de wust. Gib him your word ob honor, you'll gib up den gib him de ship. 'Tis cannot be said both brothers, in a breath, and Rupert added—"life without love is little worth. If you were sent hither by your master to tempt us, tell him that we reject his proposition."

"Nobly sent me," said the black, sadly—"I came myself. O! young gentlemen, I lub you better now than I ever lubb'd de captain. He sabb'd my life once—you hab sabb'd it twice—once in de bay—once in de brig. You sabb'd de cap'n's life—you sabb'd de breaded *Phaeton*? Wot would I gib to pay you back? Dahomey nigger no debbil in garnet arter all."

"I thank you, my good fellow," said Rupert, with emotion. "We have been so out of human sympathy, that your kind words go to our hearts."

"I said dere was one way to save yourselves," said the black.

"Then let me hear your plan," said Rupert. "It's dis yere," said the negro. "De cap'n's a cripple—Massa Harry's soft—de chief mate's no account. Let me go 'mong de hands and tell 'em de whole truth. I can't talk like white men, but dere's de sailor's heart—and I know de truth'll touch it. Just let me tell de story, and it'll rouse 'em up as one man. De y'll stand by you to de deth. Den you take command ob de brig—we'll run her into Smyrna—gib her up to de consul—and you're free."

"It cannot be," said Rupert, emphatically. "De ship is of it for a sailor's life. If Captain Burke has been treacherous and ungrateful to us, still we must be faithful to our plighted word. We will remain prisoners as we are—sinking to no submission, though incapable of wrong."

"Den I know what I do," said the black, gleefully. "Good-bye, gen'lmen—God bless you both!"

"Stay," said Rupert. But he was gone before the brothers could ask an explanation of his last words.

(To be continued in our next.)

A GUIDE-BOARD performs its functions very well, considering that it is a blind guide.

#### THE DREAM AND FULFILLMENT.

"I WANT you should tell me that story again, grandfather,—that story about grandmother and the children starving in the woods, and the curious dream you had about it, you know," said a small, bright boy, coaxingly laying his hands on the knee of an aged man, who sat listlessly smoking his pipe in a roomy chamber, in the doorway of one of the rural cottages of Vermont, so that he could look out on the green hills he loved so well, while enjoying the grateful coolness of a midsummer evening.

"Yes, my boy," responded the old man, rousing himself from his reverie, and laying aside his pipe. "Yes, that strange and wonderful dream! I love to recall it, because I always believed it came from Heaven to give me the forewarning that was to be the means of saving my family from perishing of hunger."

"But in the first place, my boy, perhaps you would like to know how your grandfather and his family came to settle here in the woods at that time so far away from the homes of any other settlers. I will tell you:

"Fifty years ago I lost nearly all I was worth, by the great depression in the old Continental paper money which followed the close of the revolutionary war.

"But I resolved not to let downward tide under the misfortune I posted on to the city and got my continental real-estate changed to silver, before they grew any worse; and, seeking out a land proprietor of the new State of Vermont, I soon struck a bargain with him for three hundred acres for two hundred dollars, paid him on the spot, and came home with the deeds, maps of the country, &c., in my pocket, and with a surplus of one hundred dollars to get me to, and start me upon, my new purchase. Within one week we were all, with the team and driver hired for the purpose, on our way to the last settlement, in the direction of the place where I was to establish my forest home; within another, having got my family into comfortable quarters, I was, with pack, gun, and axe, making my way through the pathless forest towards the locality of my land, which, though over thirty miles distant, I succeeded in reaching that day before sunset. I found my land, as I was told it should, lying on the east bank of Onion River, and embracing a noble expanse of forest meadow-land, bounded north and south by two considerable streams, that here came in on the same side of the river, and less than a mile apart. Here, looking in my bark-covered shanty, alone in the wilderness, with no white inhabitants within thirty miles of me on any side, I worked through the whole of that long summer and autumn, cut down, burned, and cleared up ten acres of forest, built a comfortable log-house, laid up, in part, by the timely assistance of some transient land-lookers, and, when, as winter approached, returned to my family in the settlements.

"Being now with my family again, I cheerfully worked through the winter for what I could get, bought a stout horse, and made other preparations for an early removal in the spring to our new home in the woods. And accordingly, when May came, and the snows melted, we two moved on the horse, in addition to the bag of meal, bedding, and clothing, with which the strong beast was loaded down, and myself, with pot and kettles, filled with seed corn, salt, plates, knives and forks, slung on my back, and gun and axe in my hands, set out to be on our way, and, placed in a row behind me, we, early one morning, commenced our toilsome journey through the wilderness. Not being able to get through, with all our encumbrances, in one day, we halted at dark, threw up a bow shanty, and under it, with a fire at our feet, all slept soundly, except my wife, who was to be on our guard against the wolves and outlaws, which were often heard howling in the woods round our

camp, and once came so near it, that I could see their eyes gleaming in the light of our camp fire. It was a hard journey for us throughout; but we got safely to our new home the next day; and notwithstanding our fatigues, we all felt very happy and grateful. Our long dreary journey was over, and we thought our hardships at an end, happily blind to the terrible trials we were destined yet to encounter.

"In the course of a month, I found our bread-stuffs were getting too low to admit of much longer delay in procuring a new supply, and with the view of being sure of having such a supply in season, I resolved to make a journey at once, for the purpose, to the settlement on Lake Champlain, which was rather a shorter and easier route than the one to the other settlement where I had lived. There were at this time a few families living on the eastern shore of the lake, at the place which has since grown up into the populous village of Burlington. Among these the leading man, and life and soul of the settlement, was one Gideon King, who afterwards became the rich man of the lake country. When I reached my destination, I found that there were no breadstuffs to be had in the place. But King said he had that day dispatched a sloop to the south end of the lake for a load of meal, flour, and other provisions, which were to be brought overland from Albany, and that if I would wait for her return, which would doubtless be within five days, I should be supplied, and in the meantime he would give me employment. Falling in with this proposition, I went to work, and, for several days, felt no uneasiness. But when five days had passed, and no sloop made her appearance, I expressed my surprise and concern to her owner. He, however, seemed to feel no apprehensions for her fate, and, attributing her delay to some failure in the arrival of some part of her cargo from Albany, recommended me to keep on at work and wait patiently for the sloop, which now, within a day or two, would certainly make her appearance. I consented to do so, though very reluctantly; for I sometimes began to feel a singular mingling about matters at home; and feeling tired, as well as dejected, I that night went to bed before dark, and immediately fell asleep; which I seemed to me at some times transported, in a dream, to visit to my distant home, and placed on a broad maple-stump standing about a dozen yards in front of the door of my cabin. Without being permitted to sleep, or make myself known, I was allowed to see all that was going on among the family, who were quietly at work about the house, and preparing for supper; for it seemed to be just about the time of the evening when I had fallen asleep thirty miles off. I perceived that the fresh fish and game I procured for them had all disappeared, and that they now had nothing in the house but the provisions I soon saw my wife and daughter, Minny, then a resolute girl of sixteen, in earnest consultation about something, which I understood related to the necessity of having some trout caught that night for the next morning's breakfast—a feat which I had seen Minny had sometimes performed. It was with no surprise, therefore, that I soon saw her come out of the house, take down my fish-pole, with hook and line attached, and, taking my next, a boy of nine, along with her, dig some grub for bait, put them on the hook, proceed to the river, and throw it in. Shortly after this I saw her come up with a significant smile; and the next morning I saw her bending and straightening with all her might in a pull upon the pole, while a prodigious large trout was brought flashing and dashing to the surface of the water, when suddenly the pole was broken, and the striped cod of both hook and line. It would be difficult to describe the look of disappointment and concern which stamped the unlucky girl's countenance, as she sadly took her way back to the house; and most keenly did I sympathise with her troubled feelings, for I knew as well as

she did, that the loss of their only hook and line was a great calamity to them all. Nor was this all that seemed to disturb me and increase my anxieties for the family. I somehow felt that there was still some greater misfortune in store for them, and I grew near at hand. So I kept my post to watch for whatever might befall.

"It was a bright starlight night, and, after having seen my family make their supper, on their Indian Johnny cask and water, bar the door next to their beds, and all become lulled in slumber, I seemed to employ my time in alternately casting watchful glances round the house that held all my dearest treasures, and then, in gazing around my opening, and on the wall-like masses of forest which, looming up before me, agitated my thoughts, and to make it all far stretching, my heart was re-awakened. Standing here like a sentinel on his watch-tower, I appeared not to be conscious of the lapse of time. A vision which must have extended through seven or eight hours did not seem to occupy one; and before I thought of morning, the door next to the wood-bird's nest was ajar, and a chill and ruffling of the air which are always the precursors of approaching day, apprised me that the dawn was close at hand. While making these observations, I heard the creaking of brush, as if under the tread of some heavy animal, coming from the wood into my opening. And the next moment, I could discern a large, black, moving object, attended by two small ones, making a wide circle around my house, but drawing nearer and nearer, and snuffing eagerly, as if for some scented food, as they approached. I perceived them to be a bear and cubs, and knew they were intent on seizing something; but still I felt no apprehensions for the family, for I knew that the bears would not be able to effect an entrance into the house.

"But as I saw the old bear cautiously leading her cubs under a small, open, bark-covered shed, which I perceived previously that he had at the end of the house, for storing dry wood, and to serve as a convenient place for my wife to keep her kettles and such things as she had not room for in the house, an alarming truth, for the first time, flashed across my mind. Among the rough logs, was a small but heavy chest, which I had placed under my bark shed, and beneath the window opening into it, and which, for want of a lid, I had kept covered with a wide roll of peeled spruce bark. And I now recollected that the night I left, wishing to take my wife and me, I had, for want of a receipted indoors, emptied all our remaining stock of meal into this chest, which, with its wide, overlapping cover, I supposed would be as secure as if placed inside the house. And scarcely had the recollection come into my mind, before I saw the old bear approach the chest, throw off the bark cover with her paws, and plunge her head within. The hungry cubs quickly followed her example, and all three, the next moment, were obviously engaged in devouring our little treasure of meal, while, with feelings amounting to intense agony, I was compelled to witness the destruction without being able to stir from my post, or of raising the least outcry to drive the thieving brutes away. They made short work of it, and turned to retreat from the place, when, in so doing, the old bear ran on the bark cover, which broke under her great weight with a loud crash. The noise evidently, for the first time, awoke my wife, for I at once heard a stir within, and the next moment I saw her hastily thrust her head from the window, glance wildly after the retreating bears, and then look down in utter consternation at the meal which she beheld being so carelessly scattered to comprehend everything in an instant, and turned away with a cry of anguish and despair that pierced me to the heart like a sword. I made a desperate effort to leap from my stand to rush to her side, and thought I was succeeding, but, instead of striking the

ground, I landed on the floor of my bedroom in King's house, on the lake shore, and found myself awake, just as the first flashes of the morning were breaking through my window. For some time I could not give up the idea of the reality of what I seemed to have witnessed so vividly had every scene been impressed on my mind. But, after rubbing my eyes, striking my head, and collecting my confused senses, I was forced to pronounce it all a dream. But it seemed to me to be a providential warning of some terrible calamity impending over my family; and so I hurriedly dressed, went down, related my dream to my employer, and told him I believed I ought to start immediately for home. But King had no faith in dreams, and especially none in the one I had related, which so and was so far from seeming to have witnessed. And besides, he said it would be no use for me to return now, for I could carry no meal. He was almost out himself, and no other family in the place would dare to part with a pound. No, I had better keep on at work, as the sloop would be along that day or the next, and I could then take all the supplies for my family I could carry.

"Over-persuaded, but not satisfied, I again proceeded, after breakfast, to my work, and kept on, thinking every morning that the sloop would surely arrive by night—and every night that she would not arrive in the morning, and I was more reluctant than ever to leave without anything for my family. I staid several days longer, when, on the tenth night of my absence from home, I had another dream, a complete counterpart of the former one. I was again transported in spirit, at the same hour, to my old stand before my house, when my mind seemed first to be drawn back to the time I was there in vision before, and then to take up events where I had left them, and follow them day by day as regular as a journal, to this my second vision, which I saw to be followed in the loss of the meal, and the loss of my food, response to the cries of the children for food, pick up the feet of a deer I had killed a fortnight before, and make of them a broth, which was all they had to nourish them that day. The next day, after gathering a mass of wild onions or leeks, which I saw to be the only food for the family, were the only things they were certain of obtaining, my daughter and oldest boy ranged the woods till nearly night, with poles or clubs, in the hope of being able to knock down a partridge or squirrel, but without success. And they returned, without having seen a thing, and I kept it up till my boy gave out, when my daughter brought him to the house and gave over the profitless attempt. They had then lived three days on no other food than on the wretched deer-feet broth on the first day, and then on the greens, leeks, and onions, and then on the banks of the river, and all the younger children had grown so feeble that they could only crawl about the house. Even my wife, grown so thin and haggard that I should hardly have known her, could not walk steadily across the floor, and her knees were so weak that she was running down to helplessness and death—all but my daughter, who bore up wonderfully against the threatened calamity. On the evening of the day last mentioned, she gathered in a large quantity of leeks, and early the next morning she was astir, and preparing to carry out the resolution she appeared to have come to, when she was relieved of the family, which was to try to reach the southern settlement and return with food in time to save them from perishing. Accordingly, despite the remonstrances of her mother, who, when informed of the bold resolve, said it could only result in her death, she went out in the house, and disappeared in the direction of her proposed destination.

"I seemed readily to understand why Minny had gone to the southern settlement, instead of following me, who might be expected to bring food as soon as any was to be had. During our



very gates of death to the joys and comforts of life; and the bounteous meal to which we all within the next hour sat down was more truly a thanksgiving supper than any one, I will venture to say, which was ever partaken in the Green Mountains."

"But, grandfather," here spoke the listening boy, as the other brought his narrative to a close, "my mother's name is Minny, and my father's is Constant Martin."

"Yes, my boy; they were married the very next winter after the remarkable event I have been describing, and all the sooner for it, as she had not before fully made up her mind. Yes, they are your parents; and they both, as well as the rest of us, have reason for ever to remember the DEED AND FULFILLMENT."

## AN ESCAPE.

In the meantime Elizabeth ran on to attract the attention of the party and obtain help in repairing the damage. She was fleet of foot than the lumbering oxen, and the train was not more than a quarter of a mile in advance. She expected every moment when some one, chancing to look back, would comprehend the state of affairs and stop.

Suddenly she discovered that the train was thrown into confusion. At first she could perceive no reason, but a sound as of rumbling thunder drew her attention toward the south. A vast herd of bison had come into view, rushing up from a valley which had concealed them, and pouring down impetuously directly across the track of the train. They had encountered many of these herds during the last few days, had passed around and even close beside them; but this vast army had been frightened by some real or suspected danger, and the electric thrill of terror which flashed through their palpitating breasts made them blind to the obstacle in front of them. On they came by hundreds, dashing the plain, shaking the earth, threatening to annihilate cattle, goods, and men. To attempt to oppose their restless numbers would have been like flinging feathers in the face of a whirlwind. Forward they swept, near and nearer, and for a few moments it seemed as if all were lost; the men did the only thing they could to save themselves—they fired their rifles as rapidly as possible in the face of the enemy. The flash of fire-arms, and perhaps some of the shots taking effect, saved the train from destruction; the immense herds swerved slightly to one side, and swept on more madly than ever, just grazing the last one of the teams, bearing down the wagon and trampling the cattle underfoot, but only stunning the driver, who was saved by the wagon falling over him.

And now the path of the bison was toward the unprotected girl, standing motionless with fright, her eyes fixed upon the mighty sea of brutal life rushing down upon her, terrible and tumultuous. It was as well for her to remain riveted by terror as to flee, for flight could be of no avail—she could never outstrip that long wall darkening down upon her. She felt, through all the cruel plunge of anticipation, their hoofs trampling her young life into nothingness.

Then there came lying along in front of that rushing host a horse and rider. While the horseman had to sweep almost the whole line of the bison, they were galloping directly toward the girl, and it was a question of fearful interest to the look-oners as to which would reach her first—or whether he and his animal, as well as the hapless maiden, would not be overwhelmed.

As for her, she did not see him, or if she did, terror had so paralyzed her, that she did not distinguish him from the multitude. Their hot breath already blasted her, when she felt herself caught up, and unable any longer to realize the



THE RESCUE.

truth, she gave a wild shriek, and became lost to further consciousness of her situation.

When they saw Nat Wolfe stoop and swing the girl lightly up across the neck of his horse the gazing emigrants in the distance gave an irrepressible start, and again became breathless and silent, watching the further progress of events; for the herd had gained on the steed during the momentary halt, and being doubly frightened, the noble beast could not now run with his wonted fleetness. A passion of terror had taken possession of him also, as he felt himself encumbered, and the bison pressing upon him. He reared and whirled about madly, threatening to run upon destruction, instead of away from it. His owner bent and seemed to utter a word in his ear, at which he sprung forward, as if carrying no weight at all, straight as an arrow from the shaft, quite in advance of the following monsters, throwing up the sand in clouds along their way.

Suddenly horse and riders went down into a ravine and were lost to sight, and the next moment the whole excited herd poured over like a torrent, and were seen thundering down the empty river-bed and speeding over the valley. As soon as the bison had passed, the men started to ascertain the fate of the two human beings probably crushed to death in the river-bed. As they reached the edge of the ravine and looked eagerly over, Nat Wolfe crawled out from the shelter of the shelving ledge on which they stood, shaking the dirt and pebbles from his hair and garments.

"Hello," cried he, cheerfully. "All right. Hold on, till I hand up the girl," and he lifted her, just struggling back to consciousness, up to the ready arms held out for her; then, finding a rift which afforded him a foothold, he swung himself lightly after her.

"Well, I declare for't, Lizzie, you had a narrow escape—you're as white as a sheet,"

cried her uncle, reaching the scene just as she attempted to stand alone. "I don't wonder you're all in a tremble. Miranda's so scared she hasn't strength to walk. We thought you was gone for certain—and we didn't know but we was too. Them brutes came nigh to giving us a brush—we just escaped by the skin of our teeth. How on earth, stranger, did you manage to get out of the way?"

"By the merest chance. You see when we went down, my horse stumbled and fell—but I was too quick for him—I come down on my feet with the girl under my arms. It occurred to me, quick as a flash, that our only hope was to press close against the shelter of the bank and let them go over us. And over us they went in a manner not the pleasantest. I was afraid the earth above would give way on us, the gravel and dirt rattled down so furiously. But here we are, safe and sound, aren't we?"

The light and color sprung to Elizabeth's face, as he turned to her with a careless laugh; she essayed to say something, to thank him for saving her, at the risk of his own life, from a terrible death, but her lips trembled and the words would not come. Nat liked to do brave deeds better than he liked to be embarrassed by thanks; he turned quickly from the glowing face, and looked after the distant herd.—"The Gold Hunters,"—Beadle's Sixpenny Library.

PUTTING DEAD YANKEES TO A NEW USE.—The Norfolk Day Book, under this heading, says:—"We have recently seen some candles which, we were told, had been made from tallow and fat fried from dead Yankees, who had been slain in several of the battles which have taken place between them and the Southerners. We don't know whether our informant was joking or not, but certain it is the candles look mean enough and stink bad enough to have emanated from such a source."

THE  
BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER.  
A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

(From the New York Ledger.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUSADE OF THE  
FOREST."

CHAPTER XLVII.

(Continued.)

MURPHY'S shot had alarmed the Indians, and thrown them into confusion. They might be surrounded by more enemies than they supposed; but he knew it would not be many minutes before they would learn the exact state of the case. Previous to any movement, therefore, he reloaded the barrel he had fired, and prepared to make a run for it, as he was determined not to take refuge again in the log, even if he could have done so without discovery. He suspected that watchful eyes were already upon him; and that the attack was only delayed until the savages could make sure he was alone, and that no ambuscade was prepared for them.

It was fortunate, he thought, that they had not yet seen Wheaton, and by showing himself, he might draw away their attention from him altogether.

While he thus paused, Complanter, who had not gone down to the creek, had not been idle. In a few seconds, Murphy detected the forms of eight or nine savages skulking from tree to tree from the lodge toward him. He immediately rose to his feet, and sprang away through the woods at his utmost speed. His start was at once announced by a wild shout, echoed on all sides, as the whole gang broke cover and put after him. Some of them were not more than eight or ten rods from him when he started, but he had no apprehension of their firing, for he knew they could hardly hit him while in motion; and, besides, an Indian generally likes to fire from a rest. At first a few of the fleetest of the runners gained upon him, as his limbs were a little stiff from lying so long in a crouched position; and he felt somewhat uneasy as he noticed the fact. In fact, for more than a mile nearly in a straight line, up hill and down; but finding that a few of his pursuers still continued to gain upon him, though very slowly, he concluded it was time to alter his tactics. Changing his course a little, he suddenly dashed down a slight declivity and struck into a piece of flat, bushy land, covered with brambles and blackberry vines. There were scarcely any trees on the spot, which, perhaps, comprised from eight to ten acres.

Across this comparatively open space, following a sort of well-worn path, Murphy now dashed; while his pursuers, who had him in full sight, gave a yell of exultation as they redoubled their energies, and supposed he was now certainly within their power. What gave probability to this was, that the speed of the fugitive seemed very sensibly to have increased; and they were all gaining upon him perceptibly. Near the opposite margin of the bramble patch, there was a thick clump of bushes, into which Murphy rushed, and paused, as if to recover breath. Five of the foremost of the savages were now within less than six rods, and to get a good sight of him, they all sprang upon a log that lay across their path diagonally. No sooner were they in that position than a very loud report was heard from the brush, and three of the Indians fell where they stood. Before the others recovered from their consternation, Murphy was off again. The remaining Indians dashed after him, stimulated not only by the hope of revenge, but by the fact that his gun was now empty, and that he could do them no further harm with it, provided they did not give him time to reload.

"In this they soon found themselves disappointed; for, as Murphy pursued his course, he began to run with greater ease, having got over

the effect of the stiffness which at first impeded him, and from long practice he had learned to load his rifle while under full headway. The charge had consisted of powder and buck-shot; hence the fatality of his first fire. He had fired in the same way again, but as the Indians had seen the danger of exposing themselves, they were now more wary, and hoped to tire him down.

By this time many of those who had at first started after him had discontinued the pursuit and he could see only six that kept it up. As he could not lure them again into a snare like the first, he found it would be necessary to resort to a new one. He observed that of the remaining pursuers, two were ahead and together, while the others were many rods behind, and scattered along. Taking advantage of a level and open space he suddenly wheeled about, and ran rapidly back towards his pursuers. They at first paused in some confusion; one of them then drawing his gun to his eyes fired; but without effect, for Murphy had continued to run in a zigzag, to confuse his aim. In his turn he now fired, and brought down the one whose gun still remained loaded. The other fled a short distance, while Murphy followed as far as where the dying Indian lay; here he paused, and discharged his other barrel, bringing down the nearest savage. In a twinkling he now stooped and picked up the gun of the Indian who lay near him; while the remaining pursuers, knowing that he had just fired two, rushed forward with a shout.

What was their astonishment to find that he fired again, dropping one more of their number. Three yet remained; they turned and fled in great consternation, exclaiming that the hunter must indeed be the devil, who could fire all day without loading.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

UP AND AWAY.

It was about the middle of the afternoon of the same day, when the three Indians who had survived the unfortunate pursuit of Murphy came skulking back to the encampment, and stole to the lodge of Complanter, to communicate the disastrous result of their expedition.

In an hour afterwards, although it was not later than the day, the lodges of the Indians were suddenly taken down, and hasty preparations made for departure. Bartlett and the Ottawa were among the most urgent to get away, as it had become apparent to them that their present position was full of peril. With two formidable hunters, and a host of men in their vicinity, and hanging on their trail, the only safe course was to get as rapidly as possible into the Indian country, where, it was presumed, the two white men would not dare to follow them.

In a short time, therefore, the whole of the band, with the exception of those who had fallen during the course of this disastrous day, were on their road down the valley. They felt crestfallen enough. They imagined that Murphy and Wheaton must have expected speedy assistance, or that they would not have ventured so near them alone. Their mysterious and suspicious conduct, and the fatal way in which they manifested their presence, had impressed upon the minds of the savages a feeling of awe.

While the Senecas had been in pursuit of Murphy, Wheaton had remained near their encampment in comparative safety. He saw the struggles return, and he readily guessed the fate which had befallen their companions. As there was no sign of rejoicing, he felt sure that no harm had befallen Murphy, and he confidently looked for his return by the nightfall.

He became a little uneasy when he saw the fugitives about, breaking up their camp, and, inasmuch as he was fully determined to follow them, and was apprehensive lest, in the darkness of the coming night, Murphy might miss him.

It was apparent that the Indians meant to make a good strong push of it, for they moved away with some rapidity, as if intending to reach

some definite and distant post before again halting. They had, however, to accommodate their pace to that of Jenny, whom they urged forward as much as they could without actual violence, but who seemed determined not to go even as fast as she might.

Wheaton, instead of following their trail, which he suspected might be watched, started to get abreast of them, and at some distance away, where he kept on a southerly course, as they went along, he left behind him as many plain marks as he could, to serve as guides to his companion, in case he should be coming after him.

The direction pursued was directly down the valley, to the left of which, at a distance of thirty or forty rods, ran a small stream. It was along this that Wheaton pursued his way.

By the time the sun went down, the whole party were many miles from the place of their morning encampment, and near the junction of the stream they had followed, with another considerable bend, to a small rivulet, in fact.

There was a little wooded knoll at the point of confluence, or junction, of which the Indians at once took possession. It was evidently an old and much used halting place; for rude sorts of stone fire-places were here and there visible on the ground, and the whole space under the trees was open and cleared of brush.

It was growing dark as they got fairly in possession of the spot, and began to light their fires. On one side of them flowed the larger stream, which was deep enough to float canoes, and several rods in width. On the other side was the smaller creek, and beyond this, an open heaver meadow—now long since abandoned. This time, Complanter took measures to have the proper sentinels posted at various points, to guard against such occurrences as had taken place at the last halt.

Jenny was exceedingly tired as they came into camp. She hardly took heed of what was said or done, though she saw in the small river several canoes moored to the bank, and she surmised that their journey might, on the morrow, be continued by water.

As soon as Wheaton had traced the Indians to their evening quarters, he started back on his own trail with all the speed his now exhausted condition admitted of. After travelling about an hour, he stopped on a small rise of ground commanding a view in the direction he was pursuing, as he was very tired and hungry, he kindled a fire, and after a few moments he managed to kindle a fire. This he fed with leaves and sticks until a considerable flame shot up from it. He then sat down at a little distance, and waited the result.

It was not long before he heard footsteps approaching, and supposed it might be Murphy. It was now too dark to perceive objects with any distinctness. He was himself out of the line of the light, and had a good view to the northward, in which direction he looked for his companion. It struck him, however, that the footsteps were not those of Murphy, and he endeavored to kindle a fire. This he fed with leaves and sticks until a considerable flame shot up from it. He then sat down at a little distance, and waited the result.

Wheaton half regretted his indiscretion at firing his gun; but, as there was no help for it, so, as he sat at the spot where the animal lay, he drew his knife and was preparing to take such parts of the flesh as he wanted for food, when to his surprise he found the figure of Murphy standing suddenly and mysteriously beside him.

"Do you always blow your horn so loud before

males?" was the question with which the Irishman greeted him.

"I'm glad," all events, it's brought you to help at this," answered Wheaton. "I've come back at least five miles on the trail to meet you."

"And a few sows," said Murphy, "it's more nor myself ye'll be after having to suffer, if that's the way ye summer with them. But against this trail, the devil a bit trail have I seen at all. When once I found the haythens had decamped, I knowed you was after them, and so I tuk to the hill to follow."

"Well, at any rate, Tim," continued Wheaton, "I've got 'em camped again for the night; and if we wait a little supper and rest, we can be on them again long before daylight."

"The supper part is mighty good mine," said Murphy, as he deposited his gun against a tree, and unshesht his knife to assist in getting at the food as they needed.

After a little while they skewered up over the fire some voluminous steaks of the tender beef meat, and speedily cooked for themselves their rude supper. Protracted fasting and fatigue made the dish as palatable as a delicacy, and they were not long in satisfying their appetites.

"Tis at the Fork ye found them?" said Murphy, as they paused in their eating.

"Exactly," said his companion, "and they seemed to be making preparations for a good night's rest."

Now hsten to me," broke in Murphy. "Don't be after makin' conclusions from the appearances of such blackguards. Lighted fires, did ye say? And what if they did? I'm thinkin', if we wait till daylight, some sight of a red-skin will be to the fore then."

"What, then, would you do, Murphy?" asked Wheaton, anxiously. "We are too tired to go on now, and we shall wait until our strength, God knows!"

Murphy, in the midst of all his apparent jocularly, looked grave this evening, and to Wheaton's question he did not immediately reply.

"Two hours of sleep," he said, after a while; "and two mortal hours is sometimes a mighty deal of time—but, two hours we'll take to repose ourselves; and then, whether we wake up or not, I'm thinkin' there'll be plenty of company to call us."

So saying, the two tired men, with their guns in their hands, threw themselves down beside the now smouldering fire, and immediately fell fast asleep.

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

"Comrade back!  
There in the dark,  
Hear the footstep of the men."

ABOUT two hours afterwards, Wheaton was aroused by a loud snoring noise, very near to where they lay. He started up at once, grasping his gun, and not at first knowing what to make of the disturbance.

"Didn't I tell ye we'd have company to-night?" whispered Murphy, who had also awakened, and who stood by his side.

"Wolves!" at length said Wheaton, who peered intently in the direction of the noise. The moon was shining bright and clear, but its light seemed only to make the shadows deeper and more obscure.

"Tis the carcass the docters is dissectin', for the benefit of science," said Murphy, drily, as he shook his gun, tightened his belt, and made other preparations for action.

"You're not going to waste powder on them, I hope?" said Wheaton.

"Divil a bit," was the answer. "We'll just have a close field and no favor. I smelt the smoke as they snuffed about more nor half an hour ago. 'Twas the slices of meat I cut off at the first to carry with us."

"Well, I'm ready," said Wheaton, "I feel

fresh enough after our little snooze. Now that we're together, they'll have to look to themselves, and Wheaton shook his rifle with a confident air.

By this time the two men were in motion, leaving the wolves to finish the carcass of the bear, and making their way rapidly and silently through the moonlit woods towards the Indian camp.

Not less than an hour they were on the hill which overlooked it, and, if there had been light enough, they could have seen all that was going on there. As it was, everything seemed silent and motionless. The small fire that had been kindled for cooking had gone out long since, and the two men were to be enjoyed to a sound sleep, through the warm summer night.

Murphy, however, would not, in the least, trust to appearances. He restrained the impetuosity of Wheaton, who was for crawling up at once, and endeavoring by boldness or by stratagem to get the captive girl out of the hands of the savages.

It was now fast verging upon the hour of midnight. Both of the men were silent and watchful; but the face of Murphy did not betray the least sign of the good humor which usually shone on his. It was cold and rigid, though his eyes sparkled in a way to show that his thoughts were as busy as his senses.

The night was uncommonly still. The usual dull whirr of insects could be heard, and besides that, only now and then the distant howl of some wolf or other wild animal, far away among the hills. In the valley below, there was, perhaps, the faintest possible murmur of the flowing waters.

"Be me sowl," muttered Murphy, "if it's an airy conscience gives a quiet sleep, the imp's down there must have done their duty to the devil for they sleep like the river that runs smelt them."

"Maybe they're asleep—and maybe they're watching," answered Wheaton, who by this time had got to be as suspicious as his companion.

"Now, Jack!" exclaimed the other, interrupting him, "give your mind. Is it an illigant swimmer, ye are?"

"To be sure," was the answer; "you know I don't mind water any more than I do a brush heap."

"Then listen to do ye just crape down to the water below the camp and foot up and see if the cursed Mohammedans has been, at all, at all."

"And what will you do meantime? and what sign shall we give?" asked Wheaton, quickly.

"Tis myself will just give a call at the camp and have my compliments," answered the Irishman; then, after a pause, he added: "If ye should happen to see a light or a fire anywhere, and no noise, 'twould be better for us both to be back here at once, to contrivure our plans again."

All these things were uttered in hurried whispers; and in a few seconds afterwards both the men had vanished from the spot.

Wheaton went off to the southward, and after some difficulty, made his way through a thick and tangled swamp to the bank of the little stream. It was in many places too deep to cross or to tread through, without swimming, and he therefore crept along its bank as far as he could towards the encampment, making no noise whatever, as he trod upon the soft grass or yielding ground, which served him for a way.

He had to pass a clump of bushes that projected in front of him, before he could get view of the spot he was trying to reach; and just as he was on the point of doing so, his alert senses were greeted by a dull sound, of two pieces of wood striking together, or as if a tree was struck by a stick. He listened intently, but there was no repetition of the noise, and nothing to explain its character. With redoubled care he now continued his way; but in rounding the point spoken of, he found the water deeper,

and he was obliged to swim for some distance. While doing so, and as the current carried him clear of the bushes, he was enabled to see the whole place of encampment, buried in dull obscurity, lying but a few rods ahead of him. The current was quite strong, and as it rushed by, made a slight rustling. This, though unfavorable to his progress, would still serve to disguise the noise which might be caused by his exertions in the water; and the woodman, fully conscious of all these things, made his way stealthily forward, fixing his eye constantly upon the objects in and about the camp. Soon he was enabled to reach more shallow water, and he then waded slowly to the shore, pausing there a moment to breathe and take further observation before proceeding. While he did so, the same dull sound which had before arrested his attention was repeated. This time it seemed much nearer. As the current was here very slow, and the water in some parts deep and still, Wheaton again dropped back into it, and as silently as if his hands had been mud or oars, crept forward, keeping in the shady shelter of the shore. Soon he came directly opposite the spot where the Indians were supposed to be resting.

He now became aware that some one was moving about there. He remained, for a few seconds, calmly still, watching and listening with all his senses. A dark, moving shadow was all that was visible; and it appeared now among the sleepers, and now at the water's edge. He again, he heard the same dull sound steadily spoken of. When the shadow again disappeared from the water side, and was away among the trees, Wheaton stole across the stream, and discovered that two boats were moored to the shore and held fast by cords. His first impulse was to get the fastenings and let the canoes float away, but a little reflection satisfied him of the imprudence of such a proceeding.

He had hardly come to this conclusion, before he heard footsteps approaching. Moving a little to one side, and taking shelter in a shadow, he watched the persons who appeared to be drawing nigh. They were soon visible; and Wheaton became at once aware that two men were hurrying directly towards the boats. His alarmed fancy suggested who they were, and in this he was not mistaken. As the party came nearer, he could distinguish their features; and he saw that Bartlett and the Indian accomplice, while wearing moccasins, were forcing their way to hurry away with them in silence. The face of the girl was pale, and exhibited marks of suffering and despair. The temper of the frontiersman was roused at the sight, and the least indication of violence on the part of the two abductors would have been the signal for the death of one or other of them. Wheaton, in the excitement of the moment, had half risen in the shallow water where he stood, and if the attention of his enemies had not just then been absorbed by other things, they would inevitably have seen him. He was, however, of looking towards the spot where he stood, their glances were very instant cast back towards the camp which they were leaving. Wheaton now began to comprehend fully the nature of the movement. He made up his mind not to thwart it at present. It would be better to get Bartlett and the Ottawa away from the party of the Seneca; and they could then be dealt with much more easily.

Bartlett, after Janny had been seated in one of the boats, stood for a long time, listening intently, and gazing back to see if, by chance, any of the Indians had been on the watch and noted his movements. At last, apparently satisfied, he uttered a few words in the Indian tongue to his associate, pointing to the second canoe, which lay alongside. The savage answered by springing out of the one in which he sat, and, lifting a large bundle from under the seat, he placed it on the extra boat. Then pushing the latter into the middle of the stream, he looked it

from side to side, till it gradually filled with water, when, owing to the weight which it held, it sank and lay on the bottom. It then hurried out and shook himself like a water-dog. In a few seconds after, the remaining boat, with Bartlett, the Indian, and their captive, was passing down the little stream, as fast as the current and their cautious peddling could force it. Rapidly as all this occurred, Whetson had prepared his measures with a promptitude suited to the emergency. The canoe had not more than passed the projecting point of bushes, before he was in the midst of the current, when, diving, he caught hold of the sunken boat. With the energy of desperation, he once under the water, as he was, he freed it of its burden, and sent it up to the surface, where he himself, also, at once returned to catch his breath. It was some seconds after his head was again above the water, before he was sufficiently collected to observe things about him. His first attention had been directed after the retreating boat, which was now quite out of sight and hearing; and while gazing that way, and puffing from his late immersion, he heard a low, humming noise in the direction of the Indian camp. Looking that way, he immediately became aware that beyond it a short distance, a steady light was burning, as if it were a lamp hung in among the bushes.

It was evident that this beacon had also been discovered by the savages, for the murmur which was audible from where they lay attested the fact. Whetson remembered the signal which Murphy promised to give him in case of danger; but at the same instant he reflected that what he had himself seen was totally unanticipated by his friend, and he felt that, whatever might be the consequences, it was the most important for him just then to follow the course of the fugitives.

He now looked around for the boat which he had raised. It was already some rods from him, floating down the current full of water. He at once flung himself after it, and swam with all his strength to overtake it, and to be as successful as he had hoped to be. In spite of his utmost exertions, it seemed to move faster than he did, and by the time he reached the projecting bushy point, it was nearly out of sight. When there, he cast one look back at the encampment to see what was occurring there. In the full moonlight he detected the form of an Indian stealing down to the shore; and curiosity, which just then overcame every other feeling, induced him to pause and watch the figure. The man, whoever he was seemed to be a little disappointed at not finding something by the shore. He stopped quickly up and down the bank, scanning everything, and then paused. After a moment's reflection he sprang into the thickets, seeming determined to follow the course of the little stream.

Whetson now thought it high time to be moving himself. In fact, he regretted the impudence of his delay, and his thoughts recurred to the expediency of returning to the spot agreed upon between him and Murphy. Already, however, he discovered here and there, through the moonlight openings, the fitting form of the savage speeding by, and even now between him and the place of appointment.

Whetson again betook himself to the difficult task before him; stealing rapidly to the bank, he found it, much to his gratification, with a sandy and smooth shore for some distance below, the bushes still being between him and the murmur. He thought it probable that the Indians had given no signal to his companions, but he feared that his very stealth might show him to be the more dangerous enemy to cope with.

The woodsman, however, made these reflections as he proceeded; for, with the speed of a reindeer he now made till his quick eye detected, not far ahead, the boat containing Bartlett, Jenny, and the Ottawa, while the other canoe, full of water, was just abreast

of him. Continuing his way a little further, he slipped into the water, and waded out so as to intercept the little vessel. Carefully and silently he guided it to the opposite bank, where it was shaded from the moonlight. Here, in a second or so, he emptied it of water, and placed it again floating on the current. He now took his seat in it, and looked about him. Whetson was again just disappearing around a bend in the stream; and Whetson caught sight of a figure gliding through the open copse, a few rods from the water, and abreast of where he now sat. It seemed to him impossible to avoid being seen by this active scout; and what the result of his discovery of Bartlett's boat might be, it was useless to conjecture.

While he had been making these reflections he had been carried forward by the current, which was here rapid. A slight impulse now and then sufficed to keep the little boat in the middle of the stream; but Whetson found, much to his discomfiture, that both the Indian scout and the boat of Bartlett were rapidly gaining on him. This was owing to the fact that he was provided with neither oar or pole, and was at the mercy of the current only. He saw, with a feeling of bitterness, the dark shadow of the canoe ahead of him gradually disappear among the windings and obstructions of the stream. Slowly, and with some muttered curses, he now dragged the useless boat to the shore, and pulled it up among some bushes. After noting the locality, so as to be able to find it again, if necessary, he started in pursuit, being in the rear of all.

Judging by the appearance of the surrounding hills that the stream underwent a considerable crook in its course not far ahead, he pushed boldly across for an elevation, around which it seemed to wind. Climbering this with his utmost speed, he was soon enabled to get a top view. From this position by looking back he could see the camp of the Seneca, now lit up with numerous fires; and on the other side, and around the base of the hill, the dark and shadowy course of the brook. In this direction, not a rod could he see, and he was obliged to dash down the other side, he hurried forward to gain a point where he hoped to be able to intercept the retreating boat.

When he reached the shore, nothing was in sight. The stream was deep and smooth, and the quiet moonlight shone on it for some distance in either direction, without disclosing any unusual object on its bosom.

Whetson was somewhat exhausted from his late exertions; and lay for a few moments in the bushes, expecting to see the canoe coming down the stream.

While he did so, his ears detected the muffled sound of footsteps along the bank above him. He at once slunk back in the shadows, to watch the new intruder. The latter immediately made his appearance, stealing rapidly ahead. His course led him within ten or twelve feet of where Whetson lay. When he came opposite, he paused and seemed to look intently. His face was turned to the moonlight, and Whetson was enabled to scan his countenance carefully. Strange as it might be, the features, though dusky, and covered with paint, seemed to be familiar to the woodsman; and he was struck by the bearing of what this singular scout could be, when he heard in a low muttered whisper, as if the savage was talking to himself, the words:

"Arrah! then; and its the oldest woadon of the world; where the divil Jack Whetson's hid hisself the evening speelson couldn't take notice of the fire I kindle here, and the Indians awakin' about him. But, Misther Murphy, silence yer persuadin' tongue, if ye please, while I listen to the boat there beyant."

It is needless to say that Whetson was as much delighted as amused at this unexpected meeting with his enemy, disguised as he was in this strange fashion.

He stirred, but had scarcely done so, before the gun of the Irishman was pointed at him, and

it was as much as he could do to make himself seen in time to escape being shot. As soon, however, as Whetson saw the Seneca, he became silent for their circumstances were too critical to admit of parley or explanation. After gazing for a second or so up the stream they could make out a small dark object slowly approaching them. At once now went back in the thicket, and hurried down the stream about twenty rods, to a point where it ran slowly between high bushy banks which overshadowed it. Here all was dark, and the two men at once formed their plan and prepared for action.

#### CHAPTER L.

##### AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

As the light canoe was passing down the stream, Bartlett and his companion from time to time had long and earnest discussions as to their future course. They felt their position and the route they were pursuing to be insecure in the extreme. Most of their conversation, however, was carried on in the Indian tongue, so that their captive could gather nothing from it. They had now as much to avoid their late associates, the Seneca, as their white pursuers. From the latter, indeed, they felt tolerably secure, supposing that they would continue to hang on the trail of the Seneca. They were not so confident about the Indians, and seemed to apprehend that Complanter would resent their remarkable conduct, and might cause them to be pursued and brought back. Their principal discussions, therefore, had been how to avoid this result.

It is needless to say that all their conversation had been carried on in a low tone, and that they had not even begun it until they thought themselves at a considerable distance from the camp. The single light which Murphy had kindled for a different purpose had bewildered the Seneca, and had diverted their attention for a long time from the boat which bore him.

Bartlett and the Ottawa were still talking about their future course, and thinking of the propriety of landing, and striking somewhere into the woods, to find a place of concealment, when their boat was approaching a deep, narrow part of the stream, buried in shadow from the overhanging thickets. As they entered this place, they became silent, and directed their whole attention to the obscurity through which the canoe was now making its way. The banks were steep, and covered with brambles; and here and there a long, heavy limb of a tree hung over the water. At one point, where the current was still, and the darkness greatest, they had to pass under one of the large branches spoken of, as a pile of old brush lay directly in the channel. Here they had to feel their way for some distance, as nothing could be seen; and they were compelled to part the bushes, in order to force the boat through the branches.

"I say, Ottawa," whispered Bartlett, still speaking in the aboriginal dialect, as they slowly piloted their way along; "this is a good place to hide. Success isn't not see us here, if we should stay all day?"

The interrogative tone with which the remark was made, was probably a dose in the mind of the speaker, as to the certainty of what he uttered. The Indian, after a moment's silence, replied:

"Gamundawh square, but not so big a fool. Tink see side place, and not look in him."

"May be yer 'right, Ottawa; at all events, the faster we get on the better. We want to take to the hills as soon as we reach some rocks, so as not to leave any trail. Hold back that limb, or it will strike the girl, while I pull the boat through." Now, young lady, look out for your head! The Seneca's canoe is just behind the light again. Do you think," continued he, as the boat came through the passage, and was in the full moonlight again; "do you think, Miss



Jenny, you could manage to walk a mile or so more to night?"

As he said this, both he and the Indian turned their looks towards the stern of the boat, to see how the young girl would take the question.

She was not there; but in her place, fully armed, covered with war paint, and silent and solemn as the spectre of a murdered chieftain, sat a Seneca warrior!

Bartlett started; Ottawa, with a scream of terror, leaped overboard, and scrambled up the bank and away, as if the great serpent of Onondaga-hill was at his heels.

Bartlett gazed at the supernatural intruder with a puzzled look; but his eye encountered a steady, fierce, and unshrinking gaze, which at last caused him to lower his glance. In a moment more, the canoe, which had received no attention, struck the bank, and rolled so that Bartlett was compelled to cling to the bushes to prevent being capsize. He felt the boat receive a sudden impulse, a dark object flitted up the bank, and when he looked again, the mysterious visitor had disappeared!

In the meantime, at a short distance back, rapidly clambering at rock-hill, which rose to the northward, a powerful man was bearing a burden in his arms. His look, every minute or so, as he hurried along, was turned upon what he carried. At length, as he passed a small rivulet, he stopped, and, laying his burden upon a piece of mossy ground, he whispered, as he sprinkled water over it:

"Jenny! Jenny, darling! Wake up! It is I. Don't be afraid any more. There! now you are coming to yourself again. See, darling, it is I. You are in no danger now. Tim and I are here to protect you."

Slowly did the girl open her eyes, and become fully conscious of where she was. Then she arose up quickly, saying:

"Come, laddie, let's be moving at once. Come away, laddie! Let's be gone, or they'll find us again."

"No, no, darling; you're too weak now. You need not fear. Tim Murphy is between us and the Indians and—"

He was interrupted by a sudden yell from the valley below, which caused him to listen intently for some time. No other sound, however, reached his ear, and after a while he resumed:

"No, Jenny; so long as Murphy and I are near, you need be under no alarm. We have followed you every hour; and now you are with us, not all the forces in Tyron county can take you from us again."

The girl, though she listened to him with a brow whose anxiety was gradually clearing away, continued to gaze down into the shadowy valley as if she expected at every instant to see some phantom rising thence to scare away her newly-found hope.

In point of fact, as Wheaton was continuing his assurances and his consolations, he was alarmed to see her face suddenly grow pale again, while with her finger she pointed at something behind him, saying, in a whisper:

"Ah, Johnny, said I na' they would come?"

Wheaton turned instantly, and discovered the cause of her new alarm: it was none other than Murphy, whose Indian disguise had led to the mistake.

"Alanna, now!" whispered Tim, "is it me who would scare the darling with the ugly haytheenish words? Niver mind me, scushla, for if it was Mister Murphy would be for harmin' a female, he'd be scapin' in a jiffy, if he had to do it with his own hand."

"Don't talk so loud, Tim," now interrupted Wheaton. "Some one may hear you."

His companion indulged in a fit of clucking before replying.

"Tim! me own little chunn the haytheenish will dance to till mornin'; they'll be after catchin' that thief of the world, Bartie, this

minute. When that is done, Mr. Murphy and his friends will have to look to their primin'."

Both the men, however, soon became silent, figures of occasion was full of danger, and the responsibility which weighed upon them they felt to be great.

They watched with the greatest diligence the appearance of the valley below, where all now had become still again. The bustle in the Indian camp seemed to have subsided, and figures could be seen stirring about. But that Wheaton and his companion well knew that many of the savages were creeping through the forest in all directions, they might have supposed that the whole party had again relapsed into sleep.

"How long will it take, Tim," asked Wheaton, "for them to come up with Bartlett and find out the true state of the case?"

Murphy reflected a moment, then answered:

"Maybe 'twill be an hour, but 'tis the more reasonable they won't come to their intrins' sines all that before daylight, 'tisn't that bothers me with the beautiful burthen we're to carry."

Of course Jenny overheard what was said, and comprehended as well as they the danger incurred. She felt wearied and sick at heart, and thought that it would be selfish and unreasonable to expose the lives of Murphy and Wheaton in a task which seemed well nigh hopeless.

Springing up therefore quickly, she besought them to make their own escape, saying that the only risk she ran would be that of falling into the hands of the savages again, who would assuredly treat her as kindly as they had done before, while the lives of the two men would be sacrificed, if they should once be taken.

Wheaton made light of her request—in fact he hardly heeded what she said, his attention still being fixed upon the point where the Indians might be expected to appear.

"Be so wile, thin," said Murphy, whose eyes and ears, in the meantime, were as busy as those of his companion "would be an ill-gest story to bring into the clarin' that Tim Murphy abandoned a lady to 'a lot' of red devils, to do with his own life. Whisht, now, ya darlin', do you think Jack Wheaton and myself is to expose ourselves to that lile? Och! but we'll show the yelpin wolves how to conduct a retreat."

By this time they became satisfied that the savages were not aware of their present position, and made their dispositions for a movement accordingly.

(To be continued in our next.)

## American Scrap Book.

LONDON, APRIL 18, 1863.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

BEFORE you ask a man for a favor, consult the weather. The same person that is as ugly as sin while a cold rain is spitting against his face, will no sooner feel the gladdening influence of a little quiet sunshine, than his heart will expand like a rosebud.

### MEN FOR BUSINESS.

Give us the straightforward, fearless, enterprising man for business—one who is worth a dozen of those who when anything is to be done, stop, falter, and hesitate, and are never ready to take a decided stand! One turns everything within his reach into gold—the other tarnishes even what is bright—the one will succeed in life, and to adventurous circumstances will hinder him—the other will be a continual drizzling snail, never rising above mediocrity, but rather falling below. Make up your mind to be firm, resolute, and industrious, if you desire prosperity.

There is good in that saying of the Apostle, "Whosoever your hands find to do, do it with all thy might."

### INGRATITUDE.

Of all vices, ingratitude, generally speaking, counts most disgrace on the culprit. There are four descriptions of ungrateful persons. The first denies that he has received a favor; the second suppresses and conceals the benefit; the third retains no remembrance of the kindness; the fourth, who is the worst of all, conceals a hatred for his benefactor, because he is conscious that he is under an obligation to him.

### MARRIAGE.

There is no one thing more lovely in this life more full of the divinest courage, than when a young maiden from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambl'd over every field and moor around her home; when a mother anticipated her wants and soothed her little cares, when brothers and sisters grew from merry playmates to loving, faithful friends; from Christmas gatherings and romps, the summer festivals in bowers or garden; from the domestic happiness of the death of relatives; from the secure backgrounds of her childhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood, looks out into the dark and unilluminated future, away from all that, and yet unterrified, undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers, "Dear heart! I cannot see, I believe. The world was beautiful but the future I trust—with thee!"

### DISCONTENT.

Never give way to discontent, no matter in what position in life you may be placed. Not sure nor more certain does oxygen act away iron than will discontent weaken the mental and physical forces, often being the precursor of the death of relatives; If in misery or pain, remember, "that it is a long lane that has no turn," and that when you do get to that turn, you will be out of your difficulty. When the car of fate is carrying you smoothly, without jolt or jar, it is a rare thing, indeed, to be troubled. It doesn't stay. The interest is enormous, and may consume you before you can take up your note. It is astonishing how much fat an even, sunny-tempered man will put on his skeleton in the course of a life-time; while a discontented one is always as bare as a brood-pen, his bones never covered with rattle, not even when there is a lull in the storm of adversity. A discontented mind is shunned by all, while a contented one becomes a magnet of attraction, around which everything that has life in it gathers, just for the fun of hearing him laugh and borrowing a little of his sunshine. A discontented man never makes a hearty meal. It isn't in him. He would rather be plagued with dyspepsia any day than say grace over a fat turkey, while your jovial customer would dance a hornpipe around a boiled bone that would trouble a dyspeptic to take the meat off. Do cheerfully and well whatever you are called on to do, and take the world easy; so shall you go down to the tomb with a streak of sunlight in your composition—your head crowned with the swags of many winters.

### I'VE DONE SMOKING.

Our friend delivered himself thus, honestly and in earnest. As he emptied his mouth of the last cigar, our mouth became full—full of blessings.

Blessed is the man himself. He is more wise, more cleanly, more savory, and more reasonable, than when he went smoking and puffing about like a locomotive.

Blessed is the man's wife. She is the happiest woman, for the four reasons mentioned in the last sentence, and for many more. She had hoped against hope for the last puff, but it has

been made at last. We seem to see her face brighter, her step is more elastic, her voice is sweeter, her welcome to her husband, as he reaches home, is more cordial. She has our hearty congratulations.

Blessed is the man's house. An unwary spirit has gone out of it. More easily can it be kept neat and tidy. Old repellous will repulse no more.

Blessed is the man's apparel. A certain fragrance has left it, but not to the sorrow of those oft in proximity with him. His wardrobe is minus a real annoyance, and plus the benediction of many a friend.

And blessed is the man's health. In the smoke and fire he so long kept up beneath his nostrils he felt an insidious enemy. And his whole nervous and digestive system unites in the benediction we now incline.

And blessed is the man's pocket. A leak is stopped. As much as before will flow in, and less flow out. We seem to hear a voice from that quarter, "There will be better days in the department of our master's dominions."

And blessed be the man's resolution. May it tower aloft, like a granite pillar, above all the smoke and fire that may assail it. That last puff! Be it that last! And though the smokers will not join, yet there will be enough to smile in a hearty Amen.

## YANKEE NOTIONS.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR A LOVER.—A *pie-r-glass*.

A BAT that seems to fly without wings.—An *acro-bat*.

A WIFE who can't carve a joint must be a poor *help-meat*.

When a Jew begs it is literally an *ele-Money*-many business.

When you offer oats to a horse he may say *right*, but he don't mean it.

Why is the electric telegraph like a thief?—Because it "patters flash."

A SAILOR can't play the dog without being in mortal fear of the cat.

QUEST FOR THEOLOGISER.—Was the snake that beguile *Ev a hoop-snake*?

What does nitre become when it is used in making gunpowder?—An *inferno*.

Why is a billiard-player like a thief in a crowd?—Because he aims for the pockets.

Two of the powerfullest "critters" going are the *iron-horse* and the *steam-mule*.

The prescription of medicine is sometimes good; its prescription is generally better.

Why are the Marys the most amiable of their sex?—Because they can always be *Molly-Med*.

How would a person estimate the price of a *terrier*?—According to his *rattle value*.

A SINGLE woman has generally but a single purpose; and we all know what that is.

A NUT FOR THE ABOLOGISTS TO CRACK.—Were the ladies' maids of antiquity all *Tyrone-women*?

What is a grain of sand in the eye like a school-mare's cane?—Because it hurts the *pupil*.

Why is a man who never marries always in the right?—Because he is *never miss-taken*.

A QUESTION FOR PHILOSOPHERS.—Is refining petroleum a *peace-life business*?

Dox's undertake to use big words without first being sure as to the exact calibre of your mouth.

When does it behoove a man to mind his p's and q's?—When his *pe-guinary* affairs are in a ticklish condition.

If the stars are the "lamps of Heaven," of course the meteors are the *rash-lights*.

What is the difference between a gambler and a bill-sticker?—A gambler is a card-player, and a bill-sticker is a *pie-carder*.

ADMITTING that horse-races improve the breed of horses, it may be a fair question whether they improve the breed of men.

A LADY looks older for not confessing how old she is. If she never allows her age to be upon her tongue, it will show all the more in her face.

It is a mistake to say that America has never been assisted by grants from Europe. It has had them to the amount of millions—*em-grants*.

SEXTON, speaking of a certain kind of *retrie* which he had to sell, avowed that it would *beat over a thousand-ton ship*—only save enough of it.

The Scripture injunction to let a man who smite one side of your face have a slap at the other, is only a metaphorical way of saying "give your enemies plenty of cheek."

A GRAY friend of ours tells us that he and his wife always go to bed quarrelling. "And yet," said he, "with all our differences, we never *yet out*."

MR. LINCOLN.—A lawyer describes Old Abe as a cunning post-flogger who came from a part of the country where all the lawyers are judges, and none of the judges are lawyers.

WAINSCOT.—Why is a concealed Scotchman like a pannelled wall?—Because he's a *win-a-Scot*. (The cockney who perpetrated the above has been sent home under the extradition act).

SAN THINK.—The young man who, guided by the memory of his wrongs, and saddled with a load of debt, gave the rein to his evil passions, has been collared by a policeman, and will soon be brought to the halter.

ROQUEMORE.—"Dear me, how fluidly he talks!" said Mrs. Farington recently at a temperance meeting. "I've always noticed when he mounts the rostrum, for his eloquence warms every cartridge of my body."

SETTING HIS OWN TYPE.—A contemporary says he finds among his exchanges the following paragraph:—"The printerS are on A strike for higher wages. An H're conclude to O'let o' our typos in fut're! It is EASY enough."

THE DINNER BELL.—They have a novel way in the interior of Pennsylvania, according to a friend, of calling the men-folk to dinner, in the absence of a born for that purpose. They suspend a piece of strong skim-milk cheese from an upper window, which takes possession of all the atmosphere to leeward; and thus, when dinner is ready for the workmen, they "nose it."

HOW AMERICA WAS NAMED.—When the season on board the ship of Christopher Columbus after a series of fatigues, came in sight of St. Salvador, they burst out into an exuberant mirth and jollity. "The lads are in a merry key!" cried the commodore. America is now the name of half the globe. We are not prepared to endorse this as an historical fact, but it will answer all practical purposes.

SEBASTIAN.—The following peroration to an eloquent harangue, addressed to a jury by a lawyer of Ohio, is a rare specimen of climacteric sublimity:—"And now the shades of night, shrouded the earth in darkness. All nature lay wrapped in solemn thought, when these defendant ruffians came rushing like a mighty torrent from the hills, down upon the abodes of peace, broke open the plaintiff's door, separated the mother from her smiling infant, and took away—my client's wife, gentlemen of the jury, for which we claim fifteen dollars."

## A CHIMELINE STORY.

A lady with a chimeline was walking down a street—her feathers fluttered in the wind, her hoops stuck out some foot. She walked the curb as if she felt of it she had no part, and proudly did she step along, for pride was in her heart. She did not see a curly dog which walked close by her side, all save the curly tail of which her chimeline did hide. He sat the dog with pleasure shook, it fluttered in the wind, and from the lady's chimeline stuck out a foot behind. A crowd the tail did soon egg, as it waved to and fro, and like a rudder seemed to point the way the maid must go. The curly dog right pleased was he, the quarters he had got, and walked beside the lady in a kind of doggy trot. Each step the lady now did take served to increase her train, while those who followed in her wake roared with might and main. Some held their sides, they laughed so hard, and others fairly cried, while many even still confessed that they'd "like to have died." But still the lady sailed along in chimeline and pride, unmindful of the crowd behind, or dog close by her side. But soon it was over, for the tail which fluttered free it so provoked his doggy ire he could not let it be. But with a deep, ferocious growl, for battle straight he went, and 'neath the lady's chimeline both dogs were quickly pent. They fought, "he said, an hour or more—the lady nothing knew, but, with her head erect, she went, and did her way pursue. Some say she never would have known at all about the fight, had not one dog mistake, and gave her "limb" an awful bite. But since that, I've heard it said, the lady never was seen upon the street with so much pride, and such a chimeline.

## AN APRIL JOKE.

Here is a joke that was played upon the citizens of Canton, Ohio.

The day was beautiful, and everybody in excellent spirits, expecting, no doubt, that every one was to be fooled but themselves. "P-o-p-o-critters!" For about half a week preceding, well-labored young man made his appearance in the town, and wending his way to the public square, seated himself beneath a large tree, and burst out in an uncontrolled flood of tears.

This strange proceeding on the part of a stranger, as you may well judge, awakened sympathy in the heart of almost every passer-by; and in the course of half an hour, there were some fifty or sixty anxious, inquiring citizens gathered around him, intent upon learning the cause for such an outburst of feeling, but to no avail. Nary word would he articulate. Even the appeals of the tender-hearted mothers elicited no reply, and the well-meant interrogations of their sympathetic daughters were treated with the same silent contempt.

Still the young man wept, and the crowd thickened around him, frantic, almost, to console him. Deluded mortals!

At length, the pious Mr. (contraband to be personal, now-a-days), seeing the throng, inquired in a friendly and anxious manner of the young man's favor. Another victim!

Crowding his way through the multitude, he finally reached the stranger's side, and cried—

"My dear sir! what is the matter? Why do you cry?"

At this, the young man aroused himself, and sobbed—

"Oh, sir—!" And the masses were shedding their tears with those of the unknown.

"Come, come! tell us of your grief. Have you lost a friend—a mother?" said Mr. —

"Oh, no, sir; nothing—boo-hoo—of the—oo—kind. I am only sorry, sir, to—boo-hoo—to so many infernal fools!"

And the young man avails himself of the opportunity offered by the amazement of his fellow-creatures to "steal away."

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**WASHING MADE EASY.**—Mix a gill of alcohol with a gallon of soft soap, rub it on the clothes, then soak two or three hours, and merely rinse out in clear water, and all the dirt is out as effectually as good sense is out of a fellow after drinking the same quantity of the "poison stuff." Just tell the women that this is the easiest way to make washing easy, and urge them to try it, and you will hereafter have no cause to run away on washing day.

**CASTOR OIL.**—The medical men of Paris recommend the following easy way of administering castor oil to children:—"The quantity of oil prescribed is poured into a small earthen pan over a moderate fire, an egg broken into it and stirred up as so to form something like what cooks call buttered eggs; when it is done a little salt or sugar or a few drops of orange water, or some essentia jelly should be added; the sick child will cat it eagerly, and never discover the fraud.

**EXERCISE AFTER MEALS.**—Exercise is hurtful immediately after meals, particularly to those of nervous and irritable constitutions, who are therefore liable to heartburn, eructations, and vomiting. Indeed, the instinct of the inferior animals confirms the propriety of this rule; for they are all inclined to indulge themselves in rest after food. At all events, fatiguing exercise should be delayed till digestion is performed, which requires three or four hours after eating a full meal.

**PRINTING PAPER.**—The *Boston Journal* says that the consumption of paper in the United States equals that of Great Britain and France together. In 1851 it was estimated that \$25,000,000 pounds were made, valued at \$25,000,000. About 405,000,000 pounds of paper were used, at an average weight of four cents per pound. In New England, the middle and Western States, the value of book, job, and newspaper printing was retarded by the last census (1860) as \$39,128,848, of which eleven millions worth consisted of by the value of the latter being nearly equal to the whole product of the same branch in 1850, which was returned at \$11,896,549. The manufacture of paper has increased in an equal ratio, the State of Massachusetts alone producing paper of the value of \$5,968,499, being over 58 per cent. of the product of the Union in 1850.

**U. S. WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.**—3,781 invalids, and 5,000 widows, orphan children, sisters and mothers, have made applications for pensions since the 18th July last for losses of the present war in the army, and 264 in the navy, making a total of 9,309.

**A DUEL** and incessant talker is a tremendous engine of colloquial expression.

**A NOBLE** thought, embodied in fit words, walks the earth a living being.

**DECKS** and gossamer had no tear-drops, but they shed numberless drops of water.

**HE** who fishes in the sea of matrimony need not trouble himself to put any bait upon his hook—if the hook is gold.

**THE** body is the soul's house, and, as the house grows old, it often lets in upon its inhabitant light from heaven through the chinks made by time.

**A SULKY** fellow leaves his house for business as an eagle leaves his lair for food, and returns with joyless and grim to his silent wife and creeping children.

**STUPID** man among men. Observation, made only in the doister or the desert, is generally so obscure as the one and as barren as the other.

## TABLET OF MEMORY.

## IMPROVEMENTS, DISCOVERIES, ETC.

**Gardening (continued).**—Wood originally from Thoulouse, in France; tulip-roots first brought into England from Vienna, 1578; also hawthorn, pear, and salade, now in common use, 1600.

**Gauging** of wine, &c., established by law, 27 Edw. III. 1350.

**Garnet**, lawn, and thread manufactures, begun at Paisley, in Scotland, 1759.

**Gazettes**, of Venetian origin, and so called from the price being gazette, a small piece of money; the first published in England was at Oxford, Nov. 7, 1665; the *London Gazette* was first published Feb. 5, 1665 G. One was immediately forged for a stock-jobbing purpose, Nov. 1787. The first published at Paris was in 1723; at Leipzig in 1715.

**Gilding** with leaf gold on bole ammoniac, art of, invented by Margaritone, 1273; on wood, 1680.

**Glass**, the art of making it known to the Romans, at least before 79; known to the Chinese about 300; introduced into England by Benedict, a monk, 674; glass windows began to be used in private houses in England, 1180; glass first made in England into bottles and vessels, 1557; the first plate glass for looking-glasses and coach windows, made at Lumbeth, 1673; in Lancashire 1773.

**Glasses**, musical, are of German origin, but revived by Dr. Franklin, 1760; brought to a higher state of exquisiteness by the Cartwrights in England, 1799.

**Globe** of the earth, first voyage round it, was by Sir Francis Drake, 1580; the second by Magellan, 1591; the third by Sir Thomas Cavendish, 1596; by Lord Anson, 1740; by Captain Cook, 1768; and by Peyronne, 1793-4.

**Gold** first coined at Venice, 1276.

**Gold** first coined in England, 1344; and raised from 40s. to 48s. per ounce, in 1546.

**Gold** mines were discovered by the Spaniards in America, 1492; from which time to 1731 they imported from thence into Europe above 6,000,000,000 of pieces of eight, in register gold and silver, exclusive of what were unregistered.

**Golden** bull of the empire commenced, 1356.

**Gold** coin made first overvalued, 1100.

**Grammars**, the first regular ones flourished, 276 a.o.

**Grapes** brought to England, and planted first at Boscfield, in Suffolk, 1552; cultivated in Flanders, 1276.

**Great** seal of England first used, 1050.

**Green**, Saxons, invented, 1744.

**Green** dye for cotton, invented by Dr. R. Williams, 1777.

**Gregorian** calendar first used in the catholic states of Europe, 1582; in most of the others, 1710; in England and in Sweden, 1752.

**Greek** first introduced into England, 1491.

**Grist** mills invented in Ireland, 214.

**Guards** for the king's person first instituted, 1486; had their pay advanced, April, 1797.

**Guineas** were first coined, 1673, from gold brought from the coast of Guinea; worth 30s. 1069; reduced by Parliament from 25s. to 21s., in 1717.

**Guinea**, the first slave-trade on this coast by the English was opened by John Hawkins, assisted by a subscription of sundry English gentlemen. He sailed from England with three ships, purchased negroes, sold them at Hispaniola, returned home richly laden with hites, sugar, and ginger, 1563.

**Gumpowder** invented by Swarts, a German, 1330; first made in England, 1418; first used in Spain, 1344.

(To be continued in our next.)

## -AMERICAN-

## FAMILY PHYSICIAN

## DISEASES OF THE BRAIN AND NERVES.

**Acute and general INFLAMMATION OF THE BRAIN** has two stages.

**THE STAGE OF SPASM.**—In which there is intense and deep-seated pain in the head extending over a large part of it, a feeling of tightness across the forehead, throbbing of the temporal arteries, a flushed face, injected eyes, looking wild and brilliant, contraction of the pupils, great striking heat, light and sound, violent delirium, want of sleep, general convulsions, a parched and dry skin, a quick and hard pulse, a white tongue, thirst, nausea and vomiting, and constipation of the bowels.

**THE STAGE OF COLLAPSE**, in which there are insistent mutterings, dull and perverted hearing and vision, double vision, the pupil from being contracted expands largely and becomes motionless, twitching of the muscles, tremors and palsy of some of the limbs, a ghastly and cadaverous countenance, cold sweats, profound coma, and death.

The disease will not show all these symptoms in any one case. It runs a rapid course, ending death, sometimes, in twelve or twenty-four hours; or it may run two or three weeks.

**Treatment.**—The treatment should be very energetic, and early administered. The measures usually employed are blood-letting, purging, and cold applications to the head. The blood-letting, however, should not extend beyond the application of wet cups, or leeches, which may be beneficial on the neck or behind the ears. The purging should be thorough and energetic. For this purpose the following is excellent: Pulverized gamboge, twelve grains; pulverized scammony, twelve grains; elaterium, two grains; croton oil, eight drops; extract of stramonium, three grains. Mix, and make twelve pills. One pill is a dose, repeated every hour until it operates. Cloths, wet in water as cold as possible, should be applied to the head, which should be shaved; and they should be changed frequently, and not be too heavy. In the stage of collapse, if there is a very pale countenance, a feeble and flying pulse, great weakness and tremors, and coldness of the extremities, give wine and other stimulants. The bladder should be emptied every day. In the early stage of the complaint, the feet should be bathed in warm water, and mustard drafts put upon the feet. To bring down the pulse, and produce sweating, tincture of veratrum must be given.

**SOVEREIGNTY OF THE BRAIN.**—When this follows inflammation, the most marked symptom is the rigid contraction of the muscles which draw up the limbs; the hand may be clenched and pressed against the shoulder; or the heel drawn up to the hip. The other symptoms are—tingling and numbness in the ends of the fingers; inverted vision, or blindness; paralysis of one limb, or half of the body; difficulty of answering questions; forgetfulness, making it difficult sometimes for the patient to remember his own name.

**Ascites or Induration** of the brain are indicated by convulsions, or are all other fatal diseases affecting the brain.

**ENLARGEMENT OF THE BRAIN.**—This chiefly affects children, and consists in an unnatural growth of the brain. The skull may grow with it, and there be no symptoms of disease, though children with this large brain are apt to die of some brain disease. The symptoms of enlargement of the brain are, dullness of intellect, indifference to external objects, irritable temper, inordinate appetite, giddiness, and habitual headache. Sometimes there are convulsions, epileptic fits, and idiocy. There is also a peculiar projection of the parietal bones in this disease.

(To be continued in our next.)





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